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To Collaborate Successfully—

WE MUST FACE THE FACTS ABOUT RUSSIA

By Max Eastman

FEW GREAT EVENTS in history command more admiration than the heroic fight of the Russian armies and people against Adolf Hitler's military machine. There is a mixture of pride in our admiration, too, because the Russians are fighting on our side - and gratitude, because their incomparable feat of arms* gave us our chance to prepare.

Russia's stand has, moreover, taught many Americans who did not know it before that the Soviet Union is a going concern with which it will be our task to collaborate after the war. If any iron-jointed reactionaries are still blind to this fact, their brains are buried in

How to Do Business with Stalin

A GENUINE understanding among Russia, America and Great Britain is essential for the future peace of the world. . . . But the way to achieve an understanding is neither the hush-hush policy advocated by some nor the moral and intellectual surrender urged by others, but a bold and frank discussion of the problems in the manner practiced by the Moscow realists themselves.

— Editorial in *The New York Times* (April 26, '43)

the past. Collaboration with a powerful Russia will be a main preoccupation of living Americans for a long time to come.

If this collaboration is to be successful, however, it will have to be based on facts, and not on propaganda. Elementary prudence demands that our people understand Russia's position in the global conflict, know the

* The Reader's Digest in the past four months has presented: "The Nazis Describe the Russian Soldier," by Lt. Col. Paul W. Thompson (June), "The Price That Russia Is Paying," by Maurice Hindus (April) and "Life on the Russian Frontier," by Wendell Willkie (March).

attitude of her ruler toward the Anglo-Saxon nations, and assess without any intervening pipe dreams the true character of her regime. It is absolutely vital to our own national self-interest that we discard wishful thinking and base our policy on unclouded fact.

Let us remember that *the stubborn resistance of the Russians no more justifies communism than the stupendous assault of the Germans justifies Nazism.*

That simple and obvious fact must be held steadfastly in mind if our policy toward Russia is to have force. And if our policy does not have force, you may be sure it will not command the respect of Stalin. The Russian leader is not a mollycoddle who can be soft-soaped into doing what cold calculation does not recommend. The only sound way to do business with Stalin is to let him know we thoroughly understand his setup as well as our own. The speech that weighs with Stalin must be firm, brief in courtesy, bluntly concerned with the real issues at stake. If we want the Russians to respect us, we must let them know that we are not dupes.

Russians and Americans

It is natural, since she fights so brilliantly beside us, to be a little indiscriminating in our praise of the Soviet Union. Americans who go there are especially prone to this fallacy, because Russians, as Wendell Willkie observed, are so much like Americans. They are like us in their

bold good humor, generosity and taste for doing things in a big way. They are like us also in their disposition to revolt against tyranny. It has always required a huge police machine to hold the Russians down, and the present one is the biggest the world has ever seen.

Nevertheless, there is a deep difference between Russians and Americans. *Their* revolts never got anywhere; *ours* did; that is the difference. They came into modern history as serfs and humbled subjects of a semioriental despotism. We came in as westward pioneers exploring beyond the reach of any government, each of us enforcing his own laws with his own musket. And even before we started for the frontier, we had behind us the long-victorious struggle of the Anglo-Saxon common man for rights which no government could touch. The Russians had no victory behind them, and no rights which their ruler could not crash through like a man on horseback through a paper hoop.

The revolution which overthrew the Czar was an attempt to attain our western principles of liberty. But that could not be done in eight months; and within eight months, Lenin, with his tightly organized small group of Marxian crusaders, had seized power and laid the foundations for a new despotism which was to become, after his death and the rise of Stalin as Vozhd,* infi-

* Russian for The Leader; equivalent to Führer or Duce.

nately more ruthless than the Czar's.

Lenin invented -- with millennial freedom for the masses as his goal -- the system of totalitarian one-party tyranny which stamps out all actual freedom completely. Mussolini and Hitler borrowed Lenin's technique and applied it in their own countries. Stalin -- who despises the masses and fears freedom -- perfected it on the home grounds, extinguishing in Russia the last surviving trace of the democratic concept of the Rights of Man. His Great Purge, in which an estimated 300,000 people were shot or imprisoned, was a purge of all who might conceivably oppose his despotic power. That Stalin is an absolute dictator is the simple truth. And it is so important a truth that I am not going to leave it in my own words.

The Soviet Union, as everybody knows that has the courage to face the

MAX EASTMAN had high hope for the Russian Bolshevik experiment -- until he saw how it actually worked out. He lived two years in Russia, 1922-24, learned to speak the language fluently, and has studied communism, both in theory and practice, more thoroughly than any other American. Since leaving Russia he has closely followed, in Soviet publications, the course of events there. His books, *Marx and Lenin*, *Since Lenin Died*, *The Real Situation in Russia*, *The End of Socialism in Russia*, *Marxism; Is It Science?*, *Stalin's Russia* and *The Crisis in Socialism*, form an authoritative running commentary on the Communist state extending over 18 years. Although no longer a Socialist, Mr. Eastman is still for radical change. "Don't confuse me with the standpatters," he writes. "I have said many harsh things about certain conditions in America, and I intend to say more -- but I am for American democracy, not Russian dictatorship."

fact, is a dictatorship as absolute as any other dictatorship in the world.

That statement, made by Franklin D. Roosevelt, February 11, 1940, is as true today as it was then.

Those Who Fawn on Stalin

SUCH BEING the case, what should be, in sober political wisdom, our attitude toward Russia since Hitler forced her into the democratic camp? Exactly this: give all possible military help; offer unbounded praise to the heroism of her people and her soldiers; extend every courtesy to her government. But if we believe in democracy, be dignified and intelligent -- *not* muddled and mawkish. To those in the Kremlin, American gullibility is only one more evidence of "bourgeois decadence."

Instead of that, an astonishing number of our influential men and magazines and newspapers are fawning on Russia. You would think Stalin was some stern deity who held the destiny of the whole planet in his hands. "Don't say a word against Stalin or he won't accept our tanks!" seems to be the attitude of some of those who are now giving away the national treasure so avidly.

This is an attitude of spirit which I find diplomatically foolhardy, morally disgraceful and *dangerous to the survival of democratic institutions within this country.*

Discovering virtues in Stalin's tyrannous regime has become a main preoccupation for many intellectuals and public officials. President Roose-

velt led off when he remarked, perhaps with a smile, that the Russian constitution "guarantees" religious freedom. The Russian constitution guarantees *no* freedom. It guarantees the dictatorship of the Russian Communist Party, naming it specifically and asserting that it shall "form the directing nucleus of *all* organizations of the toilers [that is, the citizens]." (Chapter X, Article 126.)

No constitution which names a small, disciplined organization of zealots as *absolute sovereign* can possibly guarantee any freedom to any person or institution except that organization and its Vozhd. To inscribe the principles of free speech, free religion, free elections in a constitution which contains this joker is to rob those principles of any meaning whatsoever. Our self-deluding Leftists love to describe this totalitarian document as at least "an aspiration toward democracy." It is no more an aspiration than Hitler's phony "plebiscites" were. It is a tried and perfected instrument for fooling all the people all the time. But there is no good reason why we should let it fool us.

Vice-President Wallace became another apologist for communism when, in his speech at a Soviet Friendship Rally, he said:

Some in the United States believe that we have overemphasized what may be called political or Bill-of-Rights democracy. . . . Russia, perceiving some of the abuses of excessive political democracy, has placed strong emphasis

on economic democracy. This, carried to an extreme, demands that all power be centered in one man and his bureaucratic helpers. Somewhere there is a practical balance between economic and political democracy.

That sounds like poised judgment, but it is emotional adulation. It is lowering America's banner of democratic principles in an act of homage to a system that permits not one whit more economic than political democracy. What indeed does the word democracy mean if "when carried to an extreme," it "demands that all power be centered in one man and his bureaucratic helpers"? It means dictatorship. And that is what they have in Russia — economic as well as political dictatorship.

Mr. Wallace went on to say that "in Russia differences in income are almost, but not quite, as great as in the United States" — which is accurately true. But he added that "in Russia it is almost impossible to live on income-producing property" — which is not true at all. The income-producing property belongs to the state. And the *one boss and his foremen* (some 200,000 feudal lords raised above the enslaved masses), who control the state, live as they choose on that income-producing property. They form a new exploiting class. Some ten million more enjoy a certain security, about as it was in the old Russia.

To call present conditions in Russia "economic democracy" is pure gush. There is no equality in the factories, no liberty, no right to form

independent unions, no right to strike, no right even to change jobs. The workers are chained to the machines and lashed to the wage scale as in no other country in the world, Nazi Germany included. The wage scale is lower in relation to prices than it was under the Czars.* And the whole system is enforced by an army of secret police which would stir envy in the breast of the Pharaohs of Egypt or of Heinrich Himmler himself.

Many Americans feel obliged to maintain a polite silence about such abhorrent aspects of the Soviet regime. More than that, they invent fantastic eulogies to make the Russian dictatorship palatable to humane democrats. We produce a steady stream of pro-Soviet plays and pro-Soviet magazines and books. High officials of our government have taken part in celebrations of November 7 — the day when the Bolsheviks overthrew the only democratic government Russia ever knew. Even Christian ministers go all out to convince America that Russia enjoys religious freedom, although religious instruction for Russian children under 18 is rigidly prohibited.

This is, of course, the very opposite of what the Russians are doing. Soviet spokesmen make no attempt to "sell" America's way of life to their people, or to reinterpret our system

of free enterprise to make it more palatable. They set up no organizations of "friends of the United States." They do not celebrate our national holidays, or make films to glorify our ideology, or call mass meetings to extol our victories in Guadalcanal and North Africa. Until rebuked by Admiral Standley — a notable event — they were glum and sullen even about the aid we send them. They publish no books explaining the American system. They do not permit agents of American democracy to propagate the overthrow of the Communist society. And their newsstands and bookshops, meanwhile, are filled to overflowing with denunciations of the supposed misery and degradation of our way of life.

Yet this does not prevent the American Communists from denouncing as "an attempt to drive a wedge between the Allies," or "a service to Hitler," or even as "fascism," any word spoken by any American in honest criticism of life under the Russian dictatorship. They will so denounce the present article and *The Reader's Digest* for printing it. A plain speaking of minds, however, is the sole basis for a lasting collaboration between these two great countries. It cannot be achieved while Russians attack our civilization hammer and tongs — and we meekly exclaim, as our Vice-President recently did, that we must not "double-cross" Russia. As though shipping arms and provisions free of

* According to official Soviet statistics. See Many Gordon's *Workers Before and After Lenin*.

charge to a whole planet in its fight for the principles of civilized life were a sin that should make us hang our heads in silence.

Communist Propaganda from Hollywood

THE KIND of logic that has brought our Leftists into this state of morbid apologetics toward Russia is well illustrated by former Ambassador Joseph E. Davies. Mr. Davies was in Russia during the notorious Moscow trials, in which the foremost leaders of the old Bolshevik party "confessed" that they had been treasonably plotting with foreign secret agents (German and Japanese or French and British, according to the momentary shifts of Stalin's foreign policy). Those mysteriously unanimous "confessions" were but a public window-dressing behind which the bloody purge of Stalin's critics was accomplished. While in Moscow Mr. Davies, shocked by this purge, wrote the State Department:

The terror here is a horrifying fact. There is a fear that reaches down into, and haunts, all sections of the community. No household, however humble, apparently but that lives in constant fear of a nocturnal raid by the secret police. . . . Once the person is taken away, nothing of him is known for months—and many times, never—thereafter.

Horrified also by the mock trials, Mr. Davies described them in a letter to Arthur Krock of the *New York Times*, January 26, 1937:

If any demonstration of the wisdom and desirability of the principles of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence for the protection of the accused by the presumption of innocence, the right of counsel, the right of refusal to testify against oneself, and the soundness of Anglo-Saxon law were required, it would be found in this proceeding.

There is no sane reason why Hitler's attack on Russia, or Russia's heroic resistance, should have destroyed Mr. Davies' pride in Anglo-Saxon institutions. Yet the fact is that he is currently recommending those trials, and the barbaric and inhuman slaughter of anti-totalitarians for which they formed a screen, as an example for "other liberty-loving nations" to ponder. Mr. Davies' performance only points up by extreme example the epidemic of hysterical adulation of a tyrant state which is sweeping so many influential Americans off their feet.

When Mr. Davies' book, *Mission to Moscow*, was made into a movie by Warner Brothers, those well-known friends of Soviet Russia, Erskine Caldwell and Jay Leyda, were employed in its preparation. Every item of the current communist propaganda was inserted in the film, to the distortion not only of historical fact, but even of the peculiar interpretation in Mr. Davies' own book. If this film had been made in Moscow, or in the office of the American Communist Party, it could be no more adept an instrument of foreign propaganda. It is a compendium of what the Soviet gov-

ernment wants the American public to believe. And yet it is put over on Americans as having the official sanction of their own government by the ingeniously handled appearance of an actor impersonating President Roosevelt, and by an opening in which the title of the film is drawn with Mr. Davies' book out of an official diplomatic pouch of the United States.

John Dewey, America's best-known educator and philosopher, and Suzanne LaFollette, formerly editor of *The Freeman*, wrote jointly in the *New York Times* of May 9 a long statement citing in detail the flagrant inaccuracies of the picture. They concluded:

The film, *Mission to Moscow*, is the first instance in our country of totalitarian propaganda which falsifies history through distortion, omission or pure invention of facts, and whose effect can only be to confuse the public. Even in a fictional film this method would be disturbing. It becomes alarming in a film presented as factual.

The whole effort is to represent the Soviet dictatorship as an advanced democracy. Such gross misrepresentation can only contribute to confusion in our relations with the Soviet Union.

The film is anti-British, anti-Congress, anti democratic and anti-truth. It deepens the crisis in morals which is the fundamental issue in the modern world.

And this is the film which the communist *Daily Worker* now boasts Warner Brothers are spending \$500,000 to advertise throughout our country — \$200,000 more, the Party journal adds proudly, than has ever

been spent on the promotion of any other "American" film!

To me it is bewildering that American state officials and public champions of democracy should wish to whitewash or ignore the judicial murders, mass deportations and state-planned famines by which Soviet totalitarianism has been established and maintained. The danger to our foreign policy involved in ignoring the Kremlin's real purposes is a small thing compared to such corruption of our own democratic habits of thought.

Democracy is primarily, as Mr. Roosevelt has constantly reminded us, a way of life. It has its existence in the habit of mind and action of the whole people. In issuing books and films condoning the totalitarian tyranny, you strike the most deadly blow conceivable against this way of life.

Either we believe in democracy, and that is what we are fighting for, or we don't and it isn't. While our boys are dying on foreign battlefields in the cause of democracy is no time for us to be spreading the totalitarian corruption on the home front.

Mr. Willkie Reports on Russia

IF EVER strong, hard-minded patriots of democracy were needed in our public life, it is now. The mush-heads and the muddleheads are doing us in. We turn naturally to Wendell Willkie, whose professions of democratic idealism have been eloquent. Mr. Willkie, one hopes, will stand up

against the national inferiority complex, and give us the straight dope about Russia. He has gone there to see what things are like with his own eyes. But we open his book — which is both wise and charming on many other subjects — and what do we learn on the first page? That to show him through Soviet Russia and make sure he got an “unbiased” view of it, he chose Joseph Barnes, a man who, whatever his ability may be, is universally regarded by those critical of Stalin’s regime as the slickest apologist for the Soviet Union in the United States. Mr. Willkie might at least have chosen an escort who was known *neither* as a skilled apologist nor a confirmed critic of totalitarianism he was to look at so briefly. He owed that both to himself, it seems to me, and to his constituents.

In Russia Mr. Willkie saw barbed-wire-enclosed concentration camps in various towns and spoke of them in his article in *The Reader’s Digest*. This reference to the camps, however, had somehow dropped out of the article by the time it appeared as Chapter Five of his book. Did his “perfect traveling companion,” Joe Barnes, who was “most helpful and generous in the preparation” of the book, perhaps have a hand in revising the proofs? Or did Mr. Willkie himself decide to let us forget this bit of vital information?

How vital it is may be understood if we bear in mind that there are, according to the estimates of those

best qualified to judge,* at least 10,000,000 people living, or rather dying, at hard labor in concentration camps in the Soviet Union. Ten million ill-fed, ill-housed, ill-clothed, despised and suffering slaves — that is the bottom layer upon which the whole edifice of so-called “economic democracy” rests.

The evil is that many Americans who do not believe in communism are acting as if they did. They are fooling with it, just to be on the “Left,” fooling with death, destruction, devastation — civil war to establish, not to abolish, slavery.

Whoever actually set down the words, Mr. Willkie’s chapters on Russia certainly read as if they were written by two minds — one anxious to recite only the Communist catechism, the other shrewdly, if naively, observing the facts. On page 53 we read that “There is hardly a resident of Russia today whose lot is not as good or better than his parents’ lot was prior to the revolution.” That sounds like a fellow traveler reciting the catechism. It could not be Mr. Willkie observing the facts, for Mr. Willkie never saw Russia before the revolution; and what he saw on his trip was, in his own words, this: “Clothing nearly gone . . . Women

* *Examples:* Alexander Barmine, former Brigadier General in the Red Army, estimates that the number is above 12,000,000. Anton Ciliga, Yugoslav Communist intellectual who spent years of imprisonment in the camps, gives their total population as 13,000,000. Boris Souvarine, French historian of Bolshevism, estimates 15,000,000. Russian, as I said, do things in a big way.

and children gathering wood from 50 miles around to make a little warmth against the coming cold . . . Many vital medical supplies just did not exist . . . Children work, in many of the shops, the full 66-hour week worked by adults . . . The only food that could be bought in the markets was black bread and potatoes, at exorbitant prices . . .” These are findings which agree with the observation of Ralph Ingersoll, a friendly visitor to Moscow before Russia entered the war: “A dishwasher in an American hash-house would not trade his life for that of the average Soviet workman.”

People who do not instinctively distinguish between what is true about Russia, and what Communists and their fellow travelers want us to believe about Russia, are not to be relied on in this day of democratic crisis.

The Real Stalin

It is well known — to all who want to know — that Stalin has two foreign policies; one conducted by his diplomatic corps, the other by his secret agents who sit in the directing committee of every foreign Communist party. The former is essentially a façade; in the latter Stalin talks his own language of “world revolution,” “revolt of the colonies,” “doom of finance capital,” overthrow of “imperialism” (by which he means, primarily, England and the United States), and other

projects which bear the same relation to the Atlantic Charter that a mine full of TNT does to an advancing soldier.

Stalin talks this language also in his books and in keynote speeches made at every general meeting of the Russian Communist Party. But our molders of opinion, in their eagerness to love Stalin and to believe that Stalin loves “democracy,” are evidently avoiding those books and speeches. They are making the same kind of mistake former Prime Minister Chamberlain did. Hitler explained to Chamberlain in *Mein Kampf* exactly what he intended to do, but Chamberlain found it such painful reading that he preferred to muddle along on guesses.

Stalin’s *Problems of Leninism* is just as explicit as *Mein Kampf*. The victory of his regime in Russia, he there explains, is not “self-sufficient,” but is a prelude to similar victories in all other countries. The revolution presided over by him in Russia is “a prerequisite of world revolution.” This book (revised up to 1939) has been issued to the number of 4,000,000 copies in Russia. All young people have to study it, every Communist must know it thoroughly. It has been translated into all important languages for the guidance of Communist parties everywhere. It is for sale today in the *Daily Worker* bookshop in New York. Its promises have been rigidly adhered to in every piece of territory that Stalin has invaded.

In Poland, for instance, in order to "hasten the victory" there, the invading Communists killed or imprisoned all the democratic and social-democratic leaders of labor,* and shipped away 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 of the civilian population to concentration camps in Siberia. Of these, 400,000 have since perished from hunger and exposure.

I take these figures from the official announcement, three times repeated, of the Polish Premier Sikorski, and from the statement of Bishop Josef Gawlina issued through the National Catholic Welfare Conference.

This means that, in order to establish a Communist dictatorship, Stalin has to remove or exterminate approximately one-sixth of the population. All those people — workers, farmers, teachers, ministers, businessmen, officers, leaders of all walks of life — are briefly labeled "bourgeoisie" or "kulaks" and liquidated. They are not merely Polish patriots. They are everyone who has any objections to a general confiscation of property under the dictatorship of a totalitarian party.

This explains why the Polish government-in-exile insists on talk-

ing about 10,000 murdered officers and hundreds of thousands of dying civilians. It explains why Finland persists in her "sit-down war" on the Russian border. It explains why General Mikhailovitch will not dicker with the Communist-led Partisans in Yugoslavia. It is another fact which those who guide our policies in the postwar world ought to hold clearly in mind unless they like being taken in.

The tough, brutish "realism" of Soviet foreign policy stands out so flagrantly that one wonders why any diplomat should want to meet it with mouthwash. The Kremlin shows no regard even for its own supporters in foreign countries, unless they produce results. Russia made close pacts with Turkey at the very moment when Kemal Pasha was killing off Turkish Communists wholesale. Although Mussolini climbed to his pinnacle over the corpses of Italian Communists, Stalin went right on supplying him with oil for "the rape of Ethiopia," notwithstanding League of Nations sanctions. Under the same hard-boiled code comes Stalin's joint invasion of Poland with Hitler; his seizure of Latvia, Estonia and Lithuania when the ink was hardly dry on treaties of nonaggression with those countries; his unprovoked invasion of Finland; and the Kremlin's recent announcement that it considers the territories seized during the period of collaboration with Nazi Germany as permanently its own.

*Two of these leaders, Henryk Ehrlich and Victor Alter, were men of international repute. When it became known that they were in prison in Moscow, liberals all over the world addressed pleas to Stalin for their release. For 15 months no word was uttered in answer to the pleas. Finally, Soviet Ambassador Litvinov informed William Green, president of the AFL, that the two men had been shot in December 1941!

Communist World-Revolution

UNITED NATIONS officials needed to be reminded, it seems, at the time of the Casablanca conference, that Russia is our ally only against European enemies. Stalin could not go to Casablanca, even by proxy, because his country still has friendly dealings with Japan. Both nations have emphasized their unspoiled relations on the basis of the friendship pact signed in Moscow, with Hitler's blessing, a few weeks before the Germans invaded Russia. That pact, of course, freed Japan to attack the United States at Pearl Harbor, just as the pact with Germany freed Hitler to unleash the war in the west.

An explanation of both pacts may perhaps be found in the principle laid down by Stalin long ago that the "mightiest ally" of Communist Russia is "strife, conflicts and wars" among "capitalist nations" (*Pravda*, January 30, 1925).

Stalin has never retracted these words. Every one of his keynote speeches on world politics has been based on them. All Communists clearly understand that they are still in force. The molders of our foreign policy should study Stalin's acts and read his books and his speeches to the inside crowd, instead of swallowing like starved pickarel every glittering propaganda lure the Communists throw out.

This becomes more important every day, because there is little doubt that Stalin will soon move closer to

the United Nations now that their final victory seems sure. There is *no doubt at all* that such a move will be heralded by the fellow travelers as proof of the Kremlin's sublime devotion to democracy. I would like to give warning that the closer we work with Russia the more vital it is, both to our national self interest and the interest of world democracy, that we quit kidding ourselves and face the facts.

In this connection, it should be stressed that the much advertised 'dissolution' of the Comintern — self-styled "General Staff of the World Revolution" — was *not* such a move toward closer collaboration. There is plenty of evidence that the mere 'dissolution' of a Soviet organization does not mean anything. The Cheka was "dissolved" when its name became infamous, and the GPU took over; the GPU was "dissolved" when it became infamous, and the NKVD took over; yet the same regime of police terror continued unchanged. Why should we expect a sudden end to the world Communist conspiracy just because the bosses of the Comintern have ostentatiously burned their letterheads? No powers have been surrendered, no principles revoked, no pledges given. That the American Communist conspirators who look with such obsequious fervor to Moscow for guidance will continue to get guidance is not subject to intelligent doubt.

We forget that Stalin once before pledged noninterference in American

affairs — in 1933 when our government officially recognized his regime. Earl Browder himself, chief of the American Communists, in his official statement on the "dissolution," said that it is of "no immediate concern" to his followers. He pointed out that his party resigned from the Comintern three years ago — and we need only add that, since then, as before, his party has followed the Moscow party line as deftly as the thread follows the needle.

There is one way to *make* the dissolution of the Comintern helpful both to democracy's survival, and to our collaboration with Russia. That is to accept it as *carte blanche* from our ally to take effective action against the Communist conspiracy at home. Switzerland, the oldest and most steadfast democracy in the world, has set the example. She has recognized that totalitarian parties of all kinds — Nazi, Fascist and Communist — are a conspiracy against the democratic state. She has outlawed her Communist Party with the others, and taken rigorous measures to prevent its revival under any camouflages or false labels. Our Attorney General, Francis Biddle, recently stated in an official opinion that "the Communist Party of the United States teaches the violent overthrow of existing governments, including that of the United States."

If we heed Mr. Biddle's words, and follow the Swiss example, quickly and in direct response to Stalin's act, we will both block his long-time

schemes and compel his respect. But if we sing hosannas to Stalin for delivering us from the Comintern, he will laugh in his sleeve. And he will laugh last.

Those eager to be fooled about Russia make eloquent pleas for Stalin's "good faith." But Bolsheviks do not believe *even theoretically* in good faith. They believe that moral principles are a reflection of class interests, and that Communists are right merely because they represent the interests of the "advanced class." Stalin conceives himself as playing a role in a world historical drama in which those who fawn on him are inexorably cast for the role of dupes. There is only one way to evade this role — this is to study Stalin's ideas and become as subtle in defending democracy as he is in engineering its overthrow.

Winston Churchill showed some of this subtlety in 1937 when he wrote:

Communism is not only a creed, it is a plan of campaign. A Communist is not only the holder of certain opinions, he is the pledged adept of a well thought-out means of enforcing them. The anatomy of discontent and revolution has been studied in every phase and aspect, and a veritable drillbook prepared in a scientific spirit for subverting all existing institutions.

No faith need be, indeed may be, kept with non-Communists. Every act of good will, of tolerance, of conciliation, of mercy, of magnanimity on the part of governments or statesmen is to be utilized for their ruin. Then, when the time is ripe and the moment opportune, every form of lethal violence,

from revolt to private assassination, must be used without stint or compunction. The citadel will be stormed under the banners of Liberty and Democracy; and once the apparatus of power is in the hands of the Brotherhood, all opposition, all contrary opinions, must be extinguished by death. Democracy is but a tool to be used and afterwards broken.*

It is a mistake to imagine that this drive against world democracy so vividly described by the British Prime Minister has been abandoned by Stalin, or can be abandoned so long as he remains dictator. He knows as well as we do that liberty is contagious, that free business enterprise is an irresistible temptation. He knows that his revolution, like Hitler's, must be international. And this too he made unmistakably clear in his book when he wrote:

What is the meaning of the impossibility of complete and final victory of socialism in a single country without the victory of the revolution in other countries? It means the impossibility of having full guarantees against intervention, and hence against the restoration of the bourgeois order. . . . To deny this indisputable fact is to abandon Leninism. "We are living," Lenin writes, "not merely in a state, but in a *system of states*; and it is inconceivable that the Soviet republic should continue to exist for a long period side by side with imperialist states. *Ultimately one or the other must conquer.*"

Is that not clear enough? Is there any reason why we represent Stalin to ourselves as a "man of mystery"

whose aims are "inscrutable" — except that we want to hide from ourselves the fact that he is a man of inflexible and brutal will whose aim is to overthrow, by any and every means available, the governmental, economic and social system in which we live?

Can We Save Democracy?

IF THERE WERE any military reason for hushing all these facts, I should be the last to bring them up. If there were a public opinion in Russia which might, if we coddled it, sway Stalin to lend us a base in the Pacific, I should be still. But there is no opinion except state opinion in Russia on any vital question; and not one word either of our praise or blame ever reaches the Russian people unless by special provision of the ruler.

As for that ruler himself, bred and educated in principled contempt for the statesmen of "bourgeois democracies," he finds only confirmation of contempt in their praise of him before their peoples while he sits cynically silent before his. If you want anything from Stalin, that is the way *not* to get it. There is no diplomatic or military reason why we should fawn on Russia, and there is every moral, political and patriotic reason why we should not.

Mr. Willkie says that he never has understood "why it should be assumed that in any possible contact between communism and democracy, democracy should go down." I agree with him there; the level of life in

* *Great Contemporaries*, pages 168-9.

every respect is higher under democracy, and I believe it can continue so. I agree also as I have said, that the Soviet Union is an "effective society" with which we must co-operate. I endorse his conclusion: "Learn all about them and let them learn about us."

But I submit that, if we confuse "learning all about Russia" with learning the propaganda slogans fed to us by those who, in blind worship of Russia, are plotting to destroy democracy, *democracy will go down*. If we respond to their brutal disavowal of moral principles with mushy pleas to believe in their good faith, *democracy will go down*. If, while they teach their people to sneer at democracy, we obsequiously hush-hush every bold word about the purges, the prison camps, the police army of 2,000,000 and the 10,000,000 galley slaves upon which their sneering rests, *democracy will go down*. If, while every Communist carries an inflexible purpose to destroy democracy built into the conceptual framework with which he apprehends the world, democrats carry no purpose but to appease communism and kid themselves about its democratic war aims and the democratic rights guaranteed by its totalitarian constitution, *democracy will go down*. If, while Communists suppress by police terror and execution without trial every murmur in favor of democracy, we passively allow our schools, newspapers, radios, book and magazine publish-

ing houses, cinema studios, Offices of War Information — any and every one of our centers of education, information and publicity — to be permeated with the agents and apologists of communism, *democracy will go down*.

Democracy is at a disadvantage in contact with communism because it is more civilized. It believes in tolerance, in free discussion, in popular enlightenment, in the value of life and the dignity of the individual, in honor and truth-telling and the principles of morality. Each of these virtues of the democratic way of life is a weakness in its struggle against the unscrupulous power drive of a conspiratorial party which replaces education with indoctrination, holds truth secondary to experience, and regards moral principles as old-fashioned prejudices.

It is the essence of democracy to be vulnerable to such an assault. One thing, one thing only, can save it — and that is clear and bold understanding. Democracy must have from its leaders incisive and uncompromising exposures of the barbaric nature of the Communist society and the devious method of the Communist attack. The closer our military and economic coöperation must be, the more pitiless must these exposures be. You cannot save democracy by shutting your eyes to the horrors of dictatorship. You cannot stop night from falling by turning the lamps down. Our sole weapon against their darkness is our light.

They're in The Army Now!

WHEN we want to sight-see in the restricted hot-spot areas," wrote a soldier from North Africa, "we dress up like the native women, with veils over our faces. Because they don't dare peek, even if they suspect the truth, the MP's are going nuts!"

— *Foreign Service*

THE SCENE was a firing range at a Yank camp somewhere in England. "Ready on the right!" had just sounded when a terrified stag came tearing across the range. Hot on its heels came three Yanks in a jeep, gleefully shouting "Yoicks, you joicks!" and trying to get a bead on the buck with their rifles. Behind them came the traditional pack of yelping hounds. Behind the hounds came the traditional pack of red-coated huntsmen on horseback. The only persons who had good hunting that morning were the MP's, who bagged the three soldiers. — *Yank*

A NEW YORK sergeant was faced with the task of getting hundreds of sheets washed at a North African base hospital — the laundry truck hadn't arrived. He borrowed a garbage can and four metal soup bowls from the mess. He nailed the soup bowls to the four ends of two crossed sticks, as suction cups, and doused the contraption up and down in the garbage can, filled with suds and sheets. For a wringer he used two

poles for rollers, a spring from a wrecked jeep for pressure, and an automobile crank.

With this equipment, triumph of Yankee ingenuity, five soldiers and four Arabs washed 300 sheets a day.

— Ruth Cowan, AP

THE FIGHTING marines were pretty busy on Guadalcanal last fall, but not too busy to listen to delayed broadcasts of the World Series, short-waved to them around midnight, San Francisco time, by Station KGEI. Most of them listened on cheaply constructed short-wave sets captured from the Japs. But one marine sergeant had seized from a Jap officer a truly magnificent set with both long-wave and short-wave dials. On the afternoon of the last game of the series, the sergeant picked up a Pacific Coast long-wave station broadcasting Red Barber's description of the game as it was being played. In the radio industry this is known as "freak reception," but the sergeant preferred to view it simply as a heaven-sent opportunity. He said nothing to the rest of the boys, kept careful notes on the progress of the play, and that evening, as the gang gathered to hear the delayed broadcast, he started placing his bets.

— Buck Harris

BOXING BOUTS were on at Camp Chafee, Arkansas, when the loud-speaker instructed Private John J. Smith to call a certain Fort Smith

telephone number immediately. A momentary silence followed. The calm was broken by an all-knowing lieutenant of the 90th Reconnaissance battalion who leaped to his feet and shouted at his group: "Put those pencils back in your pockets!"

— *Armored Force News*

AN AMERICAN sailor on leave in London interpreted in his own way his officers' injunctions about model behavior to promote Anglo-American unity. He bought an armful of roses, then took up his stand at a corner of a Mayfair street and politely handed one to every girl who passed.

— *Daily Telegraph (London)*

EVERY American soldier cherishes one misty postwar dream. He wants

to own a jeep. The jeep is by far the most popular of all war creations. It has become the ordinary soldier's Pegasus — an almost mythological thing. The jeep can fly over mountains and seas. It soars across the heavens. It is as swift as the wind. There is nothing it can't do.

An American soldier was talking about his jeep. "Mister, I drive a jeep that makes its own gasoline, parks itself, don't think nothin' of bangin' right through a hill instead of runnin' 'round it. Don't need no garage because it burrows itself a hole in the ground at night. When I come out in the mornin' all I do is call its name, and it comes runnin'. Name's Wendell Willkie."

— W. D. in *Collier's*

Nazi "Investment"

A SWEDISH industrialist who visited Berlin brought back this story of the temper of the German people.

A German conferred with the director of his bank. "I have saved 1000 marks. How can I best invest them?"

The director suggested war bonds. "*Der Führer* guarantees the security of your money."

"But *Der Führer* is mortal, too. If he dies, what then?"

"Then Goering will be the guarantor of your money."

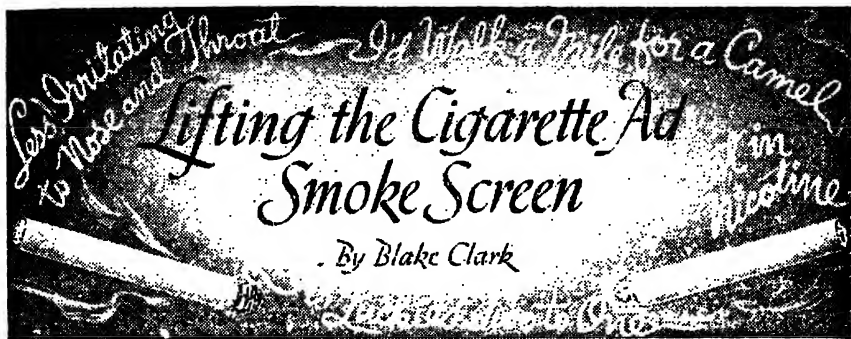
The client still protested. "Goering is a flier. He might have an accident."

"Then," shouted the director, "you will have the whole Nazi party to be good for your money!"

The client was still unconvinced. "If the army is beaten, the party may also fall."

The coupon the director leaned over and whispered, "Mein Gott, man, wouldn't that be worth to you 1000 marks?"

— Contributed by Hans A. Illing



THE EXTRAVAGANT advertising claims made for popular cigarettes have long amused thoughtful people. But they have also hoodwinked the gullible. Hence, the Federal Trade Commission, charged with the job of protecting the public from misrepresentation in advertising, has issued complaints against the manufacturers of Lucky Strike, Camel, Old Gold and Philip Morris cigarettes.

Among the commission's 12 charges against the American Tobacco Company, makers of Lucky Strikes, is one objecting to the claim that "sworn affidavits show that among the men who know tobacco best it's Luckies two to one." Talk to the growers, warehousemen and auctioneers quoted in these ads, says FTC. You will find few who knew they were going to be quoted. And since these men "who know tobacco best" sell to all comers, they are quite willing to praise any brand to win the good will of company representatives. Some of them laugh as they throw open their coats and show you their vest pockets, each bulging

with a different brand of cigarette.

As for the "sworn affidavits," they are merely the affidavits of company representatives, according to FTC. These men can truthfully swear, "today I talked to warehouseman So-and-so, who said he thought Luckies were the best cigarette" -- and on that flimsy basis, FTC points out, the public is led to believe that tobacco experts have found some special merit in Lucky Strikes.

On the Lucky Strike radio program we hear the incomprehensible jabber of a tobacco auctioneer, ending with the clearly enunciated words, "Sold, American!" For many months the announcer added some such comment as "At Greensboro, North Carolina, Luckies paid 35 cents more than the average market price." Whereupon the FTC fires a broadside. For one thing, the "average market price" is actually the average paid for all tobacco, including inferior grades destined for chewing tobacco, pipe tobacco and snuff. Each of the major cigarette producers pays more than the average market price. The FTC says that although the

American Tobacco Company is sometimes the high bidder at the tobacco auctions, it more often is not. Furthermore, FTC continues, the independent dealers who buy the bulk of the lower grades of tobacco sell large quantities to the American Tobacco Company. Much of this lower-priced tobacco is used in Luckies — but the price paid for it does not appear in the auction market records.

The commission is exceedingly skeptical of the claim that Luckies — “The Cream of the Crop” — contain more costly tobacco than other cigarettes. And it is certain that they are not “toasted” in the popular sense of the word. The tobacco in Luckies, like that in other cigarettes, it says, is merely heat-treated and not browned or made crisp.

The R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, which makes Camels, has played the “testimonial” angle for all it is worth — or, according to the FTC, for a good deal more than it is worth. The FTC says that many of the testimonials are written by the company and not even read by the people who sign them; that many of the glowing plugs are false; and that all of them are obtained solely by laying out cash on the line. Interviews with athletic champions and other testimonialists reveal many who received a \$1000 “lift” from the makers of Camels, but who do not smoke Camels; and some who have smoked only a single cigarette — the one they held while being photo-

graphed. The athletes are quoted as saying that Camels “don’t get your wind,” which is untrue. A society sportswoman received \$1000 for giving the right answer to the question, “For what would you walk a mile?” But she was smoking a Benson-Hedges at the time.

Testimonials have also been featured on Camel’s broadcasts. But here again, says the FTC, the public has been misled. Listeners may think the voice singing the virtues of Camels is that of the person just named by the announcer; but the person himself, the FTC charges, is often not even present at the broadcast. The voice actually comes from somebody Camels has hired for the occasion.

The commission also objects to the series of Camel ads which boldly proclaimed that by smoking Camels you aid digestion, keep it clicking even when the going is hectic, and in general assure yourself the digestive stamina of an iron stomach. The most ardent ads for vitamins hardly dare claim more. Actually tobacco causes nausea, which interferes with digestion, as any new smoker knows. But the neophyte’s system gradually builds up an immunity to nicotine, as it would to arsenic taken in small doses.

During the past year, Old Gold has filled the air and printed page with references to the impartial cigarette test conducted by The Reader’s Digest and reported in the July 1942 issue. The Old Golds tested con-

tained an infinitesimal fraction less nicotine than the other cigarettes. Armed with this colossal weapon, Old Gold advertising men rushed to their typewriters — and Old Gold sales soared.

But the FTC points out that the Old Gold ballyhoo carefully omits the article's vital statement that the difference in nicotine content of all the brands tested was, for all practical purposes, *negligible*. The complaint states that the ads conceal the fact that the actual difference between the average amount of nicotine in an Old Gold and in each of two other brands tested was one 177,000th of an ounce. By switching to Old Golds, the addict who smokes 20 cigarettes a day will subject his system to only one 24th of an ounce less nicotine in a year. This negligibly-minute fraction is the remarkable difference that P. Lorillard Company has plugged so hard.

But Old Gold draws a multi-stringed bow. For more than a year it has been singing to you in radio "jingles" that "something new has been added," and it stoutly maintains that "you can't buy, beg or borrow a stale Old Gold." The commission regards these claims as so much malarkey. It says that at the time of filing the complaint nothing had been added to the tobacco of Old Golds which was not already known and used in the manufacture of cigarettes; and it believes that old age will make Old Golds just as stale as any other cigarette.

A sidelight on cigarette advertising is provided by P. Lorillard's boosts for "Sensations," the company's *ten-cent* cigarette. "You can't buy better smoking pleasure at any price" — that from the makers of *15-cent* Old Golds!

One of the most damaging accusations against smoking is that it irritates the throat. The manufacturer who could overcome this objection would indeed have something to talk about. In 1934, Philip Morris & Company set out to prove they had. The company underwrote an experimental project on rabbits. The researchers proclaimed that smoke from cigarettes which contained glycerine as a moistening agent caused irritation to Bre'r Rabbit, while smoke from tobacco containing diethylene glycol "had only a slight and momentary action." As you may have guessed, Philip Morris was the cigarette containing diethylene glycol, and the one most enjoyed by the hard-smoking rabbits.

Delighted with this finding, Philip Morris then hired ten doctors, each of whom was to perform an experiment on ten human beings. The results were described in an advertisement in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*: "Patients with coughs were instructed to change to Philip Morris cigarettes. In three out of four cases the coughs disappeared completely. This Philip Morris superiority is due to the improvement of diethylene glycol as a hygroscopic [moisture retaining] agent."

This pronouncement aroused the ire of the glycerine makers, who promptly hired ten other doctors, each to experiment on ten patients. These doctors found no difference in the amount of throat irritation caused by glycerine and by diethylene glycol.

Philip Morris then took another flier in medical research. It gave a grant of \$10,000 a year to the department of otolaryngology at St. Louis University. Dr. Arthur Proetz, in accepting the grant, insisted upon complete freedom of investigation. After working two years, Dr. Proetz reported that accurate methods had not yet been found by which to judge whether glycerine or diethylene glycol caused more irritation of the throat. His experiments showed that different doctors reading the same throat could not agree, and that there is no uniform device for measuring throat irritation.

Apparently seeing no benefit to medical science in Dr. Proetz's work, Philip Morris has not advertised his findings. Instead it has continued to tell the medical profession about the earlier, more suitable report.

The commission has dashed icy water on these glowing claims. It regards Philip Morris's so-called scientific tests as a farce—inaccurate, incomplete and bought and paid for. The complaint charges that when cigarette smokers change to Philip Morris, nose and throat irritation is not cleared up. Moreover, it asserts,

Philip Morris cigarettes themselves cause throat irritation.

The company, in its answer to the complaint, insists that the experiments were made "for the sole benefit of the medical profession," and not for advertising purposes. Yet since the great diethylene glycol test was first reported, Philip Morris's annual sales have leaped from 642,000,000 to 12,000,000,000.

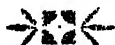
Of course the answers of all four companies generally deny the FTC charges and attempt to justify their advertising practices. But cigarette manufacturers must rely on ridiculously incomplete evidence when they try to prove that their particular brand is less irritating, kinder to the throat, or somehow superior to all other brands. The FTC explains that there are so many variable factors in the growing, blending and processing of tobacco that no company can produce large quantities of cigarettes with a standard content of nicotine, tars and other harmful substances. The truth is that all the leading brands contain substantially the same grades of tobacco and pay substantially the same prices. The difference in brand name gives no exceptional qualities.

The Federal Trade Commission, by disciplining chiselers and falsifiers, hopes to remove any burden on the honest advertiser and to help him avoid the temptation of resorting to deception in self-defense. *The commission has no quarrel with national advertising generally, which has greatly*

improved in recent years, both in ethical responsibility and in self-restraint. And it has so far had no quarrel with Liggett & Myers, the makers of Chesterfields, who have usually and wisely been content to suggest that "they satisfy." Recently, however, Chesterfield's radio programs have featured a number of deep southern accents who assert that they have been immensely impressed by the

way the makers of Chesterfields gobble up their very best tobacco. The cigarette advertising disease seems to be catching.

The Reader's Digest will publish, from time to time, reports on Federal Trade Commission proceedings against the manufacturers of other nationally advertised products.



PICTURESQUE *speech* AND PATTERN . . .

A face as gentle as candlelight (Ritchie Calder) . . . Frail as a column of smoke (Time) . . . His bassoon laugh (Reginald Pound) . . . A geyser of chatter. (Hilda Mauck)

Drawing herself up to her full width (Hibber McGee and Molly) . . . Letting her cat instincts out of the bag (Helena Wright) . . . A man who keeps himself in the public eye like a cinder.

Bees warming their tiny motors in the sunlight (Robert Richards) . . . An Irish setter standing kneedeep in puppies (Margaret Mackprugg Mackay) . . . A woman wrapped in ermine and male glances. (Dorothy Kilgallen)

Dinner call, modern version: Come

and bring it! (Arnold H. Glasow) . . . Come up and take point-luck with us sometime. (Mrs. Lester F. Gilbert)

Hitler isn't going to bomb Washington. He doesn't want to end the confusion. (Newsweek)

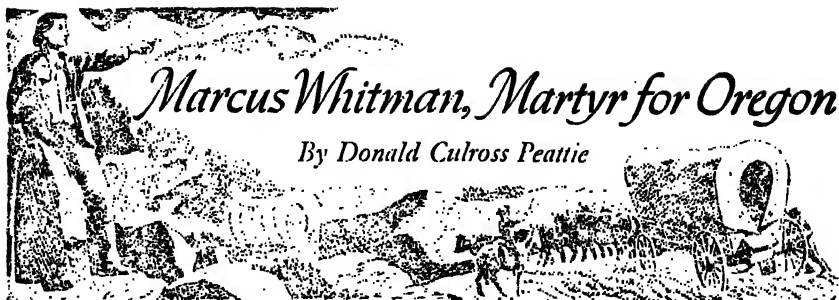
The new army jeeps have four speeds: first, second, third and you'll be sorry. (Bob Hope)

The end of a soldier's letter: "I love you 24 hours more than I did yesterday."

A young British pilot was being congratulated by a fellow officer as he stepped from his plane. "But after all," the pilot said, "I outnumbered the Germans one to five."

(John T. Whitaker)

¶ To the first contributor of each accepted item of either Pattern or Picturesque Speech a payment of \$5 is made upon publication. In all cases the source must be given. An additional payment is made to the author, except for items originated by the sender. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned, but every item is carefully considered. Address Pattern Editor, Box 605, Pleasantville, N. Y.



THE BIG young doctor wiped off the filth flung in his face by the mob. Grim-lipped, his blue eyes blazing, he pushed his way unarmed through the trappers and hunters who fingered their rifles in warning. Marcus Whitman was on his first trip west, in 1835, to save the souls and bodies of the Indians, and he hadn't come 1500 miles to be turned back now because the white fur traders of the Missouri River resented missionaries.

Within two weeks these same wild frontiersmen were pleading for Dr. Whitman, clutching his hand as a last hope. For Asiatic cholera had struck, and he alone dared walk among the sick, carrying medicine to their lips, wiping the poisonous sweat from their faces. It was he who saved them.

So word flew on the winds of the Rockies that a great medicine man was coming. From all over the West, Indians and traders gathered for their annual rendezvous in a Wyoming valley; among them was a delegation of chiefs from the northwest tribes, who met Whitman with an

urgent appeal to bring his white magic out to the vast wilderness called Oregon, which meant what today is Oregon, Washington state and parts of Idaho. That rich empire was then still a no-man's-land, claimed both by Canada and an indilferent United States; no road led there, and few men found their way to it.

Whitman promised to come. Afire with his new vision of establishing a medical mission in the unexplored northwestern wilds, he hastened east again to get support for it. In Boston, headquarters of the board of missions, Oregon seemed an impractical field for the Lord's work, reached only by a six months' sailing trip around the Horn to the Hawaiian Islands, then by rare ship to the mouth of the Columbia and up it by canoe to the interior. Not a bit! answered Whitman. He would take his party overland, across the Rockies. He asked money for medical supplies, cattle, horses, plows, seed. The white man's God, the white man's medicine, the white man's woman — he would take them to that farthest wilderness and set them there in honor.

The woman Whitman had in mind had already chosen for herself the career of a missionary. Narcissa Prentiss, with her fair-haired, blue-eyed charms, must have had many opportunities to embrace a tranquil and happy fate. Instead she chose a path which no white woman had ever taken, the Oregon Trail, on the trip that first broke it. There was still the late spring snow of 1836 upon the gentle hills around Angelica, New York, when "Husband," as she always called him, tucked his bride of the flowerlike name into the sleigh and drove her away from the home that she would never see again.

This honeymoon, so hard and sweet, was a double one, for Whitman's companion, a young missionary named Spalding, brought a bride too. Accompanying them was W. H. Gray, a layman. Whitman alone among them was not a tenderfoot. He could find fuel and fresh water where none was to be seen. When axles smoked with strain, he would scrape-pitch from the pines to grease them and to heal the bleeding hoofs. He mended shrunken wheel rims with strips of hide from the oxen that died on the way. He could get frightened animals to swim and tired women — both with child — to laughing.

The first wagon train ever to cross the Rockies, the little party came jolting triumphantly over the Continental Divide and, down in the valley that last year was Whitman's farthest west, all knelt. Spalding held the Bible, Whitman the American

flag, and, in their own words, they took possession of this land in the name of Christianity and the mothers of America.

After toilsome weeks these trail-breakers looked down at last on the valley of the Columbia, its future fertility hidden under a tawny hide of grasses. Indians called the spot *waiilatpu*, "place of wild rye." Where grass will grow, Whitman argued, wheat will grow. So it was there the Whitmans founded their mission. The Spaldings went farther, among the friendlier Nez Percé Indians. These Cayuse around you, the Nez Percés warned Whitman, are bad Indians. They are ungrateful and treacherous; some day you will see. But Whitman's answer was: the farther off they are from God, the more they need us.

Indeed, as *Waiilatpu* became a self-supporting plantation, the Cayuse came eagerly to get its vegetables and milk, its butter and apples, its mutton and ham and poultry; they enjoyed singing hymns and listening to Bible stories. But secretly the chiefs resented the democracy of Christianity; if it was really such Big Medicine it should be revealed to them alone; it was too good for women and such! And when Whitman preached the Ten Commandments to them, something troubled the Cayuse, like a light they could not endure, so that they crawled away into dark places long familiar.

Beside the zeal of a man of God, Whitman had the physician's pro-

fessional code. He answered every call, and though he had just come in from a distant journey, at any summons he would lift his weary body onto a fresh mount and ride off again to trepan a skull or treat a neglected disease. By Cayuse law, when a patient died it was the sacred duty of his relatives to kill the medicine man. Though Whitman was warned he would be no exception, he took every risk.

A few first settlers were beginning to struggle over the trail the Doctor had broken. Waiilatpu, the first American home on the Oregon Trail, became a true "house by the side of the road." There the immigrants, several hundred a year, arrived weary and famished, stayed as long as they needed, and departed reclothed, outfitted, with wagons and weapons mended, broken bones set, gun wounds healed. Not less than the doctor was Mrs. Whitman the angel of Oregon. She taught in the school, which regularly had 50 to 80 boarding pupils in it, nursed in the hospital, superintended the cooking, preserving, washing, sewing and gardening. If a mother in labor wanted her, Narcissa would ride horseback beside her husband 200 miles to bring woman-comfort.

But Boston was too far from Oregon for the mission board to see the miracles the Whitmans were working. They found too heavy the cost of maintaining Waiilatpu as a crowded hotel, model farm with two grist mills and one saw mill, with a school,

hospital, trading post, repair shop, saddlery and orphanage. So, in the midst of the Whitmans' labors there arrived in 1842 a letter from Boston closing this mission to the unpromising Cayuse.

Marcus Whitman had long since ceased to be merely a missionary or merely a doctor. He had become a prophet of the opening West, and Narcissa at his shoulder saw his vision with him. By treaty, both British and Americans were permitted to settle in Oregon. The chain of Hudson's Bay Company stations provided steppingstones for British subjects. Without competition, they would soon fill up this territory. Waiilatpu was the only welcoming door for Americans. If that door were now to be slammed shut, Oregon would inevitably become British.

So Marcus Whitman determined to ride east, to save his mission and awaken the government to the danger of losing this vast province of America. On that ride he broke new paths through the mountains; even his guides turned back. Supporting himself alone, the doctor rode on, steadily, wearily, pushing his horse hard as he dared, himself harder. His buffalo coat whipped raggedly around him. His big hands, that had slapped the breath into so many babies, baptized savage heads, felled timbers and planted trees, shook the bridle for haste. Men in farthest outposts saw, unbelieving, this snow-covered wraith appear out of the blizzard and shout a greeting.

In funds he was very low and that hastened him on, across the continent, until, into the office of the Secretary of War, in Washington, there stalked this man in an old fur hat worn to the skin, his heavy beard now growing gray. What he said there must have opened the eyes of the government to Oregon's danger. What he told Horace Greeley of the New York *Tribune* was sure to be broadcast the breadth of the land. What he urged upon the board of missions in Boston we can guess from their decision that Waiilatpu was to stay open, with funds to run it as Whitman saw fit.

Then he turned back west, for the tide of settlers he had prophesied was already rising, promising to flood the British claims out of Oregon if they could get through to it. They *must* get through, so Whitman undertook to pilot them in person. It was he who knew the water holes and the grass and passes, he who could support the weary and mend the broken. Some he buried, many he delivered, more he saved. Now as always whenever Dr. Whitman appeared the way eased and the heart lifted.

So this mightiest wagon train to Oregon crossed the Rockies and reached lonely Waiilatpu exhausted and famished. There the immigrants were fed till the mission was cleaned of the stores of years and nothing was left but some green potatoes

underground. Thus Whitman led and saved the most crucial wave to come over the Oregon Trail.

In this irresistible invasion of Americans the Cayuse correctly read their doom. The Whitmans they blamed with a special hatred. And when measles, perhaps brought in by the settlers, broke out virulently among the tribe, the Indians believed it was an evil spell cast by the doctor. At the mission, too, many white children were lying desperately ill when on November 29, 1847, the Cayuse stealthily surrounded Waiilatpu.

Whitman himself was the first to fall, shot down by Cayuse who came pretending friendship. Narcissa was trying to save the children when the bullet found her breast. Fourteen men and boys were killed; eight women and 45 children were carried away into captivity. The answer of the United States Government was the tread of troops marching to establish law and order on the land that the Whitmans had consecrated with their blood. Now there could be no question that this land was and must remain wholly American, and the presence of our armed forces established it so.

Marcus Whitman died three times a martyr — to his God, to his country and to medical science. Beside him perished the noblest pioneer woman of the West. In death, as in life, they were saviors of Oregon.



Wartime Newsreel

The-Government-Thinks-of-Everything Note: Owing to the meat shortage, Hollywood producers of Westerns have been requested to omit scenes of stampeding cattle. — *The New Yorker*

IN WASHINGTON, D. C., a patent has been awarded for a folding-bed attachment for desks. — *Time*

AT A Seattle hotel these days you make your own bed. A sign says: MAID'S YEAR OUT. — *Fred Sparks in Parade*

A WOMAN accused of shoplifting in Florida explained: "I just get tired of waiting. There aren't enough clerks in the stores." — *The Bordentown Bulletin*

AT Omar Khayyam's restaurant in San Francisco, patrons who dutifully eat everything on their plates get 10 percent of their checks back in war stamps. — *Newsweek*

AT Oklahoma Baptist University, complications were avoided by posting in the girls' dormitory a list, kept up-to-date, of all married cadets at the nearby army flying school. — *Time*

BECAUSE of wartime demands on transportation, English flower growers may not ship by train. But flower-loving Londoners still receive a few blossoms, some of them by bicycle express. Cyclists from Cornwall, for example, pedal 120 miles, hand their flower load to another team which cycles the

next 120 miles; a third team pumps the remaining 65 miles to London. High prices make the trip profitable. — *Time*

INDIANS of the Rocky Boy Reservation in Montana get to town Saturdays in spite of gas rationing. One car, loaded to the fog lights, pushes a second crowded jalopy 23 miles to town. After a big day, the second car pushes the first one home.

— Contributed by Ruth A. Eisnmann

THE U. S. Employment Service in Sacramento, California, received a request for six laborers who would fit the six pairs of size 9 rubber boots the prospective employer had on hand. — *Time*

IN HONOLULU, Judge Franklin devised a special fine for blackout violators: \$25 and a pint of blood. The physically unfit pay an extra \$25, to buy blood. — *This Week*

"If your line is rough and words come slow, we'll write that letter and she'll never know." "Wring tears or cash by mail, Amour methods never fail." With these slogans, two soldiers established a letter-writing service for their comrades at Fort Greely, Alaska. For a letter to an old love the rate is 25 cents; to a movie star, \$1; a "super lovey-dovey sweetheart special" is 89 cents. Customers' names are a "military secret." — UP

A HARLEM butcher despairingly posted a sign: "Leg o' Nuttin'."

— *Printers' Ink*

Q "If employers spent as much time cultivating workers' friendship, respect and good will as they spend fighting labor organizations, there wouldn't be a labor problem."

The Personal Touch in Labor Relations

Condensed from *Labor News*

Sherman Rogers

I WAS working in the Seattle shipyards in 1917 when it was announced that Charles M. Schwab would speak on a certain date. For days the men all denounced him as a labor hater, a bloated magnate. But when Schwab talked to them those 4000 men in overalls completely forgot that he was a rich man. He bared his heart. He tore aside the veil of misunderstanding. He destroyed at once the barrier of class distinction. And he received an ovation such as few men have ever received. In 30 minutes he had overcome the hatreds that agitators had been building for 15 years.

The answer is simply *contact*. Every employer who really likes his men could deliver the same talk that Schwab did. I have found all over the United States that wherever an employer really likes his men, and shows it, that employer has little difficulty in getting the wholehearted respect and coöperation of practically every man on the payroll.

The labor problem often is made to appear much more complex than it actually is. The subject should be

THE Reader's Digest first reprinted this article from *The Rotarian* in its August 1923 issue. Recently the editor of *Labor News* (a United Automobile Workers publication) republished it, believing that "it might make many aware of the one ingredient in labor relations which has been sadly lacking." Publication in *Labor News* brought significant praise from representatives of both industry and labor. The Reader's Digest now itself repeats the 20-year-old article as a most timely contribution to labor discussion in 1943.

considered in the light of four simple principles:

First, there are three sides to every question — your side, the other fellow's side, and the right side. There was never a labor dispute in which either side was 100 percent right. Whenever the employer and labor get together and compare notes, they will find the right side.

Second, there was never a man big enough to hate and reason at the same time.

Third, almost all men, whether they wear broadcloth or overalls, want to play the game square. Lack of contact means lack of understanding. But often the lack of friendly association breeds suspicion, which in turn breeds fear and hate. Under those circumstances it is impossible to have a rule of reason.

Fourth, too many foremen — the under-executives closest to the workmen — have been indifferent to the workers' ambitions and good will. Out of my own heart-deadening experience I can say that in the old school of foremen there were mighty few who ever dreamed of letting a workman know that his efforts were appreciated.

We condemn the agitator, but he is dangerous only where the employer is at fault. He can win recognition as a friend of the worker only where the management has refused to extend its own friendship.

I can name plants by the score where, within a few years, confidence and respect have replaced suspicion and hatred. These employers simply have pitched in and cultivated the friendship of their men as they have cultivated the friendship of their

business and social acquaintances. And the employers who have done this have been amazed at the difficulties confronting labor. They have found many grievances that they formerly knew nothing about — little grievances that later grow into big ones, and then grow into strikes, with accompanying hatreds.

These employers have given their men the chance to discuss working conditions as equals, not as subordinates. They have established industrial representation, in which labor's duly elected representatives meet in conference with an equal number of employers' representatives to discuss and settle disputes. In such an atmosphere the unscrupulous agitator cannot exist, because the truth or falsity of every statement by either side can be proved at the conference table.

Solving labor troubles is a matter of common sense. Confidence and coöperation must be inspired. They cannot be forced. Good will and respect must be inspired. They cannot be compelled. In other words, you can lead a good man through the fires of hell, but you cannot drive him across the sidewalk.



Professional Pride

❖ A CHARWOMAN in a New York bank was telling of her prowess in polishing floors. "When I started to work here the floors was in bad shape. But since I've been doing them," she said with quiet pride, "three ladies has fell down."

— *Treasury of Modern Humor*, edited by Martha Lupton (Maxwell Droke)

☛ **Startling facts on the alarmingly grave situation
in the Pacific — unless we move fast!**

Japan Has Already Won Her War!

Condensed from Collier's

Clark Lee

Associated Press Pacific Correspondent

A FEW MONTHS before Pearl Harbor, Rear Admiral Kanazawa of the Imperial Japanese navy received me in his office in Shanghai. "Here is the situation in the Pacific," he said, pointing to a huge wall map. "America has a plan of triangular defense based on lines from Alaska to Hawaii to Panama. It is generally overlooked that Japan has a similar triangular defense extending from Yokohama to here" — he pointed — "and here."

"Here and here," on the map were Singapore and New Caledonia, then respectively British and French territory, but that didn't worry Kanazawa. "In the unfortunate event of war in the Pacific," he went on, "we will take the objectives we need to make our triangular defenses secure. We will dig in everywhere and if you succeed in landing at any point we will fight inch by inch for everything we have taken. We will make the cost so frightfully great that the American people will become discouraged and decide that Japan is the logical nation to govern the Orient."

"We are prepared to lose 10,000,000 Japanese. How many Americans are you prepared to lose?"

The Japs still haven't got New Caledonia, but they have seized all the other territory and resources they need. They now rule 300,000,000 people and an empire of 3,250,000 square miles.

The startling truth is that Japan has already won *her* war. All she now requires to make her the *world's greatest power* is time in which to exploit and develop her new empire and to unite the people of Asia under her leadership.

Japan is getting that time. Behind a network of defenses which we have not yet begun to penetrate, she is using every minute to achieve the military, economic and political consolidation of the Orient. Unless we start to fight Japan soon with every weapon at our command, and unless we keep China in the fight, we may find it impossible to retake the great areas Japan has captured.

Japan today is highly vulnerable to air attack. Most of her heavy industry is still concentrated in four areas located along a 400-mile strip of coast south and west of Tokyo. More than 30,000,000 people live and work in the great seaport cities of Tokyo, Yokohama, Nagoya, Kobe, Osaka, Shimonoseki and Moji. If those cities were heavily bombed now, Japan would be severely crippled.

Six months from today, however, that may no longer be the case. Japan has begun a program for dispersing her key industries. Already Manchukuo is referred to as "the arsenal of empire." Some elements of heavy industry have been set up in North China, Korea, Shanghai, Manila and Singapore. The aim is to scatter them over so wide an area that many thousands of airplanes would be needed to inflict vital damage.

The economic resources of the conquered territories are already being exploited under a comprehensive master plan.

From the Philippines, Japan is getting chrome and copper; Malaya is contributing tin and rubber; coal is coming out of the Selangor mines. Japan reports that all but one of the major rubber plantations have been restored; that the Sumatra oil fields are producing petroleum suitable for aviation gasoline; that large supplies of coal, high-grade petroleum, and gold, copper, mercury and cinnabar have been found in Borneo. French Indo-China furnishes rice and coal;

Java contributes rubber, quinine and petroleum. In North China there is all the iron ore and coal that Japan can use.

Valuable raw materials from conquered areas are being sent to Japan's Axis allies. Australian naval units captured an Italian freighter carrying rubber, quinine and whale oil for Germany. Members of the crew said that the vessel had made three round trips from Kobe to Bordeaux, and that since last fall at least 26 vessels had run the blockade.

Returning from Europe, these ships carry German machinery to Japan, including aviation materials. The Japanese announced recently that they were manufacturing German Stuka dive bombers.

Japan's shipping losses from our planes and subs are serious, but they have been partly offset by ships salvaged or captured early in the war. Moreover, her present dependence on shipping may be only temporary. Madame Chiang Kai-shek has said that within another year Japan may succeed in extending Asiatic rail facilities as far as Singapore. This would give Japan a network of interior communications which could never be attacked from the sea, even if most of her naval power were destroyed.

In addition, Japan is developing aviation to tie together its vast empire. Her commercial airlines are now operating over routes totaling nearly 40,000 miles and extending from northern Manchukuo to Thailand.

Quite as important as her economic program (and even more threatening to the future of the United States) is Japan's effort to win over the peoples of Asia in a racial struggle. The Burmese, Malaysians, Thailanders and Javanese were all susceptible to Japanese propaganda, which reiterates: "This is the war of all Greater East Asiatic peoples fighting against American and British exploitation."

When the showdown came, the colonial peoples of Asia did not fight for retention of European rule. Only the Filipinos fought, and today the Filipinos, like the other peoples of the Orient, must make peace with their Japanese masters or die.

Japan's great victories were celebrated on the anniversary of Pearl Harbor throughout the occupied countries, doubtless with a certain amount of coercion but perhaps, too, with considerable spontaneity. Even in Manila, Mayor Jorge Vargas, formerly a close friend of President Quezon and General MacArthur, told a celebrating crowd: "It becomes our pleasant duty to share the joy of liberated millions. Victory for Japan is victory for the Philippines."

In Burma a national rally was held to thank Japan for "emancipation" from British control. The Japanese mayor of Singapore received pledges of loyalty and coöperation from community leaders. Chinese residents of Saigon, Indo-China, donated 100,000 yen to the Japanese forces to purchase airplanes. Premier

Pibul of Thailand toasted "final victory for the people of Asia" under Japanese leadership.

It would not be realistic to write off men like Vargas as Quislings — they may sincerely believe their destiny is linked with that of Japan.

Occupied countries are being thoroughly Japanized. It is estimated that 25 percent of the staffs of the Tokyo ministries of commerce and industry, railways, welfare, agriculture and education, together with other trained specialists, are being sent to these regions. Conquered peoples are taught the Japanese language, customs and beliefs. Thousands of Japanese families are going to occupied territory as permanent settlers. In return, young men and women from Java, China, Thailand, Indo-China and the Philippines are brought to Tokyo to be trained to take their places in the "Greater East Asia Co-prosperity Sphere."

Japan plans to hold her vast new empire by air power. She is said to be producing at least 800 to 1000 planes monthly, and her defenses center on a chain of airfields for land-based planes extending from one end of her empire to the other.

In our future advances we will have to send sea-borne invasion forces against land-based planes. But the Japanese recognize that the United States, by massing sufficient air power in one area, can effect landings; they therefore have heavily fortified all strategic points. A German correspondent who recently vis-

ited Corregidor reported, for example, that the Japs were making the former American fortress "stronger than Gibraltar."

On the testimony of Japanese militarists themselves, I believe their present strategy is to inflict such heavy losses when we attack that a military stalemate will develop and sentiment will grow in this country for a negotiated peace which will allow Japan to hold what she has taken. Then, within a decade or two, Japan could complete her job of uniting the Asiatic races and building up a war machine strong enough to undertake the next step toward conquering the world.

In Tientsin in 1939 Lieutenant General Homma — later commander in the Philippines campaign — said to me: "We are prepared to lose 10,000,000 men in our war with America. How many are you prepared to lose?"

Our present policy of a mere "holding war" in the Pacific is playing directly into the hands of Tokyo. We are "holding" on lines established by Japan and not by ourselves. We "stopped" the Japanese only after they had seized everything they needed. Despite our victories, despite the heavy losses inflicted on Japanese shipping, we have not begun to penetrate more than Japan's outpost lines. With the Pacific assigned a secondary

position in Allied strategy, and thus having second call on our production, an impasse advantageous to Japan has developed.

Eventually sufficient men, ships and planes will doubtless be made available to enable us to take the offensive.

But whatever method of attack we use — whether we move island by island, or directly against the Japanese mainland from Alaska, Hawaii or China — the job ahead is of gigantic proportions. And meanwhile the Japanese are making use of the time we are giving them.

Our war plan in the Pacific has been based on the assumption that China could continue to oppose Japan indefinitely on the trickle of lend-lease aid that we have flown in from India since the Japanese captured Burma. But China has grown steadily more dissatisfied with our failure to recognize Japan as Enemy Number One and to act accordingly. Our attitude led Doctor Lin Yutang to comment bitterly, "The only certain consequence of this policy (of half-hearted, mostly verbal aid to China) is the sudden breakup of the Chinese army one day."

We must take all possible steps as soon as possible to strengthen China's army and keep China in the war. The loss of China as an ally would be most disastrous.

The Day the Dam Broke

Condensed from "My Life and Hard Times"

James Thurber

I would gladly forget what my family and I went through that frightful afternoon in 1913 when the cry "The dam has broken!" spread like a grass fire through the East Side of Columbus, Ohio. The West Side was, at the time of the scare, under 30 feet of water during the great spring flood. The East Side (where we lived and where all the running occurred) was not, it turned out later, in any danger.

The broken-dam rumor started, as I recall it, about noon of March 12. High Street, the main canyon of trade, was loud with the placid hum of business. Suddenly somebody began to run. It may be that he had simply remembered, all of

a moment, an engagement to meet his wife. Whatever it was, he ran east. Then somebody else began to run, perhaps it was a newsboy in high spirits. Another man, a portly gentleman of affairs, broke into a trot. Inside of ten minutes everybody on High Street, from the Union Depot to the Courthouse, was running with grotesque desperation. A loud mumble gradually crystallized into the dread word "dam." "The dam has broke!" The fear was put into words by nobody knows who. Abruptly, 2000 people were in full flight; hundreds of them streamed by our house in wild panic, screaming "Go east!" — east away from the river, east to safety.

U.S.A. versus the Frankenstein Monster

Condensed from New York World-Telegram

Harry F. Byrd

United States Senator from Virginia

THE GOVERNOR of Ohio, John Bricker, recently pointed out that the government of his state manages to get along with 25,000 employees. But the *federal* government in Ohio has 90,000 employees. In Massachusetts there are 21,000 state employees. Federal employees there total 129,000. In Pennsylvania there are 44,500 state employees; 215,000 federal employees. The state government of Wyoming employs 1100 people. The federal government's payroll in Wyoming is 6200

With more than 3,000,000 civilian employees — exclusive of the army and navy — *our federal government now has more persons on the taxpayers' payroll than the combined total of all the employees of all the 48 states plus all the employees of all the country's county and municipal governments.*

Fifty-five percent of those persons are not directly engaged in the war effort. Since July 1939, more than two years before Pearl Harbor, the federal government has increased the number of its new employees almost 50 percent *every six months*. Despite repeated recommendations to the contrary from Congress, the peak is *nowhere* in sight.

These representatives of accumulated executive power have now set up shop in every state and in every nook and corner. Bureaucracy, rabbit-wise, is self-multiplying. The consequences of its fecundity are everywhere apparent.

This bureaucracy is not elected by the people. It is not responsible to the people. It does not answer for its acts at the polls. Yet it wastes the people's money, flouts the will of the people's elected representatives and — down to the last crossroads village and farm — is extending its power over the people's lives.

I recently received the regulations by which the Office of Price Administration proposes to govern the housewives of the nation when, this summer, they begin to can the products of their farms, orchards and Victory Gardens. These instructions fill six closely printed newspaper columns — and run to 12,000 well-chosen, highly legal words.

At the latest count, the OPA's regulations fill five fat volumes and take 11,000,000 words.

It was recently pointed out that at the Office of Price Administration alone, the country's taxpayers have been supporting 2700 lawyers

— 500 of them in Washington to devise the regulations, 2200 of them throughout the country to see that they regulate.

The British also have a rationing and price administration. It has worked for several years with astonishing success. *Its legal staff totals ten.*

When Thomas Jefferson was President there was one federal employe for every 5308 persons. Today we have one federal employe for every 45 persons—men, women and children, and this does not include those in uniform in the army and navy.

It is of the nature of a political organism that such great and rapid increases in size bring, in their wake, a change of character. What we now have in the United States is not our former government grown bigger. What we have is a different kind of government. It is ceasing to be government of three co-equal parts: legislative, executive, judicial. Because the executive branch has grown so vast and exercises so many powers, real and assumed, we are coming more and more to be ruled by executive and bureaucratic directives. As a result, the way in which we are governed is increasingly characterized by waste, ponderous red tape, inefficiency and irresponsibility.

The combined total cost to the nation, this year, of the legislative and judicial branches of the federal government is \$38,000,000. The executive branch spent, even before the war, almost that much for *publicity and promotion alone.*

There is a current saying in Washington's government offices: "Never write if you can send a telegram; never telegraph if you can make a long-distance call."

For the six months ending last December 31, the communications bill of the executive branch of the government—chiefly for telephone, telegraph, cable—amounted to \$15,573,000. The figure *excludes* army and navy bills. How much of this expensive communicating could have been conducted by letter or postcard, no one knows.

It was revealed at hearings held before the Joint Committee on the Reduction of Nonessential Federal Expenses that from November 1940 through October 1941 the National Youth Administration, an organization paralleling in part or in whole the actions of at least six other government offices, spent \$20,000 a month for long-distance telephone calls. How necessary much of that telephoning must have been can be judged from the subject-matter of a few of the hundreds of NYA telegrams which I have seen. Here are some samples:

"Please advise if Labor Day is to be considered a national holiday."

"Requesting travel to come to Washington to discuss annual leave with you."

"No record of marriage of to March 4, 1942."

"The use of typewriter for Dr. cannot be authorized."

" hired as watchman

today at \$60 monthly effective today replacing.....resigned."

Congress has given abundant proof of its determination to furnish the all-out support necessary to win this war. That is a life-or-death matter for all of us.

The Joint Committee on the Reduction of Nonessential Federal Expenses, of which I am Chairman, has repeatedly recommended that federal employment be drastically reduced, that waste and inefficiency be eliminated and that the consequent savings in manpower and money be utilized in the war effort. Our progress has been encouraging.

Savings brought about as a result of these recommendations have totaled \$1,314,000,000 in federal expenditure during 1942. The committee intends to surpass this record of economy in the present year.

It is a matter of no less importance to see to it that, while the war is being won, America — the America we have known and our fighting men believe in — is not lost. That America *can* be lost. Even now I believe that only a great upsurge of national indignation against this Frankenstein monster, and of national demand for a return to representative, responsible government, can save it.

In the Pink



For 40 years the New York Zoological Park struggled with the problem of the flaming flamingos. They would arrive from Florida splendid in rosy plumage. But with each successive spring molt their new feathers were lighter in color, until only an expert could tell them from the white European flamingos.

Lee S. Crandall, curator of birds, decided that the dried shrimp the Zoo fed the birds must lack vitamins and oils found in their natural diet of tiny shellfish. Last year he devised a weird formula: grated carrots, chopped sweet peppers, codliver oil, brewer's yeast,

dried Mexican flies, which are rich in oil; fresh shrimp, dogbiscuit and boiled rice.

It worked. This spring, for the first time in 40 years, the Zoo's flamingos greeted Easter with new feathers as richly pink as any their Florida relatives can boast. And what is more startling, their white European cousins, who shared the diet all winter long, have all burst into glowing pink bloom.

— William Bridges, N. Y. Zoological Society

Go South, Young Man!

Condensed from Future

J. P. McEvoy

TWENTY-FIVE miles from the rum and rhumba of Havana you will find an American named Dayton Hedges who went to Cuba 20 years ago to sell a boatload of cement and stayed there to raise a family, build an industry, make a fortune, and establish himself as the outstanding exponent in the Caribbean of what we really mean by the Good Neighbor policy.

Before the last war Hedges was a successful paving contractor in New York. But when skyrocketing wartime wages shot all the profit out of \$1,000,000 worth of Hedges contracts, he went broke in nine months and headed South.

The Hedges fortune today consists of the most modern cotton mill in the world — air-conditioned, fluorescent-lighted — employing 2000 Cuban workers, mostly ex-farmers who formerly balanced precariously on the edge of famine. Four hundred of these families now own their homes; and every Saturday night, the year 'round, a \$25,000 payroll pours into the little town of Bauta, on the border of the Hedges domain. The average annual wage of the Cuban sugar worker is \$92.27; Hedges workers average \$900. The Cuban sugar worker has only a ten-

*W*anted for important postwar careers: thousands of young men to follow in the footsteps of this pioneering American Good Neighbor.

week job through the “zafra” (harvest). Hedges workers are employed 48 weeks a year and get full pay for four weeks' vacation. Part of the mill's profits are poured back into homes, gardens, parks, club-houses and other benefits, which the workers have time and money to enjoy because they work only six hours a day and are paid the legal minimum for an eight-hour day.

“Mine is the only cotton mill in the world,” boasts Hedges, “with a six-hour shift, working four shifts a day, six days a week, year in and year out without a strike, lockout, slow-down, or even a serious argument with the workers.”

Dayton Hedges came up the hard way. His father was a Long Island whaling captain, later a potato farmer, and Dayton as a boy dug potatoes and worked in a cotton mill. Today, a broad heavy man in his late 50's, he rocks comfortably on the veranda of a low, rambling house set in a grove of giant royal palms. Only a few hundred yards

away the huge mill sprawls over the Cuban countryside, crammed with machinery that roars day and night like a distant waterfall, stopping only at six a.m. every Sunday morning with a sudden silence that wakes everybody on the ranch.

The veranda faces the park which Hedges laid out for his employes — baseball diamond, grandstand, flowers, palms, and a platform for the workers' 100-piece band.

Hedges seldom goes to his office in the mill, conducting all his business from the rocking chair. The workers, who in private refer to Hedges affectionately as *El Viejo* (the Old One) or *El Toro* (the Bull), come to him to talk over their financial and domestic problems, to borrow money or ask for jobs for their relatives.

"My experience for 20 years," says Hedges, "shows that the Cuban workers are quick to learn, and industrious. All my employes are Cuban except my son Jimmy, who is president of the company, my son Burke, vice-president in charge of production, and two American superintendents. All the others in responsible positions went to schools to educate themselves for the jobs and worked their way up from the ranks. Our labor turnover is so small we can't even figure it. All our original workers are still here, and their families have grown up to take jobs. One family has ten members earning, all told, nearly \$1000 a month. A family can do mighty well with that in a Cuban village.

"My wife and sons and I have worked and lived out here in the country with the Cubans as neighbors and friends, so we really think we know them. And if we have helped them in a neighborly way it is only to help them help themselves. This is not philanthropy — it results in mutual benefit for management and labor. It is what I understand by the Good Neighbor policy.

"For example, we have a free clinic on the grounds, with two doctors, a dentist, a laboratory technician and three male nurses, but there is nothing philanthropic about it. The people around here have always suffered from intestinal parasites; when they come to work for us we cure them and keep them healthy. It's good business for them and for us. All dental work is free, materials extra. If they crave a gold tooth they have to pay for the gold — but a silver filling will cost them only 50 cents, and they can have a whole new set of teeth with a bite like a bear trap for \$9.50.

"Years ago I started the policy of giving women workers ten weeks off with pay, when they have their babies. Also, I paid for the delivery and offered a \$20 bonus for each baby and \$50 for twins, figuring the more babies the more workers. Today, maternity insurance is the law of the land, and every employer must give a mother full pay four weeks before and four weeks after birth. But I started it."

Hedges has developed a workers'

village practically in his front yard — grocery store, butcher shop, cafeteria, clubhouse, school, and more than 100 little homes laid out with individual gardens and furnished rent free to employes who have the best records. It is his ambition eventually to house all his employes around him, and his dreams include the most modern sanitation system in Cuba, already ordered at the cost of \$250,000 but held up by the war.

Hedges pays every pupil a penny a day for going to school, and offers special monthly awards for the best reports. "They study English as well as their own language," he says, "and sometimes come over to recite pieces for Ma Hedges and myself. I recall one little tot who had painfully memorized this speech: 'Good evening. I speak English. The book is red. Go to hell. Good-bye.'"

Dayton Hedges believes that if Horace Greeley were alive today he would say, *Go South, Young Man!* "There are more opportunities today in Latin America than there were 20 years ago when I landed down here," he says. And after the war, he points out, experienced management, technicians and capital will be needed all over Latin America to develop resources, build industrial capacity and raise the living standard of some 145,000,000 people.

Eric Johnston, president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, reported after a recent tour of Latin America: "It will take billions of dollars and generations of

intensive effort to industrialize Latin America so that each nation can fashion its raw products into the consumer goods it needs at home." This means jobs and business opportunities for thousands of North Americans. Nor will these North Americans be taking jobs away from natives in Latin America. On the contrary, they will be helping to create many thousands of new jobs for them. Our southern neighbors would prefer to give us this business than give it to anyone else — if we are willing to go there, not to exploit, but to cooperate for the mutual prosperity of all.

"Right here in Cuba, for example," says Hedges, "a fortune is waiting for the young engineers who develop the huge natural asphalt deposits. Cuba still imports practically all its rice, a staple eaten three times a day by almost the entire population. The country is rich in hard woods and minerals, most of which are neglected.

"Take my own experience. Up to ten years ago all our cheap cotton goods were imported. Nobody had bothered about going into the business here. I begged and borrowed to build this factory and persuaded the machinery people up North to equip it on credit.

"We had tough sledding for the first few years, but today we make almost all the cheaper cotton goods used in Cuba — and Cubans buy every bit of the 270,000 yards of goods we make daily; none is ex-

ported. When our new annex is completed we will have close to \$7,000,000 invested — all earned right here, and, except for the machinery, spent here."

Hedges doesn't believe in absentee ownership. As he rocks on his veranda and watches over his enterprise with paternal vigilance, he quotes an old Cuban proverb: "*El ojo del dueño siempre engorda el caballo*" (the eye of the owner always fattens the horse). Nor does he believe that any foreign capital will be welcome in Latin America on the old absentee-control basis. Outside companies that start new business enterprises in Latin America must take local capital into partnership, and share profits and control; otherwise ways will be found to nullify their efforts.

"The young man who goes South after this war," says Hedges, "will

have plenty of chances to start out by working for a local branch of a North American company until he learns the language and customs and gets a firsthand knowledge of the opportunities around him. The rest depends on his own initiative, imagination, industry, and the kind of character that inspires credit backing.

"Above all, he must have the talent to win friends among people of alien tongues and traditions, and the temperament to make a home and be happy in another land. He must not be just another North American who refuses to learn the language, talks incessantly about 'going home,' and has one foot on the boat all the time. He must be prepared to integrate himself into the life of his chosen community, spend his money where he makes it, and be a real Good Neighbor."

Army Cooling System

AMERICAN officers in Britain are using red tape to tie Dan Cupid's hands. Thousands of soldiers have been "going steady" with English and Irish girls, and commanders of every American base in the Isles are deluged with requests for permission to marry. Since early spring the number has mounted steadily.

Army regulations do not prohibit men from marrying abroad but they discourage marriage — by means of red tape. Soldiers first are required to fill out preliminary forms which are put "on ice" in the files for several weeks. Then more forms must be filled out. Meanwhile the men are required to submit letters sanctioning marriage from the parents of the prospective brides. The final hurdle is a personal interview with the commander.

Result: Most soldiers think twice.

¶ A true and touching insight into Little Rafe's invincible spirit
and the wondrous depths of his heart

III

By Henry Morton Robinson

LITTLE RAPE lay in his beribboned crib, gurgling up at a skyful of fluffy clouds, grasping at them with chubby fingers. It was our first meeting, and nothing in his round pink countenance or bubbling contentment suggested that he was to be one of Rafe's stepchildren. "You two must get acquainted," said his pretty mother. "Rafe dotes on grown-up friends. See — he likes you," she added, as the young gentleman gave me a juicy, three-toothed smile. I responded in the *lingua franca* of those who love babies, and our memorable friendship for a few brief years began.

Happiness did not hover long about Rafe's childhood. His parents were divorced, and although his mother poured her life into the son's boundless need for love and companionship, all her devotion could not shield him from the tragedy that was soon to strike.

Rafe had a nurse named Jenny, and Jenny had a boy friend. One night he urged her to go to a dance. Rafe was unusually restless, but she

finally managed to lull him to sleep. Then, fearing that he would wake up later, the nurse in her ignorance did a monstrous thing. Somewhere she had heard that chloroform would guarantee sound slumber — so she dosed the sleeping child with the drug, and blithely tripped off.

When Rafe's mother tiptoed into his room to kiss him, she thought the boy was dead. Terror-stricken, she awakened the household, only to discover that the nurse had been out all evening and had not yet returned. A doctor worked over the inert little body for an hour; not until the boy was revived did the physician tell the anguished mother that he had been chloroformed.

In a few days Rafe began to have violent convulsions, his tiny frame wracked by uncontrollable spasms. The doctor was not sure whether the chloroform had caused injury to the brain tissues, or whether the drug had brought out some underlying condition. Leading specialists were summoned, but their skill and wisdom were unavailing.

When the child had an attack the mother held him tightly in her arms till the convulsions passed — the only relief possible. This fearful discipline in sorrow linked mother and son in a bond of unbreakable fortitude. Sometimes when Rafe's mother was entertaining at dinner, a nurse would enter; at her nod the mother would quietly rise and hasten to the boy's side, comforting him until his ordeal passed. When she reappeared among her guests, nothing in her outward serenity suggested the shattering agony the two of them had been through.

Then Rafe's mother married again, a high-strung, selfish man, passionately in love with his wife. He had a son Paul, the same age as Rafe; in romantic moments the mother and stepfather had dreamed that the two children would be real twins. But things worked out in quite another way. Paul's vigor threw Rafe's weakness into cruel relief, until gradually the bigger boy's interest in his new stepbrother turned to indifference, then contempt.

The stepfather became jealous of his wife's devotion to her boy. Try as he might, the man could not control his resentment. He picked on Rafe in none too subtle ways. Once while he was teaching Rafe to throw a rubber ball, the lad started to tremble. "Stop jerking!" cried the stepfather impatiently. Little Rafe ran indoors, sobbing violently. After that he was not allowed to play ball. Competitive games were too much for him,

but sometimes I saw him at his window, his face a small pale blur as he gazed wistfully at the rough-and-tumble antics of Paul and his robust companions. Already my little friend had accepted his expulsion from a normal child's garden of play.

Instinctively Rafe realized that his illness kindled his stepfather's jealous dislike. So whenever he felt his awful torture coming on he would go to his own room. And when he came out of an attack, weak and exhausted, his first tremulous, anxious question always was: "Did Dad see me?"

One night when the family of four was having dinner in the dining room, Rafe began to squirm in his chair. "Sit still," the father ordered. Unhappy Little Rafe couldn't control his twitching muscles. In exasperation the stepfather reached over and slapped him. Surprised and hurt, the child held back his tears until his mother told him he could be excused. As the lad took his stepfather's hand to say goodnight, he looked at it and said: "If I had a big hand like that, and you were little, I wouldn't hit you!"

These emotional tensions so aggravated Rafe's illness that the doctor advised complete rest and isolation. It was decided that Rafe and his mother should go to a small island on a quiet river and live there in solitude. The island was indeed a sanctuary; no one ever crossed the bridge leading to it. Rafe's mother picked up the mail and groceries at the bridge. They fished in the river

hour after hour with a pin on the end of a string, hoping that the magic of the flowing stream would bring health to overwrought nerves. They skipped stones together, but, alas, Rafe wasn't very good at it. At night the mother read stories until he fell asleep. Probably these wonderful months on the island were the happiest time in the boy's life.

Yet he showed no improvement, and nothing was to be gained by staying longer. The specialists finally suggested a famous convent-hospital for handicapped children as the child's one remaining hope.

Before he left for the hospital, he begged, "Please, Mother, let's have our picture taken together." They went to a photographer, and in the midst of the usual poses, Little Rafe, overwhelmed by the prospect of separation, threw his arms about his mother, giving her a tight hug. The photographer caught in a perfect likeness the magic moment. "Make it big, big!" cried Rafe when he saw the picture. His mother hung the large photograph over the head of the boy's bed in the hospital.

By this time my little friend had gathered all his forces for a final stand against the tragedy that was consuming his life. He sensed the bitterness of the cup that was being pressed to his lips but kept his teeth shut in stoic silence. He seemed to understand that going to the hospital was his one chance for recovery, and held back the tears in his sad brown eyes when his mother kissed

him good-bye. "I'll be a good boy, Mother," he promised, "and when I'm well we'll go back to the island together. Maybe I can skip stones better then."

It was a great blessing that Sister Veronica, Superior of the hospital, had a heart big enough to shelter all the stricken little souls under her care. A special relationship developed between Rafe and this fine, compassionate woman; their friendship deepened as his illness progressed. He was very thin now; the attacks came oftener and he could not sleep at night. Sometimes Sister Veronica would find the sleepless boy reaching up to the picture of his mother, tracing the outlines of her face with loving fingers. When sleep would not come to him, Sister Veronica gave him permission to tip-toe down the hall and knock gently at her door. There in her room he would find comfort and protection until morning.

Little Rafe's candle flickered lower. Disease wrestled for possession of his body but could not lay a finger on his proud, unwavering soul. No word of complaint, no whining at his fate; only a few tears (shed secretly) were Rafe's acknowledgment that his luck in life had not been good.

His mother visited him every day. Then late one dark night, knowing that Rafe's life flame would soon be extinguished, Sister Veronica telephoned for his mother and father. When Rafe saw them in the doorway he reached out his frail arms; and as

his mother bent over him his fingers found her face, the dear, real face, for the last time. "Tell me I've been a good boy, Mother," he pleaded. "Yes, Rafe, yes," she sobbed, and pressed his delicate frame in her arms. She lifted her eyes to the photograph above his bed, and saw once more the smudgy prints of his lips and fingers on the beloved picture. A surf of anguish swept over her and, as if to comfort his mother, Rafe's

arms tightened closer around her.

The island was very near for both of them now, and it seemed to Rafe that his stones were beginning to skip beautifully at last. Turning to his father he said, "Thank you for being so good to me. I'm leaving Mother with you. Take good care of her." Rafe's river of happy hours was dappled with sunlight, and its gentle current quieted the last tired flutterings of his stout little heart.

For a Fool-Loose Vacation

THE longest trail in the world is the Appalachian Trail. It runs 2050 miles from Mount Katahdin, Maine, to Mount Oglethorpe, Georgia, touching 14 states. One section or another lies within easy reach of more than half the people of the United States. Benton MacKaye, outdoor enthusiast, conceived the idea of a continuous wilderness trail in 1921.

The Trail follows, where possible, the crests of ranges; it passes through wilderness and over mountain peaks a Dan'l Boone might not scorn. Signs point the way; log and plank shelters dot the route. Nearly every kind of animal, bird, insect, plant, tree and mineral in the East may be searched for along the great Trail. In the public domain it crosses is some of the grandest, and most diversified scenery on earth.

And the names along the route! It leads from the Chattahoochee National Forest in Georgia to the Blue Ridge country and Tennessee. Over mountain

summits through the Great Smokies and the Pisgah, Unaka and Cherokee Forests; then the Natural Bridge Park in Virginia and George Washington Forest. Across Harpers Ferry into Maryland; through Gettysburg Battleground and almost straight up the Alleghenies. Across the Susquehanna near Harrisburg; out of Pennsylvania at the Delaware Water Gap; up along the Kittatinny Range in New Jersey to the Poconos. Over Bear Mountain, Bridge into the rugged terrain along the New York-Connecticut line. North to the Berkshires, east to Vermont and the White Mountains, across Maine to Mount Katahdin.

Only a few hikers have covered the entire route, and those few did it by sections over a stretch of years. The Appalachian Trail Conference, 808 17th Street, Washington, D. C., publishes guidebooks full of information on outfit, food, camps, etc., for the Trail hiker.

— Adapted from Raymond Tift Fuller, *Now That We Have to Walk* (Dutton)

America's Treasure Isles

By
Edison Marshall



ON JUNE 29, 1786, while cruising in the fogbound void of Bering Sea, a Russian navigator named Gerasim Pribilof heard a most peculiar sound. That same sound, when I heard it 141 years later, seemed to me like the full-throated roar of a crowded stadium when the home team makes a touchdown.

The hardy captain set sail toward the uproar. After an hour or more he discovered, through rifts in the fog, four islands. Two of them were no more than big rocks. The ear-blasting noise was caused by a herd of two million fur seals blackening the shores and roaring, blustering, coughing and bleating all at once.

Loading his ship with skins, Pribilof sailed to Siberia and sold his catch to Chinese mandarins for what even today would be a fancy price. But when his agent returned for another load, in October, the islands were silent as a tomb, the beaches empty and desolate.

The bold captain tried again the following summer. Again the seas were black with swimming mother seals, long reaches of the beach were

a solid mass of fighting bull seals, the sand dunes were crawling with young bachelor seals, and the wild wheat was alive with "idle bull" seals that hadn't been able to snaffle any mates and were hanging about the harems in the hope of achieving that very thing. All were yelping and bellowing as noisily as before.

The Pribilof Islands have made history ever since. When Secretary of State Seward in 1866 wished to persuade a penny-pinching Congress to buy Alaska from the Russians, the argument that clinched the deal was its value as the breeding grounds of the fur seals, yielding then about 100,000 skins a year. Except for this treasure-trove the historic deal would have fallen through.

At first we wasted this treasure in scandalous fashion. Almost free slaughter was permitted until the herd was three fourths killed. Then to maintain the yield we permitted sealers to lie off the islands and kill the matkas (mother seals) as they came out to fish. By this practice three lives were taken for every skin — the mother, her unborn pup, and her nursing pup left on shore to

starve. When the herd was finally reduced to a paltry 150,000, and the beaches were littered with the wasted bodies of baby seals, our government took bold steps, prohibited pelagic sealing, and prescribed the number of surplus males that could be killed each season. The herd increased, and grew to nearly two million again.

Naturally, other nations coveted this treasure of glossy fur. Up to their now familiar tricks as long ago as Theodore Roosevelt's presidency, Japanese poachers landed on the beaches and were unceremoniously shot by U. S. guards. For this forthright act Teddy refused to apologize — bless his stout heart — and the little men of Nippon swore vengeance. Since then the sight of our Coast Guard vessels patrolling the foggy, roaring coasts has gnawed into their vitals, and their jealousy and hatred can be satisfied only by conquest of the islands. Our army and navy can well guard against an attack, if only for spite's sake, on the Pribilofs this summer.

What interests me most about these fabulous islands is not the 50,000 prime skins that our Department of Fisheries harvests every year, soft and beautiful and still an aristocrat among furs, but the social order of the seals themselves, developed a million years before the first human being spread a sail in the Smoky Seas.

The fur seal is not to be confused with the sea lion that performs in

circuses, or with the hair seal found off Newfoundland. He is distinctly related to the bear, and he moves like one. Unlike any other seal, he can run on land nearly as fast as a man. The pups are not born swimmers; they must learn the hard way, and many of them drown in the attempt. But the fur seals become the most beautiful and versatile of swimmers, and in speed are in a class with porpoises.

Along in May, when the wild wheat begins to sprout on the Pribilofs, and the lichens drip with the spring rains, the bull seals haul themselves up on the naked beaches by the hundred thousand. They weigh five or six hundred pounds apiece, and are fat from good fishing in the seas of all the world; and it is good that they are, because many busy months will pass before they go again to sea, or even taste food or drink.

At once there begins the biggest free-for-all fight in the whole animal kingdom. The giant bulls tear into one another, each to hold a certain little area of beach that has taken his fancy. Before long the best bulls have established their claims, but only by right of fang and flipper; and if they relax their guard for one minute even in the dead of night, the homeless bulls waiting in the grass will seize their homesteads.

Yet the bulls do not usurp the entire beach. By an incredible arrangement among themselves, certain strips are left vacant, to provide

safe passage for young male seals — as yet too young and weak to seize and control harems — between their interior playgrounds and the sea.

In June comes the bulk of the herd, a million or so females and a swarm of young bachelors, or holluschickie. The latter pass up the aisles to the sand dunes and the grass, there to romp and loaf the summer through, with occasional trips to sea after belly cargos of fish. But the poor little cows, scarcely a fifth of the weight of the massive bulls, are in for trouble. The courtship that follows makes the famous visit of the Sabine women to Rome seem a Sunday-school picnic.

The bulls rush down to the surf and seize the approaching matkas by the scruffs of their necks and drag them to the harem grounds. Often two or three bulls make a rush for the same cow, and how she avoids being torn to pieces in the brawl that follows was never clear to me. Every bull is determined to get as many cows as he possibly can, but he pays for his greed throughout a busy summer. His wives are utterly amoral, calmly accepting nature's mandate that to the victor belong the spoils. The sight of an old bull endlessly rounding up his harem, roaring defiance at would-be wife thieves, torn and bleeding from wounds, without food or drink or rest for weeks on end, makes one understand why polygamy has never been widely adopted by humans.

The cows are heavy with young

when they arrive at the islands, and in a few days they drop their pups. Almost immediately the new mothers are again impregnated, at which fact many a medical man has expressed disbelief. In no other mammal can pregnancy occur during the first few weeks of lactation. In other creatures that bear young every year, the gestation period is nine months or less, leaving an interval for nature to prepare the womb for another inmate and for the baby to get a good start. In the fur seal, the gestation period is ordinarily just under a full year. The explanation of this mystery is that the matka has a double womb and uses one side of it at a time.

The old bull understands that his wives must leave him every few days, to go forth to sea, catch fish and manufacture milk for their babies. Thus thousands of females are either going to sea or hauling themselves out every moment of the day. And since by the middle of July there are some hundreds of thousands of pups crawling about the beaches, or sleeping in the pale sunlight, or learning to swim in the combers, how can any mother find her own child?

I don't know how she does it, but she does. She seems to come straight toward him, in tremendous haste and flurry, knocking aside any neighbor children in her way. Sometimes a little waif tries to snatch a dinner as she goes by, but she will have none of him.

Meanwhile the young bachelors are passing by the hundreds through the aisles left for them. When they are not out fishing they assemble in droves in the grass, sometimes climbing the sand dunes with apparently no motive other than the fun of shuffling down them. It is these bachelors that furnish ladies their sealskin coats. Sealers come to drive them to the killing grounds, to club and skin them, and because in their long oceanic voyages they have never learned to fear men, they do not try to escape.

Meanwhile they are careful to avoid the harems. Not so some of the mature but idle bulls that lurk at the edge of the beaches. Occasionally one of these goes berserk and charges the rookeries in a frantic effort to steal a wife. Sometimes he succeeds, though often an outraged husband tears into him, bites and pummels him, and then with incredible strength hurls him out of his harem into the private grounds of a neighbor bull. There he is again attacked, then knocked about from harem to harem in what appears an outburst of moral indignation on the part of all the settled husbands, until he is torn to pieces.

However, the greater number of the idle bulls keep their skins, and near summer's end they have their inning, truly one of the greatest marvels in the whole marvelous life story of the seals. Up out of the sea come the virgin females, a hundred thousand or more. By now the harem

masters are exhausted, and these sleek and sprightly maidens fall easy victims to the waiting "wolves."

The latecomers drop their pups the following summer at the same time as the bulk of the cows, although they have carried them only nine months instead of nearly twelve. Why should a mother's first baby seal have a shorter gestation period than the second? Apparently the fetus develops faster when the mother is not nursing other young; and it seems a thrilling instance of Nature's care for her species — staggering the breeding season so that the young may have fit fathers.

Soon after this, in September, the great outbound migration begins. The yearlings have by now learned to swim. With their mothers bearing unborn pups, and with swarms of young bachelors, they take off from the beaches and head southward through the Aleutian Islands into the trackless immensity of the Pacific. The old bulls linger a while, heaven knows why except that they seem too tired to move, and then they too waddle down to the surf and disappear. The Aleut hunters retire to their smoky huts, the blue foxes feed on the carcasses of the slain, and the wind shrills across forsaken beaches; but the rocks, by their glasslike smoothness, bespeak the herds assembling here for the past million years. As surely as the green of spring, they will come again.

Germany Must Be Salvaged

Condensed from The American Mercury

Dorothy Thompson

WAR IS WAGED in an atmosphere charged with passion. There have been very few leaders who were great in war and great in peace. Peace is not victory. Peace is the reconstruction that victory allows. What is needed for that reconstruction is not passion, but intelligence; not the vision of 1943, but the vision of 1963 at least.

Plans now reputedly crystallizing in Allied foreign offices for dealing with defeated Germany are not based upon an accurate reading of history or of folk psychology. These plans seem to me to offer no hope of permanent peace.

"Our Government's Plan for Post-war Germany" was set forth by Kingsbury Smith in the April *American Mercury*. (The Reader's Digest, May.) There is not yet an immutable official policy, but Mr. Smith's summary does, I think, represent views widely held in official quarters.

Under this plan, Allied forces are to establish a military government

A clear, vigorous and challenging analysis of our Government's plan for postwar Germany that will help to clarify public opinion on this vital problem.

"to preserve law and order." Later "a supreme Allied military and civil government will take over." These American *Gauleiters* even now are receiving four months' training in "the laws, customs, economy and psychology of the German people."

The German nation will be disarmed, and war criminals will be swiftly punished. All Nazi officials will be removed from office. Gradually freedom of speech and press will be restored, but for a while "all mediums of expression will be strictly controlled." An International Education Commission will draft a program of world history for German schools to "prevent German children from being given a distorted version of world events."

Industries left intact will be operated under strict United Nations control. And Germany must be drastically decentralized, breaking the country into separate states or regions, in order "to find a solution for the militarism of Germany."

DOROTHY THOMPSON, political columnist, radio commentator, lecturer, former foreign correspondent, has been from the beginning a passionate enemy of Nazism. She warned against the danger of Hitlerism to America and to the world when most others were still indifferent to the threat.

II

What this plan proposes is to reverse the Nazi program, with Allied armies in the position, in Germany, of the Nazi armies in the occupied countries. We are to destroy the German nation by disintegrating it; partially demobilize the German industries or take control of them; disarm the country entirely; introduce our ideology into the schools; throw out the present officials and put in our own; and, finally, when the Germans are all docile, allow them freedom again.

This is not a peace plan at all, but a plan for the continuation of the war against Germany after she has unconditionally surrendered. If Dr. Goebbels is looking for new propaganda material, to steel the German people for the most ferocious war effort, he will have found it here.

Were this plan attempted it would fail, for the same reasons that the Nazi occupation of Europe has failed. It would mobilize every vital element in Germany against us; it would start a new German nationalism of extreme virulence.

The bolshevization of Germany might easily grow out of the chaos created by such a plan, for the destruction of any central authority offers opportunities to small but solid minority groups. Our troops would either have to retreat in abject ignominy, or we would be engaged in a new war.

Furthermore, the carrying out of this plan would make us the enemies

not only of Germany, but of *all* Europe. It would rock the European economic structure; render all Europe defenseless; and cut into the very heart of the continent, Balkanizing it disastrously. Eventually it would lead to a drastic all-European revolution.

III

This plan is based upon a misreading of folk psychology. Did Germany revert, after the last war, to a new militarism because she was left with a strong army — or because she was unilaterally disarmed in a Europe of armed nations?

The German army was reduced to a police force of 100,000 men. The leading political party, the Social Democrats, were so pacifist that they discouraged enlistment from their own ranks. Hence the new army of the Republic was forced to draw upon the nationalist and anti-democratic elements. This was exactly what the General Staff wanted, and out of this nucleus they created the most modern aggressive force of the century.

Militarism and extreme nationalism grew out of repeated German democratic failures to obtain for Germany an equal place in European councils. She was barred from the League of Nations until 1925. She was disarmed but Europe was not. Eventually even Poland had a larger army than Germany. In a chaotic economic period, Hitler's plan for rearmament met the popular re-

sponse it did largely because of this condition of affairs.

When this war ends, all the rest of Europe will have been disarmed by Germany. The disarmament of Germany will complete the disarmament of Europe. On what, then, is Europe as a whole to base her security? On simple faith that Russia, Britain and the United States have nothing at heart but European interests? On confidence that none of them, ever, will become aggressors?

There is nothing in history to justify the hope that we can create this faith in the German people and eventually in all the European peoples. The psychological result of leaving Germany or any part of Europe defenseless except for Allied troops, would be, I am sure, to start another virulent underground nationalism.

An army is nothing but an instrument, for one policy or another. The problem is to turn the German army from being an instrument for enforcing German domination upon Europe, into an instrument for protecting a free Europe with liberty and justice for all.

Mr. Churchill has proposed the formation of a Council of Europe, to be associated eventually with Britain, Russia, China, and the Americas, as a regional part of a gradually emerging world organization. No such council will fulfill its function without Germany. Germany, as of 1933, constituted about a fifth of the population of Europe exclusive of Russia, and represented almost half

of that Europe where technology, commerce, industry, education and popular culture had reached a high degree of development.

No new generation in any nation will take upon itself the guilt of its father. The German child of today is not going to feel that an inferior political status is justly imposed upon him because his father killed hostages throughout Europe. A Germany outside the Council of Europe would be a constant potential menace. Her sense of inferiority would lead, in a generation, to another Hitler. The Council would inevitably tend to become an alliance permanently directed at keeping down this menace, with some discontented or ambitious members eventually encouraging its revival and rearmament.

The object of our statesmanship should be to help create a new Germany which will take its place in the Council and be charged with participation in the defense and reconstruction of the new Europe. The present German army must be disbanded, but a new force should be called into being as an instrument for collaboration in the protection of the new Europe. The danger that this force might be the nucleus of a new nationalist aggression can be removed. The Council of Europe should establish its own army for its own defense, and the European High Command should never allow any single nation to have preponderant power.

Obedience to authority is an his-

toric German characteristic, conspicuous in the German armed forces. German soldiers drawn from the people can be used to defend the New Europe; their existence would be a living example that Hitlerism is really defeated, and defeated for the creation of new life. Germany would lose her nationalist militarism to gain a new and prideful role.

But this will be possible only if a genuine people's government is created in Germany, excluding and punishing the Nazi and reactionary forces. That government can only be created by the German people themselves and *will* only create *itself* if it has a vital prospect of equality.

IV

The concept that an Allied occupying force can control the internal administration of Germany, direct the decentralization of its industries and readjustment of its economic life, try its war criminals, head off revolution, restore -- while controlling -- freedom of speech, dismember the German state, and re-educate the German people, all through *Gauleiters* trained for a few months, is absurd.

Presumably this occupying force will be composed of Russian, British and American troops under some form of joint command. Will there be no differences between them regarding what German administrators should be left in power, or what personalities should replace them?

Actually, the only thing such a

joint force could agree upon would be the maintenance of law and order -- seeing that the trains ran on time; that people were fed; that looting and local *coups de main* were suppressed, and that the economy was not allowed to disintegrate into starving and workless mobs.

This last will be the crux of the European economic situation. Today the German economy is the integrating force of the entire European economy. The decentralization of industry has already taken place to a large degree. Germany has moved many of her industries into occupied countries and into former agricultural eastern areas of the Reich. She has seized the majority shares of practically the whole European heavy industry. Obviously the ownership of this vast European plant must be retransferred to the states in which the industries are situated, leaving it to them to determine where the equity shall eventually be placed.

We are determined, according to Mr. Smith's report, that there shall be no revolution in Germany. The German masses, such as the demobilized soldiers, are not going to be allowed to rise against Hitler and his gang. We are to attend to the gentlemen ourselves, and suppress both the Nazis and those who might rise in fury against them.

This could easily be the means of creating for future German generations the legend of a German Joan of Arc, the patriot who was done to death by the foreigner. Or, if ac-

accompanied by suppression of a people's rising, our forces might enter the German folklore as those who "liquidated" a people's revolution only to take over Hitler's role.

The fate of the Nazi criminals in occupied countries should be left to the governments and courts of those countries. Their people have been victims, not we. The fate of the Nazis in Germany should be left to the Germans, with or without revolution. There should be the least possible interference in the political affairs of Germany, for otherwise every failure there will be laid at our door, and the German people will wash their hands of responsibility. We should hold out hopes for full participation in a new European and world order of freedom to any German state based on a representative system and an impartial law, which having itself thoroughly liquidated Nazism, is prepared to enter such an order with adequate guarantees.

The idea of de-industrializing Germany confronts us with the problem of what to do with the German industrial workers. They will be the backbone of anti-Hitlerism in Germany. But they will not be for any democratic order that starts by starving them. Three quarters of the German population are directly tied up with industry. Shall we throw 20,000,000 out of work? Shall they emigrate? Where? To us?

German industry must be put immediately into the service of European and Russian reconstruction, to

rebuild what has been destroyed. It must be made to serve the peoples of Germany and Europe. If it is not, Hitler's rule will live in German memory as a golden age; our occupation as the rule of the vandals; and all Europe will suffer.

It is proposed that we destroy the German state by dismembering it into numerous political authorities — to put the clock back to the pre-Bismarck days, when Germany was a *Bund* of independent principalities. But the establishment of Germany as a national state developed out of every popular trend in German life since 1800. The trend of modern history and life is toward larger unities. In the old *Bund*, dynastic interests kept the Germans separated. Are we going to restore the old royal houses, who alone would have an interest in such a plan? Who is to undertake this job of dismembering Germany? Obviously the new states would have to have governments, would have to rest on some popular foundations. Do such foundations exist?

Certainly one could find some leaders who might grasp for power with the aid of American bayonets, but we would have to keep the bayonets on hand. They would be reactionaries, or possibly communists, and would be regarded by the masses of the people as Quislings and traitors. They would be knifed and shot in dark alleys. And then we would have to find ways of maintaining our hated puppets and our unpopular authority.

The first use that would be made of free speech in Germany would be to cry for German reunification. The opposition to dismemberment would be from liberal, progressive elements. They would seek to get power in the various states for the purpose of reuniting them. We might, of course, end up with a Union of Socialist and Soviet German Republics, under a central party authority. Our hate-mongers seem hell-bent on bringing something of this kind to pass.

V

As for the re-education of the German people — just what constitutes the education of a nation?

A nation is educated by its history and experience. If defeat ruins Germany, the German people will not blame the Nazi war, but our victory.

The only situation that will maintain a reorientation of the German mind is one of social and political security. The only thing that will make the Germans "good" is their integration into a new "good" European society. If they are dismembered, de-industrialized, subjected to foreign rule and foreign "education," they will not become "better," they will become worse. If, on the other hand, every democratic and orderly tendency is encouraged; if they feel welcome awaiting them into a community which is going places — rebuilding, reconstructing, and evolving around the general welfare of Europe and the world; if their energies are turned toward cultural

development; if such a program offers them the greatest opportunities for happiness and security, they will go with us in that direction.

In all nations there are good and bad people. A plan such as the one reported by Mr. Smith will attract only another lot of bad Germans — very bad ones, who would connive at the destruction of their nation for reasons of personal ambition.

You cannot punish a nation as though it were a person. A nation is a *continuity in time and space*; the nation punished today causes suffering to a generation yet unborn; the nation wounded plagues all others; the nation treated unequally breeds spreading inequalities.

We need a few philosophers of history in our peace discussions; men who have derived, from knowledge, compassion for the endless martyrdom of Man, and wisdom to avert some of the follies and stupidities which throughout the ages have contributed to that martyrdom.

Victory is not peace. Peace is the construction of an order of society which satisfies human needs, provides constructive outlets for human energies, uses the instruments of man for his welfare and security, protects him, through political institutions, from those who would use him for the aggrandizement of their own ambitions, and gives to him the breath of life and freedom.

Peace is organic harmony. Its makers have been called the Children of God.

Life in These United States

W HILE on the way to our Vermont village one afternoon, my mother and I were stopped by a grizzled backwoodsman.

"Ma'am," he began uncomfortably, "just thought I'd tell you something. Folks say Ben Mitchell's been seen going to your house more than is fit."

Mother's mouth fell open. "Why, Ben Mitchell's an old married antique with ten children!" she cried indignantly. "He just comes up to talk to my husband and buy eggs!"

The farmer scratched his head sadly. "Ma'am, I see you don't understand," he said. "I guess it's up to me to tell you folks for your own good. *That man is a Democrat!*"

—Theodora C. Libbey

A NEW ORLEANS man on a hunting trip in the beautiful Louisiana bayou country, stopped to rest at the cabin of his guide, Pierre, who had become wealthy since the discovery of oil on his lands.

The little gray hut was tucked away pleasantly in the shade of a venerable, moss-draped oak. In front of the cabin wound a placid little bayou. Its banks crowded with tawny wild iris; myriad spikes of hyacinth half hid the water. On the shore lay Pierre's hand-hewn pirogue—a craft which was his free ticket to the finest sea food, game and shellfish to be found anywhere.

"Pierre," said the city-dweller patronizingly, as he watched the old Creole drawing water from a cistern, "now

that you have money, why don't you move into town?"

"Move to town, M'sieur!" protested Pierre; "an' geev up all dees conveniences?"

—Anna Lafaye

A Boston surgeon visited a little inn in the tranquil village of Wellsfleet, on Cape Cod. Old Captain Curran was in charge. The Cape was feeling the pinch of depression; summer folks were scarce and trade was at low ebb.

"Hello, Captain," sang out the surgeon. "And how is the hotel business?"

"Wall," drawled Captain Curran, "I ain't never yit made enough to quit, an' I ain't never yit lost enough to quit. I hope to the Lord I do one or the other this season."

—Dr. Robert M. Bartlett

SCENE: A bank in Tucson, Arizona, on a busy Saturday afternoon. A long line of people waiting patiently. Suddenly, out of turn, a high ranking army officer bages up to the teller's window and says, in a loud voice: "I want a check book for the Army Base."

The teller replies: "Check books cost a dollar each, but you can buy two for \$1.50 and save 50 cents."

"I don't care what the price is!" booms the officer; "the army's paying for it!"

"Well, I care," snaps back the teller; "I'm a taxpayer!"

—R. F. Toronto

ONE HOT summer's day a friend of mine from Texas stopped her car in a

small Connecticut town. An old man came up, examined the license plate and said:

"You're from Texas?"

"Yes," she answered, "we're touring New England for our vacation."

"You drove all the way from Texas?" he persisted.

She nodded. He disappeared and in a few moments returned with a paper cup full of ice water.

"I have always heard," said the old man, "that the people in Texas are very hospitable. I wouldn't want you to drive all the way back to Texas without knowing that we are hospitable in Connecticut, too. You looked hot and thirsty, so I thought maybe you'd like a drink of water." — *Martha Cheavens*

While traveling his route through the Kentucky mountains, a tobacco salesman dropped into a country store. A hulk of a man sat slumped in a chair, with his head on the table and his arms hiding his face. Judging from the bottle that was being passed, here was the first victim of a drinking bout.

"Hasn't that man taken a little too much?" asked the salesman.

"Nope," replied the clerk. "He's all right."

The salesman filled an order for tobacco, saw that the figure at the table hadn't moved, and tried again:

"Are you sure he doesn't need a doctor?"

"He's all right," grunted the clerk. "Jest a few minutes ago a fella come in an' shot 'im an' we-uns air waitin' for the coroner."

— *Frank L. Jones*

IN SOUTH DAKOTA's many "Indian towns" the proud, fierce, childlike Sioux

bring their quarrels and marital problems to the State's Attorney.

After a long day, hearing and adjusting complaints, one of these Solomons looked up to see Marie Sweetcorn standing before his desk. Without preliminaries she began:

"My hus-ban chase me with axe."

"He can't do that!" said the State's Attorney.

"Him often chase me with axe."

"Do you want a divorce, Marie?"

"No!"

"Well, I'll lock him up where he can't bother you."

"No!"

"Then what do you want me to do?"

"No-thing."

"Aren't you afraid when he chases you?"

"No. Me run faster than him can run."

"Then why have you come to me, Marie?"

She walked to the door, then turned haughtily and said, "One day, maybe, him chase me, him can run faster. You want to know who done it."

— *Sylvia Gottwerth*

MY BROTHER and I were still youngsters when our parents brought us to the United States. We were fascinated by the American scene. Never will I forget the summer's evening in 1916 when we made our first Saturday night pilgrimage downtown in that New England textile city. The good-natured crowd, the shiny automobiles, the clang of the streetcars, the alluring shop windows, the blinking of the electric signs made me actually jump with joy. It was then that my brother turned to me and said, "If we get all this for nothing, *how much will we get for a dime?*"

— *Matthew Turnbull*

Harold Ross and *The New Yorker*

Excerpts* from Harper's Magazine

Dale Kramer and George R. Clark

THAT Harold Ross, editor of *The New Yorker*, should have created the magazine which has given a new deftness and urbanity to American humor, is one of the paradoxes of American journalism. Ross himself is far from subtle in his wit; he has what one of his associates calls a childish enthusiasm for practical jokes. He talks and acts explosively, the best of tailors is unable to cope with his lumberjack's figure; and his language, which he chooses from an army vocabulary amassed while editor of the *Stars and Stripes* in the last war, is such that a friend once gained a small reputation for understatement by describing it as earthy. Moreover, being a small-town boy, he is highly suspicious of city folks.

But Ross the editor does not share these qualities of Ross the mortal. His favorite piece of advice to his writers is "Use the rapier, not the bludgeon." There is even a quality of journalistic tenderness about him which sometimes verges on the sentimental; often he has expunged wasp-

ish touches in *The New Yorker's* "Profiles," or biographical articles, on the ground that they might embarrass the subject in the eyes of his children.

Like its creator, the magazine's offices taunt its own image of its sophisticated self. Staff members have -- with reason -- likened their habitat to the slum area of a rabbit warren. The reception room contains a few straight chairs and a table whose sunken bronze top gives it the appearance of a huge wash basin. A shirt-sleeved office boy appears occasionally to inquire of visitors what they want; now and then a shirt-sleeved editor shuffles through on some errand. Leading off the reception room are corridors lined with cubbyholes about the size of horse stalls, which are inhabited by various writers and production men.

Ross's annual defense of this state of affairs is that the offices are temporary; and as if to emphasize this argument he rearranges them so frequently that the staff has sometimes been goaded to rebellion by the continuous sawing and hammering. One

such crisis was resolved only by a strategical masterstroke on Ross's part. When two star writers placed the issue --- new partitions vs. their services --- directly up to him, Ross clapped on his hat and started home, pausing only to announce that he had never thought the magazine would last anyhow. After some argument he was induced to come back.

Ross himself occupies a large, barny office whose outstanding decoration for many years was the head of a department-store dummy, crowned with an old wig, whose name was Sterling Finny. Ross is closely guarded by a squad of editors and secretaries. Some staff members of years' standing have talked with him no more than half a dozen times. So remote is he and so profoundly does he abhor the amenities that a cheerful office boy had to be instructed not to say good morning to Mr. Ross because Mr. Ross did not like to be said good morning to.

Keeping *The New Yorker* staff, an unruly crew without respect for tradition or authority, under control is not an easy task. An executive editor with a taste for life's finer things once ordered a rug for his office, only to come in a day after its delivery to find a bonfire burning in the center of it. On another occasion, when Ross had installed a telephone booth in the reception room and suggested that the staff make personal calls from it, he found it torn from its roots, lying on its back in his office. In it was James Thurber, his arms

folded on his chest, a wreath on his brow.

As an editor Ross commands everyone's respect. He has evolved an editorial technique whereby the raw materials for his magazine are produced, processed and perfected after much time on the assembly line. A staff of meticulous researchers checks the writer's facts and sources.

Ross is usually in a towering rage before passing the third paragraph. He pencils such outbursts as "What mean?" and "Oh, my God!" furiously into the margins. He keeps a sharp eye out for old-hat or off-color material, and if a piece of pertinent information is omitted, his indignation is boundless. Once he spent several happily profane hours when, by mistake, he read the second installment of a two-part Profile, thinking it was the first. Important details, lacking in the part he was reading, had been covered in the first section.

When an author's job is finally done, Ross and the editors go to work with tiny hammers, pliers and micrometers, pounding and twisting and testing sentences until the smooth, apparently effortless prose style of *The New Yorker* is achieved.

Other departments of the magazine receive equally nice attention, but perhaps the most diligent work is done on the cartoons, spot drawings and covers. Ross meets with the art staff every Tuesday to inspect the week's crop of drawings. He is very skillful in judging humorous drawings, but his genius is of a kind

difficult to label. It might be said that he makes *The New Yorker* exactly what it is by knowing exactly what he *doesn't* want it to be. He has sometimes baffled an artist by returning a cartoon with a note demanding merely: "Better Pic." A hound for accuracy, he once was so worried about a cartoon showing torpedo tubes on a P.T. boat that he insisted on getting an O.K. from the manufacturers of the craft.

Ross's name never appears in the magazine except when forced there by the government's edict that the name of the editor be printed at specified intervals, and then it is hidden away in agate type. He originated this policy as part of a plan to coax writers and editors into subordinating their personalities to the magazine. No masthead is printed, no titles have been issued, and duties are so vague that men find difficulty in explaining their work to outsiders. Ik Shuman, for instance, who is in effect executive editor, can say only that his job is "sort of a cross between that of an office boy and an editor."

Staff writers often work on a drawing account, applying to the treasury for sums which they reduce in the future at so much per word. The rate of pay is good, but occasionally a man falls behind in his output. One staff member figured that he owed the magazine so many words that to liquidate his debt would take 120 years. Ross gave them to him as a Christmas present.

The New Yorker's founder and editor was born 50 years ago in Aspen, a Colorado mining village whose population could dwell comfortably in a medium-sized New York apartment house. The boy became a tramp newspaperman and for several years he floated in and out of uncounted newspaper offices.

When, in the First World War, the French asked for railroad building divisions, he figured he had gathered enough railroad jargon from his father, a railroad fireman, to qualify. He helped recruit the Railway Engineers Corps and went with it to France. There he was placed in an officers' training camp. But when he heard of the plans for the AEF paper, *Stars and Stripes*, he worked himself rapidly down to the rank of private, got himself transferred to its offices in Paris, and became managing editor. A sergeant chauffeured Private-Editor Ross's Cadillac staff car, and colonels who stopped at the office to have a word with lieutenants were sometimes irritated to learn that Ross had sent them on errands.

During this period Ross's hair was three inches long and stood straight up. His uniform was considered the most unsightly in the army and, for lack of polish, his shoes looked even bigger than they were. He was said to know seven French words, four of them recognizable when he used them, and none of them printable. His distrust of college men and men from cities, particularly those from

New York, was strongly expressed.

It was in these days that he met the girl who later became his first wife: Jane Grant, a newspaperwoman whose love of New York was matched only by Ross's resentment of it. Their courtship was stormy — Miss Grant insisting that she wouldn't marry him unless they could live in New York. Which is how *The New Yorker's* editor happened to become a New Yorker.

After the war, Ross joined the newly established *American Legion Weekly*. In 1924 he became editor of the old *Judge* but stayed there less than a year. On February 12, 1925, the first issue of *The New Yorker* hit the stands.

The cash to start *The New Yorker* came partly from Ross's own pockets; partly from friends; and more especially from Raoul Fleischmann, an amiable and cultivated gentleman who became wealthy through his family's baking business. The majority stockholder, Fleischmann was — and is — actively occupied as publisher of the magazine.

Ross strictly excludes all members of the business staff from the editorial precincts. The rule applies even to the publisher. One staff member was recently surprised to encounter Fleischmann on the editorial floor. "What are you doing

here?" she asked. "I have permission," he insisted. "I came on a matter of importance."

Ross had an unprecedented task. Aiming to supply an improved brand of humor, he lacked an established editorial formula, an audience, and contributors. But he waded in six ways from Sunday. He hired new editors one after the other in a kind of frenzy, many of them people with no magazine experience whatever. Reversing the usual procedure, he liked to start people at the top and let them filter down through the organization until they found their level. One man began as managing editor and ended up having charge of the "Goings On About Town" calendar in the opening pages of the magazine.

Ross hoped that if he hired enough people he would eventually come across the right ones — as, indeed, he did. The list of past and present performers includes E. B. White and James Thurber — both *New Yorker* finds — Alexander Woollcott, Dorothy Parker, Rea Irvin, Alice Duer Miller, George S. Kaufman, Wolcott Gibbs and Clifton Fadiman. These people produce satirical reporting which without meanness is nevertheless obsidian-hard. They draw as fine and deadly a bead as anybody in the business.

THE chances are about ten to one that the person who slaps, you on the back is trying to make you cough up something.

— Olin Miller

❧ Cold's ability to slow down life processes
makes it a new weapon against pain and shock

Surgery Enters the Ice Age

Condensed from *Hygeia*

Barclay Moon Newman

MAN's ancient enemy, cold, is now science's chief tool in a number of remarkable new techniques, including shockless, drugless, painless surgery. A medical journal calls cold "one of the most fertile fields open to modern medicine."

If physicians weren't making friends with ice, James W. probably would not have lived. James was 83, and his circulation was poor. He stubbed his toe severely, and it turned black with gangrene. At New York's City Hospital on Welfare Island, it was decided that his leg would have to come off.

James was lucky in his hospital, because it was there that Dr. Lyman Weeks Crossman and his associates had worked out a routine of shockless ice surgery for just such cases. His leg, bound with a tourniquet, was packed in cracked ice for one hour. Then his ears were plugged with cotton and a screen was placed in front of him, so that he could neither hear nor see the operation that was taking away his foot and ankle. No anesthetic was given — the numbing effect of the ice was

enough. Throughout the operation he was in good spirits. Soon after it he ate a hearty lunch. There was no nausea, and — most important of all — no shock. Recovery was rapid and uneventful.

In Oak Park, Illinois, Dr. Robert T. McElvenny was called to help a man whose legs had been cut off at the knee by a train. Dr. McElvenny found him nearly bled out and in profound shock. In spite of transfusions and sulfanilamide, so much dirt had been ground into the ragged stumps that within 24 hours the wounds began to fester. Then pneumonia developed. The poor fellow seemed a candidate, not for medical history, but for the undertaker.

Dr. McElvenny packed the torn flesh in ice. Pain ceased within an hour. Soon after, the foul discharge stopped; the man came out of delirium; blood pressure rose to normal. Three days later an operation to trim and close the wounds was possible; five days later the patient was sitting up in bed smoking a pipe.

"Refrigeration anesthesia" is becoming routine for amputation in cases of diabetic gangrene. Because

victims of this disease are usually old people, they are not considered good operative risks. But Dr. Harry E. Mock of Chicago reports that mortality following amputation in severe cases has been spectacularly reduced by the "cold treatment."

The reason for the effectiveness of ice is that cold slows down all the processes of life. (A man whose whole body is being artificially cooled takes four days to grow the same length of beard that a man at normal temperature grows in 24 hours.) In any operation, the shock produced by the body's own poisons is one of the chief dangers. But when a part of the body is thoroughly chilled, it produces *less* of these toxic substances. Cold also inhibits the spread of bacteria through an infected wound.

Like many another trail in the annals of medicine, this one had been stumbled upon several times in former years. One of Napoleon's surgeons noticed during the retreat from Moscow that intense cold made amputations almost painless. A generation later an English physician, Dr. James Arnott, had such success with cold as an anesthetic that he wrote a book extolling the medical virtues of "benumbing cold."

In 1938 Dr. Temple Fay of Temple University, Philadelphia, felt that his attempts to slow the growth of cancer cells by localized icing were promising enough for an experiment in cooling down the whole body. It might be extremely dangerous, so his subjects were volunteers

already doomed to die of cancer within a few months.

One of these anonymous heroes was packed in crushed ice up to his chin; his temperature quickly fell to 90° F., and was held there for 18 hours. He found the treatment uncomfortable in the early stages, when he shivered violently, but not painful. A second volunteer stayed at 90° F. for four days. With gradual improvements in technique, the temperature of later volunteers was pushed down farther still. A number of them seem to have been relieved of their pain for weeks or even months, but in curing cancer this treatment has been a failure.

Meanwhile, in hundreds of experiments with laboratory animals, Dr. Frederick M. Allen of New York had seen how the release of a tourniquet held tight too long also releases poisons that produce shock and death. Dr. Allen applied a tourniquet to the hind leg of a rat, and iced the leg almost to freezing. He found that the tourniquet could be left on the chilled, bloodless leg ten times as long, without injury to the rat, as it could be at normal temperature. Further experiments by Dr. Allen eventually led Dr. Crossman and his associates to do their pioneering at the City Hospital in New York.

Fishes, frogs and snakes can be anesthetized long enough for an operation simply by putting them in crushed ice for 15 minutes. When Dr. Carroll A. Pfeiffer, working in

The zoological laboratory of Iowa State University, used ether in transplanting the sex glands of newborn rats, three out of every four died. Then he tried putting the baby rats in a glass dish, and shutting them up in an electric icebox. They soon were unconscious, and he operated on them without any trouble. After a short time in a warm place, 94 percent of them woke up and were as active as ever.

Surgery and anesthesia by refrigeration are so new that we do not yet know whether they can be useful in time of war. But one thing does seem fairly certain: in cases of shock — and most war wounds involve shock — the time-honored use of heat is a mistake. Says the *Journal of the American Medical Association*: "External heat makes the shock patient appear better but probably lessens his chances of recovery."

English physicians have been studying the use of ice for bombed civilians. Many people, trapped by fallen debris in the great raids on London, were dug out apparently uninjured, only to die inexplicably a few hours later. It is believed that the poisons stored in a trapped limb, when suddenly released, can bring on a fatal shock. For such cases the *Lancet* suggested that the remedy might be to apply cold treatment and a tourniquet, even though there was no wound and no bleeding, so that the toxins in the affected limb could be released more gradually into the rest of the body.

Early in 1941 a famous British warship was sunk off the coast of Norway. For days the survivors sat huddled around the edge of life rafts, their feet hanging in icy water. Rescued at last by trawlers, they were hustled below deck, where their numb and swollen feet were warmed before the galley stove. This mistaken kindness was disastrous. Some of the sailors developed gangrene, and only amputation saved their lives. The luckier ones were hospitalized for a long time.

The right way to treat "immersion foot" was worked out recently by three medical officers of the Royal Canadian Navy — Surgeon Commander D. R. Webster and Surgeon Lieutenants F. M. Woolhouse and J. L. Johnston. When a foot that has been chilled for days is too suddenly warmed, the half-deadened cells on the surface wake up and yell for blood-borne oxygen. But they can't get it because the little vessels, injured by cold, are unable to circulate the returning blood. The result is inflammation, blisters, intense stabbing pain.

Now, when a man with "immersion foot" is hauled out of a lifeboat, medical science knows what to do with him: Put him to bed and warm his body, but *cool* his feet, sometimes with icebags, sometimes with air from an electric fan, for days or even weeks. This new treatment, when generally understood and applied, will prevent countless tragedies of the sea in wartime.

Remember Us

THIS PLEA was written by Myrtie Lou Blauser of Athens, Ohio, and appeared in the *Columbus Citizen*:

I came out of high school last year with thousands of other American kids. Eighteen is very young. Very young to face a war-torn world on your own. I can hardly remember any time when I wasn't in school. I can't remember any President except Franklin Roosevelt. I'm no older than that.

Young as I am, those who graduated with me are marching now. The boy who pulled my hair and carried my books, the boy who gave me my first kiss when I was ten and wrote me notes during arithmetic period—they are in it.

See that boy in blue? A sailor now. Hardly a year ago he kept us laughing with silly wisecracks and we wondered if he would ever learn to be serious. Well, he is serious now all right. Like the rest of us, he's had to grow up in a hurry.

Remember watching that blond kid play center on the basketball floor? He looked as though he had grown to that six feet of muscle overnight and hadn't quite gotten used to it yet. Now he's wearing the uniform of a marine. He still looks a little like an overgrown kid. But there's something behind his grin and in his eyes that makes you glad you're not a Jap or a Nazi.

The boys we laughed with, who were carefree and scatterbrained, have turned out to be capable soldiers. We're

proud of them. We have confidence in them. We know them even better than you do, because we grew up with them. We went through the things they went through, side by side.

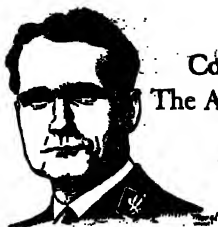
We talk and act about the same as ever, we young people. But sometimes when we're together we're pretty serious. You laugh at our puppy-love affairs. But our hearts ache when we see these boys march away, taking our dreams with them. We pray that they will save our dreams and that they and the dreams will come back to us together.

We laugh about soldiering. Sometimes we give the impression that we think this is a picnic. Our elders shake their heads and say, "Wish I were as young as they are. They don't understand what's going on." Well, we do. We are aware of all the seriousness of this, and we know the horror of it. It's as real to us as to you, perhaps even more real. We don't like to think of our lifelong friends on battlefields. We don't want hate and war!

We have a plea to make. When this war is won, we will have given our hopes, our plans, our dreams, and many of us our lives. Willingly, because we love democracy and our country, and because we love humanity. We wouldn't want to sit here smug and safe while other people are being enslaved.

We won't have any say in the peace. We'll still be too young to be consulted. But, please, those of you who *will* make the peace—remember us and our future. This is our plea to the leaders of all the world. We don't want to fight another war in 20 years. We want to bring our children up knowing they won't have to die on a battlefield. We want peace and the chance to live our lives. Do that much for us, will you?

Inside Story of the Hess Flight



Condensed from
The American Mercury

Anonymous

WHY Rudolf Hess took the sky road to Scotland has never been officially revealed. But today, two years after, many Englishmen and some Americans know exactly why Hitler's deputy came to England. A few details are known only by British Intelligence and several top-flight officials; certain facts must still be kept secret for reasons of policy; but the essentials can now be safely divulged. The story is one of the most fascinating tales of superintrigue in the annals of international relations.

Rudolf Hess did not "escape" from Germany. He came as a messenger of peace, upon Hitler's orders. His arrival was expected by a limited number of Britishers and he actually had an RAF escort in the final stage of his air journey.

Hitler decided at the beginning of 1941 that he could no longer put off his "holy war" against Russia. His attempt to knock out England before turning to the East had failed. The

Now, by a superexploit of Britain's Secret Service, Hitler himself was double-crossed at a crucial moment in the war.

alternative was an understanding with Great Britain which would leave Germany free to concentrate against Russia.

In January of that year Hitler put out a tentative feeler in the form of an inquiry regarding the British attitude toward possible direct negotiations. It was sent not to the British government but to a group of influential Britishers, among them the Duke of Hamilton, who belonged to the since discredited Anglo-German Fellowship Association. A famous diplomat served as courier, and the Germans pushed their proposal in the name of peace and Nordic friendship. Cautiously, without either side revealing its hand, a plan was developed. When the German proposal of negotiations on neutral soil was rejected, Berlin offered to send a delegate to England.

Hitler decided that the delegate would have to be a top-ranking Nazi — one whose name was linked with the Führer himself and whose pres-

States *The American Mercury*: The writer, a highly reputable observer, is known to us and we publish this article with full faith in its sources.

According to Allan A. Michie, The Reader's Digest's London correspondent, this account of the Hess flight corresponds to the version accepted by well-informed journalists in Britain. — The Editors.

ence could not fail to command attention. He would have to be a man able to speak officially for the German government and to give binding commitments on behalf of the Führer. The obvious choice was Walter Richard Rudolf Hess, Nazi Number Three, Hitler's deputy and closest friend, who had grown up in the English quarter of Alexandria, spoke fluent English and "understood the British mind."

The British delayed in replying to Hitler's offer, but finally accepted it. And so, on May 10, after four months of intricate negotiations, Hess flew into the twilight.

The one thing the Germans did not know was that they had been dealing with agents of the British Secret Service who used the names -- and the handwriting -- of the Duke of Hamilton and other gentry of the Anglo-German Fellowship Association. The initial communication in January, brought from Germany by the eminent diplomat, never reached its destination. It was intercepted by the Secret Service. From then on the correspondence was handled entirely by astute British agents. Replies designed to whet the German appetite, replies encouraging the supposition that Britain was seeking a way out of its military difficulties, were sent to Berlin.

On the night of Hess's flight, the heaviest Nazi bomber force ever sent to Britain was bombing London. Suddenly a report from an outlying radio-location station on the Scot-

tish coast announced the approach of a plane that failed to identify itself properly. Its speed indicated that it was a fighter plane. In the plotting room it was pinpointed far up on the eastern coast of Scotland, with an arrow to indicate that it was moving west.

Consulted, the commanding officer at Fighter Command reacted explosively: "For God's sake," he is reported to have shouted, "tell them not to shoot him down!" Two Hurricanes were quickly dispatched to trail the mystery plane, with orders to force it down but under no conditions to shoot at it. While the small red arrows on the plotting table crept across Scotland, high officers at Fighter Command watched with absorbed interest. Near the tiny village of Paisley, almost on the west coast, they stopped. "Made it," the commanding officer at spotting headquarters exclaimed. "Thank God!"

In Lanarkshire, Scotland, David McLean, a farmer, saw a man parachute into his field, and ran up to him with a pitchfork. "Are ye a Nazi enemy, or are ye one o' ours?" he asked. "Not Nazi enemy; British friend," the man replied. He spoke with difficulty because he had wrenched his ankle and was in extreme pain. Helped into the farmer's kitchen, he admitted to home guardsmen that he had come from Germany and was hunting the private airdrome on the Duke of Hamilton's estate, ten miles away. "Please tell

the Duke that Alfred Horn has arrived," he said.

Meanwhile, a kind of official reception committee composed of Military Intelligence officers and Secret Service agents was waiting at Hamilton's airdrome. Hess's forced landing when his fuel gave out was the only hitch in the plan — the hitch, presumably, that caused the news of Hess's flight to leak out.

When the "reception committee" heard of the accident and found their visitor, they took him to Maryhill Barracks near Glasgow. There he changed his story. "I have come to save humanity," he said. "I am Rudolf Hess." He indicated that his visit was expected by influential Englishmen — a statement that was truer than he as yet suspected.

Hess had come prepared for an indirect approach to the British government. The actual approach, as planned by Winston Churchill, was exceedingly direct. Ivone Kirkpatrick, a superspy in World War I and secretary of the British embassy in Berlin for five years, flew to Scotland to receive the Hess plan for direct transmission to the British government. Even Hitler could have asked no greater cooperation. Despite the absence of the Duke of Hamilton, Hess was still convinced that he was dealing with Anglo-German Fellowship intermediaries.

To Kirkpatrick the Nazi poured out the details of Hitler's armistice and peace proposals. He was enthusiastic and voluble. The stenographic

report of what he said filled many notebooks. Since he was convinced that Britain was licked and knew it, his tone was that of a munificent enemy offering a reprieve to a doomed foe.

In outline the basic points were as follows:

Hitler offered total cessation of the war in the West. Germany would evacuate all of France except Alsace and Lorraine. It would retain Luxembourg but would evacuate Holland, Belgium, Norway and Denmark. In addition, the Führer was ready to withdraw from Yugoslavia, Greece and the Mediterranean area generally, and Hitler would help arrange a settlement between Britain and Italy. In return for these concessions, Great Britain would agree to assume an attitude of benevolent neutrality toward Germany in eastern Europe.

Hess explained the importance of Hitler's eastern mission "to save humanity," and indicated how England and France would become the arsenals of free capitalism against Asiatic communism. Germany, he pointed out, would take the full production of Allied war industries until they could be converted to a peacetime basis, thus preventing economic depression. He gave no information on Hitler's military plans for eastern Europe. That, he said, was a problem for Germany alone.

For two days Hitler's emissary unfolded his proposals. He emphasized that the Führer would not quibble

over details — Britain could practically write her own peace terms. Hitler was eager, as a humanitarian, to stop the "senseless war" with a brother nation — and incidentally safeguard his rear while fighting in the East.

With the German plan in his notebooks, Kirkpatrick went to 10 Downing Street. The plan was communicated to Washington for an opinion, and President Roosevelt confirmed Churchill's decision. The answer would be a flat "No." Both London and Washington made repeated efforts to warn Russia of the coming German blows. The Russian leaders would not believe; or pretended not to believe.*

Hess was not told of the decision, but was permitted to assume that his offer was under discussion. When he was able to walk he was flown to London, where he talked to Lord Beaverbrook, Alfred Duff Cooper and other government leaders. Churchill, however, refused his repeated requests for a meeting.

Only after he had talked himself out and could provide no further useful information, was Hess in-

formed that his plan had been rejected and that Britain was already Russia's ally. He also learned that the British Secret Service had short-circuited his negotiations with the Fellowship crowd, and that neither Hamilton nor any of the others had known anything about his visit until all England knew it. His shock and dismay resulted in a minor nervous breakdown, and for a while the Nazi story about Hess's insanity came near being true. When he heard of the sinking of the *Bismarck* he wept an entire day.

Hess demanded that he be sent back to Germany, because, having come as an emissary, he was entitled to safe return. The British government reasoned differently — he had come as an emissary to private individuals, not to the government — and he became a special prisoner of war. He is now kept in the manor house of a large English estate, with considerable freedom of movement on the well-guarded grounds. He spends most of his time reading.

After the war, when the whole story can be told, the Hess episode will stand high in the list of remarkable achievements by the British Secret Service.

* Hess landed by parachute on May 10. Germany invaded Russia on June 22.

Weed 'Em and Reap!

IN THE COURSE of five years, a diligent botany professor at Massachusetts State College pulled — and counted — 37,639 weeds from a plot of ground only ten feet square.

— Neal O'Hara

Are We Women or Are We Mice?

Condensed from *Mademoiselle*

Dorothy Parker

I HAVE an acquaintance who does me the compliment of repeatedly drawing me aside and telling me in low, intense tones the dreadful trouble that presses upon her. She is a young woman, handsome, if you like horses, healthy, admirably dressed, and sweetly free from any of the embarrassments of poverty. At first I felt it a lovely tribute to my qualities of heart and mind that she should choose to take me into her confidence. I later found that her confidence was as exclusive as a subway train at rush hour. So I will move up in front, and let you in, too. Just to see my friend you would think her as sound and balanced as a steam roller. But you would be wrong, and she would be the first to tell you so. She is eaten hollow by the fear of impending madness. "Honestly," she says, with an intensity that causes both you and her to throb, "I'm just simply going crazy. Why, I'm absolutely losing my *mi-yund!*"

Now you would think that so alarming a confession should be made only to her psychiatrist. But she, so to say, struts her woe. She sees this

threatened loss of her *mi-yund* as a mark of her sensitivity and, above all, of her patriotism. She has been troubled this way only since Pearl Harbor; before that, her *mi-yund* had been securely held in leash. But now that her country is deep in war, insanity lurks behind her shoulder because she is doing nothing about the war, and doesn't know what on earth to do. "Oh," she sighs, "if I could only be a man for the duration!"

She is wrapped so soft and cozy in her sorrow that one hesitates to intrude with practical prescriptions. She is pillared so high that it is easier to send her up a cloud of condolence than to hold out a handful of brass tacks and urge her to get the hell down to them. Yet she could get her wish like a shot. She could be a man for the duration. She not only could be, but it is her duty to be. I don't mean that she should behave like those Olympic athletes who used to keep changing sexes in midstream. I mean that right now she could take a man's job, for that man must go on to fill a sterner position. Her government asks her to do it. That is her part in winning this war.

Inside many pretty heads there still runs the notion that war is conducted like a charity bazaar, with the workers giving their services for a couple of hours around cocktail time. I know a woman who went to the U. S. Employment Service and let it be known that she wished to do a job for the war. She explained that she was a peerless driver and had considered placing herself on call with a volunteer motor corps unit. They were happy to hear of her driving ability. There was an appalling shortage of bus drivers in that city, so they told her to pitch right in and drive a bus. "Oh," she cried, recoiling daintily, "but that's a *paid* job!"

Glamour girls look pretty silly in the sharp, cold light of this day. They shone only in the perfumed dusk of a time gone by. This is the day of the strong and the sure; the day of the girl who comes marching down to cases like a soldier.

The first thing to do to win your war is to lose your amateur standing. Girls and young women are needed badly and immediately for the

daily jobs that must go on if our world is to go on. It cannot be put on the basis of fun. No work is fun. The only thing to be said in favor of work is that you feel rotten if you don't do it.

Somewhere, right near you, there is an empty job that must be filled; a job a man has left to go where he was told to go. He may have driven a bus, a taxi or a trolley; he may have been a conductor or have stood behind a ticket window; he may have worked in a bank, a drug-store or a telegraph office. If he can do what he is doing now, certainly you can do what he used to do. For God's sake -- are we women or are we nice?

There won't be any chic uniforms. There won't be the swinging solidarity of drilled organizations. Photographers will pass you by. There won't be farewell parties when you set forth to war. No service flags will be hung in windows for you. But they will be hung in hearts. For you will be doing great work in the greatest of all works -- the saving of the future.

His Girl Friday

A FATHER was telling his young son the tale of Robinson Crusoe. "And one day he saw strange footprints in the sand," the father recited. "He was puzzled. For they weren't his footprints. He hadn't seen anybody else on the island. And this island was far, far away from all other lands. And he said to himself: 'Whose footprints could these be?'" The youngster put in: "I know. Eleanor Roosevelt's."

—Leonard Lyons

Spotlight on Today

• A BUSINESSMAN, waiting for breakfast on a train, became annoyed when the waiter gazed at the scenery instead of taking his order.

"What's the matter?" he demanded. "Haven't you ever waited on a table before?"

With a smile, the waiter replied: "No, suh, I ain't nevah waited on any tible befo'. I ain't nevah even been on a train befo'. It sho' is interestin', ain't it?"

— *The L. & N. Employee Magazine*

A BRAND NEW recruit was walking down the boardwalk in Atlantic City all dressed up in his GI suit. Under his left arm he carried a bundle and in his right hand was an apple which he was munching. Coming along in the opposite direction was a stern-looking major. The buck private knew he must salute, but what to do with the apple? He evidently did some quick thinking, for when he came within six paces of the major he threw the apple in the air, saluted, and caught the apple after the officer passed. Across the major's face came faint signs of a smile.

— Private Harry F. Crane, Jr.

A MEXICAN who spoke little English walked into a California school building which houses Red Cross, rationing and other wartime offices. A nurse took his name, address and other data, and sent him to a room where attendants drained the usual pint of blood.

Then the bewildered donor asked, "Is it now I get my gasoline?" — AP

• A NOTICEABLY weary worker in a welder's helmet entered a crowded subway car in Philadelphia and with considerable agility managed to get himself a seat. Then he placed an alarm clock between his knees and immediately went to sleep. Ten minutes later the occupants of the car jumped as the alarm went off. Without a glance at his laughing and admiring fellow travelers, the welder turned off the alarm, stood up, stretched, glanced through the window — yes, it was his station — and got off.

— Alan H. Kane

THE TRAIN from Washington had been crowded. At the station in New York there was a fine congestion at the escalators, but the army took charge. A sergeant waved back some soldiers: "Stand back!" he roared. "Give way to the poor old taxpayers! Taxpayers first, men, taxpayers first! Bless 'em. Remember, we gotta eat." — W. D. in *Collier's*

AT THE army's Desert Training Center in California, Captain Francis E. Rogan made an inspection, finally commented: "The camouflage is only fair. Better work on it." Then he drove his car smack into the camouflaged staff headquarters, crashed one wheel into a dugout room.

— *Time*

SEVERAL soldiers about to board a train were being kissed good-bye by some pretty girls. It wasn't a case of twosomes; each man was getting himself kissed by as many girls as possible. Already on the train was another group of soldiers. One of them studied the situation outside for a minute or two, then quietly stepped off and entered the scene of action. He got quite a few kisses and re-entered the train looking well pleased with himself.

— Private Thomas J. Brand

❧ Crosby can earn \$1,000,000 a year — and make it seem easy



Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post

H. Allen Smith

Author of "Low Man on a Totem Pole,"
"Life in a Putty-Knife Factory," etc.



ONE EVENING in 1939, Bing Crosby and a friend named Harvey Schaefer were watching the show at the New York World's Fair Aquacade. When the performers began their plunges from the 50-foot board, Schaefer remarked on the skill and coordination such dives required. "I could do it," Bing interrupted.

Schaefer snorted. "You could? I'd bet you \$100 you wouldn't dare."

"Sit right where you are," said Bing, and away he went. Ten minutes later the announcer's voice came through the amplifier. "Ladies and gentlemen, the next dive from the 50-foot board will be by the famous singer, Bing Crosby."

Out stepped Bing in a light-blue swimming suit. He didn't hesitate but shot through the air with as much grace as a professional. Schaefer was an old friend, yet he hadn't known that Bing in his younger days was an expert diver.

Nobody knows Bing Crosby like a book, for he is a man of confusing contradictions. To many who know him only through the radio, the movies and phonograph records, he is an amiable, breezy, prankish boy who never grew up. That's a deceptive picture. Bing says he hates work, yet he labors longer and more steadily than nine tenths of the dynamic drones who surround him. He just *looks* lazy. He is filled with an easy rhythm which is reflected in everything he does, physical and mental. Under almost all circumstances he is as relaxed as a wet bath towel. He sings so effortlessly that he gives listeners a vague feeling they, too, could do that sort of thing.

There is no questioning Bing's supremacy among singers. It is unlikely that a single minute passes, day or night, when his voice is not heard somewhere in the world — from phonograph, juke box, movie sound-track or radio. He came to

fame as a crooner and hence might have expected contempt from the American male, yet his audience is not preponderantly female. During the bitter days of Bataan, General MacArthur radiocd the White House that his warriors wanted to hear Crosby; soldiers throughout the country flood radio stations with requests for his records.

Until the war threw the national economy out of kilter, Bing's gross take each year came close to a million. His working schedule called for three movies a year at \$150,000 to \$200,000 each. His pay check from radio is \$7500 per broadcast — 39 weeks of the year. His phonograph records sell faster than those of any other performer or group of performers. In 1941 more than 5,000,000 were sold, and royalties ran above \$100,000.

Bing has been in show business for 18 years, and his career makes a bum out of Horatio Alger, yet he has never had much faith in himself, in his future. Someone once asked him if luck had anything to do with his career. He shook his head and replied that 85 percent of his success was due to his mother's prayers. He meant it. He believes in Heaven, Home and Mother, but beyond that he thumbs his nose at convention.

In Hollywood, where world-famous men and women have been known to make themselves ridiculous to get into print, Bing is the despair of publicity men. He has a genuine fear of being considered a show-

off, so he fights off interviewers and sometimes makes Donald Duck noises at sight of a press camera. He contends that his job is to entertain the customers, but not on street corners or in his bedroom. He is color blind, but that does not account for the fantastic clothes he wears. His wild and noisy apparel is a satirical commentary on Hollywood's habits of dress: his clothes are laughing.

Bing was born in Tacoma in 1901 and grew up in Spokane, where his father worked in the office of a brewery. He was the fourth of seven children. He started life as Harry Lillis Crosby, but soon became Bing — for reasons now forgotten. His boyhood was a rough-and-tumble affair, full of fights, parental lickings, and a variety of odd jobs from driving a grocery truck to working as a lumberjack.

He was 20, in the homestretch at Gonzaga University's law school, when the rhythm itch took possession of him. Al Rinker, leader of a dance band made up of high school boys, needed a drummer and Bing took the job. In time, Bing and Al became a vaudeville singing team specializing in hot numbers. Paul Whiteman caught their act and hired them.

For half a dozen years Bing made a wild-oat patch of the entire United States. His associations were chiefly with jazz musicians who enjoyed hurling it down the hatch. There were times when he took on more

than he could tote. When the White-man outfit went to Hollywood to make a picture, *King of Jazz*, Bing got involved in an auto smashup, was arrested and sentenced to 30 days in jail. The movie studio effected an arrangement whereby he was let out, under police escort, during working hours. Thus he appeared in his first picture while technically a prisoner.

In Hollywood, Bing met Dixie Lee, a young movie actress. A producer warned her that "if you marry that fellow you'll have to support him for the rest of your life." But when he proposed to Dixie she accepted him, on condition that he knuckle down and cut out the foolishness. They were married in September 1930 — and Bing's career as a playboy was over. He is today one of the most respectable family men in Hollywood, the proud father of four sons.

Soon after the marriage, Bing's brother Everett took over as manager. Bing made some musical shorts for Mack Sennett and Everett negotiated an appearance for him on the CBS network. From then on it was easy. Bing was an immediate hit.

Everett set up offices for "Bing Crosby Ltd., Inc.," and Bing brought his parents to Hollywood. He assembled other members of the Crosby clan about him who help run his affairs. Crosby offices are in the \$80,000 three-story Crosby Building, noteworthy for the absence of an office for Bing himself.

Bing is preoccupied with sports, both as participant and as spectator. He is one of the best golfers in Hollywood, and spends hours at tennis, swimming, hunting, fishing. But horse racing is his major passion. He began his career as owner and breeder in 1935 and today, with Lindsay Howard as partner, he has a large enterprise operating under the name of Binglin Stock Farm. The Crosby racing colors were taken from his old theme song, "When the Blue of the Night Meets the Gold of the Day." Bing wagers less, even on his own horses, than many a Hollywood

Bing is as lean and tough as whit-leather. He packs a punch in each hand, although he no longer feels it necessary to prove that a singer can also be a slugger. His ears spring from his head like the handles of a soup tureen, and in his early movies he permitted the make-up man to glue them back and otherwise glamorize his appearance. Nowadays the make-up man sees him but briefly — just long enough to gum a toupee on his top-naked head.

The Crosby radio program is unique in more ways than one. It is never given a full rehearsal from beginning to end. Bing and the orchestra leader, John Scott Trotter, rehearse bit by bit and not necessarily in the proper sequence. Bing's deportment is that of a school kid at a weenie roast. He cuts capers, ribs the technicians and bandies quips with the musicians. Radio people

from New York, accustomed to order and split-second precision, watch a rehearsal and conclude there will be a dozen embarrassing breakdowns. Then at the broadcast they marvel at the smooth-running whole.

Bing won't make a phonograph recording unless Jack Kapp, president of Decca Records, is in the studio. Kapp, says Bing, believed in him when no one else did, and Bing has remained loyal, spurning competitors' offers. Kapp has had more influence on Crosby's singing career than anyone else. He steered Bing away from the "hot licks" and other singing eccentricities he acquired in his early days. Kapp wanted to build him up so that the customers would one day say: "Good Lord! Isn't there anything that guy can't sing?" That's precisely what people say now when they hear a new Crosby recording.

His list -- over 300 songs -- in-

cludes Hawaiian songs, cowboy ballads, Stephen Foster, religious songs, Victor Herbert, Gershwin, hot rhythm ditties and songs from a dozen different lands. His all-time top seller is a disk containing "Silent Night" and "Adeste Fideles." But when first asked to make it he refused because it seemed so out of character as to border on the sacrilegious. All proceeds of Crosby religious records go to charity; the last check was something over \$8000.

By all the evidence, Bing's audience steadily increases. He has universal appeal. Long-hair artists make admiring mention of his fine phrasing. His rank-and-file following is content to say that his singing improves with every year. For himself, Bing still has a feeling that he's defrauding the public. "They're gettin' wise to me," he remarks frequently. And he refers deprecatingly to himself as The Groaner.

Draw Your Own Confusions

❖ A WASHINGTON correspondent received this telegraphed plea from his home office:

"Local office of Federal Homes Registration, a service operated by National Housing Administration, doesn't know whether Washington office still exists. Has lost contact. Appreciate search."

— Mary Hornaday in *The Christian Science Monitor*

❖ THE REFERENCE room of the Toledo Public Library received a telephone inquiry concerning wholesale prices in the Toledo area. After giving what information was available, the librarian suggested that the patron consult the local OPA office.

"But," said the voice plaintively, "this is OPA calling."

— *Wall Street Journal*

Qualities that once made him our most
blood-curdling foe make the Indian today
the best buddy a fighting Yank could have

Braves on the Warpath

Condensed from The American Legion Magazine

Donald Culross Peattie

THE FIERCEST enemy Americans have ever had was that fellow-American, the red Indian. Every inch of the United States was savagely contested with him in a three-hundred-years war. Time and again he outfought us. At Blue Licks he defeated Dan Boone and the sharpest shooters of Kentucky; he routed Kit Carson and a regiment at Adobe Walls; with a band of 38 braves and eight boys, Geronimo the Apache terrorized the Southwest and had 5000 U. S. cavalrymen galloping around the desert in circles.

We had nearly to exterminate the redskin to make this country ours. Yet the American Indians ("Amerinds" for short), who 40 years ago were considered a dying race, now number 400,000 souls, enjoying full American citizenship rights since 1924; and the grandsons of the painted warriors of the West are on the warpath once again — marching by side with your boy.

The Amerinds have put 15,000 braves into our fighting forces — more per capita than any other racial group in the country, white,

yellow or black. Forty percent of the able-bodied male Crows are in the service today. Not one Jicarilla Apache asked deferment in the draft; they marched out to war with the old blood-curdling Apache yell. The Winnebagos have elected General MacArthur as Chief of all American Indians. Redskins bound for the Pacific theater have taken a vow not to come back till they have done a war dance in the streets of Tokyo. Old Henry One-Bull — now aged 97, who had seen Custer cut to pieces — led the first sun dance in over 50 years in the Dakota country to pray for the 2000 braves that the Sioux nation has mustered to fight the Japs and the Nazis.

Changing feather headdress for steel helmet, those boys and others like them are making good in every branch of the service. They are flying bombers, stalking the jungles as marines, sinking Jap tonnage from submarines, rolling over the sands in spitting tanks.

The very qualities that once made him our most blood-curdling foe make the Indian today the best

buddy a fighting Yank could have. The red soldier is tough. Usually he has lived outdoors all his life, and lived by his senses; he is a natural Ranger. He takes to Commando fighting with gusto. Why not? His ancestors invented it.

Says a top sergeant — a paleface — at Fort Benning, Georgia: "These Indians are the best morale tonic on the shelf. They take a hard job and make a game of it. We could use more like 'em."

At ambushing, scouting, signaling, sniping, they're peerless. Some can smell a snake yards away and hear the faintest movement; all endure thirst and lack of food better than the average white man.

One of the biggest headaches in scout and signal work in Pacific jungle fighting is that so many Japanese understand English; they listen to our field radio messages and craftily horn in with misleading orders; even the knottiest code may be deciphered by slant-eyed experts. But there are no Nips who speak Winnebago or Navajo. That's why Amerind soldiers are picked for scout signal work. They telephone to their posts the most secret military information, but it's all Choctaw to the baffled Jap.

Indian soldiers are still earning the old and glorious name of brave. The first red man to give his life for Uncle Sam was Henry Noh'tubby, a Chickasaw on the U.S.S. *Arizona*, who died fighting at Pearl Harbor. A fellow redskin, Corporal Hermann

Boyd of Wellpinit, Washington, received the Order of the Purple Heart for his heroism on that black morning. The Distinguished Service Cross went to Private Charley Ball, Assiniboin of Fort Belknap Reservation, for remaining with his comrades, though desperately wounded, and helping to cover the withdrawal of MacArthur's forces on Bataan. Joe Longknife, an Assiniboin, was at Bataan too; he got ten Japs with 16 shots there. Kenneth Scissons, a Sioux of Rapid City, South Dakota, whittled ten notches on his Garand after killing that many Nazis in four minutes of Commando fighting on the outskirts of Bizerte.

And fliers will tell you about Sergeant Ralph Sam, Paiute, who was gunner on a plane that dive-bombed a Japanese convoy off New Guinea. When his right arm was shot off, pulled out his pistol with his left hand and shot at a pursuing Zero till his ammunition gave out. Only then did the pilot discover that his gallant gunner was hit. Though rushed to a base hospital, Sam bled to death, and the Silver Star was awarded him posthumously.

White Americans are with reason proud to fight beside red, proud of the traditional prowess of their one-time enemies. A red man will risk his life for a white as dauntlessly as his ancestor lifted a paleface's scalp. At the Memorial Airport in Spartanburg, South Carolina, Major Barney B. Russell said that nothing in the glorious annals of the

Army Air Corps surpasses the deed there of Private Lester Reymus of the 77th Pursuit Squadron. When a P-37 crashed on the field this young Paiute, without waiting to don an asbestos suit, dashed into flames 60 feet high which were licking the labels off the cans of a gasoline dump, to pull the unconscious pilot out of the wreck.

Red heroes may be of any rank. Clarence L. Tinker, a cowboy on the Osage Reservation, became a major general in the Army Air Corps. When the Japanese fleet was sighted near Midway, June 7, 1942, winging out to meet them went this veteran of World War I, who as commander of our air force in Hawaii selected himself as flight leader of one squadron. In the fight that sent the pride of the Japanese navy to the bottom of the sea, General Tinker did not see the victory; he fell with his plane into the Pacific. The War Department has approved a proposal to name Oklahoma City's new airport Tinker Field.

From major general to blanketed squaw, the tribes are backing the war effort. The American Indian loves freedom and does not hesitate to pay the price of it. Every Monday the Jicarilla Apaches, who have sent every one of their able-bodied men to war, buy a \$100 bond. Altogether, the Indians have lent Uncle Sam \$5,000,000 through the Indian Office, besides other millions in bonds purchased independently, for the fight that is theirs and ours. The

majority have little money, but one old Kiowa squaw, who cannot write her name, signed with a thumbprint a \$1000 check for Navy Relief.

The Indian squaw was always a sturdy, uncomplaining worker, the backbone of tribal life. Her sister of today is showing the same cheerful stoicism and skill on farm and in factory, driving tractors and trucks, spot-welding, riding the range that the red cowboys have left, or drilling in uniform. All the big Indian schools are training girls as well as men for skilled war labor. Some 4000 Indian women are in war industries today, and more than 5000 grow victory gardens on their reservations. Laughing-Eyes, Creek graduate of Haskell Institute, was the first in line when the recruiting station for WAACS opened in New York.

Yakimas are riveting in the ship-yards; Seminoles are working in aircraft plants; everywhere the Indian, for his tirelessness, skill and patience as a craftsman is in special demand in industry as well as in the combat services.

For no red man has to be sold on democracy. The Indian had it before we did; for untold ages he breathed the free American air. To our enemies, who batten on race hatred and persecute minorities, the hand clasp of the American and the white must be a mystery. It is no mystery to the Indian. He is fighting for what he has always fought for - the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Rubber—It's Coming at Last!

Condensed from The Christian Science Monitor

Roger William Riis

OUR FIRST rubber factory is in production, and it is the world's largest. At Institute, West Virginia, a superb plant 77 acres in area is turning out rubber at the rate of 90,000 long tons a year. That is almost one sixth as much as we used to need in normal times — and as much as 100,000 Malay natives gather from 18,000,000 rubber trees. Other plants are coming in, at Louisville, Pittsburgh, Baton Rouge, Los Angeles. By August we shall be making rubber at the rate of 435,000 tons a year; by January we shall be making 750,000 tons a year -- one fourth more than we used to buy in prewar days from the plantations of the Far East. (War's appetite for rubber, however, appears virtually insatiable and, even now, the outlook for tires for private use is uncertain.)

It is hard to visualize the magnitude of this achievement, described as the greatest industrial program ever undertaken. The United States set out to create within two years a brand new industry which would produce enough rubber for swollen wartime needs. (Even in peace we used half of the whole world's rubber output.) It was much as if we had decided to create the automobile industry in two years instead of 40.

The Japs have the rubber plantations — but, thanks to America's greatest industrial achievement, we're going to have more rubber next year than we bought from the plantations in peacetime.

Staggering project though it was, we had no choice. Every Flying Fortress needs more than half a ton of rubber, every tank almost a ton, a battleship 75 tons. We had to have rubber, or we should lose the war.

Now we know we're going to have it. We've succeeded because (1) the government and the rubber industry had begun to study the problem long before Pearl Harbor; (2) American technical skill, the finest in the world, went "all out" into the struggle; and (3) contrary to the general impression, government and industry coöperated to the full, despite intermittent squabbles.

Is this new rubber of ours as good as natural rubber?

"Yes," exclaims a young chemist at the West Virginia plant. "In many ways it is better. The tree can make only one kind of rubber. We can make many kinds. We have, not rubber, but rubbers.

"Manufactured rubber is improv-

ing so fast that one should not memorize any statements about it, because tomorrow they will be out of date. Already it is better than tree rubber in automobile tires at speeds over 60 miles an hour. It's better in airplane tires, too. The 30,000 items now made from rubber call for all sorts of different characteristics, and we are building into man-made rubber the characteristics we want, not just those the tree gives us."

Neoprene, thiokol, butyl, buna-s and buna-n, and their trade types such as perbunan, hycar, chemigum, are as diverse in properties as are the innumerable plastics. Some are much more resistant to air, to oxidation, than tree rubber is. Or they are more resistant to oil — the gasoline-station pump hoses have long been made of synthetic rubber.

"The chemists are cocky about it," says John P. Coe, head of the synthetic division of United States Rubber Company. "They are justified. There are better rubbers in the test tubes than any we now make. We have learned more in the last 30 months' research on synthetic rubber than in the last 30 years' research on natural rubber."

So far as the man on the street will know, when he buys a tire, this new substance *is* rubber. In molecular construction the chemists say there is a slight difference, but neither eye nor hand can detect it. Rubber was so named by the English chemist Joseph Priestley, when he found that it would rub out a pencil mark. By

that symbolically important test, this product, too, is rubber.

The Institute plant makes buna-s — *bu* for butadiene, *na* the chemical abbreviation for sodium, and *s* for styrene. Butadiene and styrene are chemical cousins of philgas, the familiar tanked commodity. Styrene is made from benzene. The process used at Institute happens to make its butadiene out of alcohol. The alcohol now comes from corn. It takes about one and three quarters bushels of corn to make rubber for one automobile tire; and the 27,700,000 bushels a year used at Institute consume hardly one percent of our normal corn crop. But the chemists don't care what they make it from — molasses, potatoes, sugar, wood, coal tar, natural gas or petroleum. Any or all of these may in time furnish us with our rubber tires and heels and golf balls and hot-water bottles. The chemists foresee such abundance of man-made rubber that they are even now speculating on many new uses for it, to add to the long list already known.

Nothing makes our triumph in rubber clearer than the plant at Institute. Having first decided to manufacture buna-s rubber out of alcohol, because that would provide the most rubber quickest, the Defense Plant Corporation instructed the Union Carbide and Carbon Company and the United States Rubber Company to speed ahead, together, on the West Virginia site. The chemical company was to make the two essen-

tial ingredients, butadiene and styrene, in unheard of quantities; the rubber company was to make them into rubber.

First government plans were for a 10,000-ton-a-year butadiene plant. Before the blueprints were finished came Pearl Harbor, and Washington ordered the project doubled. Then, as realization of the emergency grew, it was doubled again — and again. Each change meant starting a new set of plans.

The plant was built in 11 months, against unimaginable obstacles. A hundred draftsmen wrinkled brows over 35 acres of blueprints. The engineers had not only to think into being a plant which would be 5,000,000 times the size of the laboratory process — which was all we had to work from; they had also to design and buy or build all the thousands of items of equipment. When needed materials could not be obtained, they devised substitutes; when machinery could not be bought, they ordered the parts and put them together themselves. Young chemists (all these men are absurdly young) averaged a 70-hour week for a year.

Even the nature of the raw materials fought against the engineers. The “tamest” chemical to be handled was alcohol; the butadienes and sty-

renes and others were extremely violent and tricky.

In the severe cold of the first winter, the chemicals froze in the new pipes. The steam lines, installed to keep them warm, also froze. Insulation was unobtainable.

All the material factors were against success. But the invincible human factors insisted on success. Therefore we have today at Institute a superbly ordered plant. And a mammoth one. Its water supply would service Los Angeles; its electrical energy equals half that generated in all Delaware. The plant is outdoors; it is too big to be prisoned within walls. Its vistas of towers and pumps quiver and hum with a strangely elemental — and appropriate — intensity.

Institute, remember, is only the first rubber plant to come into production. Eighteen months ago there were farms along Paddy's Run outside Louisville, where one of the four other plants is located. Today Paddy's Run has disappeared in a maze of chemical plants. Goodrich, Goodyear, Koppers, other big companies, are working together, sharing all their know-how among themselves and with the government — to make rubber.

Japanese papers please copy.



SORROW is the mere rust of the soul. Activity
will cleanse and brighten it.

— Samuel Johnson

☛ He should have had a medal--

Voice in the Nick of Time

Condensed from
This Week Magazine

Robert Ormond Case

IN THE LAST WAR a troop transport was plowing through the deepening dusk 500 miles out of Liverpool. It was the submarine zone. Even deep inside the ship no lights were allowed. Eight hundred of us stood there close-packed in complete darkness, our elbows touching, our bodies bulky with life preservers. The ship was hurtling forward at forced draft and the trembling of her mighty effort was imparted to our very bones. Teeth chattered, though the air was stilling.

The surface of that roaring water was 14 feet overhead. For those touched with claustrophobia--the fear of being trapped--this was the ultimate. For the thousands massed on the decks above there was at least a chance of escape if a torpedo crashed amidships. There was no chance for C deck.

Then it came--the shake and roar of the forward guns. A submarine had

been sighted and they were shelling it. This meant that the submarine had surfaced. By now its torpedo was on its way. Though our escort destroyers converged upon the submarine like wolves, its work was done. The torpedo--*now*--was on its way.

We stood, teeth clenched, skin crawling. Thirty seconds to go. Frail threads held us there--discipline, pride. But each passing second snapped another fiber. One scream in the darkness, one involuntary groan in trapped terror, and C deck would have been a shambles.

Then a voice spoke--hoarsely, with a bull-frog inflection that carried to the farthest corner: "Does anybody want to buy a good watch?"

We laughed. We guffawed until stanchions rang. It was more than emotional release; it was victory. We were no longer a mob trembling on the verge of hysteria, but men facing danger together. *Laughing*. Incidental to this discovery was the fact that the torpedo missed us and plunged on into the void.

There are medals for bravery on fields where bravery is the rule. There should also be recognition for those who, at the precise and unerring moment, toss into the scales that decisive and priceless ingredient known loosely as morale.

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From birth to age 18, a girl needs good parents. From 18 to 35, she needs good looks. From 35 to 55, a woman needs personality. And from 55 on, the old lady needs cash!

— Kathleen Norris

Q The story of a courageous career, teaching
"not empty cradles, but planned families"

A Birth-Control Pioneer Among Migrants

Condensed from Survey Graphic

Grace Naismith



Mrs. Delp, a soft-spoken, warm-hearted Southern nurse, took to the road four years ago to teach migrant mothers of California how to plan their families. Fifteen thousand indigent women have attended her meetings; she has personally given birth-control information to more than 6000.

As field consultant for the Planned Parenthood Federation,* Miss Delp has set up 50 medically supervised birth-control centers in California. Her achievement is increasingly significant because millions of women are needed in agricultural work this summer. As one Okie mother puts it, "a pragnet woman jes' ain't much good in the crops."

To show me her method of teaching, Miss Delp drove me to one of the federal camps for migrants. As the gray roadster, which is her office and supply room, plowed through the dust into the tent colony, a swarm of children rushed out to meet us.

"It's the nurse, Ma!" a towhead

shouted to a woman bending over a washtub. Wiping her hands on her apron, the woman shyly came to greet us. Other mothers joined her, and with them came the camp missionary, a tall, lean man.

"We're expectin' you, Miss," he drawled. "And needin' your good work."

The preacher had a trailer equipped with a loud-speaker, and soon his solemn voice boomed out an announcement to the 40 tents. "A meeting on family planning will be held at two o'clock in the tent next the manager's trailer. Please come, mothers, all of you. You may leave your little ones with me for the afternoon. I'll teach them the gospel from some brand-new picture books. Two o'clock."

About 30 mothers, in gingham and calico, gathered that afternoon. The tent was swelteringly hot but the women listened, absorbed. They were of all ages, from young girls of 15 with their first-born on their knees to grannies who had come to obtain scientific information which

* 501 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

they might pass on to their daughters and granddaughters.

"First," Miss Delp began, her brown eyes smiling and sincere. "I want to explain that I do not speak for empty cradles, but for planned children. That is what birth control means."

These women are woefully ignorant of the simplest anatomy. Miss Delp, in her charming and understanding way, said, "You all know how babies are born. But I have a book here of the famous drawings by Dr. Robert L. Dickinson, tracing the prenatal growth and the birth of a baby. I'd like to show it to you." Not much over five feet tall, she climbed up on a table so all the mothers could see the Birth Atlas. There was much oh-ing and ah-ing and nudging with elbows as she turned the pages, then wreaths of smiles as the full fledged infant appeared at last. The women were now at ease, their shyness quite relieved.

Then, on a gynaec plaque—a soft rubber reconstruction of the external and internal female genital organs—Miss Delp showed how reproduction takes place. The gynaec plaque opens like a book to show the organs and their relationship. Closed, it demonstrates how the contraceptive device is placed.

"Every mother," the nurse said, "should wait two years between babies—for her own health and the baby's. Most of you have tried various means of limiting your families.

Some are just old wives' tales, word-of-mouth methods which may be useless, often harmful. There are scientific means, approved by our doctors."

Because of camp living conditions, a very simple method is provided—the sponge and foam jelly. This is the method used in certain rural areas of the South where birth-control clinics are now taken for granted as part of the state public health service. It is considered about 90 percent effective. Any mother who can afford to consult a physician, however, is advised to use the diaphragm with jelly (98 percent safe). Most birth-control clinics recommend this procedure.

After the demonstration, Miss Delp took the individual case histories of the mothers desiring supplies. This gave her a chance to refer "ailin'" mothers to proper medical attention, and to answer questions that women everywhere want answered but so seldom know whom to ask.

"Miss Delp, when I'm nursing a baby kin I git pragnet ag'in?"

"Nurse, I've jes' had my sixth. An' my man doesn't want me to do anything to keep from havin' another. He says women are put here to have babies. What kin I do so he won't know?"

A grandmother asked if she might take some supplies home to her daughter who was picking cherries that day. "I've had 13 myself; got 53 grandchildren. If Sara is goin' to

work from kin-see to cain't-see every day to help win the war, she ought to stop havin' kids a spell."

When the questions were over we made the rounds of the tents, admiring babies and listening to the children recite Bible verses the missionary had taught them. One ten-year-old put on a show for us, singing "You Never Miss Your Mother Till She's Gone," self-accompanied on the gee-tar.

All Miss Delp's meetings are by invitation of the mothers themselves, and attendance is voluntary. In the Farm Security Administration camps — 25 of them in California and Arizona — the migrants themselves set the camp policy through their own council. Often a notice like this will appear on the bulletin board:

Old-time dance tonight.
Typhoid vaccination Thursday.
Birth control clinic Friday at 4.

Through the Associated Farmers, an organization of growers and packers, Miss Delp also has permission to hold clinics in growers' camps. At one huge peach ranch with 700 families scattered in ^{the} houses among the trees, the teacher in the ranch school pinned notes on the dresses of the youngsters, inviting their mothers to the family-planning circle. Frequently mothers arrange parties in their own tents or shacks for the demonstration.

In the early days of Miss Delp's work, when poverty was most acute

and her service not yet organized, she often drove up to a squatters' camp. "Mother," she would announce to a woman cooking over a rusty stove, "I'm the nurse who teaches birth control. Would you or your friends like to have a talk with me?" Usually the answer was "I'd sure be proud to, nurse — if there's any way to manage without its costin' nothin'. The way I feel I'm jest all frailed out."

Only a flaming courage beneath her natural shyness carried Miss Delp through these early days. She had been educated in a southern finishing school and received her nurse's training in Richmond. Her work was in well-equipped hospitals until she accepted a position in one of the first FSA camps in California. There the sensitive little nurse dealt with poverty for the first time.

A mother brought her stairsteps of children to "git doctored" for wracking coughs they'd caught sleeping in a damp, floorless tent. Each day the nurse talked with tragedy — with mothers, aged beyond their years, worn out from trying to care for too many sickly babies. But when an emaciated, travel-worn young mother, 33, with eight little ones, brought her dying newborn infant, Mildred Delp could stand no more.

Hadn't these people ever *heard* of Margaret Sanger?

That very night Miss Delp posted a plea for help to Mrs. Sanger's birth-control organization. The letter

brought Margaret Sanger herself from New York. She outlined a plan whereby Miss Delp, under proper medical sponsorship, would teach migrant mothers a simple contraceptive technique and establish permanent clinics throughout the state.

Not a trained speaker, Miss Delp was terrified at the prospect of addressing groups of women. Mrs. Sanger was quick to reassure her. "Don't worry about lecturing. Just do as Emerson said, 'Speak from the overflow.'" And Miss Delp did. There was much to overflow.

Her new job as field consultant for Planned Parenthood meant giving up her settled life at the camp clinic. But gamely she took to the open road. "Millie the Migrant" she dubbed herself, and as such is greeted by hundreds of friends—from the mining country of northern California to the border towns near Mexico and far into the desert areas.

Her task was complicated by the migrant tradition of large families. Most of the girls marry between 14 and 17; many have the first baby

within a year, and other babies follow regularly. To these families, fiercely proud of their fecundity, Miss Delp had to explain with the greatest of tact what was meant by planned children. Gradually, with ceaseless patience, she overcame their natural wariness of newfangled ideas.

Along with her personal work with the mothers, Miss Delp works closely with state and county health agencies in establishing birth-control centers. She estimates that \$1 a year supplies each mother with the necessary equipment, which is given free. Planned Parenthood furnishes most of the funds, but individuals often send contributions.

The problem of birth control among the 300,000 migrant families of California is still a long way from solution. But in the annals of the birth control movement the record of this itinerant nurse will stand out. Single handed, she has brought desperately needed help to thousands, and has pioneered in a work that other agencies are now taking up

Man to Man

A MASTER of colorful prose, Winston Churchill wars continually against the obfuscatory language of over-wordy Whitehall officials. Asked once to look over a draft of one of Anthony Eden's vague speeches on the postwar world, he sent it back to his Foreign Minister with the curt note: "I have read your speech and find that you have used every cliché known to the English language except 'Please adjust your dress before leaving.'"

—Allan A. Michie

Bomb Germany—and Save a Million American Lives

By

Francis Vivian Drake

IN THE FIRST World War 37,500,000 men, or 57 percent of all those mobilized, were casualties. Are some 500 out of every 1000 boys drawn from the towns and farms of America to be killed, wounded or taken prisoner in land offensives in this war? Not if the Air Plan for victory is carried out—the Plan which calls for the far reaching disintegration of Germany by continued all-out bombing attack.

Air power has already proved what it can do over and over again—in the mounting fury of the RAF offensives, which in 1942 knocked out seven percent of Germany's war industry; in the Cologne raid, which exacted 25,000 enemy lives in exchange for 257 Allied airmen; in the Bismarck Sea battle, where we lost nine men and the Japanese 15,000—whose defeat might have cost us

about 10,000 casualties had the Japs landed; in the Vegesack raid where seven enemy submarines were destroyed in as many minutes by U. S. precision bombing—nearly as many as were sunk at sea in a month by all the ships in the U. S. and British navies and all the planes that helped them.

These demonstrations, startling though they were, represent only glancing blows compared with the knockout it is in our power to deliver.

Yet the Air Plan has remained in its pigeonhole, regardless of its promise of quicker victory and its proved lower cost. The war has continued to follow the familiar precedent of land offensives, which, even their proponents admit, will involve unprecedented casualties.

Do we have to involve our armies in such slaughter? Do we have to withhold from our Air Forces, which this very month could be eclipsing the Cologne-Essen raid and hammering Germany into submission on an equal basis with the RAF, the weapons of victory? Why is it that in the summer of 1943 we are still not carrying out any over-all air strategy?

The answer lies in the allocation of heavy bombers to the various fronts. For more than a year American air-

ON THE pressing subject of air-war strategy, Francis Vivian Drake is perhaps the best-informed civilian in this country today. A fighter pilot himself in the last war, he has devoted most of his time to study, firsthand investigation and writing on air problems. A wide acquaintance among military and naval leaders, plus his own intimate knowledge of his subject, has given Mr. Drake's work in usual angles of attack. "Why Don't We Really Try to Bomb Germany Out of the War?" in the May Reader's Digest, attracted nation-wide attention.

men in Europe have been held down by their meager equipment to small and consequently costly raids on Axis-held coastlines, instead of being given the wherewithal to smash major war production centers all over the Third Reich.

Only once has the Air Plan come close to realization. In March 1942 the President approved an allocation to the Eighth Air Force of a quota of heavy bombers approximately equal to that of the RAF Bomber Command. The bombers and crews were actually flown across, and Major General Ira C. Eaker's squadrons, tuned to concert pitch, breathlessly awaited their big attack against Germany. Instead, however, the bombers were ordered to North Africa, and the greatest joint air offensive ever projected was called off before it got started.

The reasons behind the continued nullification of the Air Plan have been twofold. First, defensive necessity: the United States has been forced to rush every available plane to places where overwhelming enemy strength precipitated a critical situation for us or our allies. Even the North African campaign was prompted by Rommel's threat to the Suez Canal.

Recently the Jap threat to Australia moved General MacArthur and General Kenney to demand more and more bombers. Madame Chiang and General Chennault want planes, too. Field Marshal Wavell needs bombers for Burma. From

Pearl Harbor and Guadalcanal and the Bering Sea come further calls. Each demand is understandable; but our bomber production, impressive though it may be, is simply not enough to satisfy all of them.

The second reason why our mass air offensive remains untried stems from a fundamental difference of opinion between army and navy leaders on the one hand and top airmen on the other. The army conception of the proper function of air power is to use it in close coöperation with advancing ground troops. Under this plan, exemplified both in the German conquest of Europe and in our North African campaign, air power in heavy concentration is used like artillery to blast local supply lines and to flatten a zone of combat.

The airmen's conception of how to use heavy air power is completely different. The Air Plan is to conserve manpower while long-range bombing armadas (on a scale incomparably greater than in the Blitz of Britain) blast enemy productive centers. Airmen are convinced that air power can thus make it impossible for the enemy to supply his armies in the field and can bring about his collapse from within. They consider

not a successful large-scale raid constitutes a *land victory* more significant than the destruction of one or two Panzer divisions or the capture of Hill X or Village Y. It is the inmost vital citadel of the enemy which is destroyed by the bombs, not some outlying strong point which costs

thousands of casualties to take and hold.

In the opinion of Allied air leaders, based on results already achieved, this type of all-out air campaign *which we are now in a position to implement* would require not more than six to nine months for successful conclusion. They believe that at the end of this time the follow-up invasion by our troops would approach that of a march of occupation, with only nominal losses. The time schedule indicated for total victory over Germany by the Air Plan is less than was required for the African campaign alone, which itself has been only a steppingstone for European invasion.

Such are the causes of our crisis in air power. What, then, is the cure? Stated briefly, the cure is the first principle of warfare — *concentration*. This is an easy word to use, but to put it into effect involves a great military decision, for the Air Plan is not a side show. It is not enough to rush a few hundred planes to the Eighth Air Force and be satisfied with attacks just because they make bigger headlines than previous raids. The Air Plan involves attacks on the 1000-plane, 3000-tons-of-bombs scale, maintained with remorseless regularity. The project entails that terrific crescendo of effort which is the inescapable price of victory. We have already achieved the prime requisite — adequate production of the weapons. Now we have to achieve the real

Sir Archibald Sinclair, British Air Secretary, says:

"There is only one hope of getting to Berlin without the slaughter which the land battles of the last war entailed -- and that is by the paralysis of German war power by the night bombing of the RAF and the day bombing of the U. S. Army Air Force." — *N. Y. Times*

massing of this production into a decisive Striking Force, just as regiments of men or squadrons of ships have always been massed in battle.

The Air Plan does not require that bombers be withdrawn from defensive fronts or from the navy. It does require that *oncoming* production be concentrated where victory can be decisive. We are at the present time producing between 500 and 600 four-engine heavy bombers a month, plus big numbers of medium and other bombers for coöperation with ground forces. Within 60 days we could fly enough heavy bombers across the Atlantic to bring the Eighth Air Force up to a strength of 1000 bombers. Combined with the British, we should have a round-the-clock Striking Force of 2000 bombers by the end of August. In another 90 days we could double it. *We could do all this and still allocate enough bombers to replace losses on the defensive fronts.*

British production of heavy bombers is now rising rapidly and we should undoubtedly receive a pledge

that their oncoming production would be concentrated alongside our own. Then at last we could achieve a genuine concerted round-the-clock destruction of enemy war production — American precision bombing by day, British area bombing by night, Russian bombing of Prussia by night, Eisenhower's bombing of Italy by day and night.

There is nothing to stop us. The defending *Luftwaffe* is still formidable, but its experienced fighter squadrons are fewer and farther between and its strength in March 1943 was the lowest since the war began. Unless we give it time to catch up, it faces annihilation. If we do give it time to catch up on its fighter commands, our bomber losses will rise rapidly.

The longer we scatter our forces, the longer we shall be playing the enemy's game. The closing of the African campaign puts the Allies in a position to choose exactly how, when and where to strike a massed blow against the "Fortress Europe." The Air and Land Plans for the offensive are both ready. The decision certainly should be dictated by hard-headed common sense and not by sheer weight of military precedent.

When we have knocked Germany out of the war, we shall automatically control the land bridges to China and gain the essential bases for an immediate assault upon Tokyo.

We shall have a still larger Air Force by then, and we already have the commitment of the British Prime Minister that the RAF will fly wing to wing with us in that campaign. The remote periphery on which Japan is now keeping us at bay in the Pacific cannot save her once we have gained the back-door entrance to her war industries.

We have had leaders with the vision to set up military air power of such strength that it is the one weapon with which we now surpass the whole world. Because of mechanical know-how, we are producing the new weapon in record quantities. We have pilots and crews so skillful and daring that they have licked their enemies more than two-for-one on all fronts. No nation ever before had such an opportunity to reduce the cost of final victory. The tide of public opinion in America is turning strongly in favor of the Air Plan, just as it has turned in England — for it is the people's own lives that are at stake.

No one who takes the trouble to investigate the true facts about our existing air power can fail to be impressed by its enormous economy in life. If the Air Plan continues to be set aside, who will take the responsibility for the inevitable unnecessary slaughter blueprinted from the last war? Who can bring back a million lives — or one life?

❧ Food poisoning, especially from "leftovers,"
is a constant danger in warm weather

Saboteur in the Kitchen

By

Paul de Kruif

NOW THAT the hot months are here, and now that rationing makes us save every scrap of food, an old danger threatens us anew in every home. The ham, chicken, turkey and tongue that you save for a second meal - your cottage cheese, cream puffs, pies and cakes - can turn into violent poison within a few hours *unless you handle them properly in your kitchen.*

Last winter sabotage was suspected when 90 members of an airline staff in Chicago were suddenly made so violently ill that all of them were rushed to hospitals. The actual saboteur in this case was found to be a bowl of cream filling that had been left overnight in a warm kitchen and then had been baked into delicious pies.

In upstate New York alone there have been 17 food poisoning outbreaks from cream-filled baked goods in recent years - one of them involving 700 people. For every such case that makes the headlines, there are hundreds of little food poisoning disasters in individual homes. Although no statistics are available, medical authorities believe (on the basis of newspaper reports and local

experience) that food-poisoning cases are increasing alarmingly with wartime food shortages and the consequent greater use of leftovers.

When you or someone you know has been thus attacked, you have probably called it "ptomaine poisoning." That term comes from the Greek word for corpse; but this poisoning is not fatal, and the word is inaccurate. Indeed, science has now proved that the so-called ptomaines do not exist; the actual saboteur is that common microbe, the staphylococcus, found on every human being's skin and in throats and noses. It is so all pervading that for a long time our health men refused to believe that the staphylococcus could be guilty of sporadic food poisonings.

Then, in 1930, Dr. G. M. Dack of the University of Chicago caught the innocent-looking staphylococcus red-handed. Two festive cakes had turned the merry Christmas of 11 Chicago people into misery. Dr. Dack's microscopes showed both cakes to be alive with staphylococci. His subsequent experiments left little doubt that the staphylococcus is responsible for brewing a poison which causes most of our food-poisoning havoc.

He and his assistants found that by no means all staphylococci have this poison-forming power. But let *toxic* staphylococci sneak into ham, tongue, chicken, turkey, cheese, custard, and these foods can turn into devastating poisons in five hours — *when they're kept at the temperature of the ordinary kitchen*. There is not the faintest hint of the poison's presence by odor. The poison can form in food that has been thoroughly cooked; and once the poison is formed, subsequent cooking does not destroy it.

Among 150 Los Angeles County schoolteachers, stricken when just back from a banquet, buttered buns were the one food that all had eaten in common. Health sleuths discovered that the buns had been held in a warm kitchen for a few hours, and the butter for them had been melted and had stood for a while, not in the icebox but in the kitchen.

At Indianapolis, 206 public project workers who ate tongue sandwiches at 11:30 one morning were stricken by two that afternoon. It was a suddenly hot day. It was reported that the men who had put their sandwiches in the shade were not affected. So vital is the difference of just a few degrees of temperature in keeping the staphylococcus from brewing its poison.

Throughout the country, there have been 20 severe outbreaks of poisoning from ready-to-eat hams or tongue, with more than 1000 persons affected. When those meats left the packer and the butcher shop they were safe. They were contaminated in the kitchen.

Such cases offer a warning to every housewife:

Do not leave any food standing around the kitchen; play safe and keep it at the 40-degree temperature of the refrigerator. Then the staphylococcus cannot grow and multiply. And no growth, no poison!

Remember that poultry, ham, tongue, cottage cheese, hollandaise sauce, and cream-filled baked goods are particularly suspect. Be sure that they have been refrigerated before you buy them; if you save them as leftovers, keep them refrigerated.

When food is warm, or when frozen food has been defrosted, do not wrap it in wax paper when you put it in the icebox. The paper may hold the heat inside the food long enough for the microbe to produce the poison.

Armed with these simple facts, there is no reason why every housewife and cook cannot check the spread of food poisoning that may knock its victims out of useful action for one, two, three days or longer — just when every man-hour is needed.



Reporter: I've got a perfect news story.

Editor: How come? Man bite a dog?

Reporter: No, but a hydrant sprinkled one.

— *The Yale Record*

A new Father Damien — "Big Joe" Sweeney, who lives heroically for the "numb ones" of China

Connecticut Yankee at Heaven's Gate

Condensed from "Men of Maryknoll"

James Keller and Meyer Berger

THERE'S a little community in South China that the Japanese shun. Sometimes a bullet from their fort across the Kongmoon River kills a goatherd or a woman kneeling by a garden patch. Sometimes they fire a few shells and residents of Gate of Heaven village have to leave their mud huts and, led by a giant padre, hobble painfully to caves in the mountainside.

But the Japanese probably never will attempt to take Gate of Heaven, because it is the home of the *ma fung*, South China's lepers. *Ma fung* is Chinese for "numb ones." Gate of Heaven is run by a lanky Yankee named Sweeney, of New Britain, Connecticut, a priest of the Maryknoll Mission Society, whom the "numb ones" have dubbed Big Joe. He is South China's Father Damien. He has lived among the lepers the past ten of his 48 years; and it was he who led them from the South China graveyards, where they used to huddle in isolated misery, to their present refuge.

Big Joe, a 220-pound giant, six feet four in his socks, has a booming laugh and complete contempt for

physical danger. He has undergone incredible risks for the lepers.

He runs the Japanese blockade in the South China Sea on dark nights to fetch medicines and food for his flock. When Japanese guns shatter the peaceful quiet of Gate of Heaven, Big Joe sings to bolster the *ma fung*'s spirits, and he makes them sing, too. His favorite is the Irish battle song, "O'Donnell Abu." The *ma fung*s don't understand a word of it, but Father Sweeney laws the solo parts and they join shrilly in the boisterous refrain: "On for old Erin --- O'Donnell Abu!"

Father Sweeney figures there are 1,000,000 lepers in China. They get little pity or help from their own people, many of whom believe that the victims have been cursed by devils. When Maryknoll sent Father Sweeney to them in 1933, he found them, he says, "in places worse to sight and smell than any pigsty. Here were staved, vermin-infested beings who slept on the ground at night and sat by day decaying in the sun. They were stoned if they approached a village. Only despair marked them as human."

The priest had spent several years preparing for his work. He studied in Damien leper colony on Molokai in the Hawaiian Islands, in China's asylum at Sheklung, and worked in the federal leprosarium in Louisiana. Like Father Damien he was compelled, in the beginning, to run outside from the lepers' huts to breathe fresh air. He knew that Father Damien and other missionaries among the lepers had died from the disease. He was prepared for that, too.

The first leper group Big Joe ministered to lived in a dark bamboo grove near the city of Toi Shaan. "Sitting around in that jungle darkness were deformed creatures with only stumps where hands or feet should have been," he recalls. "Many had distorted faces. I saw one afflicted Chinese woman, hideous to behold, with a beautiful eight-months-old baby girl in her arms. The child, as is often the case with children of lepers, was spotless."

The lepers were suspicious of Big Joe. Why should a "big nose" (all white men are "big noses" to unlettered Chinese) come among them when their own people stoned them? Big Joe, in their own tongue, reassured them; he had come only to help. He distributed clean clothes sent by Maryknoll sponsors in the United States. It took months, but he got a well dug, built bathrooms, a kitchen and a dispensary. "The poor wretches coöperated as best they could," he says. "I encouraged them to plant flowers if they were unable

to do anything else. The place was transformed into a little park."

Then Father Sweeney moved on to the Sun Wui gravelands, on the hills north of Toi Shaan. Here he found some 50 of the numb ones sheltered in lean-tos made from old coffins. They lived on the few vegetables they could nurse from the dank earth between burial mounds. They had no one to help them.

Big Joe put up clean bamboo shacks with palm-leaf roofs. He burned all the coffin-board hovels, the grimy beds and the loathsome mats. He cleaned the place with disinfectant and killed the rats with poisons. Here also he built a mud-brick dispensary and kitchen.

Former artisans among the lepers helped. They fondled the saws, hammers and chisels as though they were priceless treasures; they were stirred to tears by these tools that they had never hoped to handle again.

Big Joe arranged a schedule to fill the lepers' day. There was Mass every morning, though the pagans among the lepers did not have to attend. After the service, the numb ones boiled their rice over dry-grass fires, received their medical treatment from Big Joe, and went to work in the truck gardens or flower beds. They found a new interest in life, and within a year the settlement was transformed. Clean huts gleamed in the warm sun. Transplanted banana, papaya and orange trees sweetened the graveland air. Beds of azaleas, peonies, hibiscus and bell-

flowers delighted the lepers' eyes. The numb ones had never expected to know such pleasures again.

With contributions from Maryknoll, Big Joe bought bandages, ethyl esters of hydnocarpus oil and chaulmoogra oil from the Philippines. Oil treatments do not cure advanced cases of leprosy — there is no specific cure — but they seem to arrest cases in the incipient stage.

During his years in Sun Wui, Big Joe was often sorely tried. The tropical heat was oppressive; he was constantly beset by swarms of mosquitoes and flies; dampness mildewed beds, clothes and instruments. But he stuck it out, and his work won international recognition. It was praised at a meeting of the medical section of the American Society for the Advancement of Science. And in 1936 the Chinese government granted 300 acres for a leper colony on the Kongmoon River.

During the torrid summer of 1937, Big Joe, with hired Chinese labor and a few of his leper artisans, hacked a site out of the wilderness. They laid foundations for a hospital, chapel, leper dwellings and kitchens. Orchards and truck gardens were prepared. It was back-breaking work but Big Joe strained shoulder to shoulder with the laborers, fighting snakes, insects and the elements.

At midnight on September 2 a typhoon struck. Before dawn the wind reached a velocity of 164 miles an hour, the worst typhoon in the recorded history of the region. It

flattened every structure in their half-completed settlement. In the morning Big Joe found his laborers and leper artisans under collapsed sheds, terrified at the fury of the wind-devils but physically unharmed. He organized them and grimly began the job over again.

It was midsummer of 1938 before the work was done. Then he went back to Sun Wui, which the Japs by now were bombing, and brought the lepers from there to the new Gate of Heaven, where today he still works among them.

Oldest of Father Sweeney's leper flock is Lo Mo, which is Chinese for "Venerable Mother." She is 80 now, but her face gives a ghostly hint of former beauty. Father Sweeney does not know her true name. She won't tell it to anyone. One night long ago she crept away from her home to keep from her husband and children the stigma of the *ma fung*. She is proud that to this day they do not know where she went, nor why.

"Only once," she told Big Joe, "did I weaken through all those long years. One night I crawled back to my native village. I sat by the road with other beggars, and I saw him who had been my husband. I saw my son, grown tall and handsome, but my daughter I did not see."

Her husband had looked in her direction as he went by, but he did not know her. Lo Mo told Father Sweeney, "In that moment my heart almost betrayed me. I thought it would leap through my throat and

that I might cry his name, but I did not." She lifted her head proudly. "I did not cry out."

One night last fall, when Big Joe and his Chinese crew were running the blockade to bring in food and oils, a Japanese patrol boat intercepted them. There was an exchange of machine-gun fire, and then the Japanese rammed the blockade runner. Big Joe realized that his supplies were lost. If he were captured his lepers would suffer.

He slipped out of his garments and slid overboard into the warm, dark South China Sea. Japanese search-

lights swept the waters but each time they came in his direction he ducked under the surface. He swam and floated for six hours and at daybreak stumbled, exhausted, onto the beach of an uninhabited island.

Two weeks went by, and the numb ones at Gate of Heaven were desolate. They prayed for Big Joe's return, without much hope. Then, one morning, the Japanese across the river were startled by the shrill rejoicing that swept the leper colony. A Chinese fisherman had found Father Sweeney, and Big Joe had come back to Gate of Heaven.

Beastly Strategies

HANNIBAL, the great Carthaginian general, discovered as night fell that his foe was in a deep valley below him, campfires aglow. He knew that the enemy had no fear of a night attack, for even the rash Hannibal

would not try to take an unknown position in the dark.

Hannibal ordered his men to assemble 200 cattle on the brow of the hill, and tie large torches of resinous wood to their horns. At a pre-arranged signal the men ignited the torches and stampeded the cattle downhill. The frenzied animals with 400 blazing torches raced and milled about the camp, spreading panic and destruction and lighting up the entire area. Hannibal then charged and routed the already demoralized foe.

— Harold B. Rusten in *The Saturday Evening Post*

ARTIFICIAL insemination was a weapon of warfare in the 14th century, when Arabs would steal into an enemy camp and impregnate mares from inferior stallions. Since survival in the desert depended so absolutely on horses, this was sabotage with a vengeance. Cursed with a generation of foals with little wind or stamina, a tribe became easy prey for its enemies.

— *Journal of the American Medical Association*

Labor in Power in Sweden

Condensed from New York World-Telegram

Raymond Clapper

STOCKHOLM. There have been no big strikes in Sweden for years. People have asked me if enemy propaganda was behind the coal strike in the United States, as that is the only way the Swedes think so much trouble could be caused.

The labor movement in Sweden is highly organized, and so are employers. I recently had a unique experience, with other American newspapermen attending a dinner given jointly by the Federation of Swedish Trade Unions and the Swedish Employers' Federation. It was as if Lewis, Green and Murray and officials of the Chamber of Commerce and the National Association of Manufacturers gave a party together.

They were all skooling one another during the dinner. Afterward the meeting was thrown open to us to ask questions. These were batted around the table by both sides — sometimes arguing, sometimes agreeing, but always friendly in the manner of people who understood one another and were doing business on mutually satisfactory terms.

I sat between an iron-ore man and a textile man, both large employers. They agreed that no industrialist in Sweden would wish to return to individual agreements, that collective

bargaining works very well, that labor leaders are balanced men.

I think the attitude of employers here has been a large factor in peaceable labor relations. But even more important is the coöperative attitude of labor leaders.

Labor leaders here are far more powerful than John Lewis ever was. They control the Social Democratic Party, which has been in power for some years. But there have been no wartime strikes, although there has been considerable employment dislocation; for production dropped progressively in industries formerly dependent on imported materials.

The Swedish Trade Union Federation took the lead, when the war began, to check inflationary rises. For the last 18 months there has been an agreement by labor and employer organizations banning wage increases. Periodic adjustments are made to rises in cost-of-living, although now labor obtains only a 50 percent adjustment.

Labor's policy has been to keep the government out of labor's arrangements with employers. There is no anti-strike legislation — only voluntary agreement by both sides. I suspect labor is so powerful here because it has not abused its power.

[The Nazis planned a show window;
but the Danes made it a show down

Nothing Rotten in Denmark

Condensed from *The New Republic*

C. H. W. Hasselriis

Director, National America Denmark Association

THE Nazis have striven to make Denmark a show window for the beauties of the Greater Germany. There the invaders have been at their gentlest and most ingratiating; there they announced, in their most naïve manner, that they were going to make themselves "systematically loved." And there they have achieved their most shattering failure.

Denmark did not resist the invasion of the Nazi hordes, because physically she could not. Most literate and educated of countries, she had none of the tools of war. She was obliged to trust the German non-aggression pledge of 1939. But since the occupation of April 9, 1940, there has been resistance in plenty.

Danish opposition first went through a stage of bitter chilly sarcasm which infuriated the Nazis and left them helpless to retaliate. Recently it has flared into open sabotage and denunciation.

Shortly after the occupation a news dealer put up a poster, advertising a pamphlet on speaking English: "Learn English before our

friends the English arrive." Sharply rebuked for that, he changed it to: "Learn German before our friends the Germans leave."

In the office of Copenhagen's biggest newspaper, Nazis are annoyed by a large framed picture of Churchill. But they can do nothing about it because it was taken from an illustrated Berlin magazine and bears the caption: "Churchill's hopeless expression on learning of the fall of France." "Hopeless as Churchill" has become an ironic Danish byword, used especially by the many Churchill Clubs among the students.

The green clad Nazis they call "grasshoppers." The name had a peculiar aptness when the Danes picked one of Hans Christian Andersen's stories to stage at the Royal Opera House. It was a story of little green insects, like lice, which could never understand why they were so unpopular. The Nazis forbade the performance; but by the very act of banning they publicly admitted that they recognized the application of the fable, and Denmark rocked with laughter.

When Nazis went to King Christian and demanded that Denmark institute anti-Jewish laws, the wise old King replied, "But you see, we have no Jewish problem here. We do not consider ourselves inferior to them." The implication left the Nazis angry but helpless. The King then attended services in a synagogue, in full court regalia.

When Hitler telegraphed the King a long birthday congratulation, Christian's curt reply left the Nazis breathless. He simply wired: "Thank you."

The Nazi Gestapo chief in Denmark, Werner Best (whose work the Danes refer to as "Bestial"), demanded that ten torpedo boats, a large part of the Danish navy, be handed over. When the Nazis were reminded of their promise that the navy should remain intact in Danish hands, they protested that they had been misunderstood: they wanted only to hire the ships.

"The Danish navy is not for hire," retorted the King gravely.

"Then we shall take it anyway. Prepare the ships for surrender to us," exclaimed the Nazi chief.

The Danes dismantled the ships, taking all guns and equipment ashore to a storehouse. Thereupon the storehouse burned to the ground. The Nazis issued an order that no mention of the torpedo boats be made in the newspapers; so the King commanded all Danish flags to fly at half-mast, and shook hands with the 800 crew members.

When the Germans announced a scrap drive, Denmark blossomed out with signs, "Hide your scrap." Whenever British airmen have come down in Denmark and been captured, they have been deluged with flowers and gifts. Danes in England begged the RAF to bomb the great Burmeister & Wain shipyards, makers of the world's largest Diesels. When the RAF bombs fell, Denmark openly rejoiced.

For a while the Germans pretended that there was no sabotage in Denmark. But skies glow nightly with fires, which were rare in peacetime. Explosions damage rail lines, piers and bridges. Metal shavings appear in butter going to Germany. Fish shipped there is decayed.

Acts of sabotage are now so numerous that the Germans allow the press, formerly forbidden even to mention sabotage, to report minor incidents with a warning to the Danish people. Major destruction is not reported — for example, when inside action aided by British bombs put the largest Danish shipyard out of commission for six months.

There is constant traffic between England and Denmark. Danes escape via Sweden, and, aided by the RAF, come back by parachute, traveling freely over Denmark, sheltered and helped by all Danes. The Nazis repeatedly offer large cash awards for delivery of anti-German Danes, but so far not a single offer has been taken up. "We marvel that the Danes expect everything good from

England, and everything evil from Germany," bemoaned a typically naïve German newspaper.

The Germans, of course, suppress such novels as *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, *The Moon Is Down*, *This Afore All* and *The Keys of the Kingdom*; but the underground circulates them anyway. Twenty-four underground newspapers flourish, one with 50,000 circulation. If the staff of such a paper is arrested tonight, a new staff gets it out secretly tomorrow.

A prime reason for the apparent Nazi restraint is that they are taking what they want anyway, and to practice open violence would only make life more uncomfortable without any additional gain. The Nazis have taken half the superb Danish cattle herds, three fourths of the pigs, five sixths of the poultry, the output of cement and the use of the shipyards. They "pay" for all this with German occupation marks.

The Nazis demanded 150,000 workmen for German factories, promising that Danish workers, in contrast to workers from other countries, would have the same status as

Germans. But so far the Germans, in spite of pressure applied through relief agencies, have managed to lay hands on only 35,000 Danes.

After three years of the blessings and beguilements of the Nazis, Denmark actually had a free popular election. "This shows how broad and generous we are," said their captors. But the vote stunned the Germans; it was the biggest election ever held in Denmark. The 2,000,000 votes cast represented 90 percent of the electorate, about 55 percent of the population. The Nazi party in Denmark received less than two percent of the votes.

In the United States, the popular Danish Minister Henrik de Kauffmann cut all ties with Nazi-controlled Copenhagen, and negotiated the treaty which places Greenland under American protection—causing great rejoicing in Denmark. He also keeps up payments on Danish bonds held here.

"Our peace aims," said Dr. de Kauffmann recently, "are simple. We have no territorial claims; in fact, no other claim but the claim for liberty."

THE ARMY assigned a group of eminent psychiatrists to determine the best way to select soldiers for duty on the various fighting fronts. After many tests the learned professors made their report. The best way to find out whether a soldier would be more effective in the desert or in the north was to ask him: "What kind of weather do you like -- hot or cold?"

— *Journal of the American Medical Association*

The Fraudulent Ant

Condensed from "A Tramp Abroad"

Mark Twain

IT SEEMS to me that in the matter of intellect the ant is strangely overrated. During many summers I have watched him, when I ought to have been in better business, and I have not yet come across a living ant that seemed to have any more sense than a dead one. I refer to the ordinary ant; I have had no experience of those wonderful Swiss and African ones which vote, keep drilled armies, hold slaves, and dispute about religion. Those ants may be all that the naturalist paints them, but I am persuaded that the average ant is a sham. I admit his industry, of course; he is the hardest working creature in the world — when anybody is looking — but his leather-headedness is the point I make against him.

He goes out foraging, he makes a capture, and then what does he do? Go home? No, he doesn't know where home is. It may be only three feet away, no matter, he can't find it. His capture is generally something which can be of no use to himself or anybody else; it is usually seven times bigger than it ought to be; he hunts out the awkwardest place to take hold of it; he lifts it bodily

in the air, and starts; not toward home, but in the opposite direction; not calmly and wisely, but with a frantic haste; he fetches up against a pebble, and instead of going around it, he climbs over it backwards dragging his booty after him, tumbles down on the other side, jumps up in a passion, kicks the dust off his clothes, moistens his hands, grabs his property viciously, yanks it this way, then that, shoves it ahead of him a moment, lugs it after him another moment, gets madder and madder, then presently hoists it into the air and goes tearing away in an entirely new direction.

At the end of half an hour of rustling about, he fetches up within six inches of the place he started from and lays his burden down. Now he wipes the sweat from his brow, strokes his limbs, and then marches aimlessly off, in as violent a hurry as ever. He traverses a good deal of zigzag country, and by and by stumbles on his same booty again. He does not remember that he ever saw it before; he looks around to see which is not the way home, grabs his bundle and starts; he goes through the same adventures he had before.

Finally he stops to rest, and a friend comes along. Evidently the friend remarks that a last year's grasshopper leg is a very noble acquisition, and contracts to help him freight it home. They take hold of opposite ends of that grasshopper leg and begin to tug with all their might in opposite directions. Presently they take a rest and confer together. They decide that something is wrong, they can't make out what. Each accuses the other of being an obstructionist. The dispute ends in a fight. They lock themselves together and chew each other's jaws for a while; then they roll and tumble on the ground till one loses a horn or a leg and has to haul off for repairs. They make up and go to work again in the same old insane way, but the crippled ant is at a disadvantage; tug as he may, the other one drags off the booty and him at the end of it.

By and by, when that grasshopper leg has been dragged all over the same old ground once more, it is finally dumped at about the spot where it originally lay. The two perspiring ants inspect it thoughtfully and decide that dried grasshopper legs are a poor sort of property after all, and then each starts off in a different direction to see if he can't find something else that is heavy enough to afford entertainment and at the same time valueless enough to make an ant want to own it.

Just today I saw an ant go through such a performance as this with a

dead spider of fully ten times his own weight, which he finally left in the middle of the road to be confiscated by any other fool of an ant that wanted him. I measured the ground which this ass traversed, and arrived at the conclusion that what he had accomplished inside of 20 minutes would constitute some such job as this --- relatively speaking --- for a man; to wit: to strap two 800-pound horses together, carry them 1800 feet, mainly over (not around) boulders averaging six feet high, and in the course of the journey climb up and jump from the top of one precipice like Niagara, and three high steeples; and then put the horses down, in an exposed place, without anybody to watch them.

Science has discovered that the ant does not lay up anything for winter use. He is a deceiver who does not work, except when people are looking, and only then when an observer has a green, naturalistic look and seems to be taking notes. He cannot stroll around a stump and find his way home again. This amounts to idiocy. His vaunted industry is but a vanity, since he never gets home with anything he starts with. This disposes of the last remnant of his reputation and wholly destroys his main usefulness as a moral agent.

It is strange, beyond comprehension, that so manifest a humbug as the ant has been able to fool so many nations so many ages without being found out.

At the Stage Door Canteen

Condensed from The Rotarian

Deena Clark

"**G**EE, I always wanted to meet Loretta Young" -- a pop-eyed young sailor exclaimed as he sat beside the glamorous star in the Stage Door Canteen -- "but it took a second World War to make it possible."

Abbott and Costello, Boris Karloff, Helen Hayes, Cary Grant, Bing Crosby, Adolphe Menjou, Milton Berle, the late Alexander Woollcott, Yehudi Menuhin, Mrs. Roosevelt and countless other celebrities have also been "made possible" for service men at the Canteens. Rita Hayworth offered to kiss the Birthday Boys, and her audience remembered to a man that it was their birthday too. The Duchess of Windsor signed "Wallis Windsor" in hundreds of autograph books. Hedda Hopper, introduced as "the Glamour Girl of World War I," told the boys, "What was good enough for your fathers is good enough for you!" Sir Cedric Hardwicke delighted them by relating that a friend, seeing him in uniform for the first time in World War I, took one look and exclaimed, "God, *we've lost!*"

Vice President Wallace planted

his feet firmly on the stage of the Washington Canteen and boomed a challenge to the husky service men looking up at him. "I'll Indian rattle any man in the house and beat him." A hundred and eighty pounds of tough soldier accepted. The two clasped hands -- and the soldier was on his back. (Iowa farmers have wrists of steel from shucking corn.)

This sort of entertainment, which no producer could put on commercially with less than a national-debt endowment, is commonplace at Stage Door Canteens. The volunteer workers who provide the fun slave gladly for their cause. The boys appreciate it from the bottoms of their hearts -- "You treated me like a king," wrote a soldier from overseas. "With people like you behind us, how can we lose?"

The news travels everywhere. As two Atlantic convoys met, the homeward-bound *galma wig* wagged from his destroyer: "What's doing in New York?" Immediately the answer flashed back: "Don't miss the Stage Door Canteen!" And few service men do. Already more than 2,000,000 have had the time

of their lives there and in the five other Canteens in Washington, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Newark, N. J., and San Francisco.

Operated by the American Theater Wing, staffed entirely by volunteers, the Canteens give the men a quality of service that no admiral or general can buy for love or money. Joe Private sits at a table set, perhaps, by Jimmy Durante, dines on sandwiches and coffee prepared by Ina Claire, sees the dirty dishes whisked away by Fredric March, is entertained by Dinah Shore, Danny Kaye and Fanny Brice, and dances with the most beautiful girls in the world — all without a penny to pay.

There is no doubt about the big drawing card. Mrs. Lesley J. McNair, wife of the Lieutenant General, welcomed a weatherbeaten sailor to the Washington, D. C., Canteen, and asked him what he wanted most. "Women!" he grinned. "Bring on the women!"

The sailor was referring delicately to the Junior Hostesses — 4000 carefully chosen girls representing every cross section of the country. In one evening a service man may dance with an actress, an admiral's daughter, a navy stenographer, a Diselplant worker or a Powers' model.

The girls are selected on the basis of personality, friendliness and tact. The percentage of beauties is "ceiling unlimited," in the opinion of an Air Corps pilot. "I go out to tag me a good-looker with my eyes

closed," boasted one navy radioman.

Each Junior Hostess is on duty one night a week in a three-hour shift in which she dances approximately four miles, each mile a step nearer Berlin and Tokyo. She may average 100 different partners in an evening, and wishes she knew where her next No. 17 coupon was coming from. The Canteens are so packed that it almost amounts to a Commando course to reach the dance floor. One sailor danced with a young actress and begged, as the music stopped, "Don't leave me — you've done such wonders for my morale that you've probably shortened the war by at least two years already!"

A strict rule of the Canteen is that the girls are not permitted to give the boys their telephone numbers. But the boys and girls do get together, and each Canteen has its Stage-Door-inspired marriages.

Often a Junior Hostess hears, "I don't feel like dancing, but will you please sit and talk to me?" She finds that the boys worry about a mother who is ill, a problem-child kid brother, a sweetheart who hasn't written. And she also learns that most married men have wives who are prettier than Hedy Lamarr — and they can prove it by the pictures they carry in their pockets.

The boys reciprocate the girls' interest. A grateful soldier brought one Hostess a GI-baked birthday cake bearing 20 daisies. "We didn't have any candles at camp, so I substituted daisies — they grow right outside

my barracks." In a guest book is written:

*What I like mostest is
All of the Hostesses.*

After the Hostesses, the Number One attraction is the Food Bar, a counter with heaps of fruit and a battery of coffee urns and serving quantities of food without charge—baked beans, hot gingerbread, baked ham, soup, sandwiches, macaroni, doughnuts, cakes, pies.

"If we don't get tired, we feel we're not contributing," say the Food Bar volunteers. Checking their mink coats, they dig in with military precision at kitchen work they wouldn't think of doing anywhere else. One worker said, as she grimly shelled eggs, "My son is in a bomber shelling Germany with a different kind of egg right now."

Their reward is satisfaction in making the boys happy. One night in the Philadelphia Canteen a sailor leaped to his feet and shouted, "Wad-dayuh say, fellows—let's dance the next one with the ladies from the kitchen!" There was a thunderous cry of assent, aprons were doffed and gray-haired ladies joined the dance floor in one of the gayest times the Canteen has ever seen.

Some of the entertainment most enjoyed by the boys does not take place on the stage. They can't help feeling important as they watch Manpower Commissioner Paul V. McNutt washing dishes for them, or Alfred Lunt emptying the garbage.

A sailor asked a man cleaning ash trays, "Are you really Donald Nelson?"

"I'm sorry, buddy," answered the War Production Board chief, "we bus boys are not allowed to give out our names or telephone numbers!"

The glamorous Marlene Dietrich was mopping the floor when a young sailor came running up. "Here, let me do it," he said. "You must have enough of that to do at home."

When Lanny Ross wound up his personal appearance by taking six taxicabs full of the boys to broadcast with him over NBC, an English sailor found himself riding down Broadway in a jeep with his famous actress countrywoman, Gertrude Lawrence.

All service men's paths eventually lead to the Stage Door Canteens. Chums who haven't seen each other since grammar-school days unexpectedly meet. In the midst of talking with a Hostess a young soldier gasped and pointed over her shoulder. Tears came into his eyes. There before him stood his brother—a marine who had been reported missing in action a year before.

The Philadelphia Canteen has a unique door prize. Every week-end the holders of eight lucky tickets are treated to free telephone calls to any part of the United States. The telephone company coöperates by giving the boys the longest three-minute conversations on record.

There was the boy who won a telephone call on the day his brother

was reported killed in action. The sound of one son's voice softened the blow of the official telegram that the mother had received earlier. The shortest conversation on record was put through to a Colorado cattle ranch. "Hello, Mom. This is Willie." The only reply was the thud that resounded over the wires as his mother fainted!

The cost of operating the Stage Door Canteens is underwritten by patriotic donors. In Washington, a donor pledges \$600 a night, which pays the estimated cost of entertaining 2000 boys. Others, called angels, pay \$100 for the privilege of sitting at a special table. In each city people back the Canteen with donated equipment and tons of food.

Do the Canteens send our boys to their battle stations better soldiers? Is the American Theater Wing justified in opening new Canteens in Boston, Dallas, and even in Alexandria, Egypt? The fan mail gives the answer.

"If you could only know what it means to us to come to the Can-

teen," wrote an overseas soldier, "instead of walking the dark streets killing time during the last few hours in our homeland!"

"It's just like home," wrote another, "only you don't have to roll up the rugs when you want to dance."

And from a marine, "Whoever said 'War is hell' never saw a Stage Door Canteen!"

A weather-beaten sailor who had spent 16 years in the navy asked the Philadelphia Canteen, "Would this be legal? I want to change my life-insurance policy so that the Canteen will be the beneficiary."

In New York, a Negro soldier sat at a corner table. His plate was empty and he had finished drinking his glass of milk. Lane Cowl asked him, "Is there anything else I can get for you? Wouldn't you like another sandwich or a cup of coffee?"

The boy didn't speak, shook his head.

"I'm so sorry. Is there something wrong with your throat?"

"No," replied the soldier, "just a hump in it."

*"To be vanquished and not surrender,
that is victory." — Pilsudski*

PLISH children today play a new game. In the streets, in courtyards, everywhere outdoors when Germans are not in sight, the children play in two groups. One group, with wooden sticks for rifles, is the firing squad. The other -- and the children are usually most eager to belong to this one -- lines up by a wall to be shot. The "officer" gives the command to fire, and the children by the wall cry "Long live Poland!" as they sink to the ground.

— *Poland Fights*

From the Baltimore Sun

Gwen Dew

Gwen Dew was a Detroit *News* correspondent in Hong Kong when the Japanese invaded that city in 1941. This incident of Japanese barbarism was related to her by British nurses who survived the atrocity and became fellow prisoners in the concentration camp where she was kept before being repatriated in 1942. Since returning to this country Miss Dew has lectured from coast to coast on her experiences and written a book, *Prisoner of the Japs*, which Alfred Knopf has published.

JAPANESE and British soldiers had been fighting for hours in the vicinity of St. Stephens College. More than 3000 bodies of dead Japanese carpeted the area before the outnumbered British finally retreated to Fort Stanley, half a mile away.

The college had been turned into an emergency hospital, and it was filled with wounded Canadian, Scotch, British and Indian troops. A Red Cross flag emblazoned its nonbeligent status.

Suddenly a group of exhausted young Canadian soldiers burst into the hospital.

"The Japs are nearly here — you'd better evacuate!" they shouted.

The British doctor in charge, Colonel Black, remained calm. "We can't do that," he said. "Too many

badly hurt men here. Besides, we're a Red Cross hospital, and everything will be all right. But you'd better move on, because if they find unwounded soldiers here it might make a difference. Sorry, boys."

The Canadians saluted. "Right you are, sir. We'll carry on." They hurried away.

Through the building moved the whisper like a swelling tide: "The Japs are coming!" "*The Japs are coming!*" "THE JAPS ARE COMING!"

Outside, dawn was dusting the sky with coral and gold. It was Christmas morning. On came the Japanese, mad with the moment of victory.

Colonel Black went to the door of the hospital, put his arms across it, and stood there until the enemy was a few feet away.

"This is a Red Cross hospital," he said, motioning to the big flag with its symbol of mercy. A Japanese soldier plunged his bayonet through the elderly doctor.

The second doctor in charge, Captain Whitney, stepped forward. "This is a hospital! Don't you see the Red —." His upraised arm dropped as a bayonet slashed into his body, and as he lay crumpled on the floor other bayonets were plunged into him.

Then the British nurses, who stood quietly at their posts, witnessed a sickening slaughter of the wounded and helpless soldiers. Laughing and shouting, the Japanese ripped bandages from torn chests, from stumps of bloody arms and legs, then bayoneted their victims. There was nothing the nurses could do but move to the men when the Japs left them—dying and dead. Before the Japanese were sated, 52 soldiers had been hacked to death.

The yellow men now turned to the nurses. "Line up," the leader yelled. "All of you. There."

"March!"

The little line of nurses, their white uniforms now red stained, were hustled into a nearby office, prodded by flicking bayonets.

"You three, come." The smirking soldiers in the lead grabbed at the uniforms, tearing them from white shoulders as they shoved the women into a small room. After being raped one woman was killed with a bayonet and her body thrown beneath a clump of bushes outside.

All day, all night the bestial scene went on. The nurses were numb with terror, as countless Japanese violated them.

Then the Japanese moved on.

Manhattan Incident

OLD MAN RANDALL operated a saloon in a little frontier town of early Oklahoma. He never sold anything but straight whiskey and an occasional long toddy, but he kept a few bottles of assorted liquors for show. One day a stranger strolled in and asked for a Manhattan. The old man fiddled with the bottles for a moment and then inquired, "Mister, you know there's several ways to mix a Manhattan; just how do you want yours made?"

"How do I know?" snorted the stranger. "I'm no bartender, make it the way you always do." He turned his back and became absorbed in watching a poker game. The old man set out a tall glass, filled it half full of whiskey, added an inch of rum, some brandy, filled it up with gin, shook in a generous dash of tabasco sauce, stirred the mixture vigorously and slid it across the bar. "Here you are, sir."

The stranger took one gulp and his eyes bulged and he shuddered. Then bracing himself he slowly downed the glass to the last drop. He gulped a couple of times and asked in a choking voice, "M-mister, can you make another one of those?" He watched in fascinated silence as the old man mixed the second drink.

"Here you are, sir," said the old man as he shoved it across the bar.

Gently the stranger pushed it back. "Drink it yourself, you old son of a fire-eater. Let's see if you're as good a man as I am!"

—Contributed by E. E. Dale

Which Way to Postwar Jobs?

Condensed from Barron's

John W. Hanes

A North Carolina Democrat who served under Mr. Roosevelt as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and, until 1940, as Under Secretary

MANY BUREAUS in Washington are making grandiose plans to provide postwar jobs for all Americans. Nobody questions the vital necessity of providing the jobs. But the Washington planners propose to provide these jobs through "public works" projects into which billions of dollars will be poured.

Before the war ends the government will have borrowed some 300 billion dollars. With our financial senses dulled by ten years of federal prodigality, many of us don't realize the disastrous consequences of that staggering and unprecedented debt. But thoughtful economists are profoundly worried by it. How, they wonder, can our nation survive so crushing a burden? The planners' answer is — *borrow more*; on top of the billions borrowed for war, pile additional billions of peacetime debts!

In planning postwar jobs, one basic distinction should be understood by every citizen: the funda-

mental difference between a government borrower and a private business borrower. The difference may be as great as between national prosperity and national ruin.

When a corporation borrows a million dollars and builds a factory, it produces goods. It sells the goods at a profit. Thus it establishes an income out of which it can pay the interest on the money it borrowed and ultimately the debt itself. But the government, save in exceptional cases, builds no factories, opens no stores. It produces no goods and few services which it offers for sale. Hence the money it borrows creates no revenue out of which the interest or the debt can be paid.

The government can get money to pay the interest only by taxing it out of those individuals and private industries that are paying their own way. As it taxes them more and more heavily to pay interest on an ever-increasing debt, it makes it harder for them to pay their own

way. Such government borrowing, then, eventually becomes not only sterile in itself but destructive of the consumer's purchasing power and of the fertility of private enterprise.

And there is another difference, even more important. If I, as a private citizen, borrow a million and spend it on charity — inventing jobs for men — I do a certain amount of good. But when the million is spent my charity is at an end. If I wish to keep on hiring those men I must borrow and spend another million. Now suppose, not as charity but as a business proposition, I bor-

row a million and build a factory. I hire men to build it and to operate it. I buy raw materials, produce goods and send them to market. With the money received for my product I can go on hiring the men and I can continue to buy raw materials. I have created *an organism which is an instrument of continuous wealth production and continuous employment*.

The government does not create this kind of enterprise. It borrows money and spends it perhaps on many useful things. But these things do not produce revenue for the government. Hence, when the borrowed million is spent, if the government wishes to continue to hire the people it must borrow another million and again and again. Dollars spent in private enterprise keep people working indefinitely; dollars spent by the government provide only temporary work.

There is another difference. The interest on a moderate government debt is not serious; but when the interest gets bigger than all the other expenses of the government it becomes a perpetual national headache. At the end of the war, the interest on our national debt, at three percent, will be nine billion dollars. That means that you and I will have to pay in taxes, to cover the *interest alone* (without reducing by a dollar the total of the debt), more than the greatest amount of taxes ever levied for all purposes before Pearl Harbor!

At the bottom of this is the central fact that private business is an "investor"; the government is a "spender." When you pay out money which you never expect to see again either in principal or profit, you "spend" it. You may spend it wisely or foolishly; in either case it is gone. Some so-called "new economists" say that building a park, a road, a playground is an "investment." This is only juggling with words. Government money spent for a playground may pay "dividends" — in better citizenship; but this is not investment in the true economic sense. You "invest" when with your money or labor you create an organism which produces wealth and income. Private business does it; government does not.

There is one more great — and sad — difference between national spending and private investing. When a private corporation becomes crushed under debts it can go into bank-



ruptcy and have them wiped out. The private lenders lose. But the corporation may proceed, unencumbered by debt, to a new long life of usefulness. This has happened at one time or another to most of our railroads.

National government debt, on the other hand, is fixed and irrevocable. If it becomes too big to handle, the government cannot go into bankruptcy. It must extinguish the debt by the violent and destructive process of inflation. This happens when the government, needing astronomical sums, can no longer get them in taxes or loans from the people, and has to borrow inordinately from the banks.* The resulting inflation puts the government's books in shape, but it proves ruinous to the people. Wages never keep up with the skyrocketing prices, so even though the worker may find more money in his pay envelope he can buy less and less with it. Millions receiving wages or salaries or fixed incomes are reduced to direst poverty; the prices of even the plainest necessities of life soar out of reach of their pocketbooks.

Such is the inevitable consequence of our postwar planners' "new economics." There is nothing new about it. Every European nation has used it during the last century. Italy tried it before Mussolini: the old government floated dangerously on public debt. In the end this paved the way for fascism. Since Mussolini came to

power, public debt as a prop to business has been an essential element of fascism. France, from 1820 to the eve of World War II, continuously increased her public debt. Twice she sought escape in inflation. She is going through her third escape. The German government after World War I used it, and Germany's economists began preaching then the "new economics." Hitler adopted their theories. Germany has had one disastrous escape through inflation, and will have another.

Despite such ominous precedents, our own "new economists" in Washington propose to go on borrowing billions for postwar work-projects as a *permanent national plan*. They say this is necessary because our private enterprise system is drying up. They overlook the fact that since 1933 they have thrown innumerable obstacles in the way of labor-producing enterprise that *have* threatened to dry it up. They lament that never again will we see the many opportunities for investment that appeared in the past. The frontiers are gone. There are no longer any great inventions, like the railroad and the automobile, to change our forms of life and produce endless opportunities for the private investor. Therefore, they say, the government when the war ends must do what it is doing now — it must borrow all the savings of the people which private industry cannot absorb and spend them to create employment.

But we have seen that govern-

* See "Inflation in One Easy Lesson," *The Reader's Digest*, May, '43.

ment-made-work on borrowed billions does not produce prosperity, as private industry does, but leads ultimately to catastrophe. A government that lives on borrowed dollars lives on borrowed time.

Is it not clear, then, that the one big problem of this country on the material side is to get the *creative* process of private production and distribution of wealth started again? In all the planning in Washington nobody seems to be planning to accomplish this. At the bottom of all the planning is the conviction of the planners that private enterprise as a dynamic instrument is done.

That doctrine of despair has been

preached before, in our own history, and has been disproved by the irrepressible creative genius of our people. Today industrial leaders know that possibilities for postwar expansion are greater than ever. There can be new inventions, new products, new services, that the bureaucratic mind would never conceive but that the system of competitive enterprise invariably creates.

So I believe the first thing to do is to put the planning for the future in the hands of men who do *not* think we are washed up; who are convinced that with vision and resolute leadership American business again can lead the way to postwar prosperity.

Old Glory's Baptism by Fire

THE Stars and Stripes flew in battle for the first time 166 years ago. The setting for this historic debut was Fort Schuyler, a wilderness post where now stands the little city of Rome, New York. Fort Schuyler lay in the path of General Burgoyne, who had set out from Montreal with 7000 British and Hessian troops to end the Revolution. After recapturing Ticonderoga, Burgoyne was now camped within sight of the fort, where Colonel Peter Gansevoort and 600 Continentals were ready but outnumbered.

It was August 2, 1777. Late in the evening, 200 men of the Ninth Massachusetts slipped in to reinforce Gansevoort, bringing with them, besides guns and powder, copies of the latest Albany papers. In one was a brief item: On

June 13 Congress had resolved "That the flag of the 13 United States be 13 stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be 13 stars, white on a blue field, representing a new constellation."

Someone suggested, "Let's make one!" The white was easy; scores of men offered their shirts. Then a woman contributed her red flannel petticoat and Captain Abraham Swartwout his blue greatcoat. A staff was set up on the bastion nearest the enemy camp, and early in the afternoon of August 3 the assorted wearing apparel, crudely but lovingly fashioned into a flag, was run up, to the music of guns fired by the enemy. A drummer beat assembly, the adjutant read the Congressional resolution -- and the flag was in the fight for the first time.

— Leigh Mitchell Hodges

Ain't No Deer

Condensed from *Prairie Schooner*

A. C. Edwards



JOHN THOMAS was sitting on the porch with his grandpappy, smelling the baked biscuit smell from the cotton oil mill, and feeling his supper feel good where it ought to be. The moon was coming up, and some hounds were baying in the woods.

"Sho was good rabbit for supper, Gran'pappy," said John Thomas.

"Mighty fine, John Thomas."

The old hound dog crept up on the porch and John Thomas drew his bare feet across its warm, soft back.

"Gran'pappy, why don' you shoot us a deer, the way you shot the rabbit? Ah see lots of deer in the mornin', runnin' with the cows."

"I ain't studyin' about killin' no deer, John Thomas. When the frost makes the persimmons good, I'll kill you some right fat possums. Maybe a good ol' coon, and a mess o' squirrels."

"But Ah'd like mighty well to eat a piece o' deer, Gran'pappy. Ain't the deer jus' like the rabbit and the coon and the possum?"

"That's jus' the p'int, John Thomas. When you kills a rabbit, you eats him, and next mornin' in the cabbage patch he's back ag'in. You say, 'Good mornin', Mistuh Johnny Rabbit, how do!' You ain't done him no harm. When you kill a possum and

bake him brown with sweet potatoes for yo' Sunday dinner, the very nex' time you go to the persimmon tree, there he is, big as life and jus' as natural. And when you shoot a mess o' squirrels and stew 'em for yo' breakfus', the nex' time you go in the hickory grove, you see him back ag'in, with all his frien's and relations. But a deer ----"

Grandpappy knocked out his pipe, kicked off his shoes and rubbed his feet on the hound dog's back.

"I mind, John Thomas, when I was a boy like you is, I used to run the deer up with the cows. In the wintertime, when the fawns was big and growed, menfolks on the place decide to shoot some deer. I talked big, and says to the menfolks, let me carry me a gun, and take a stand, and I'll sho find you the deer."

"Well, early one mornin' we took out fer the woods, with all the houn's that could trail deer, and we took our stands. I had a stand on the edge of the pin-oak swamp. I was jus' a little feller, but I sho wanted to get me a deer. The houn's went away off, and pretty soon they begins to holler and carry on."

"I was all by myself, and I starts feelin' kind o' lonesome. I been up so early I's sleepy, and I put my gun

down and leaned ag'inst a tree. By and by, I sort o' doze off.

"Then I hear the houn's a-bayin' powerful loud. They mus' be comin' my way. I grab my gun, and then there was a crackle in the brush. 'Cross the clearin' I see a deer. It was a little one-prong buck I seen with the cows every mornin'. He walk to'ard me and begins nibblin' on the branches.

"I starts to raise my gun, but the deer just look at me with his big brown eyes, right frien'ly-like. I drop my gun.

"By an' by, the houn's come closer, and the deer starts movin' off. I think it be lonesome tomorrow without that deer when I run up the cows. I don' feel good. The houn's is close, so I pint my gun in the air, and *wham*. I fire her off. Then I blows on the bar'l."

"What you do that fer, Gran'pappy?"

"To let the menfolks know I done

kilt a deer off their houn's, so they stop the chase."

"But you didn' kill the deer!"

"I couldn' kill him, John Thomas."

"You let him get plumb away?"

"I try to. But when I listen to him crashin' through the brush, I hear 'nother gun go *wham* and then I hear someone else blowin' on his gun bar'l."

"An' what happen' nex'?" John Thomas asked.

"There was a whole lot of explainin' asked for, about all the shootin' and the blowin' on the gun bar'ls, and who claim' the deer. But I didn' say nothin'. I just went on home an' put my pappy's gun in the corner."

"Is that all, Gran'pappy?"

"The very nex' mornin', when I goes out to run up the cows, there ain't no deer. It was mighty lonesome, John Thomas, and I don' want you or nobody to study 'bout killin' no deer."



The Will to Live

AFTER a raid during the first World War, an AEF surgeon told the chaplain that one wounded man was quite beyond hope. The chaplain leaned over him: "My dear fellow, you are very badly wounded; have you anything to say or any word you want to send to your family?"

"My inside coat pocket," breathed the soldier, painfully.

The chaplain felt a pocketbook, and took it out. "Is this what you want?"

"Yes, open it."

"Here is a ten-dollar bill. Is that what you want?"

"Yes," said the soldier, in a whisper. "Bet you *that* that I don't die." And he did not.

—Frank H. Clacey, *The Will to Win* (Wilde)

U.S. FOREIGN POLICY

Shield of the Republic

A CONDENSATION FROM THE BOOK BY

WALTER LIPPMANN

THOSE who think that foreign policy is a difficult subject will be fascinated by the clarity and irresistible logic with which Mr. Lippmann charts a course that will ensure both our national self-interest and future security.

Here, at last, is a program on which Americans can wholeheartedly unite, to make our country indestructible in our own and our children's lifetime.

What Walter Lippmann, America's most distinguished political writer, says brilliantly, with passionate belief, out of deep knowledge and ripe wisdom, is of vital interest to every one of us. No more important book has been written for Americans in a generation.

"U. S. Foreign Policy" is a Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

Foreword

Mr. Lippmann's theme in this extraordinary and absorbing book is that America has been for 40 years disastrously unprepared to wage war or to make peace, that we face dire national peril if we do not now and henceforth find and unite on a sound and realistic foreign policy.

Lest he seem to criticize his fellow Americans for lack of international vision, he confesses in his Introduction that his own vision was similarly clouded for years.

"I cannot remember taking any interest in foreign affairs," he says, "until after the outbreak of the first World War. As a boy I had, to be sure, been greatly excited by Dewey's victory in Manila Bay. But years afterwards, in spite of much reading about public affairs, I lacked any understanding of the revolutionary consequences of the Spanish-American War.

"In fact I came out of college thinking that Theodore Roosevelt was eccentric in harping on the Panama Canal and the navy. For in my youth we all assumed that the money spent on battleships would better be spent on schoolhouses, and that war was an affair that 'militarists' talked about and not something that progressive democrats paid any attention to. I had no notion that it would ever touch me or jeopardize the interests of the country.

"It was possible for an American in those days to be totally unconscious of the world he lived in. I sailed for England a few days after the Archduke Ferdinand was assassinated at Sarajevo in June 1914, and I spent a delightful summer in England. I do not remember hearing any discussion of the Serbian crisis, and so little concern did I have with it that in the last week of July I crossed over to Belgium and bought a ticket for a journey through Germany. I remember being rather annoyed when I found that the German border was closed because Belgium had had an ultimatum.

"So I know at least one young man who was not mentally prepared for the age he was destined to live in. Nor even under the shock of one great war did understanding come easily. I had learned to understand, by 1917, that a German victory would be a triumph of the Prussian military caste 'which aims to make Germany the leader of a coalition against the Atlantic world.' But though later I worked for President Wilson under Colonel House's direction on the terms of peace, I did not have the sense to see that the acquisition of German islands in the Pacific by Japan was a fatal blow to our defenses in the Pacific.

"And though I knew that British-American sea power combined was necessary to our own security, I was too weak-minded to take a stand against the exorbitant folly of the Washington Disarmament Conference."

Rarely has a more challenging book on America's place in the world been written than this one in which Mr. Lippmann reveals what he has learned since the days of innocence in which we all lived.

U. S. FOREIGN POLICY

AS THE CLIMAX of the war finds the people of the United States approaching a national election, we must face the fact that for nearly 50 years the nation has not had a settled and generally accepted foreign policy. This is a danger to the Republic. For when a people is divided within itself about the conduct of its foreign relations, it is unable to prepare adequately for war or to safeguard successfully its true interest in peace.

The country had a secure foreign policy toward the great powers from the decade after the end of the War of 1812 to the end of the war with Spain in 1898. But the nation became divided over the consequences of the war with Spain, and never since then has it been possible for any President of the United States to rely upon the united support of the nation in the conduct of foreign affairs.

The consequences have been grave. The war with Spain left the United States with commitments in the Pacific 7000 miles west of California. The lack of a settled foreign policy made it impossible for the United States to liquidate the commitment by withdrawing from the Far Pacific or to fulfill it by assuring the defense

of the Philippines. The outbreak of the first World War precipitated an internal controversy about America's rights and its interests, its duties and its obligations. As a result, the country was unable to prepare for that war even when American participation had become probable, and it was unable to consolidate the victory which it helped to win.

During the 20 years which followed, unending domestic controversy over foreign policy made the American government as ineffectual in preventing the second World War as it was in preparing for it. Now the country again finds itself unable to think clearly and to decide firmly what policy it will follow in the settlement of the war.

Our failure to form such a policy will, though we defeat our enemies, leave us dangerously exposed to deadly conflict at home and to unmanageable perils from abroad.

The failure to form a foreign policy is due to an historic circumstance. For about 80 years — from the promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine to the end of the war with Spain — there was no need for the American people to form a foreign policy. When events compelled us once again to attend to foreign relations,

we had lost the art of shaping a policy, and could not find a policy because we no longer knew what we needed.

In foreign relations, as in all other relations, a policy has been formed only when commitments and power have been brought into balance; when men admit that they must pay for what they want and that they must want only what they are willing to pay for. This is the forgotten principle which must be restored to the first place in American thought if the nation is to achieve the foreign policy which it so desperately wants.

Now that we have been attacked by a combination of exceedingly dangerous enemies, we are liquidating in sweat and blood and tears, and at our mortal peril, the fact that we made commitments, asserted rights, and proclaimed ideals while we left our frontiers unguarded, our armaments unprepared, and our alliances unsustained.

Our Foreign Commitments

Before we examine the history of our insolvent foreign relations, we must be sure that we know what we mean by a foreign commitment and by the power to balance it.

I mean by a foreign commitment an obligation, outside the continental limits of the United States, which may in the last analysis have to be met by waging war.

I mean by power the force which is necessary to prevent such a war or to win it if it cannot be prevented. In the

term necessary power I include the military force of the United States and also the reinforcements which can be obtained from dependable allies.

The thesis of this book is that a foreign policy consists in bringing into balance, with a comfortable surplus of power in reserve, the nation's commitments and the nation's power.

The United States opened a new chapter in its history by making its first vast foreign commitment in 1823, when President Monroe declared that, at the risk of war, the United States would thereafter resist the creation of new European empires in the Western Hemisphere. The prohibition was directed at the Holy Alliance (Spain, France, Russia and Austria). This momentous engagement was taken by President Monroe after he had consulted Madison and Jefferson. They approved it only after Canning, the British Foreign Secretary, had assured the American Minister, Richard Rush, that Britain and the British navy would support the United States. They were sure, after studying Rush's report from London, that Britain in her own political and commercial interest would not permit the Holy Alliance to intervene in South America.

For the Founding Fathers understood the realities of foreign policy too well to make commitments without having first made certain they had the means to support them. They knew, as John Quincy Adams put it, that at that time the naval power of

the United States was to that of Great Britain "as a cockboat in the wake of the British man-of-war."

And they knew, as Jefferson replied to Monroe, that "Great Britain is the nation which can do us the most harm of any one, or all on earth; and with her on our side we need not fear the whole world."

Unfortunately, however, for the education of the American people in the realities of foreign policy the understanding with Britain, which preceded Monroe's Message, was never avowed. To this day most Americans have never heard of it. Yet as a matter of fact the two governments very nearly made a joint declaration.

We came to believe that the immense obligation to protect the Western Hemisphere, and consequently almost any other obligation we chose to assume, could in the nature of things be validated by American forces alone. Because the informal alliance with British sea power was concealed, and was displeasing to their self-esteem, the American people lost the prudence, so consistently practised by the Founding Fathers, of not underestimating the risks of their commitments and of not overestimating their own power.

We Enter the Pacific

With this misunderstanding of the nature of foreign policy, the United States extended its commitments far beyond the wide limits of the Monroe Doctrine and proceeded to expand into the Pacific. In 1867 Seward

bought Alaska from Russia. In 1878 a coaling station was established at Pago Pago in Samoa. In 1893-1898 the Hawaiian Islands were annexed. The war with Spain gave us Guam and the Philippines.

By the acquisition of the Philippines the United States had placed itself at the geographical center of the empires of Eastern Asia, and at the strategic crossroads of their lines of communication. This was, as Captain Mahan put it, "a proposition entirely unexpected and novel." It was "Asiatic dominion."

A few months later the Secretary of State, John Hay, wrote his notes on the Open Door in China, and the "circular" which declared that "the policy of the government of the United States is to seek a solution which may" — among other things — "preserve Chinese territorial and administrative entity."

From the day when Admiral Dewey sailed into Manila Bay until the day when General Wainwright surrendered Corregidor, the United States never made a sustained and prudent, or remotely adequate, effort to bring these immense obligations and its power into balance.

President Theodore Roosevelt, who, with Senator Lodge and Captain Mahan, was the principal promoter of the commitment, did realize that the new departure called for new measures. So he insisted upon digging the Panama Canal in order that the navy could be concentrated rapidly in either ocean. He per-

sued Congress and the people to support the construction of a modern navy.

He knew that we also needed friends and virtual allies — allies against the rising imperialism of Germany and later on against the rising imperialism of Japan. For that reason he never allowed disputes about China to alienate the United States from Great Britain. For the same reason he intervened quickly in the Moroccan Affair of 1905 in order to prevent a European war which, he realized, would leave the United States alone with its vast commitments.

Theodore Roosevelt had, therefore, the elements of a genuine foreign policy. But these rudimentary beginnings were not carried forward by his successors.

Woodrow Wilson

The mental habits of Theodore Roosevelt's immediate successors — Taft and Wilson — were formed in the period of illusory isolation which had lasted from 1823 to 1898. In both of them the idealism which prompts Americans to make large and resounding commitments was combined with the pacifism which causes Americans to shrink from the measures of force that are needed to support the commitments. Neither promoted the preparation of armaments in time of peace. Both accepted reluctantly and tardily the need to arm.

When the long-expected war in Europe broke out in 1914, President

Wilson had no foreign policy, accepted by the nation, which gave him the means of judging whether, why, when, where, how, and to what end, the United States must take its position in the war.

From 1914 to 1916 Wilson vacillated between the assertion of American rights and reluctance to face the consequences of asserting them, between dread of a German victory and dread of a war to prevent a German victory. Thus he took a zigzag course, now one way because the British blockade infringed the American doctrine of the freedom of the seas, now the other way because German ruthlessness outraged American sensibilities. The nation had no means of ascertaining its true interests. The verbal battle of the propagandists, of which so much was made in later years, was fought in this vacuum of the American mind.

Because of this vacuum, the United States went to war in April 1917 for reasons which were never willingly or accurately avowed. President Wilson based his decision to intervene upon the legal objection to unrestricted submarine warfare and upon a moral objection to lawless and cruel aggression. But these superficial reasons for the declaration of war would never have carried the day if a majority of the people had not recognized intuitively that if Germany won, America would have to live in a perpetual state of alert military preparedness. The United States did not go to war to make the

world safe for all democracies, to overthrow the Kaiser and make Germany a democratic republic, or to found a League of Nations; it went to war in order to preserve American security.

And when the war was over, the nation would almost certainly have accepted the League of Nations in some form if President Wilson had been able to demonstrate that the League would perpetuate the security which the military victory had won. Mr. Wilson failed to make this demonstration, because in leading the nation to war he had failed to give the compelling reasons for the momentous decision.

Because this simple American interest was not made explicit, the nation never understood clearly why it had entered the war. As time went on, the country was therefore open to every insinuation that the nation had fought for no good reason at all, that its victory was meaningless, that it had been maneuvered into a non-American war by the international bankers and the British diplomats.

Not until 20 years later, not until France had fallen and Britain was in mortal peril, not until the Japanese had surrounded the Philippines, did the nation perceive the hidden but real structure of America's strategic position in the world.

Eventually there is a reckoning for nations, as for individuals, who have obligations that are not covered by their resources. Between 1931 and 1937 it had become manifest that the

time of that reckoning had come. Germany and Japan and Italy were on the march and they would dominate the world if they were not successfully resisted. The American situation demanded an immediate, intensified expansion of our armed forces, the fortification of our strategic commitments in Alaska, Guam, the Philippines, and Panama, and arrangements for mutual aid with Great Britain, France, and China — our obvious allies in an attack which was being prepared against them and against us alike. But this prudent course was held to be politically inadvisable.

President Roosevelt's Prewar Policy

Thus from 1937 to 1940 President Roosevelt moved anxiously and hesitantly between his knowledge of what ought to be done and his estimate of how much the people would understand what ought to be done. He did not succeed in persuading the nation to attend effectively to the American interest. Though he himself realized the peril, he did not insist on greater armaments until after the Japanese had conquered the coast of China, had encircled the Philippines, and were poised for attack. Not until after France had fallen, not until Britain was threatened with invasion, did he feel able to move at all.

He did not feel able to do what was needed because of the series of furious controversies which divided

the nation between 1937 and 1941. None of these costly controversies would have taken the form it did take if the President had been able to present it to a people which realized how serious were their commitments and had acquired the habit of covering their commitments.

And even now, as we approach the climax of the struggle, it is still by no means certain that a settled American policy can be established against the abiding illusions of more than a century of inexperience in the realities of foreign policy.

Mirages

The elementary means by which all foreign policy must be conducted are the armed forces of the nation, the arrangement of its strategic position, and the choice of its alliances. In the American ideology these things had come to be regarded as militaristic, imperialistic, reactionary, and archaic; the proper concern of right-minded men was held to be peace, disarmament, and a choice between non-intervention and collective security.

The Founders of the Republic entertained none of these illusions. They did not regard peace as more important than the national security. Indeed, in the Farewell Address, Washington said, "*we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.*" They never thought of making unpreparedness for war a national ideal. And though they spoke against "entangling" alli-

ances, they never hesitated to seek the support of other powers, as in the case of the Louisiana Purchase and the declaration of the Monroe Doctrine, when they saw that directly or indirectly the help of an ally could promote the national interest.

In the hundred years which followed Monroe's declaration, the ideal of peace diverted our attention from the idea of national security. The objections to armaments and alliances flourished, and became a national ideology, owing to the historical accident that in that period Asia was dormant, Europe divided, and Britain's command of the sea unchallenged. As a result, we never had to meet our obligations in this hemisphere and in the Pacific, and we enjoyed a security which we took almost no measures to sustain.

This unearned security during a long century had the effect upon our national habits of mind which the lazy enjoyment of unearned income so often has upon the descendants of a hard-working grandfather. It caused us to forget that man has to earn his security and his liberty as he has to earn his living. We came to think that our privileged position was a natural right, and then to believe that our unearned security was the reward of our moral superiority.

The Mirage of "Peace." In examining our national prejudices, we may begin by asking ourselves whether peace, as so many say, is the

supreme end of foreign policy. Merely to ask the question would have sounded shocking a short while ago. At the moment, it is obvious that the survival of the nation in its independence and its security is a greater end than peace.

The vice of the pacifist ideal is that it conceals the true end of foreign policy -- to provide for the security of the nation in peace *and* in war. A nation has security when it does not have to sacrifice its legitimate interests to avoid war and is able, if challenged, to maintain them by war. The untoward result of the pacifist ideal is to cause the nation to neglect its defenses and to ignore its enemies.

The course of events from the seizure of Manchuria in 1931 to the invasion of Poland in 1939 has proved how the pacifist ideal in Great Britain, France and the United States permitted and even encouraged the ambitions of the aggressive states. The preachment and the practice of pacifists in Britain and America were a cause of the failure to keep pace with the growth of German and Japanese armaments. They led to the policy of so-called appeasement, which led to the surrender of the Rhineland and Czechoslovakia. What was surrendered by our allies in the name of peace became the strategic foundation upon which Hitler prosecuted his war.

We may call this the vicious circle of pacifism. In the name of peace the nation is made weak and unwilling to

defend its vital interests. Confronted with the menace of superior force, it then surrenders its vital interests. The pacifist statesmen justify their surrender on the ground, first, that peace is always preferable to war, and second, that because the nation wants peace so much, it is not prepared to wage war. Finally, with its back to the wall, the pacifist nation has to fight nevertheless. But then it fights against a strategically superior enemy; it fights with its own armaments insufficient and with its alliances shattered.

This was the way in which the pacifist idea led the peace-loving nations to the very edge of the catastrophe from which they are now saving themselves only at prodigious cost. The generation which most sincerely and elaborately declared that peace is the supreme end of foreign policy got not peace, but a most devastating war.

The Mirage of "Disarmament." In the interval between the two great wars the United States sought to promote peace by denouncing war, and by promoting disarmament. The disarmament movement was tragically successful in disarming the nations that believed in disarmament, in dissolving the alliance among the victors of the first World War, and reducing them to almost disastrous impotence on the eve of the second World War.

The movement for peace by disarmament was initiated by President

Harding, who summoned our ex-allies to the Washington Conference. We insisted upon the rupture of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, thus isolating Japan and offering her the option of finding new allies among the vanquished states. Japan made her new alliance with Germany. We then "imposed," as we imagined, a ratio of naval forces, especially of the long-range offensive ships, which guaranteed Japan against any prompt and effective naval intervention by America or Britain in the Far Eastern area of Japanese ambition. Finally, having disarmed ourselves strategically vis-à-vis Japan, we worked with the British on the project of reducing the value of their navy and of ours.

The effect was to impair radically the Anglo-American control of the sea communications of the world. That was not the intention, of course. It was supposed that if the ratio of the fleets was maintained, the balance of power would be the same, though the fleets were smaller. This was a fallacy in calculation. For, as the absolute size of the British and American fleets was reduced, the area in which they could operate contracted. The reduced British fleet had to be concentrated at the British Isles. The reduced American fleet had to be concentrated between California and Hawaii. Thus Japan obtained superiority in all the waters that mattered to her; thus the partners of one great war disarmed one another in the short period remain-

ing before they were to be partners again in an even greater war.

The Mirage of "No Entangling Alliances." The hard core of resistance to the formation of foreign policy has been the popular objection to alliances. This prejudice rests, so most of us were brought up to believe, upon the teachings of the Founding Fathers of the Republic.

Yet as a matter of fact the words and acts of the Founding Fathers show that they were only too pleased to have allies whenever they thought it would serve the national interest. In the War of Independence Washington rejoiced when Franklin succeeded in making an ally of France. In the great affair of the Louisiana Purchase, Jefferson did not shrink from accepting the diplomatic encouragement of Britain. Far from sharing the popular prejudice against alliances, they made alliances, at one time and another, with France and Britain, the two greatest foreign powers of their time.

On April 18, 1802, 13 months after uttering his celebrated injunction against entangling alliances, we find President Jefferson writing about the threatened cession of Louisiana by Spain to France: "The day that France takes possession of New Orleans . . . seals the union of two nations, who, in conjunction, can maintain exclusive possession of the ocean. From that moment, we must marry ourselves to the British fleet and nation."

And, in a phrase which is an interesting forerunner of President Roosevelt's invention "The United Nations," Jefferson spoke of "holding the two continents of America in sequestration for the common purposes of the United British and American nations."

And finally, in the preparation of the Monroe Doctrine, the Founding Fathers made their great decision after negotiations in London by which they were assured of the armed diplomatic support of Great Britain.

How then did we come to think that alliances were contrary to the example of the Founding Fathers, and therefore alien to the purest American tradition? I believe that the reason is simple. For 75 years after the adoption of the Monroe Doctrine, the unavowed but none the less actual British-American community of interest which supported it worked on the whole so well that, as with the air we breathe or our stomachs when they are in good order, we were unconscious of the implied alliance.

But after 1899, when the Senate had ratified the treaty of peace with Spain, the structure of policy built by Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe was no longer adequate, for American commitments had been extended across the Pacific to the China Coast. As the liabilities increased, the assets on the other side of the balance sheet decreased. In 1900 Germany began to build a great

navy, and soon thereafter, Japan followed suit.

Thus the old order of our foreign relations was radically dislocated. Yet American statesmanship was no longer equal to the task of estimating commitments and power, liabilities and assets, risks and precautions. The American nation clung to the illusions which had sufficed under the old order. The prejudice against alliances was so deep that we refused to distinguish between those nations whose vital interests made them our potential allies and those nations whose opposing interests made them potential foes. Thus we were as zealous in seeking to disarm Britain as Japan, and from 1914 to 1916, and again from September 1939 to June 1940, American policy professed to see no vital American interest in whether Britain or Germany won the war.

Foreign Policy and Domestic Dissension

We come now to the object of our inquiry. It is to discover and elucidate the valid foreign policy of the United States in our own time, and find common ground upon which the American people can again unite.

Our experience since the founding of the Republic has shown that domestic division over foreign relations is the consequence — and not the cause — of an insolvent foreign policy. And since 1899 American foreign policy has never been solvent. Accordingly the nation has been deeply

divided, throughout this period, on the issues of imperialism, on intervention in the first World War, on participation in the settlement of that war, on reconstruction after that war, on measures to prevent the second World War, on preparedness for it, on intervention in it, and on what course to take when it ends.

Insolvency in foreign policy will mean that preventable wars are not prevented, that unavoidable wars are fought without being adequately prepared for, and that settlements are made which are the prelude to a new cycle of unprevented wars, unprepared wars, and unworkable settlements.

We have been living in this grim cycle for nearly 50 years. It can be broken now only by the formulation of a policy which works so well that it heals the dissension.

The example of Monroe, Jefferson, and Madison teaches us that a true policy will not be formulated if the responsible statesmen shirk the responsibility of making the initial decision. Monroe announced to Congress the policy which he and Madison and Jefferson had decided upon. He did what he conceived to be right and necessary. The correspondence of the three Virginia Presidents is concerned not with what the Gallup poll might show about the opinions of a divided people, but with what the vital interests of the country required in the situation as it presented itself. They formulated a sound policy which the

divided people came, because of its inherent virtue, to unite in supporting.

In our age, to be sure, a great policy cannot be adopted by private consultation among a few leading men. But the essential principle is not changed: the policy must be examined *on its merits* and not with respect to its immediate popularity. The measure of a policy is its soundness; if it is sound, it will unite the common sense of the nation because it is self-evident.

The Defensive Area of the United States

Our internal disputes have turned upon the question: What are the vital interests of the United States?

There was considerable opposition to Jefferson's purchase of the Louisiana territory. The war with Mexico (1846) was opposed by the Whigs; as a member of Congress, Abraham Lincoln accused President Polk of "marching an American army out of proven American territory into land not established as American soil."

But once the continental homeland had become *proven American territory*, its defense as against foreign powers became a universally recognized vital interest. Yet our continental limits have never corresponded with the defensive frontiers of the United States. The lands which the American nation was prepared to defend in war have since the Monroe Doctrine included the whole of the Western Hemisphere.

Unfriendly foreign critics of the Monroe Doctrine have called it the cloak of United States imperialism. Domestic critics have occasionally argued that the commitment was too extensive, and that it should be contracted to the line of the Amazon River and the bulge of Brazil. But the American people saw in 1940 that if we acquiesced in the establishment of Germany or Japan south of the Amazon, we should be confronted with a direct menace to the security of the regions north of the Amazon. The presence of hostile land-based air power in South America, and the command of sea and air conditions from Europe and Africa across the South Atlantic, would have placed the United States permanently and dangerously on the defensive.

Thus the true defensive region of the security of the United States is the land mass of North and South America. This is the region which has to be defended against invasion, intrusion and absorption by conspiracy within.

During the nineteenth century British sea power had unchallenged command of the approaches to the Americas. It was therefore possible for the United States to assume that Britain would provide the primary strategic defense by restraining the trans-oceanic powers, and that ours was the secondary obligation of defending the territories of the two Americas.

As soon, then, as Britain no longer

ruled all the oceans — which was after about 1900 — our own strategic doctrine ceased to be adequate. The immense coast line of the two Americas cannot be defended by standing guard on the beaches, or even by a navy based upon the Americas and, therefore, compelled to let the enemy decide where and when he would strike.

The strategic defenses of the United States are not at the three-mile limit in American waters, but extend across both oceans and to all the trans-oceanic lands from which an attack by sea or by air can be made. American security at sea has always extended to the coast line of Europe, Africa, and Asia. In the new age of air power it extends beyond the coast line to the airdromes from which planes can take off.

The Naked Elements of Our Position

This enables us to state the fundamental conception upon which the foreign policy of the United States must be formed.

Between the New World and the Old there is an ocean of sea and air.

The two Americas are, in relation to the rest of the world, islands in this ocean.

The greater part of the inhabited portion of South America, below the bulge of Brazil, is at present more easily accessible by sea, and in some respects by air, to and from Europe and Africa than it is to and from the United States. Among the

great powers, the nearest neighbors of the United States are Britain, Russia, and Japan. They are also, with the exception of Germany, the principal military powers of the modern world.

The relations of Britain, Russia, Japan and the United States have since about 1900 regulated, and will for the predictable future regulate, the issues of peace and war for the New World. Germany bears upon the New World as the enemy or as the ally of the other great powers who are our nearer neighbors. In both World Wars, American neutrality became impossible when Germany threatened to become our nearest neighbor by conquering Britain.

It is necessary to fix clearly in view these naked elements of our position in the world.

Since South America contains no principal military power which can defend it, we must regard the defense of South America as a vital interest. It is a commitment which can be challenged only by one of the great powers of the Northern Hemisphere, and the fulfillment of our commitment depends upon whether, in our relations with the great powers, our friends outweigh our foes.

Our other relations are also controlled by the alignment of the great powers within the system. As the event has shown, an isolated Japanese-American War is an impossibility. The course of war between Japan and the United States is regu-

lated by the relationship among all the great powers.

It is nothing but an illusion, fostered by the false reading of history, which has led so many to think that America has ever been able to stay out of any great war in which there was at stake the order of power in the oceans which surround the Americas. The people who live on this continent have from the beginning of their history been involved in the relations of war and peace among the great powers which face the same ocean. It has been merely an accident that for more than a hundred years after Monroe the order of power was so stable that Americans forgot that it existed.

The Order of Power

The relationship of his nation with the other great powers is the paramount concern of the maker of foreign policy. Unless this relationship is such that the combination against him is not stronger than the combination to which he belongs, his commitments exceed his means, and he is leading his people into grave trouble.

Therefore, no great power can be indifferent to any of the other great powers. If its object is to win a war it has chosen to wage, or not to lose a war imposed upon it, a great power must have allies among the great powers. And if its object is, as ours must be, to preserve the peace, then it must form a combination of indisputably preponderant power with

other great states which also desire peace.

For a hundred years between Waterloo and the invasion of Belgium there existed in the world an order of power which was good enough to prevent a great war. There were localized, limited, short wars, but there was no general and total war. Over this order Great Britain presided by means of her unchallenged command of the seas. Within this order Germany, Japan, and the United States developed into great powers.

By the turn of the century the old order no longer corresponded with the true distribution of power in the world, and there began the cycle of twentieth-century wars. During this period none of the great states has been able to form a workable foreign policy. One and all they misjudged the forces with them and the forces against them.

In 1914 Germany, with no ally except rapidly decomposing Austria-Hungary, went to war with a combination of great powers which finally included all the great powers. This insured her defeat. Germany realized her error, and in 1939 she thought she had corrected it. She had made alliances with Italy and Japan, two of her former enemies, and a pact with a third, Russia; and she carefully cultivated the isolationism of the fourth, America.

Thus she inaugurated her second war under auspicious circumstances, and won rapid, spectacular, and

cheap victories. But then she fell into the error she had sought to avoid. Instead of wooing the vanquished, she infuriated them. Instead of placating the neutrals, she menaced them: Russia by invading her, America by threatening South America and by promoting the alliance with Japan. This brought into being the great coalition which will destroy Germany's power.

The foreign policy of Japan during this same period consisted in antagonizing all her neighbors and making only one ally — Germany, which was not a Far Eastern Power.

The foreign policy of England, France, and the United States was nearly as disastrous. At the armistice of 1918 they constituted a combination so strong that they had within their reach the means to construct a new order of power. But they did not do this. On the contrary they dissolved the combination. First, they ostracized Russia, being more concerned with the passing danger of an ideology than with the permanent order of power. Then they isolated Japan. Then they isolated themselves one from the other. The new combination of the aggressor states was formed without opposition. At Munich Hitler compelled Great Britain and France to separate themselves from Russia. The United States meanwhile had persuaded itself, by passing the Neutrality Act, that it must be separated from Britain and France while it became increasingly embroiled with Japan.

To be isolated is for any state the worst of all predicaments. To be the member of a combination which can be depended upon to act together, and, when challenged, to fight together, is to have achieved the highest degree of security which is attainable in a world where there are many sovereign national states.

The area of our commitments in the New World is very nearly half the surface of the globe, yet the potential military strength of the Old World is enormously greater than that of the New World. The total combat power that can be mobilized by Britain, Russia, Germany, Japan, China, France, Italy, Poland, the Central European and the Balkan countries is overwhelmingly superior to the combat power which with the extremest exertion we could possibly mobilize.

Thus we must safeguard the future by founding our foreign policy on the undeniable necessity of forming dependable alliances in the Old World.

The Atlantic Community

What alliances must the United States seek to form? If that question can be answered correctly, we shall then be able to determine the degree of our military preparedness, and the choice of strategic outposts. For obviously the American nation cannot remain permanently at the level of armaments which we have set for the year 1947. It is no less obvious that the nation will not, in any future

we need consider, disarm. Somewhere between the two extremes the level of our postwar establishments will have to be fixed.

Yet it will be impossible to fix it except in relation to the military power of other states, and on a basis of assured knowledge whether we must regard each of them as partner, potential foe, or uncertain neutral. For unless we have organized our own position and made our alliances in the postwar order, we cannot have a military policy. It is impossible to prepare efficiently against all conceivable combinations. It is therefore the business of diplomacy to reduce the uncertainty by forming dependable alliances, in order to limit the number of potential opponents against whom it is necessary to prepare.

At the end of this war, if we succeed in destroying the military power of Germany and Japan, there will exist in the world only three great military states — Britain, Russia, and the United States.

Germany and Japan, we have declared, will not be allowed to become great powers for a long time, and if this declaration is to be enforced, then the three surviving great powers — Britain, Russia, and the United States — will have to enforce it. They cannot, however, enforce it unless they are allied for the purpose of enforcing it. If they fail to form the alliance, then it will be because they are potential antagonists. Once that potential antago-

alism is recognized by their dissolving the alliance which exists in order to wage this war, one or all of the three victors will inevitably move towards arrangements with the defeated powers.

This is what happened after 1919: when the victorious alliance dissolved, vanquished Germany made an alliance with victorious Italy and victorious Japan. If America should reject all alliances, then we must expect the other powers to combine for their own security.

A British-American Connection

The question then is the formation of an American alliance with Britain and with the Soviet Union.

Let us examine first the project of a British-American alliance.

When we consider the region which the United States must defend, we find that Britain is established within that region as well as outside of it. Canada is in the geographic center of this region. The only land highway to Alaska passes through Canada. All the short airways to Europe and Asia pass over Canada. Thus the geography of air power links the leading dominion in the British Commonwealth of Nations inseparably with the United States.

But aircraft taking off in North America must be able to land outside of North America — somewhere in Europe, Africa, and Asia. So without the use of advanced air bases across the oceans, American air power cannot be developed effectively.

At the utmost, American air power, with assured use of air bases only in North America, would be condemned to waiting for the enemy to strike if, when, and where he chooses.

And air power cannot be effective without sea power. For it is not practicable by means of the air alone to establish, construct, supply, and defend overseas air bases.

For Alaska, destined to be one of the greatest air centers of the future, the use of the land highway across Canada and the command of the seas from our Pacific Coast are absolutely indispensable.

In regard to Greenland, or a more advanced air base in Iceland, the support of American air power depends upon sea communications. On one side of that sea lane lie the Dominion of Canada and the British colony of Newfoundland, and on the other side of it lie the British Isles. The security of the northern approaches to the American continent is inseparably related to the sea and air power of Britain.

The strategic defense of the whole South American continent as it faces the Atlantic is likewise dependent upon sea and air, communications, commanded by the outposts of Great Britain.

We find the British power projected to Bathurst and Freetown in West Africa. Gibraltar commands the Mediterranean entrance. Capetown commands the southern entrance from the Indian Ocean. The

Falkland Islands command the southern entrance from the Pacific Ocean around Cape Horn. Thus the region which we must defend can be attacked only from the region over which Britain commands all the approaches by sea.

Moreover, because the defense of Canada, the greatest of all the British dominions, is inextricably bound up with the defense of the Western Hemisphere, the British vital interest and the American vital interest are complementary and inseparable. Britain must go to the defense of the Americas or the British Commonwealth of Nations would dissolve. America must go to the defense of the United Kingdom or run the mortal risk of letting a hostile power establish itself in the near approaches to the Western Hemisphere.

The reality of this bond between Britain and America has been tested and demonstrated for more than a century.

Once it is clear how indispensable is a British-American alliance in the Atlantic, where our most fundamental interests lie, it will also become clear that the alliance is necessary to the defense of the Pacific. Our chain of bases to the Philippines cannot be held securely unless there is an anchor at the other end. This anchor can be provided only by China.

The Chinese armies and American air forces in China can be built up and maintained only because India is an ally of China and of the United

States. It is from India that supplies reach China by air. It is only from India that Burma can be reconquered and the Burma Road reopened. But nothing whatever could be done from India if the British in the United Kingdom were not able to keep open the sea communications through the Indian Ocean.

Is it not undeniable that American commitments in the Atlantic and the Pacific dictate the need for an alliance with the British Commonwealth of Nations and with the Empire? Is it not best to proclaim frankly that the alliance is necessary, and then to demonstrate the need for it to the common sense of the British, the Canadian, and the American people? Is it not a far healthier relation than a connection which is concealed and denied in time of peace, and then imperatively acted upon under the pressure of catastrophic peril in time of war?

No doubt there are, between the British and Americans, conflicting interests, frictions and antagonisms. But the more openly avowed is the bond of our vital interests, the more clearly we shall see the points of disagreement. Only when it is certain that the two great systems of states — the British Commonwealth and the American republics — will not go to war with each other, and that neither will permit the other to be destroyed, will there exist the security within which they can safely work out their differences.

Russia and the U. S.

The story of Russian-American relations is an impressive demonstration of how unimportant is the determination of policy is ideology, how compelling is national interest. In a classic paper Mr. DeWitt Clinton Poole has shown that Americans have never liked "the governments which the Russians have permitted to rule over them." They have disliked the Czarist autocracy and they have disliked the Soviet dictatorship. The Czars returned the compliment by regarding the American democracy as a bad revolutionary example.

Today we are the conservative state. The Soviets have regarded America as a capitalist, imperialist state, and therefore antagonistic to their social order.

Nevertheless, Russia and the United States have usually, each in its own interest, supported one another in the critical moments of their history. They have never had a collision which made them enemies. Each has regarded the other as a potential friend in the rear of its potential enemies.

May this historic relationship be expected to continue? The answer must be, whatever the future may bring, that we are at a decisive turning point in our relations with Russia.

It is the assumption now that as a result of her defeat Germany will never again be able to make a bid for the mastery of Europe and of the

transatlantic region of American security; that Japan will never again be able to seek to make an empire over China and the Indies.

If this assumption is correct, then Russian-American relations will no longer be controlled by the historic fact that each is for the other a potential friend in the rear of its potential enemies. Russia will, on the contrary, be the greatest power in the rear of our indispensable friends — the British, Scandinavian, Dutch, Belgian, and Latin members of the Atlantic Community. In Asia, Russia will be our nearest neighbor across the Northern Pacific and by air over the Polar regions; Russia will be the nearest neighbor of China.

Thus the question in Europe is whether Russia will seek to extend her power westward into Europe in such a way that it threatens the security of the Atlantic states. The question in the Pacific is whether as nearest neighbors by land, sea and air, the United States and Russia will move towards rivalry or towards a common ground of understanding. As the two questions are inseparable, the crucial question of the epoch we are entering is the relationship between Russia and that Atlantic Community in which Britain and the United States are the leading military powers.

It is plain that our grand objective must be a settlement which does not call for a permanent American military intervention in Europe to maintain it. I am not speaking of the

force needed to make the defeat of Germany conclusive, but the force to maintain the European order against Russia after Germany has ceased to be the great power of continental Europe.

A settlement which could be maintained only by aligning American, and therefore also British, military power against Russia in Europe would set the stage inexorably for a third World War in Europe and in Asia as well. Russia and the Atlantic Community have, therefore, a profound common interest in a European settlement which will maintain itself without bringing them into conflict. The objective test of whether there is to be peace or war will be whether the borderland between Russia and the Atlantic states is settled by consent or by pressure, dictation and diplomatic violence.

We cannot agree again to the conception of the Versailles settlement which treated the border region as a military barrier, as the *cordon sanitaire*, between Russia and the rest of Europe. The barrier has no military value. Germany broke through it easily. Russia could break through it easily.

To encourage the nations of Central and Eastern Europe to organize themselves as a barrier against Russia would be to make a commitment that the United States could not carry out. We should be in the position of promising these nations a protection we are unable to provide. It follows that the existence of these

borderland states depends upon their willingness to change their basic political assumptions, retire from power politics, and seek a neutralized role like that of the Scandinavians and the Swiss.

With Russia in Asia our relations will become, after the destruction of Japanese power, direct and of the highest consequence. In fact, here Russia is physically the nearest to us of any great power, excepting only Canada as a member of the British Commonwealth. Alaska is nearer to Siberia than it is to the United States. The shortest airways from America to China pass over Russian territory. If, as most airmen believe, the Arctic Ocean is to be one of the principal airways of the future, then the United States, Canada, the United Kingdom and Russia are the four nations which will control those airways.

Our relations with Russia can no longer be regulated, then, by the old rule that each is to the other a potential friend in the rear of its potential enemies.

Is there a conflict of vital interest which could cause enmity? One thing can be said at once: there is no boundary dispute, no American territory which Russia covets, no Russian territory to which the United States has ever laid any claim. If there is a potential conflict of interest, the conflict cannot arise directly.

That brings us to China. All the international wars of the Pacific, including the war we are now waging,

have turned upon China, and the future of China will for good or evil determine the future in the whole great basin of the Pacific.

The China of Tomorrow

In the West, while it may be difficult to achieve general security, at least there is visible the shape of things that could be made to come to pass. But in the Pacific there is no prospect of a stabilized international order: the whole situation is dynamic, and set for epoch-making change of which we cannot foresee the limits. For the objective of the Pacific war, and its most probable consequence, is the emergence of China as a new great power in the modern world.

The United States has since 1899 been committed to the task of fostering this development, and opposing the dismemberment of China into spheres of imperialist influence. The issue which precipitated war in 1941 was the refusal of the United States to give Japan a free hand in the conquest of China.

On its face, as Nathaniel Peffer points out, it is almost inexplicable that "a people coming from Europe to the eastern shore of a fresh and uninhabited continent 3000 miles broad should find themselves in a few generations committed in the lives of their sons and their fortunes to the affairs of a country almost 6000 miles from the western shore of that continent, after consciously having resolved throughout their history

to cut themselves off from the affairs of the continent from which they sprang. With Europe, no entanglement; with Asia, active participation in all its remote, exotic politics."

Mr. Peffer asks, "Why the contrast?" His answer is that the compelling American motive was trade. But this in itself does not explain why the United States could for so long have been so conscious of its trading interests in Asia and so unconscious of its security in relation to Europe. To explain that we have again to remind ourselves of Monroe's concert with Britain which for at least 75 years made it unnecessary for Americans to think about Europe. The American expansion across the Pacific to Asia was possible because of American security in the Atlantic.

Thus in the course of events the United States became committed to the conviction that China should cease to be a colony and should become an integrated and independent power, in fact a great military power.

In Eastern Asia there will then be Russia, our nearest neighbor, and China, for whom we have waged a great war to insure her the chance to become the great power which her numbers, her resources, and her ancient culture make it possible for her to become. We cannot see further than that now. For China, Russia in Siberia and North America as it reaches towards Asia are all of them at the beginning of a new and historic phase of industrialization, and

of the development of the newer forms of military power by sea and in the air.

Moreover, the emergence of China will change the whole order of power within which lie the Philippines, the Indies, Australasia, Malaya and the immense and awakening sub-continent of India. We cannot know now what a great Chinese power in this region of the world portends. All we can do is to act on the assumption that the conditions which for half a century have made the integrity and security of China a vital interest of the United States will, as China becomes a great power, make the security of the United States a vital interest of China.

If stabilization of at least half the world is impossible in our time, then it follows that only by participating in the organization of sufficient lawful power can we hope to hold the impending and unpredictable changes within peaceable channels.

The Nuclear Alliance

We have seen how for more than a century, whenever our vital interests were at stake, American foreign relations have always been primarily our relations with Britain, with Russia and with China. In the conduct of American foreign policy our position has been solvent, our power adequate to our commitments, in so far as we were in essential agreement with these three states.

None of them is a European state. This fact may throw light upon the

famous statement in Washington's Farewell Address that:

Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have none or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns.

While our concern has not been with *European* affairs, we have always been concerned with *world* affairs. Our primary relations have been, and are, with the extra-European powers, and with Europe itself only as some power inside of Europe threatens to disrupt the order of things outside of Europe. Thus, if we think as clearly about American interests as Jefferson was able to think, we shall see that the traditional American policy against being involved in European affairs is not inconsistent with the consolidation of America's vital interest in the world.

Our primary interest in Europe, as shown during the Napoleonic and the two German Wars, is that no European power should emerge which is capable of aggression outside of the European continent. Therefore our two natural allies have been and are Britain and Russia. For they have the same fundamental interest -- to each of them a matter of national life or death -- in preventing the rise of a conquering power in Europe. And that is why Britain and Russia, though they have been at odds on the Near East, the Middle East and in Asia, have been allies

against Napoleon, against William II, and against Hitler.

Here then, founded on vital interest which has been tested and proved in the course of generations, is the nuclear alliance upon which depends the maintenance of the world order in which America lives. Combined action by America, Britain and Russia is the irreducible minimum guarantee of the security of each of them, and the only condition under which it is possible even to begin to establish any wider order of security.

Only by the formation of this nuclear alliance can American foreign policy be said to have balanced our commitments with a safe margin in reserve. And American foreign relations must be made solvent before the United States can afford to issue any more promissory notes.

Furthermore, we should not have learned the lessons of our failures in the past, especially the lesson of the failure of the League of Nations, if in our projects for organizing world peace we did not fix our attention first of all upon the powers capable of organizing it. Blueprints, covenants, contracts, charters, and declarations do not create living associations. It is not, for example, the marriage laws which make the family, but the union of a man and a woman who in accordance with these laws then found a family. It was not the Constitution which made the American union, but the constituent states which adopted it in order to form a more perfect union.

The will of the most powerful states to remain allied is the only possible creator of a general international order.

There will be many, I realize full well, who will feel that this insistence upon the security of the vital interests of the most powerful states involves an illiberal and even a brutal neglect of the rights of the weaker nations. I ask their indulgence until the argument is concluded. We shall see why the nuclear alliance must be liberal in its policy if it is to endure.

Why We Must Insist Upon It

But if we are to prove this convincingly there must be no doubt in our minds why as Americans we must insist upon beginning with the security of the vital interests of the United States. It is that for half a century the United States has so neglected its vital interests that it was incapable of defending them adequately, or of carrying through any measures whatsoever to maintain the peace of the world. For 50 years no nation has been more liberal in its words than has been the United States; none contributed less to realizing the ideals it so assiduously preached.

I see no way of our being able to contribute anything to anybody else until we have become fully conscious again of our own interests and feel prepared to maintain them. And I do not doubt that our allies and our friendly neighbors will greatly prefer an American foreign policy founded

on an enlightened conception of our own national interest to the ambiguous platitudes with which we have regaled them for the past 50 years.

Nor need we shrink from insisting that the precondition of a better world order is a nuclear alliance of the three powerful military states which will emerge victorious from the present war. They are the states upon which depends the deliverance of Europe from the Nazi despotism, and of the Far East from the empire of Japan. It has needed the combined force of all three of these states, and the utmost exertion of their power, to make the deliverance possible. No one of them, no two of them, could have done it. Why, then, should we hesitate to say that anything less than this combination of great powers is insufficient to preserve order against aggression in the world? It is only around this strong nuclear alliance that a wider association of many nations can constitute itself.

I believe it can be demonstrated as conclusively as anything can be demonstrated in human affairs that Britain, Russia, America, and China as she becomes a great state, cannot remain allies and partners unless they respect the liberties of other peoples and use their power, separately and in combination, to maintain liberty through law.

We must begin by remembering that Britain, Russia, and America are allies, not by conscious choice

but under the compulsion of their common enemies. When there is no such enemy, the need for their alliance becomes submerged. Their lesser, their separate and conflicting, interests are then free to assert themselves. The greater the peril from the outside, the closer is their union: the greater their security, the more their differences come to the surface.

The unconditional surrender of Germany and of Japan is bound, therefore, to leave all the Allies with an immediate sense of mortal peril averted; and this will open up disputable secondary questions which push apart the members of the alliance. This has always happened in wars won by a coalition. It happened at the Peace Conference in 1919, when the victorious alliance had in fact become dissolved even before peace had been made with the enemy. It can and it may happen again, as we have seen in the winter of 1943, when the first prospects of victory have already opened up fissures among the Allies.

These fissures will tend to become wider the more any one of the great powers seeks to aggrandize itself either at the expense of one of the other great powers, or at the expense of their smaller allies.

Thus an American policy of imperialist aggrandizement at the expense of the British Empire would impair profoundly, if it did not destroy, the Atlantic Community. It would become necessary for Britain to look for her security in some form

bination which thwarted American aggrandizement.

By the same token, a British policy which rested on the refusal to recognize the necessary changes in the colonial and imperial system of the nineteenth century would raise up against Britain insurgent forces in Asia, the Middle East, and Africa. Britain could not count upon American support in resisting these forces, and almost certainly she would have to count upon Russian and Chinese encouragement of these forces.

By the same token again, a Russian policy of aggrandizement in Europe would inexorably be regarded as such a threat to Britain and America that they would begin to encourage the nations which resisted Russia. In Asia, a Russian policy of aggrandizement against China would disrupt Russian-American relations. On the other hand, an anti-Russian policy in which Britain, America, and the European states sought, as they did in 1919, to blockade and even to disrupt Russia would provoke Russian communist intervention to counteract it.

And by the same token, also, a Chinese policy of aggrandizement in India, Malaya, Indo-China, and the Netherlands Indies would encounter opposition from Britain, from America, from Australia and New Zealand, from France and the Netherlands.

The fissures opened by any of these tendencies to aggrandizement would soon become a breach. This would be followed immediately by competi-

tion among the Allies to win over to their side the vanquished nations. In Europe the separated Allies would bid against one another for the favor of Germany. In Asia, they would bid for the favor of Japan. Thus because aggrandizement had made them rivals, they would restore the aggressor powers which had threatened them. The postwar era would thus be transformed, as the late Frank Simonds observed of the early thirties, into a pre-war era.

The Binding Condition of Unity

For these reasons it is evident that a nuclear alliance of Britain, Russia, America, and, if possible, China, cannot hold together if it does not operate within the limitations of an international order that preserves the national liberties of other peoples.

Nor could the nuclear allies, as some may fear, combine to oppress and exploit the rest of mankind. For, in the last analysis, the resistance of the rest of mankind would disrupt the alliance: one or the other of the great powers would find that its interests and its sympathies lay with the peoples resisting oppression.

Nor could the nuclear allies divide the globe into spheres of influence which each was free to dominate and exploit separately. For no spheres of influence can be defined which do not overlap, which would not therefore bring the great powers into conflict.

The order which the Allied powers originate because it is necessary

to their own vital security can be perpetuated only if they act so as to gain and to hold the good will of the other peoples. Delivering the weaker states from the Nazi and Japanese conquest will not in itself hold their good will. For the memory of the deliverance will become obscured by what happens afterwards. Their own concept of their own interest, rather than gratitude, is for all masses of peoples the motive which determines their actions. The gratitude of the liberated to the victorious powers will, therefore, continue only if the great powers remain united enough to keep the peace of the world against aggressors and at the same time become liberal enough so that there is no good reason for rebellion against the order which they maintain.

The experience of history supports the conclusion that power can endure only if it gives and maintains laws within which men enjoy the liberties they regard as more important than life.

An order of this kind can endure, not forever in a changing world, but for a long and beneficent period of time. Security and liberty are the benefits which such an order can provide. They are such great benefits that whenever men have enjoyed them at all they have rallied to the authority which provided them. It was because the Roman legions brought with them the Roman law that the Roman Empire lived on so

long, and, when it fell, lived on in men's memories for a thousand years. It has been Britain's devotion to law which, despite all the rebellion against British rule, has brought so many nations to her side whenever she has been threatened.

And I think Americans may without false pride believe that in the last analysis it is our own preference for liberty under law, and not our material power only, which has made the neighbor republics of this hemisphere believe that their vital interests and ours are the same.

The structure of the order which the nuclear allies should institute lies outside the province of this inquiry. But its principles are clear. Guided by them, and determined to apply them, we shall no longer be, as we have been for nearly 50 years, without a foreign policy which takes account of our interests. We need no longer be divided, because the national interest upon which we must unite will have been made evident to us. We shall no longer exhort mankind to build castles in the air while we build our own defenses on sand.

Then, when we know what we ourselves need and how we must achieve it, we shall be not only a great power. We shall have become at last a mature power. We shall know our interests and what they require of us. We shall know our limitations and our place in the scheme of things.

colonials of the world could not, or would not, use freedom to maintain freedom. Eighty percent of the world's people simply are not ready for what we are talking about.

For a country whose own cities are in the most deplorable condition in their history, with vastly rich areas like Boston, Detroit and Philadelphia facing financial crises in spite of maximum employment and maximum taxes, our government planners go far afield in trying to solve the colonial problems for the world.

The attitude of some of our politicians and speechmakers concerning our allies' colonies, mandates and dominions is already building up vast problems in these places. Amer-

ica's social theorists, tying themselves to our war effort in the colonies of our allies, are creating vast confusion and disturbance abroad. Their folly is working against every solution which our allies may find for their own problems in their own lands.

In support of stubborn schemes for America's Better World Order, the credit and substance of our citizens are being expended now and pledged for the future in the same irresponsible way which made a scandal of the WPA.

Having abused the sound principle of emergency public works at home by using public monies to buy votes and political power and to stimulate political machines throughout the country, these same determined men have now put boondoggling on a global basis. Nothing restrains them.

We set wage scales for labor abroad which make it impossible for anyone else to hire a native man or woman wherever the American Boondoggling Corps operates -- and they are everywhere. Authorities in these distant communities, who have the long-term responsibility for peace and safety, are outraged. It is one of the most deep-seated cleavages among the governments of the United Nations.

For example, the Eskimos in Labrador have always lived by fishing, and trapping for furs. In this way an Eskimo family earns eight to ten dollars per week. The work is productive, and the community

HENRY J. TAYLOR, whose penetrating interpretation of world events represents an outstanding contribution to wartime journalism, has been a constant commuter to Europe since 1924. From 1935 on he consistently warned of the military threat to us of Germany's totalitarian economy.

After war broke out Mr. Taylor served as war correspondent for the North American Newspaper Alliance in 17 countries. This assignment is recorded in his book *Time Runs Out*. He became further known to the public as a magazine contributor and as analyst of world affairs on the Blue Network.

As a young man Mr. Taylor declined an offer of an associate professorship at the University of Virginia -- where he had attended the School of Graduate Studies -- to enter business. After two successful careers, first in the corn-products industry and then in the paper industry, he retired from business to devote himself to his economic and political investigations.

Mr. Taylor's latest mission was to Africa, Palestine, Syria and Turkey. Now back home, he has written one of the most important books of the wartime period -- *Men in Motion*.

life has always been peaceful. In came the American Boondogglers. They paid such high wages for labor and so much for furs that overnight the income of the Eskimo family became \$80 per week. When an Eskimo got as much in a few days as he used to make in a month, he quit work. The supply of furs decreased at once, there was a famine of fish, and the willingness of the Eskimos to work on American air bases disappeared. In order to get the Eskimos to work, the Boondogglers had an inspiration: they boosted their fur and fish prices and their wage scales still higher. They ran the Eskimos' income to \$120 per week!

That soon stopped all trapping, fishing and work for sure. So next they put the price down. And when they did that the Eskimos couldn't understand it. Serious dissatisfaction and unrest spread in Labrador. And then the American Boondogglers turned to the local Newfoundland authorities to oust the Eskimos in their place.

"They're out of hand," they said. "Control them. We're spending a lot of money here."

If you were Mayor of Okkak, Labrador, or Governor of Newfoundland, how would you feel about that?

All the way from Bermuda to Sydney, local administrators are asking themselves, "What will happen when the Americans leave?" Who would ~~say~~ that this is the path to ~~war~~ the world?

Reminder: There Are Others!

THE overwhelming majority of the people of Great Britain feel that the American contribution toward winning the war is less than that of Russia, Britain, or China. Dr. George Gallup reported recently after a survey of British public opinion. Asked which country they thought has so far made the greatest contribution toward winning the war, 50 percent said Russia, 42 percent picked their own Great Britain, five percent named China, and only three percent chose the United States.

There is the same hodgepodge duplication of federal offices abroad as in our own country. Nobody can make sense out of the swarm of United States Government employees. They are a mystery both to the natives and to each other. They conduct negotiations independently of our ambassadors or ministers. They pay American cash to local politicians who are in opposition to the governments of countries friendly to the United States. They put such opposition "leaders" on their payroll and stage political vaudeville acts which they have thought out overnight. If their ideas run counter to the policy of our State Department or embarrass the friendly nation's president or prime minister, as well as our ambassador, that is just too bad.

"This is a smart man's war," I heard one of them say. "We've got to be plenty smart with these for-

eigners. The thing to do is play along with both factions. You know, play both against the middle."

Another brash young employe of the United States Government asked me one day, "What do you think of Steinhardt? Has he got anything on the ball, or *do you think we ought to get rid of him?*?" This young whipper-snapper was referring to the distinguished American Ambassador to Turkey, Laurence A. Steinhardt, who for ten years has spoken for his country so ably in Stockholm, Lima, Moscow and Ankara.

"Do you know Mr. Steinhardt?" I asked.

"No," he said, "but he's making it hard for the Office of War Information in Turkey, and I think he's got a hell of a lot of nerve. I'm for canning Steinhardt."

Anything may happen when the representatives of our various and sundry government agencies show up. Take Bolivia. One fourth of the world's tin is produced there. Tin is sorely needed in the United States now. The Bolivian contingent of the American Boondoggling Corps has a program in Bolivia which has so much politics and so little economics that it is doubtful whether Bolivia's tin will not stay in Bolivia for the balance of this war.

Coffee bulges all Latin-American warehouses. We have allotted to each coffee-producing country a quota for export to the United States. The reason we do not get more coffee is not because there are not enough ships.

It is because no one in the Board of Economic Warfare has had gump-tion enough to authorize lifting the quota whenever an empty ship was in any port where the quota had been filled.

Meat abounds in Australia, for the shipping lane to England—formerly the market for Australia's mutton and beef—has been struck by the Pacific war. Because of this, American meat is sent to England. A constant flow of American vessels transports men and equipment to Australia, but for the most part these ships come back empty when they could bring Australian meat. The global boondogglers, planning the world, are too busy looking at the forest to see such trees.

The government's policies abroad are undermining the morale of our troops. This is not the time to pay an American workman \$1000 a month to fix electric wires on the airfield at Accra while privates in the United States Army, working on the same field, are paid \$50 a month. This is not the time to build immense bases such as we are building in Eritrea with an understanding that only union labor be sent abroad. This is not the time to play into the hands of labor racketeers who require that any skilled American civilian electrician working overtime in Algeria be paid more per month than General Eisenhower is paid. This is not the time for anything but victory.

What would you think if you were an American soldier in North Africa

or Britain? Well, that's the way our soldiers feel about it everywhere. They believe that a great injustice is being done by our government in permitting labor extortion in this war. They have no patience with the political ambitions of the men who make this possible. These soldiers will return bitter and mad, and they will demand a reckoning.

As for our devious plans for a Better World Order -- whatever that may mean besides the impoverishment of the United States itself -- our fatuous assumption that we can set all well with words and dollars and a "police force" is a thoughtlessly impossible undertaking, as misleading as Chamberlain's Munich statement of "Peace in our time."

Here at home we shall be faced by every sort of readjustment. We must provide jobs for the returning American soldiers and for our present war workers. We must work tirelessly to regain our solvency and to recover from the present huge drain on every resource we have. In this alone we face the greatest task in our history. We shall be in no position to lift the standard of living in China, in Russia, among 300,000,000 impoverished people of Europe, desirable as that is. There is no possibility whatever of our succeeding in such an attempt. There are a hundred places to start and no place to stop.

There is a limit to the failures Americans can absorb. At some point our statesmen failed, or we should not have suffered as we did in the

depression. At another point our statesmen failed, or we should have been so strong on land, on sea and in the air that there could have been no war. Now they fail again if they saddle our citizens with the astronomical burdens of all the world.

Our citizens cannot give to the world (1) freedom of speech and expression, (2) freedom of every person to worship God in his own way, (3) freedom from want, and (4) freedom from fear. The whole conception of giving or infusing the Four Freedoms universally is preposterous. It is not idealism. It is sheer political buncombe, and is so recognized abroad.

On the narrower question alone, the question of "freedom from want," anyone must know that the politicians of every country in the world will be pulling on us in a tug-of-war to get the most out of America's International WPA, exactly as our local mayors camped in Washington to get the most out of our WPA at home. We will be asked to provide "freedom from want" to at least a billion people, most of them in primitive surroundings and 400,000,000 of them in Europe. One hundred and thirty million Americans are in no position to do this. The promise of the United States is utterly fantastic.

Yet this airy approach to reality is promulgated at the very time when the solemn and high purpose of the United States should be to have the people of all the world be-

lieve in us — what we say, what we do, and what we intend to do.

By immodest promises and visionary plans many of our leaders immensely increase the possibility that the people of America will wash their hands of everything outside the 12-mile limit, good or bad, at the earliest possible moment, as they did after the last war.

If our leaders persist in their present course, we shall fail the world. We shall be unable to do what our leaders say we should do. In these circumstances we shall make enemies of our friends. No one will thank us for starting down the road, going as far as we can, and then chucking the whole business through the revulsion of our own people to a program which Americans know in their hearts is unsound and untrue.

The fundamental error of our theorists is that they have never understood the place which integrity has in all the ramifications of life. They believe that to say a thing is the same as to do it, as though speech were capable of modifying the tendencies, habits and character of people, and as though verbiage were a substitute for will, conscience and education. They proceed by bursts of eloquence or of lawmaking; they believe they can legislate the nature of impulses, and in so doing they produce disintegration.

The obligation to assist toward a better world and the value in doing so are obvious. *Our duty, however, is to be useful, not according to our de-*

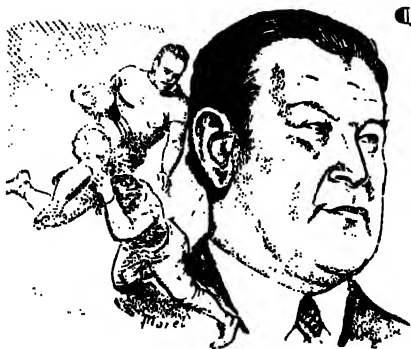
sires but according to our powers. We should recognize our own limitations and abandon the impertinent idea that a world is to be built in the American concept. We should put a limit on our total postwar aid, both in time and in dollars, and require that any aid should be restricted to whatever nations took certain elementary steps in their own behalf. Only thus can we make good our promises. Only thus can we maintain our own integrity and win the respect and friendship of the world.

The global concept, stimulated by the war itself and by the new idea of the world's size in the Age of Air, is one of today's basic developments. It is one of the great generating thoughts in the history of man. But how could anything be more evident than that the process of achieving universal freedom and prosperity must be slow, and that to promise it overnight is a great disservice to the world? Our policy of *exaggerated internationalism* is as dangerous, foolhardy and destructive as narrow isolationism.

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☞ Jim Thorpe, "the world's greatest athlete" was so good that he got a bad break

"You Must Let Jim Run"

Condensed from *The American Mercury*

Frank Scully and Norman Sper

THE GATE TENDER at Gate No. 4 at the Ford plant in Detroit is Jim Thorpe, who at 35 is still the greatest natural athlete alive. Put any young squirt up against Jim for a week's competition covering every field of sport and Jim will come out the champ. He took a football the other day and standing at midfield drop kicked it over the goal in one direction, then turned around and kicked another goal in the opposite direction. In baseball, golf, bowling, football, basketball, tennis, hockey, broad jumping, discus throwing, boxing—well, *any* sport you can name—his muscles react perfectly to this day.

Five years ago Jim was working on a Hollywood picture. The director had him dressed up in tail-feathers and moccasins, as the sort of Indian who lets cigar stores creep up behind him. Some college athletes on the set were jumping around between takes, placing bets on their skill in the standing broad jump. They got up to ten feet.

Bill Frawley, an actor who knew that the stage Indian was Jim Thorpe, told the crowd he had an old man of 50 who he thought could beat the college athletes. Bets climbed until Frawley had to cover a pool of \$100. Jim took off his feathers, left on his moccasins. He flexed his leg muscles a few times and jumped 10 feet 8 inches. That's only six inches behind the world's record.

James Francis Thorpe was born at Prague, Oklahoma, in 1888. His father was half Irish and half Indian. His mother was one quarter French and three quarters Indian. Through his mother Jim was a descendant of Chief Black Hawk, the famous warrior of the Sauk tribe.

He could ride like the wind when three years old. By the time he was 12, he had the strength of a man and could break wild horses with the best of them. His people called him Chief Bright Path, but when at 15 he went to Carlisle Institute in Pennsylvania he became plain Jim.

The story of how Jim happened to become a track athlete at Carlisle has been told by "Pop" Warner, the

famous coach. One spring day, Thorpe was doing duty as a yard bird, cleaning up after the track squad had completed practice. The high-jump bar had been left at 5 feet 8 inches, the last effort of the team's ace high jumper.

Jim looked at it, and his look must have been a bit superior, because one of the boys asked him what he was looking at.

"That bar," said Jim, "don't seem very high."

"Did you ever high jump?"

"Not over a bar," Jim admitted.

"Can you do it?"

"Well, if a horse can do it, I can do it," Jim replied in his slow way.

Jim removed his heavy shoes. From the far end of the field "Pop" Warner saw the overalled yard bird sail through the air and clear the bar by at least four inches—a six-foot jump. From that moment on, Jim was a member of the Carlisle team.

In his first track meet, against Lafayette, he won not only the high jump but four other events. Later, against both Harvard and Penn State, he won *eight* first places.

Jim was no giant. He stood 5 feet 11½ inches and weighed 180 pounds. He was perfectly proportioned and had amazing natural coordination. A lazy, easy-going fellow, he never trained, never practiced. But he always won.

It was inevitable that he should have a place on the American Olympic team that went to Stockholm in 1912. There Jim won both the pen-

tathlon and the decathlon. The five events making up the pentathlon were the broad jump, javelin throw, 300-meter run, discus throw and 1500-meter run. The decathlon was tougher. It consisted of the 100-meter dash, broad jump, shot-put, high jump, 400-meter run, discus throw, 110-meter high hurdles, pole vault, javelin throw and 1500-meter run.

No athlete in the history of the games had ever won *both* these events. The King of Sweden in presenting Thorpe with a bronze bust said, "You, sir, are the greatest athlete in the world."

Thorpe returned to America and hustled into a football uniform. Carlisle was playing West Point, Cornell, Penn State and similar big-time teams. When Carlisle beat West Point 27 to 6 Jim was responsible for every point made by his team. But his greatest personal triumph was the Harvard game of 1911. He kicked four field goals that day. With the score tied and two minutes left to play, Jim stood on his own 48-yard line and place-kicked the ball 52 yards, splitting the Harvard goal posts with the winning goal.

Thorpe was twice picked by Walter Camp for his All-America football team, and since then he has never been left off of any All-Time All-America.

Though that 1911 Harvard game was his greatest game, it caused Jim's eventual defeat and disgrace. Professional bettors had figured Har-

vard as a sure thing. Burning because they had guessed wrong, they dug deep and discovered that Jim had played semiprofessional baseball. A Boston newspaperman broke the story on February 7, 1913. It developed into the juiciest scandal in years.

Jim, like most of the boys at Carlisle, had been sent out to work on a farm during the summer months in connection with his agricultural course. Jim's assignment was in the South, and there he ran into a lot of college boys playing "summer baseball," as it was called. The technique was to get a job waiting on table at a hotel and then, on the side, to play "amateur" baseball for the glorification of the town, or the hotel. To avoid the charge of professionalism, the college boys would use assumed names.

Jim was easily lured into the Carolina League. He knew nothing of the table-waiting technique or the use of a *nom de guerre*. He got from \$15 to \$30 a week and played under his own name: James Francis Thorpe.

That was the "scandal" which the newspapers now broke, and about which the sports world began to clamor. The charge was that Jim was not an amateur when he won in the Olympic games. The exalted Amateur Athletic Union asked Jim to square himself if he could.

Jim tried, but this was one field where he could not run without practice. His answer was so amateurish that it should have absolved

him of the charge of professionalism. He wrote:

"I did not play for the money there was in it, but because I like to play ball. I was not very wise to the ways of the world and did not realize that this made me a professional in track sports. I hope I will be partly excused by the fact that I was simply an Indian school-boy and did not know that I was doing wrong."

The AAU ordered all Thorpe's medals and trophies returned, barred him from any further amateur competition and shipped the Olympic prizes, with America's apologies, to those who finished second to Thorpe.

Neither T. R. Bie of Norway, second in the pentathlon, nor H. K. Wieslander, Swedish runner-up in the decathlon, would accept the medals taken from Thorpe. Wieslander returned the box of trophies with the following message: "I didn't win the Olympic decathlon. James Thorpe did. I don't know what your rules are in regard to amateurism, but I do know that Thorpe is the greatest athlete in the world."

Stripped of all honors, bewildered and beaten, Jim Thorpe became a real professional. John McGraw hired him to play for the New York Giants. He saw Thorpe as a great drawing card, but after two or three days was afraid to use him as a regular because Jim became the demoralizing ideal of all the other ball players. McGraw's men were supposed to train like Commandos, and even .300 hitters had to practice three

hours daily. But Jim liked to drink and he liked to loaf. He simply would not practice; he didn't need to.

The hot tempered McGraw quickly benched him and later sold him to a minor league club. To explain his move he invented the story that Jim was a sucker for a curve ball. Yet Jim batted .364 in the A League, where the pitchers also threw plenty of curves.

Later Jim repaired to professional football. There he startled the sports world by his speed and tricks. The toughest game in the world, he played it until he was 33.

Jim could hit an opponent like a ton of bricks. He once encountered an opposing tackle who played dirty and ignored Jim's warnings. The next time he tried a dirty trick Jim stopped dead, put the ball down and looked at the tackle. The tackle dived for the ball and picked it up. The shoe was now on the other foot, and Jim tackled him so hard it shook the earth.

"You mustn't do that to Jim," Thorpe admonished. But the tackle never heard. He was out cold.

On another occasion Knute Rockne was playing end against Thorpe. Rock, a comparatively little fellow but a fine competitor, was anxious

to show what he could do against the greatest athlete who ever lived. He stopped Thorpe a couple of times when Jim was carrying the ball.

"You must let Jim run," Thorpe explained gently to the little man. He was reluctant to let go with all he had against a smaller opponent.

Rockne ignored Thorpe's ingenious advice. In the next play he dived for Jim again. But this time Rock met the stiffest straight arm in football history. It sent him reeling around like a stumblebum for the rest of the game.

In 1929 Jim hit out for Hollywood, but his slow way of speaking was not keyed to talkies. He got bit; in wetters, but by the depression years he was down to digging ditches.

It was there a newspaperman discovered him. He has a steady job now and things are looking up. The Oklahoma legislature is appealing to the A.A.U. to put his name back in the record books. Moreover, the Oklahoma legislature is considering a bill that would make him the state athletic director.

Perhaps America will yet give Jim Thorpe a belated even break. He deserves to go down in history as a native son Americans can always remember with pride.



THEY TELL an anecdote about a soldier on guard duty for the first time at night. He heard a strange noise, fired at it, then called out, "Who went there?"

- Ernie Pyle

"Incentive Pay":

By
William Hard

For More War Production
For More Peace Prosperity

SOMETHING has to be done to make war production *per worker* go up. Till now the theory often has been: "In order to get more war production, just fork more men into our war plants." That theory is nearing its end. Our armed forces demand two and a half million more men in the next 12 months. Agriculture, if it is to feed this country and help feed our allies, cannot provide one of those men. Our civilian industry soon will have only enough men to supply us with our strictest civilian necessities. Meanwhile our war industry, to keep pace with our armed forces, must step up its production. There is only one solution:

Our war plants must produce more *per man*.

Mr. Charles E. Wilson, president-on-leave of the General Electric Company and Vice Chairman of the War Production Board, is urging war industries to adopt "incentive pay" — that is, to pay workers more if they *produce* more. But because of unfair dealing in the past the word "incentive" has to jump a tragic hurdle. To a vast multitude of American workers it means this:

Management sends a time-study man to observe a worker at a machine. This lofty character has a watch which divides a minute not merely into 60 parts but into a hundred. With its help he decides the exact length of time required for a certain operation. And management offers the worker so many cents per operation.

So the worker gets to work. He "speeds up." He beats the time-study man's time. He climbs, let us say, to \$1.50 an hour. *Then management cuts the number of cents per operation till the worker is earning no more going fast than he used to earn going slow.*

This has happened to a million workers in American industry. To my knowledge it has happened repeatedly even since the war began. It makes workers wary. It makes them hold back. It causes great masses of them habitually to work way below their productive power. *Here is the greatest single loss of human energy in American life.*

Looking at it, Mr. Wilson says to our war-production managers and workers:

"I do not speak of any wage per

operation or per hour. I speak of the total production in your plant.

"We will start from a given moment, which will be the base. Then, if from that moment the total production of your plant goes up, let us say, ten percent, the pay for your workers also goes up ten percent. For all of your workers *put together*. And all of the ten percent. Not five. Not nine. *Ten*."

Mr. Wilson's proposal has furrowed a lot of foreheads. Many managements say: "What? All ten percent to labor?" And many unions say: "What? Couldn't this turn out to be just another trick speedup? We must examine the teeth of this gift horse."

Some managements and unions, though, are already approaching Mr. Wilson's idea.

In Detroit I visited a plant of the Murray Corporation, which makes frames for trucks and jeeps. There I saw a kind of man I happened never to have seen before. He was a *union* time-study man, elected to that job by the United Automobile Workers of the CIO.

He and four other union men, similarly elected, were trained in time-study for six months at the Murray Corporation's expense. To day, when the company sets a "standard" of work, these union time-study men are qualified to check it. And they do, whenever any worker complains.

This is fundamental. There must be standards. And management must

set them. But the workers must surely have some sort of say-back. Only when both sides agree on the standards can the union do what it does in its Murray Corporation contract. In that contract it binds itself as follows:

"Continued failure of an employee to produce on the basis of agreed standards will be considered due cause for discipline." And discipline can mean discharge.

"Standards" are just for normal effort. In most of us the normal is well below the potential. Now we come to "incentive." Last February the Murray Corporation offered an incentive as follows:

"The standards will stick right where they are. But for every one percent more of production we get, we will hand out one percent more pay."

The basic production of that plant has been going forward, week after week, at 25 percent above normal.

The increased pay is calculated by the combined performance of all the individuals on a given group job. Hence every man in the group has a money interest in the performance of every other man in the group.

How does that work out? For explicit testimony from a union leader let us go to another Detroit plant: Continental Motors. Continental makes motors for tanks. It has more than 7000 production workers, all of whom belong to Local 280 of the United Automobile Workers. They work 56 hours a week -- eight hours

a day, every day, including Sundays. No day off. They have been doing it for two years. It burns them up to hear of workers who are letting down our soldiers.

They have an incentive plan for group performance. Ed Gallagher, former president of Local 280, says:

"Every man in the group keeps an eye on every other man in the group. A worker who slows down is hurting his fellow workers. His fellow workers don't stand for it. And the union doesn't. The union steward checks on every unwilling worker and puts him on probation. The steward tells him to do better or lose the protection of the union. If he's drunk on the job, 15 days' layoff. If he's drunk twice, fired. We calculate that the company is plenty busy running the plant. We run the men."

Production in this plant is terrific. Even with the seven-day, 56-hour week, absenteeism is negligible. "Pop" O'Donnell, the present head of Local 280, says: "Our men think as much of Continental Motors as they do of their own homes. There is mutual loyalty between management and men."

"Incentive pay" can be used to improve not only quantity but quality of product — and to reduce costs. For an example, let us look at another Detroit plant: Lyon, Inc. It makes cartridge cases, shells. It also necessarily makes scrap, which it does not want. It offered "incentive pay" for less scrap. That is, it offered more pay for better work. It reduced

its production of scrap on automatic machine operations *by more than 90 percent.*

Lyon is going fast toward Mr. Wilson's ideal of trying to extend "incentive pay" to *everybody* in the plant. Lyon pays incentive bonuses not only to those whose work can be measured by standards but also to many whose work cannot be measured at all, such as the men who set up the machines for other men to operate. These set-up men, too, since they get paid more if the plant produces more, are working more.

Lyon reports that its plant is now producing 25 percent more than normal at a considerably reduced cost per unit.

Mr. Wilson would not be surprised. Some managements try to persuade him that his "incentive pay" plan gives everything to labor. But Mr. Wilson has been in industry for a long time. He went to work when he was 13, was a plant superintendent at 20. He knows costs.

What happens when you pay 25 percent more money to labor for 25 percent more work? The cost of the investment in the plant, of interest on borrowed money, and of all management remains the same. Hence, 25 percent greater output means that your net cost goes down and your net income goes up.

The classic proof of the truth of this proposition is the Lincoln Electric Manufacturing Company of Cleveland, Ohio.

This company makes one half of

the country's electric welding machines and supplies -- and one quarter of the world's. It has built its sales on quality but also on low price. In the last 26 years it has reduced the price of a typical welding machine from \$1500 to \$200. In the last 12 years it has reduced the price of a typical electrode -- a steel rod with a chemical coating -- from 15.2 cents a pound to 5.5 cents.

Lincoln is the world's low cost welding producer. It is also the world's highest factory wage payer. In prewar 1941 its workers averaged some \$4800 a year. This works out at about \$2 per hour per worker. How is it done? It is done utterly by *incentive plus unity of effort* by the management and the workers.

Every Lincoln worker knows that at the end of the year there will be a bonus based on the *total* productivity and *total* prosperity of the plant -- *we* -- as on the character and value of the individual worker. This bonus is distributed by the president of the company -- Mr. James F. Lincoln -- to everybody but himself. Last year it amounted to some 1,000,000.

Leading up to the bonus, there is a piecework system which is also an incentive. It can be challenged by the worker. If a worker thinks that the time-study man has fixed an operation to go too fast, he can make the time-study man do it himself and prove his case.

Also leading up to the bonus, there is a "board." There is no outside

union; but there is an inside plant "board," containing elected representatives from 22 plant departments. This board can say its say on anything concerning the plant. Because of the bonus it devotes much time to "developing the normally unused abilities inherent in all members of the plant organization."

Right there is the core of Mr. Lincoln's philosophy. He says:

"American industry leaves its greatest resource largely untapped. That resource is the intelligence, the initiative, the productive power, latent in every individual."

"As a commodity, labor isn't much good. As an individual, labor is limitlessly wonderful.

"What is management? Where does management end and labor begin? A sweeper is managing a broom. He knows how to manage it better than I know. Pay him to manage it better and he'll manage it better.

"A man alone on an island knows that the more he produces the more he has. It's equally true for 133,000,000 people in a country. The only trouble is we don't make people see it and do it.

"The machine does not destroy the man. The more we subdivide our manufacturing process, the more important each successive human link in it becomes. The pace at which we can go forward depends on the degree to which each individual, by incentive and reward, is brought to see that he is a *vital part of one going whole*.

"Our experience with an efficient incentive is that a production rate three times normal average can be continuously maintained.

"This does not mean long hours. I think a work day beyond eight hours could in the end *diminish* production. An even shorter work day, with an efficient incentive, could perhaps *increase* production.

"Profit cannot be a goal. The goal is a better and better product, made at better and better pay, to be sold at a lower and lower price. The individual's *latent* power can be released to do it. Then profit takes care of itself."

Mr. Wilson, as president of the General Electric Company, has competed with Mr. Lincoln on welding machines. He says: "Mr. Lincoln's hold on the welding-machine business goes right back to his *incentive pay*."

And have Mr. Lincoln's stockholders suffered? Mr. Lincoln hasn't skipped a dividend since 1918.

President Roosevelt, at Mr. Wilson's suggestion, has authorized "incentive pay" and has exempted it from his "hold-the-line" rule against wage increases. The National War Labor Board is granting "incentive pay" wherever it can be shown to be

really an "incentive," really a route to greater productivity.

We need that greater productivity acutely. Ought not management to try to get rid of the idea that a worker can earn "too much"? Ought not labor to try to get rid of the idea that it is a bad thing if management makes "more"? Here is a case in which both sides can make "more." If Mr. Wilson can sell "incentive pay" to the country, he will be one of our great architects of victory.

And also of prosperity after victory.

What we forgot in our last period of prosperity is that mass prices must come down and mass earnings must go up if our constantly swelling mass production is to find a market. Why repeat that mistake?

Incentive pay can lower costs and prices, and lift purchasing power. It can expand the market not only for the products of industry but for the products of agriculture. It is based on an eternal verity:

MORE OUTPUT BY ALL, MORE INCOME FOR ALL.

We may plan endlessly but unless we plan on that verity, we plan in vain.

*I*T WAS a fine old bishop who, years ago, worrying his heart over what seemed to him the evils of a doomed world, tossing on his bed at midnight, thought he heard the Lord say, 'Go to sleep, Bishop. I'll sit up the rest of the night.'

— *The Arkansas Methodist*

What English Girls Think of the Yanks

Condensed from *The American Magazine*

Dorothy Charles

WHEN a pretty Waac, fresh from the States, entered a London Red Cross Club recently, you should have seen the rush. The American boys left us English girls high and dry while they jammed around the Waac, looking at her hungrily, as though she were a pineapple-upside down cake or some other American dish they are always talking about.

Later, when she had escaped the crush, the Waac and I had a woman-to-woman chat.

"What do you British girls think of American soldiers?" she asked me.

I did my best to answer her honestly. I'm fairly typical of the thousands that American boys are meeting in the British Isles. I am 18 years old, blonde and reasonably pretty. For almost a year I've been dancing two nights a week with American boys in the Red Cross Club; on other nights I often go to the pictures or to dinner with them. Sometimes they come to my home for tea or a game of monopoly. Altogether, I've now met hundreds of them. In some respects I think they're even nicer than our English boys; in others not so nice. But Americans certainly are *different*.

There's the dashing way they approach a girl. An Englishman insists on being formally introduced and he would never dream of calling you by your first name until he had been out with you several times. But the first time American boys meet you they say, "Hiyah, Gorgeous!" or, "Where did you get that sweet little face you're wearing tonight?" During the first five minutes they're likely to give you some such nickname as "Glam" or "Monkey-face" or "My little ball of fire."

The first American boy I met utterly appalled and bewildered me. His name was Eddie and he had an attractive freckled face with an up-turned nose. "Let's get hot, Dot," he said, seizing my hand. "Let's show 'em how to cook with both burners."

I hadn't the dimmest idea of what he was talking about. He led me to the dance floor, and I soon found he was a divine dancer; but I wasn't prepared for the stream of conversation he poured into my ear. An Englishman dances in silence, with an expression of rather stern concentration on his face, but Eddie kept talking or crooning every minute.

"You know what, baby?" he whis-

pered. "I've decided to make you my inspiration number one." I tried cutting him dead with a glance, but it didn't work.

Between dances, Eddie tried to hold my hand (an English lad ordinarily has to know you quite well before he will even press your hand), and when I said icily, "That's not done here," he merely laughed. He gave me a frightful rash all evening, and when he took me home and we were standing in the doorway, I got my biggest surprise of all. "Pucker up your lips, Gorgeous," he said. "I'm coming in on the beam." Then he grabbed me and gave me a resounding kiss. I broke away and slammed the door on him. I didn't know what to think of American soldiers.

The next time I went to the club I soon learned I had nothing to worry about. Eddie grinned at me, but he had another girl in tow, a brunette, and after that he hardly noticed me. What I didn't understand at the time was that many Americans have a "line" of the most outrageous flattery which they don't really mean and which, in turn, they don't expect you to take seriously. As a result, some English girls think Americans are fickle and insincere. But I've learned that isn't true.

Not long ago I met a chap named Paul who had been a beekeeper in Ohio. He told me all about his family and his farm, how much money he had in the bank and what his bees brought in. Then, out of a clear sky,

he asked me to marry him. He wasn't really in love with me. I guessed that, like thousands of other American boys in England, he was merely starved for a sympathetic feminine listener. But genuine frankness like his is always charming to girls reared in England, where there is a good deal of formality.

Another thing we love about American boys is their devotion to their mothers. Nearly every one of them shows you a picture of his mother within five minutes of meeting you. English boys seldom speak of their mothers, fearing it might be considered sissified. We girls like the American attitude better. Their adoration for their "kid sisters" is also touching. In England, big brothers are inclined to regard their younger sisters as horrid little nuisances.

Americans are so simple and friendly that we are finding it amazingly easy to entertain them in our homes. Ten minutes after entering, the average American soldier is likely to be jogging the baby on his knee, or getting Grandma to tell him why she married Grandpa. One boy, a former college football star, strolled into our kitchen after tea, picked up a towel, and insisted on helping Mother dry the dishes. Mother nearly collapsed and my two younger sisters almost had hysterics. An English boy would never dream of doing such a thing; he would even think it rude.

In the beginning most of us didn't understand American expressions. One girl I know was deeply offended

when an American referred to her as a "little apple dumpling." She thought he was insulting her figure. These days, when a Yankee "wolf" accosts us with "Hello, Dimples," or "Hiyah, Toots," we come right back with "Scram, Twirp," or "Get along, you Piccadilly Commando."

Now and then, of course, some American says something that hurts us deeply — makes fun of our country or our customs. But when that

happens, some other American usually shuts him up.

I've never had so much fun in my life as I've had since the Yanks arrived, and I know that thousands of other girls in England feel the same way about them. But American girls needn't fret about the competition here. We're still very loyal to our own English lads, and most American boys couldn't see us at all if there were American girls around.

They Stay Married

A MIDDLE-AGED couple attribute their happy home to a system worked out years ago. If the husband's nerves are jangled after a hard day at the office, he tips his hat over to the wrong side of his head when he enters the front door, thus warning his wife of possible trouble ahead unless she makes allowances for his bad humor. On the other hand, if she has had a difficult day, she greets her husband at the door with a smile, but with her apron worn wrong side out. Besides averting quarrels, both husband and wife agree that the element of suspense adds a certain zest to the homecoming.

— Mildred Graves Ryan, *Cues for You* (Appleton-Century)

"WHENEVER I got angry," relates Mrs. Houdini, wife of the famous magician, "Houdini would leave the house, walk slowly around the block, then open the door and toss his hat into the

room. If it was not thrown out again he would enter. On one occasion, my bad temper made me obdurate to his overture. He had shattered two electric light bulbs and at my outburst left the house hastily. When he tossed his hat in, I promptly flung it out. The performance was repeated, at intervals, until finally Houdini vanished for an hour. Then a messenger appeared with an envelope on which was written: 'To be delivered in a hurry to Mrs. Houdini, then Exit Rapidly.' Within were these formal words:

"Mr. Houdini wishes to inform Mrs. Houdini that the first globe fell out of his hand, but the second one slipped. He wishes to convey his sorrow and promises that the one that fell will never fall again. — Friend Husband."

"One couldn't be angry long with a husband like that."

— Harold Kellock, *Houdini, His Life-Story* (Harcourt, Brace)

Taking Dentifrice Ads to the Cleaners

ADVERTISING men have done such a good job of selling dentifrices that millions of American medicine cabinets are cluttered with tubes and cans and bottles, bought in the belief that their contents will lend a sparkle to teeth, and claims have been so extravagant that the Federal Trade Commission, whose job it is to protect the public against falsification in advertising, has had to crack down several times during the past few years.

It has issued complaints against the makers of Ipana, Dr. Lyon's, Calox, Teel, Kolynos, Squibb's and many other dentifrices. In some cases the companies, rather than fight the complaints, consented to abandon their misleading claims; in others they were forced to do so by FTC "cease-and-desist" orders; still other cases are pending.

In its complaint against Bristol-Myers Company, makers of Ipana, the FTC last October branded as false and misleading such ads as: "Keep your teeth clean and white by using Ipana -- the yellowish tint on your teeth will disappear." As a matter of fact, said the FTC, Ipana will not re-

move the tint of teeth naturally yellow or stained by tobacco. The "brilliance," "brightness," "luster" or "sparkle" of teeth is due to the natural qualities of the tooth enamel. The teeth of some people possess these qualities, those of others do not -- and will not acquire them through the use of Ipana. All tooth pastes or powders will wash away surface stains.

Of greater concern to FTC was the fact that Ipana had seized upon the favorite technique of patent-medicine advertising -- herding customers to the drug counters by frightening them. The heavy artillery in Ipana's scare-advertising campaign is "Pink Tooth Brush." FTC experts went on the trail of this dread new disease allegedly sweeping America, and found that it was apparently invented and developed in the ad-men's offices. Dentists pooh-pooh it. "Except as an advertising catchphrase, the term 'Pink Tooth Brush' is ridiculous," said the *Journal of the American Dental Association*. "There is no recognizable clinical entity in dentistry known as 'Pink Tooth Brush.' In brushing the teeth blood

may appear on the toothbrush, but this may or may not be serious."

In any case, we should be no better off by using Ipana, said the FTC, for the cure is as fictitious as the disease. The Commission's experts declared that Ipana has no therapeutic properties of value in the prevention or treatment of diseases of the gums.

Ipana ad-men think the gums need "exercise." "When you massage with Ipana you can actually feel its stimulating effect upon your gum tissues as lazy gums start to waken and circulation speeds up." The FTC, however, pointed out that you cannot exercise your gums any more than you can exercise your toenail. Gums are nonmuscular tissue, and their firmness and health are dependent not at all upon anything Ipana can do. The "tang" which Ipana ad-men have said "tells you circulation is speeding up within the gums" is a purely sensory reaction, caused by irritant flavoring oils in Ipana.

The R. L. Watkins Company, makers of Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, spent \$4,210,000 over a period of seven years in an intensive campaign to make "Do as your dentist does — use powder" a byword. Dentists vehemently protested against the implication that the powder they used was similar to Dr. Lyon's, and FTC investigated.

The Commission found that Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is in no sense comparable to the kind dentists use.

° Dr. Lyon's is a chalk powder, the

dentists' is usually a pumice or silica paste — more abrasive and therefore more effective in cleansing the teeth, although it should not be used frequently.

The FTC also found that Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is very similar to the tooth pastes which it belittled in advertisements. The chief difference between pastes and powders, according to the FTC, is that, whereas most pastes are harmless, some powders occasionally contain particles of grit.

In view of these and other facts, the FTC stated that the company's representation that Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is free from grit" and "cannot possibly injure or scratch the tooth enamel" was exaggerated and misleading. Last October it ordered Watkins to cease such advertising.

McKesson & Robbins brought Calox Tooth Powder on the market at an auspicious time. Millions of ad readers had become convinced that tooth powder was *different* from and better than tooth paste. Ad-men plugging Calox improved upon these claims by making them more specific. They said Calox was *different* because of sodium perborate, and *good* because the movie stars used it. "Hollywood has no patent on beautiful teeth. You, too, can have teeth that 'Shine like the Stars!'"

Apparently wise to the ways of Hollywood, the FTC reminded McKesson & Robbins that Calox could hardly hope to make ordinary teeth

outshine the white polished celluloid caps the movie stars often wear over their own less perfect-looking teeth. The Commission also demolished the claim that sodium perborate, "in combination with other ingredients," causes Calox to release newborn, foaming oxygen that penetrates into the "forgotten 60" hidden surfaces between the teeth. No dentifrice yet concocted will clean where the brush cannot reach. The Federal Trade Commission further knocked the props from under these ads by announcing that the marvelous foam released from Calox is not caused by oxygen but by soap. Moreover, sodium perborate is a drug that should be used in the mouth only under the supervision of a dentist or physician. *Accepted Dental Remedies*, published by the American Dental Association for the guidance of the profession, refuses to recommend Calox because it contains this potentially harmful ingredient. Finally, the FTC ordered the makers of Calox to cease and desist from any advertisement representing that Calox would accomplish results which could not be accomplished by competing dentifrices.

In the midst of the controversy between pastes and powders, Procter & Gamble began promoting Teel, a liquid dentifrice. Theirs was another scare campaign, warning Americans that their teeth are being irreparably damaged by tooth pastes and powders. Because "the ordinary dentifrice" contains abrasives,

Teel ads tell us, it will wear our teeth away, cutting cavities in the soft tooth structure exposed by receding gums.

These representations are not only false and deceptive, charged the FTC last April, but they unfairly defame and disparage competing products. While most dentifrices contain mild abrasives, they do not cut cavities nor harm the teeth. The complaint further stated that since Teel has no abrasive qualities it cannot clean teeth as effectively as many of the pastes and powders. Moreover, the American Dental Association's Council on Dental Therapeutics was told by practicing dentists that Teel itself may even discolor the teeth, and so reported in the Association's *Journal* for October 1941. The Teel ads themselves admit that Teel users may find a mild abrasive necessary: "Once a week brush teeth with plain baking soda. . . ."

A sheep, both lost and black, which the FTC returned lily-white to the fold is Kolynos. Kolynos advertising for a time was riddled with exaggerated claims, among them that this tooth paste would make teeth three shades whiter in three days. To test this statement, the members of the South Bend (Indiana) Dental Society scientifically measured the shades of the teeth of 73 persons. These subjects then used Kolynos for three days and came back for another measurement. One showed "perhaps a bit lighter"; 72 showed no change whatever.

The Kolynos Company further boosted its effervescent tooth paste as a great discovery by claiming that it killed 190,000,000 germs in 15 seconds. "An antiseptic ingredient in that rich foam reaches every tiny crevice and destroys the germs that cause tooth decay."

Such unscientific statements as these, says Dr. J. J. Durrett, Chief of the Medical Advisory Division of FTC, "are loosely based on test-tube experiments and they have only to use a bigger tube, more germs, and more antiseptic and the figures can be raised to any desired size."

If his ad had been true, Kolynos would indeed be a new discovery, for according to FTC there is no germicidal agent, safe to put into the mouth, that is capable of killing all bacteria present in the oral cavity. Kolynos complied with the FTC order, mended its advertising ways, and is now on the list of *Accepted Dental Remedies*.

Dentists have long been annoyed at ads picturing handsome white-gowned male models posed beside a dentist's chair, while accompanying captions say: "Thousands of dentists agree that *one* type of dentifrice is the most effective . . ." (Squibb's Dental Cream). "Dentists warn against gritty dentifrices. If you're using one to fight tobacco stain, stop at once, and try this safe, modern way (Listerine Tooth Paste). "Dentists urge you to employ the special dentifrice known as Pepsodent."

At a Council on Dental Therapeu-

tics held in Chicago some years ago, members of the profession registered their protest against these anonymous dentists dreamed up by the ad-men. Not one of the advertisers using such phrases as those just quoted "had the slightest authority from any dentist or reputable dental society to give voice to their expressions," Council members asserted.

The favorite dentifrice of many a tube-squeezer will be found among FTC's cease-and-desist orders and stipulations. By agreement with the Commission, E. R. Squibb & Sons can no longer claim that the use of Squibb's Dental Cream or Squibb's Tooth Powder contributes materially to the prevention of tooth decay, and makers of Bost Tooth Paste must refrain from advertising that it removes tobacco stains which have been absorbed into the enamel of the teeth. For similar or other reasons, manufacturers of Dr. Sach's Dental Cream, Royal Blue Dental Cream, Royal Crown Dental Cream, Hyral, Hi-Ho Toothpaste, Teeth Whitener Formula A, and Teeth Whitener Formula B have all run afoul of the law which FTC enforces, and have been subjected to criticism and regulation by the Commission.

In proceeding against these various companies, the FTC was not opposing the legitimate advertising of their products. The Commission is determined, however, that manufacturers shall cease misrepresenting them.

The best way to clean your teeth is to give them a good brushing, using an up-and-down motion so that you reach all exposed surfaces. The Council on Dental Therapeutics says that an inexpensive tooth-cleaning material can be made at home: one part of table salt plus three parts of baking soda. There is no objection to the use of most dentifrices, if you prefer their taste to that of salt and

soda, but do not deceive yourself by supposing that they possess any magic powers. The truth about dentifrices is simply that whether you lay them on like a ribbon, dust them on or pour them on, none is more than an aid to the brush in cleaning the teeth, none has therapeutic value of any substantial kind, and none stands out as better than the others to any important degree.

Catalogue of Dreams

DURING World War I, Julius Rosenwald, the genius of Sears, Roebuck, accompanied Newton D. Baker, then Secretary of War, on a mission to France. Rosenwald took along four huge wooden cases. When Mr. Baker asked what they contained Rosenwald told him, "You'll see."

While touring American hospitals in France, the Secretary asked several librarians what book was requested most often by wounded soldiers. To his astonishment, they said the Sears, Roebuck catalogue. Baker remembered Rosenwald's heavy cases and, putting two and two together, asked Mr. Rosenwald how he had come to think of bringing catalogues for the hospitals.

"Well," said Mr. Rosenwald, "a wounded boy, lying in a hospital in a strange country, is both sick and homesick. I give that boy a catalogue. He turns the pages. He sees the shotgun that right now stands in his room back home in Illinois. He recalls the day he killed a rabbit in the pasture or shot crows in the corn. A few pages farther the boy runs into fishing tackle. It is no longer cold rainy weather in France, but warm springtime at home. He digs worms behind the barn, and pretty soon he is pulling fish out of the creek. The catalogue helps our soldier boys escape the miseries of war and live happily again, if only for a little while, amid the scenes of their childhood at home."

"I see," said Mr. Baker.

—David L. Cohn, *The Good Old Days* (Simon & Schuster)

Modern Minutemen with Wings

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post

John Kobler

EARLY one gray morning last winter a Nazi U-boat, surfacing a few miles off the Florida coast, got a surprise. Out of the clouds overhead dived a flea-sized civilian plane, so skimpy that the Nazi captain must have felt like laughing it away. But under its thin belly gleamed a crude bomb rack. It was the last thing the captain ever saw. A demolition bomb burst on his conning tower, blasting the U-boat out of the water.

The plane was a 90-horsepower Stinson Voyager with a top speed of 100 miles per hour, the pilot a retired businessman of 60. They were in the service of the Civil Air Patrol.

Most people entertain a vague notion that United States civilian aviation has been grounded since Pearl Harbor. The world's lustiest private air force—which, before the war numbered 100,000 pilots, 25,000 planes, 2000 landing fields and airports—is supposed to be extinct. Actually it never flew harder. Today nearly every aviation bug in the country, ineligible for the armed forces because of age or physical condition, is a CAP volunteer.

The only civilian service performing combat duty, and one privileged to wear U. S. Army insignia,

CAP maintains dawn-to-dusk patrols through the dirtiest weather the Atlantic can dish up. Its winged minutemen convoy coastwise shipping, maintain constant radio contact with army, navy and coast guard, and generally scare the fins off U-boats. Mostly they fly single-engine land planes originally designed for pleasure hops, thereby unfreezing thousands of heavy military aircraft for farther-flung action. If their engine cuts, they may have to crash-land at sea. To date such crack-ups have killed 14 CAP pilots.

The little Wacos, Fairchilds and Beechcrafts had never been dreamed of as bomb carriers. They were expected merely to patrol an assigned convoy area, and to radio for help when needed. Then one day a plane flushed a U-boat in shallow water. The U-boat crash-dived, stuck its nose in the mud and took 40 minutes to work free. Meanwhile the pilot radioed frantically, but the bombers arrived too late. When General Arnold heard of the mishap he roared,

"From now on they'll carry their own bombs, if they have to toss 'em out the window!"

Accordingly an ingenious army officer, Major Lester B. Orcutt, designed a metal attachment holding two 100-pound demolition bombs and two smoke bombs. Light planes dare not bomb at an altitude lower than 1000 feet, lest they blow themselves up. So Orcutt, with 20 cents' worth of scrap, including hairpins, tin cans and glass, devised a bombsight consisting of two adjustable metal rings suspended outside the cockpit door. At 3000 feet the Orcutt bombsight proved so accurate that it is now being mass-produced, and on certain objectives even army planes favor it.

Civil Air Patrol planes have not only blown subs to hell, but by their mere appearance, scaring Jerry off before he could fire his torpedoes, have saved more than 50 merchant ships. They have also spotted 250 survivors of torpedoed vessels, who were then rescued by coast guardsmen.

Coastal patrol is only one CAP function. As aerial home guards, the members patrol timber land, eyes peeled for fires. They tow sleeve targets for army gunners; inspect blackouts, camouflage and power lines; locate planes forced down in desolate regions; direct rescue posses during floods; and parachute clothing, food and serums to stranded victims.

Next to coastal patrol, CAP's handsomest service to the nation has been inland courier relays. Last

January, for example, the Curtiss-Wright plant in Buffalo needed 50 pounds of materials from a firm 300 miles away, to keep its assembly lines rolling. Truck or rail transportation would involve nearly a day's delay. From a courier station in Rochester a woman pilot — ten percent of CAP membership are women — flew the consignment in three hours. At a New Jersey munitions plant every batch of shells was held up two days, pending tests at an army arsenal. A CAP courier ferried sample shells back and forth in a few hours.

Every state now has a CAP wing, divided into squadrons of 50 to 200 members and subordinate flights. The individual units finance themselves by community drives and membership donations. The civilian pilots get no pay other than nominal maintenance while on active duty. All expenses, from spare parts to hangars, they meet out of their own pockets. Personal equipment alone may run as high as \$300. Yet many recruits (including the entire personnel at one base, 128 men) have junked their businesses to serve for the duration.

My air-minded neighbor in Connecticut, Frederick J. Lyon, Lieutenant, CAP, celebrated his 63rd birthday by joining a U-boat hunt. Taking time off from his job as public-utility executive, Fred, white-haired and paunchy, volunteered at one of CAP's secret coastal bases. His copilot, Ed Kahn, was a mere strippling of 48.

For 30 days Fred and Ed patrolled a murky, wind-lashed sea in three-hour shifts. Subject to rigid military discipline, they shared a small room near the base, were on duty from 8 a.m. — four when posted for dawn patrol — to five in the afternoon. To spot effectively, they wave-hopped most of the time, once flying so low that a whale spout spanked their bottom. Three times they spotted

the slight surface wake from a sub propeller, sharking along after a tanker. Within five minutes army and navy planes, PT boats and a blimp had converged on their radioed position and were churning the water into a white fury with depth charges and aerial bombs. "I'll lay odds those subs never got away," says Fred happily. Next hitch he hopes to polish off his quarry personally.

One patrol has an aircraft mechanic, aged 74, who worked for the Wright brothers. The Ohio wing's supply officer is crowding 88. George Bradley, radio technician for the Oakland, California, squadron, has been blind for ten years. One of the crack fliers of the Texas wing has no legs.

Civil Air Patrol's national commander is Major Earle L. Johnson, a handsome colossus of 48, nearly six and a half feet tall. An Ohio farmer, real-estate operator and flying fool, Johnson initiated an Ohio wing long before CAP was officially organized on December 1, 1941. He contended that slow, low-flying planes could

patrol better than high-powered ones.

"It's like a horse and buggy and a racing car," he reasoned. "The horse and buggy can spot a dime on the sidewalk where a racing car will miss it."

At the last tally, active members numbered 70,000. For active-duty missions, a pilot must have 150 solo hours behind him, 50 of them cross-country. Pliers and nonpliers alike must complete 30 tough courses covering everything from crash procedure to aerial navigation. Week-ends they get practical pointers at the nearest CAP airport. Between times they attend classes and remain on tap for home duties or for 90-day volunteer service at a base.

Heroism at CAP bases is routine. Out at sea in a raging storm, a CAP plane recently crashed, sinking at once with its observer. The pilot, Lieutenant Cross, broke his back, but managed to free himself. He was afloat in his life belt when Lieutenant Edmund I. Edwards and Captain Hugh Sharp, Jr., of the Delaware wing, sighted him from their amphibian. In landing, they smashed their left pontoon. With Cross aboard and an SOS burning up the air waves, their problem was to keep from capsizing. So, while Sharp navigated, Edwards crawled out on a wing to balance the plane. He clung there for five hours until a Coast Guard ship found them and towed the plane to shore. Sharp and Edwards were awarded the Army Air Medal.

They Walk Without Legs

Condensed from Hygeia

J. P. McEvoy

LAST DECEMBER the youngest son of Lord Halifax, Lieutenant Richard Frederick Wood of the British Eighth Army, was blasted by a bomb in Tripoli, and lost both legs above the knees. When he came out of the hospital he was brought to Washington to stay with his parents in the British Embassy.

One day Lady Halifax heard of a Pittsburgh businessman who had lost both legs but walked without crutches on artificial legs. He had taught many other legless people to walk again. Would he come and talk with her son? Gladly. Could he do anything to help? He could—and did. In May, only a few weeks later, Lieutenant Wood stood up on a pair of artificial legs and walked across the room!

Few people have heard of E. A. Kerschbaumer of Pittsburgh, and yet he has been going around the country performing miracles like this for a long time. "Most boys who have lost an arm or a leg think life is finished," he says. "They picture themselves as selling lead pencils on the street corner, with everybody sorry for them—including them-

selves. They have no conception of what science plus determination can do to make them like any normal person.

"Take me, for example," and Kerschbaumer, who looks a little like Clark Gable, got up from the chair, walked across the room, came back, sat down and crossed his legs. He carries a cane and he walks like a man with a sprained ankle --- *but he walks!*

"The most skillful doctors in the world can't convince a boy who has lost a leg that he isn't a cripple for life, and the most adroit psychologists can't do much to restore his morale, but when I tell him he can walk without legs he believes me, because I can prove it. There are hundreds like me all over the country, and they would be thrilled to help the boys who must be taught how to use new limbs."

Kerschbaumer lost his left leg at the age of six. After successive operations there was no stump at all. He was told it was impossible to fit him with an artificial leg without a stump—so at 15 he invented a leg which he could walk on with a little assist-

ance from his left hand stuck through a hole in his left-hand pocket. Acquaintances sometimes asked him how he got those callouses on his left hand. "From walking on it," he says.

Kerschbaumer, now 3, runs a successful mining business is a leader in civic affairs, has a wife and two children. A year and a half ago, he lost his other leg — the result of nothing more picturesque than tripping and falling down a flight of steps in a Washington hotel. He had to learn how to walk all over again, still with no left leg and now with his right leg off below the knee. It was the fierce determination with which he learned to — thus, as much — his ingenuity and — II, that thrilled Lord and Lady Halifax when he volunteered to put their son, quite literally, back on his feet.

"The boy surprised all of us," says Kerschbaumer. "Even me. And I'm not easily surprised any more. I have seen what miracles the human spirit can accomplish. At first, Lieutenant Wood was despondent, just as your boy or mine would be. But I showed him what I could do. If I could do it, he could, too. I showed him the basic principles of walking and standing, and in four days he accomplished as much as I would have in four weeks."

The fiendishly ingenious land mines of this war are taking heavy toll of limbs — three times as many legs as arms. It is only natural for a boy who has lost a limb to feel that this is a rare disaster, but there were 4403 "amputees" from the last war,

and even in normal times as many as 10,000 lose arms or legs annually in this country, by automobile or railroad accidents or infectious diseases. All told, there are 350,000 legless or armless people in the United States.

Vast improvements have been made in the mechanics of artificial limbs and in the techniques of using them, both in this country and in Great Britain, where not only war wounded but also civilian casualties of the blitz are supplied with new arms and legs and taught to use them.

The files of the Association of Limb Manufacturers of America are crowded with what read like miraculous achievements. Joe Spivak, one-time president of the association, lost both legs at 17 as a brakeman on the Erie Railroad. At 50 he is so agile he can kick a football. One large artificial-limb firm has organized a baseball team of customers, all of whom have lost either arms or legs and yet play regular benefit games around New York. This year the schedule was cut because so many members are employed in war industries they have no time to practice.

Wearers of artificial limbs have their own organization, the Fraternity of the Wooden Leg, and their own monthly magazine, *Courage*.

Stories of many famous members are retold: The immortal Sarah Bernhardt had an artificial leg when she made her last tour of the United States. Alexander P. de Seversky, aviation authority and world-famous

flier, lost a leg in the last war in Russia. Herbert Marshall strides across stage and screen in the most romantic rôles — and not one out of ten thousand admirers suspects, much less knows, which of his legs is real. Monty Stratton, famous White Sox pitcher who lost a leg as a result of a hunting accident, is still pitching in a minor league.

Then there is Billy Gibson who was a Broadway celebrity, a song-and-dance man widely known for his uncanny impersonations of George M. Cohan. In the Argonne he lost his right leg, and was shipped back to Walter Reed Hospital. One day while he was lying there wondering how a song-and-dance man was going to make a living in vaudeville minus his right leg, the doctor walked around the ward with a visitor. Then the doctor asked if any of the lads could tell which of the visitor's legs was artificial.

"The guy could walk as good as the doctor, maybe better," said Billy, "and I told him it was a pretty sour joke." So the visitor came over to Billy's bed, pulled up his trouser leg and said, "What do you think of this one?" — and rapped it with his knuckles.

"It was a phoney," says Billy, "a regular termite garage. Our eyes bugged out. The fellow didn't even limp! None of us guys had ever heard of such a thing. We all thought that once you lost a leg you went around on crutches all your life, or in a wheel chair."

The next day Billy was measured for a leg. In a few weeks the army had him teaching the other boys how to walk on their new legs. Soon he had learned to dance his old routine, and was back in vaudeville singing "I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy" from coast to coast. And no one in the audience even suspected that Billy Gibson had only one good leg.

Years passed. Vaudeville disappeared. Billy Gibson vanished. And then one day a few weeks ago I visited the Halloran General Hospital on Staten Island, and who should be singing "I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy" with his hat over one eye and his cane keeping time as he hoofed expertly around the beds but Billy Gibson, doing his old stuff, but for a new audience — a ward full of "amputees" back from the fighting in North Africa. You could see new hope shining in their eyes as they watched him.

Recently I talked to some of these same boys, who had been fitted with new legs and had become expert enough to go on a tour of the night clubs with Billy. One of them, a tall boy from Alabama, was downright cocky. "I was at the Stork Club last night," he crowed, "and whadya know! I was out on the floor with a girl. Me! Dancing! Boy, when they bopped off my right leg in Africa, I never thought I'd stand again, much less dance."

"What troubles the boys more than anything," says Kerschbaumer, "is that they're sure no woman is

going to give them a second look except in pity. But I tell them, look at me! I've had only one good leg since I was a boy, but that didn't prevent me from marrying a beautiful girl, raising a family and having a helluva good time.

"And I tell them about the veteran of the last war who had lost both legs above the knees. I was brought in to see if I could help. He was dirty and unkempt -- obviously discouraged. I said, 'Why don't you get yourself a couple of legs and start living again?' The fellow growled, 'Why should I? Nobody's interested in me any more. A woman wouldn't even look at me.' And I said, 'If I were a woman I wouldn't look at you, either -- until you washed your face, put on a clean shirt, and showed a little respect for yourself.'

"Well, the fellow got sore at that and said, 'It's easy enough for you to talk -- but suppose you didn't have

any legs?' And I said, 'I'm shy one, myself,' and I showed him. 'The trouble with you,' I told him, 'is that you just want to feel sorry for yourself. Well, go ahead. Guys like you are a total loss anyway. It's a waste of time to talk to you.'

"He was fighting mad now, and he said, 'You get me a couple of legs. I'm going to learn to walk just as good as you, and then I'm going to walk right up to you and punch you in the nose!'

"The last I heard of him," says Kerschbaumer, "he was married, had a family and was happy and successful.

"And he's no exception. It's my conviction, after years of experience, that four out of five fellows who lose arms or legs are naturally self-reliant and self-respecting. They need only to be helped to the point where they're glad to take over and help themselves."

Who Owns 21 States?

AT AN accelerated rate, and in some instances contrary to the expressed will of the Congress, the various agencies of the government are taking over the land of the United States. The government owns or is acquiring 395,978,724 acres. That amounts to the combined land areas of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Ohio, Illinois and Indiana, with enough left over to make 32 Districts of Columbia. It is about one fifth of the total area of the entire United States.

— Harry F. Byrd, U. S. Senator (Dem.) from Virginia



What happened to a child's toy in the hands of an American genius.

ELMER SPERRY *and His Magic Top*

Condensed from Scientific American

Francis Sill Wickware

ON A SUMMER day in Cleveland, 39 years ago, a slight, blue-eyed man named Elmer Ambrose Sperry bought a toy top for his children. He spun it on the living-room floor, and one of the children asked: "Daddy, why does a top stand up when it spins?"

It was an old, old question. Mathematicians had written tomes about "gyroscopic inertia." But no one had ever found a way to utilize this strange physical force.

Sperry — then aged 44, already famous as inventor of an arc light, a new system of electric propulsion for trolley cars, and a long list of other things — pondered the top. It was his first step on the long road toward his invention of the gyrocompass, which revolutionized marine navigation and made possible aviation as we know it today. Precision bombing, transatlantic flights, 2000-mile hops between pin-point islands in the Pacific would be impossible without it. The gyrocompass was the forerunner of the directional gyro (sky compass), the artificial horizon (which shows whether a plane is fly-

ing on an even keel), and the turn and bank indicator (which shows whether a plane is following a straight course or turning — and how much). Gyroscopes are an integral part of the Sperry and Norden bombsights, while the Sperry automatic pilot — which can automatically fly a plane through any kind of weather — is essential in maintaining the proper course during the crucial moments before bombs are released.

But that day in Cleveland, Sperry foresaw none of these things. He was aware only that the child's question nagged him.

He first waded through the technical literature, then borrowed an electrically driven gyroscope from a scientific school. It was a simple instrument — a solid steel wheel on an axle, mounted within gimbal rings so that it could be turned in any direction. That is, it could be turned when the wheel was at rest; but when the motor spun the axle at 3000 r.p.m. it became difficult to budge the wheel out of its plane of rotation. No matter how the frame was turned, the wheel held steady.

Sperry pointed the whirling axle toward the sun, and watched how it stubbornly held its direction. The wheel *seemed* to turn over within its frame once every 24 hours, but actually its axle pointed steadily at the sun, unaffected by the earth's rotation.

For months Elmer Sperry was obsessed with the spinning wheel. He had to be reminded to eat, and when he left the house he invariably forgot to take any money with him, with the result that he was constantly being embarrassed on street cars and in restaurants.

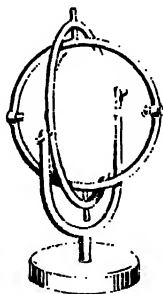
Later he took a trip to Europe, and in a storm at sea he was thrown out of his berth and wrenched his knee. Sperry was indignant — why should man be at the mercy of the ocean? He determined to do something about it. Couldn't the gyroscope be used to stabilize a ship and prevent it from rolling? Also, might not a gyroscopic stabilizer improve naval gunnery by keeping ships steady?

After three years of tests and deliberations, the navy let Sperry

build a full-sized stabilizer for the destroyer *Worden*. The stabilizer kept the unsteady craft on a remarkably even keel. But soon after that, the whole system of gun-pointing was changed, using the ship's roll to gain increased gun elevation and range, and the navy lost interest in stabilized ships.

However, Sperry gyrostabilizers were installed in many large private yachts. Years later, there was so much publicity when the Italian liner *Conte di Savoia* was fitted with three 80-ton gyros at a cost of over \$1,000,000 that even today the gyro-stabilizer is the best known of Elmer Sperry's inventions.

The stabilizer, however, was not nearly so important as the gyrocompass, which he perfected in 1908. Steam had replaced sail long before, and steel had driven the wooden ship from the seas. But nothing had been done to improve the compass, an ancient Chinese invention which never deserved its reputation for accuracy. Its needle did not point to true north but to "magnetic



THE MOST FAMILIAR FORM OF ELEMENTARY GYROSCOPE FOR GENERAL STUDY. IT CAN SPIN WITH ITS AXIS IN ANY DIRECTION



north," a broad, uncertain area in northern Canada. Steel hulls or metallic cargo threw the needle off the beam. In certain areas — notably the Great Lakes — iron ore deposits made the compass particularly wild. In submarines it was entirely useless.

Elmer Sperry felt sure that his gyroscope was the answer. Once fixed on true north it would stay fixed and would not be distracted by magnetic influences. The problem was to couple the spinning wheel to a compass card and mount it so that it would not be thrown off by the ship's motion.

Proof that Sperry had solved this problem was forthcoming when the gyrocompass was taken out for trials on the new battleship *Delaware*. The *Delaware's* guns thundered a salvo that sent men reeling against the bulkheads and smashed lights and crockery. A ditty box which a sailor had carelessly stowed on a platform halfway up the conning tower came tumbling down on the compass, scattering personal belongings among the outraged officials. Elmer Sperry fainted. But when he revived, the compass still pointed serenely toward true north, and all was well.

The navy at once started equipping all ships with the gyrocompass, and orders arrived from the British, French, Russian, Italian and Japanese navies. Today practically every first-class ocean-going vessel in the world carries the Sperry compass. All submarines depend absolutely on it, not only for underwater naviga-

tion but for firing torpedoes which are themselves steered by gyroscopes. Most modern ships also are equipped with the Sperry Automatic Pilot, or "Metal Mike," which can steer a ship straight across the ocean without a helmsman.

The gyroscope has transformed naval gunnery. Gun-pointing used to be done visually. Now an officer in the foretop, spotting a distant target over the horizon, can superimpose the bearing on a gyrocompass and have it transmitted instantly to all battle stations by repeater compasses.

Even before the first World War, Sperry started adapting the marine gyrocompass for use in airplanes. And when his son, a pioneer flier, was killed in a crash, he became more eager than ever to do for planes what he had done for ships. Each of his basic flight instruments is a marvel of precision beside which a watch is coarse and clumsy. The raw materials in the directional gyro, for instance, are worth only a couple of dollars, but the fine work necessary brings the cost to more than \$300.

One of the great miracles of modern science is the automatic pilot. Huge bombers and transports roar through space at hundreds of miles per hour, cut off from sight of earth by clouds or darkness, yet following a true course, every movement controlled automatically by tiny gyroscopes.

The gyroscope also has uses on land. Formerly, oil-well drillers had

no way of controlling the direct of a drill thousands of feet underground. Bore holes wandered as much as half a mile off course. But with a special Sperry gyro harnessed as a subterranean direction-finder, bore holes can now be drilled accurately.

The Sperry Gyroscope Company is today one of the biggest war plants in the New York area, one of the most secret, closely guarded factories in the world. It is a technological wonderland behind closed doors, pouring forth -- besides gyroscopic equipment -- a staggering assortment of instruments which serve as the mechanical eyes, ears and nerves of modern war.

Engineers and scientists rank Sperry second only to Edison as an inventor. When he died he had nearly 400 patents in his own name. One of his most important inventions was a 60-inch searchlight which creates the brightest continuous light ever made by man and which is now standard equipment in all U. S. anti-aircraft batteries. The 800,000,000 candle-power beam is actually brighter than sunlight. It has a range of 200 miles, and in its path at a distance of several miles one can read a newspaper. A small model of this lamp is used in motion-picture projectors for large theaters like Radio City Music Hall.

Everyone who rides a train is indebted to Sperry for a vital contribution to railroad safety. For years one of the chief causes of wrecks was the unpredictable collapse of rails that

looked all right but suddenly gave way under the weight of a train. Railroads had tried in vain to find means of detecting hidden cracks.

Sperry's solution, characteristically simple, was a special testing car which shot an electric current through the rails and instantly recorded any variation in the flow caused by internal flaws. The crowning touch was a pump which automatically squirted white paint on any defective section of rail. Since the start of this war alone, Sperry Detector Cars have tested 140,000 miles of track and discovered 113,000 defective rails -- each one a potential cause of a wreck.

To accomplish what he did, Elmer Sperry drove himself unmercifully. He was so full of energy that his engineers in the Gyroscope Company sometimes hid behind pillars or filing cabinets at the end of the day, when they saw him approaching with his quick, bouncing step and a bright gleam in his eye that probably would mean an all-night session.

Sperry's career began at the age of six, when he invented a horse-radish grater for an aunt; and he remained an inventor even on his deathbed. It was unbearably hot in New York on June 16, 1930, and the hospital room where Sperry lay was stifling. A cake of ice was brought in and placed in a tub, with an electric fan blowing across it. The room temperature dropped a degree or two, and with a great effort the dying man whispered, "Put some water in the tub. It will give more cooling surface."

OLIVER HERFORD

First Wit of His Day



Condensed from
The Saturday Review of Literature

Julian Street

Author of "The Need of Change,"
"Abroad at Home," etc.

HE WAS frail and gnomelike. His clothing hung from his shoulders with the empty look of clothing on a coat hanger, and by contrast with his meager body and spindling neck his head looked large. This gave him the appearance of a baby robin, and the suggestion was enhanced by the great, astonished eyes behind his glasses, and by the nimbus of fine, soft hair, like down on a half-bald birdling. His voice was low, his smile slow and misty. He almost never laughed aloud; the rest of us, who listened to him, did the laughing.

Oliver Herford was rated the first wit of his time. Since his death in 1935 the legend of him has steadily expanded. His sketches and water colors and the delightful little books he wrote and illustrated are collectors' items now; and Herfordisms — such as "My wife has a whim of iron," "A woman's mind is cleaner than a man's — she changes it oftener," "I don't know your face but your manner is familiar" (in rebuke

to a back-slapper); and his famous reply to a patronizing dowager who asked about his loftier ambitions, "I've always wanted to throw an egg into an electric fan," — are classics of American quippery.

But the coruscating side of him that caused him to be so widely quoted was far from being the only reason why those who knew Oliver Herford will never forget him. The thing that made Oliver completely an odd number was that he lived on two separate levels at the same time. Physically he trudged about this old boardinghouse of a world with the rest of us; mentally he floated overhead.

This affair of dual levels, or of having been delivered to the wrong address by the celestial expressman, kept his friends enormously entertained and considerably concerned about him. Though to us he seemed the most impractical of men, to him others were impractical: poor, plodding wretches so obsessed with notions about punctuality and rent bills and grocer's bills and other

awful dullnesses, that they never had time to think of worth-while things such as the fairy patterns made by Jack Frost on winter windowpanes, the fact that to an insect's eye the grasses are like the columns and arches in a Gothic cathedral, and that the way to deal with unattractive-looking mail is to drop it unopened in the wastebasket.

One Sunday when he and his sister, Beatrice, were walking in the country they came upon a little one-room schoolhouse. Thinking of the children who would trudge dismally to school next morning, Oliver lifted a window, climbed in, and spent a happy two hours drawing a droll mural of wild animals on the blackboard. Later Beatrice heard of the delight of teacher and pupils when the drawings were discovered next day, and of the reluctance with which they were erased to make way for more necessary things, which in Oliver's special world weren't necessary at all.

As may be imagined, banks and other businesslike institutions presented something of a problem to Oliver, and he in turn presented something of a problem to them. When he received a letter from his bank saying, "Your account appears to be overdrawn," he answered, "Never trust appearances."

It was once the practice of a publishers association to give an annual blowout to some hundreds of writers and illustrators. Delighted with the sumptuous resort hotel at

which one of these banquets took place, Oliver decided to remain there a few days after the mob went home. As he was about to leave he was shocked to learn from the clerk that he was expected to pay the balance of the bill himself.

"I haven't that much money with me," he told the clerk.

"That's all right, Mr. Herford. Just give us a check."

"But I haven't any checks, either."

A blank check was supplied and Oliver filled it out.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Herford," said the clerk, "but you've neglected to fill in the name of the bank."

"Ah, yes," said Oliver. "Perhaps you can tell me the name of a good bank."

Oliver had one settled economic policy. Small checks for second serial rights and the like—"windfalls" he called them—he always gave to Peggy, his wife. Peggy, who tenderly appreciated Oliver in all his phases, treasured every little note and verse he wrote her during their many years together. I remember one item she showed me, a note he sent her with such a check: "Here is a little windfall, dear. Spend it wisely but not too often."

Frank Crowninshield, long time editor of *Fanny Fair*, tells of going with Oliver to a clothing store. An impressive floorwalker approached them, smiling benignly. "Coatings, suitings, or trouserings?" they were asked, with the proper unctious-

"No," said Oliver, apologetically. "Only some paltry collarings and cuffsings."

The story has often been told of the Farragut Club, and of how Oliver would tell people he was proposing them for membership and later inform them that they had been blackballed. Ultimately it came to be known that Oliver held all the offices in the Farragut Club and was its sole member, and that the club's meeting place was the seat under the statue of Admiral Farragut in Madison Square. I once asked him what had put the idea of the Farragut Club into his head, and he replied that he had organized it for the sole purpose of blackballing Richard Harding Davis.

His respect for the lower forms of life accounted for one oft-quoted Herford maxim: "The crab, more than any of God's creatures, has formulated the perfect philosophy of life. Whenever he is confronted by a great moral crisis in life, he first makes up his mind what is right, and then goes sideways as fast as he can."

Edward Simmons, the mural painter and a fellow member of The Players Club, was such an incessant talker that he came to be regarded in some quarters as a bore. Once a tipsy club member, fed up with Simmons' monologues, said to him: "I'll give you \$50 if you'll resign."

"Don't take it," advised Oliver when Simmy told him of the insult. "You can get more."

Oliver disclaimed being used as an exhibition piece. A society woman, widely known as a collector of celebrities, once gave a large dinner party at which the guests of honor were Herford and a famous military man. Bulbous and beaming, the lady rose at the end of the meal and unexpectedly announced: "Mr. Oliver Herford will now improvise a poem in honor of the hostess."

Oliver seemed visibly to shrivel.

"Oh, no," he murmured. "I have the general fire a cannon."

With Gelett Burgess, Oliver once started a sophisticated little magazine which Burgess tells me ran for one consecutive issue. Taking a copy fresh from the press, Oliver called on William W. Ellsworth, president of the Century Company, and asked him to take advertising space in the new magazine.

Mr. Ellsworth declined. "Your magazine will be ephemeral," he told Oliver.

Herford demanded to know why he drew that conclusion.

"You'll get sick of it and it will stop."

"Nonsense," said Oliver. "I got sick of *The Century* long ago and it hasn't stopped."

As Oliver aged he ate less and less, and his weight dwindled until he became more than ever a mere "intelligence on legs." Cold and draughts disturbed him, and his apartment was practically airless.

One winter Mr. E. J. Regan of London, Peggy's father, came to

pay the Herfords a visit. Mr. Regan, with a Briton's zeal for fresh air, went rushing about the apartment opening windows while Oliver rushed after him closing them.

Thoroughly irritated, the visitor went to the hall closet and put on his overcoat.

"Where are you going?" Oliver asked.

"Out to get some air," snapped the old gentleman.

"No use going out for it," said Oliver. "You've got it all in here now."

On a July day in 1935 Oliver, frailer than ever, walked slowly into The Players. A friend asked how he felt. "I know what's the matter with me," he replied. "I'm just fading out." And it was true. Less than a week later a black-bordered card on the bulletin board announced his death. The card reminded many

an old Player of what Oliver said when the name of George Barr McCutcheon was similarly posted.

"When I look out of my studio window," he said, "and see the club flag at half-mast, I hurry over and look at the bulletin board to see who it is; but it's always the wrong man."

Oliver's own death notice had been on the bulletin board but a short time when someone penciled on it: "Always the wrong man."

After his funeral, a group of his pallbearers went to The Players for a late lunch. Each man, it seemed, had some pet Oliver stories which were new to the rest of us, and the luncheon quickly turned from an occasion of gloom into one of hilarity. This is the greatest tribute I can pay to Oliver. When those who loved him meet and mention him the inevitable result is gaiety.



Epitaphs

❖ In an old Vermont churchyard is a plot of five graves: -- four corner graves and one in the center. On each of the corner graves is a marble pedestal with a carved hand, the index finger pointing to the center grave. On each hand is carved: "OUR HUSBAND."

-- Milton Bacon in CBS broadcast

❖ Inscription on the center one of three tombstones in a family plot near Niagara Falls, Ontario:

"Here I lie between two of the best women in the world, my wives. But I have requested my relatives to tip me a little toward Tillie."

-- Oakland Tribune

America Is Being Made Over—And We Won't Like It

Condensed from *Forbes*

Joseph C. O'Mahoney

United States Senator from Wyoming

IN 1929 the Department of the Interior secured Congressional approval for the establishment of the Grand Teton National Park in Wyoming. Ever since then it has sought to extend the park's boundaries to include more land than the Congress, the State of Wyoming or the County of Teton was willing to set aside. Every effort failed.

But the bureaucrats were not to be denied. Although national parks can be created only by an act of Congress, an old law provides that, without such an act, small areas of land owned or controlled by the United States may be set aside as "national monuments" for the preservation of historic landmarks. And so, last March, a flourish of the pen on an Executive proclamation did what Congress had refused to allow. Without notice to the ranchers living in the area, to Wyoming or to Congress, an area half the size of Rhode Island was made into the "Jackson Hole National Monument." The law invoked by the bureaucrats had been intended to apply solely to lands "owned or controlled by the

United States," yet a sizable part of the area taken over in this high-handed fashion is privately owned.

What happens to Teton County is not a matter to arouse national concern. But it is typical of what is happening in the federal government in every phase of its activity, from the smallest local matters to the greatest international problems. Policies are no longer being determined by the people or their representatives, but through Executive order by employees of the Executive arm of the government. These officials are neither chosen by nor accountable to the population they govern.

In the last ten years, the Executive branch has issued nearly 4000 such orders. That number of *orders* is almost equal to all the *laws* passed in that period by Congress. The regulations which — by uncounted thousands — have sprung from these orders already fill 20 fat volumes.

Unlike our laws, these orders were not publicly debated or voted on by the people's representatives. They were prepared in secret by persons unknown, and announced by the

110 order-issuing agencies of the Executive. They are Executive "laws" which our national law making body never saw until they were published.

By them, America is being made over.

The life of every man, woman and child in America will be affected by the kind of peace that follows this war. For the people's protection, the Constitution prescribes that treaties must be ratified by a two-thirds vote of the Senate. But today we are being internationally committed, not by vote, but by order. Behind the curtain of Executive secrecy, a whole network of Executive agreements with other nations is being contrived. As a result, there may never be a peace conference or a peace treaty upon which the people may pass judgment.

No one knows how deeply the Executive, practicing this doctrine of secret covenants secretly arrived at, has already involved us. But we do know that today we have a far greater number of Executive agreements with foreign powers than we have treaties. Our people and their elected representatives have not been allowed even to consider and debate agreements which obligate the nation.

The issue here is not whether the purpose of these agreements is good, bad or indifferent. It is whether we remain loyal to democratic principles, whether the people are to participate in the final decisions in-

volving the welfare of the nation. The issue is: What will it profit us if we seek to save the whole world and lose our own freedom?

Recently Congress voted almost unanimously to extend for another year the life of Lend-Lease. We did that because Congress knows that whatever success our allies gain is our success, and because we are determined to use every available means to speed victory.

But Lend-Lease, which was created by Congress as a war measure, has become a gigantic financial instrument of the Executive by which, without the advice or consent of Congress, the global shape of things to come is being prepared. Congress has appropriated 18 billion dollars for Lend-Lease. But from funds appropriated by Congress for other purposes, some 50 additional billions have been transferred to this agency by Executive order.

What is ominous is that this vast operation and its final settlement may be used for purposes on which Congress has never been allowed to vote or the people to voice their opinions. The President, in the final accounting, can accept repayment in kind or in property — or he can also write off the whole bill, in exchange for "any direct or indirect benefit to the United States which he deems satisfactory."

How far the President can go in making international political use of these American billions can be gathered from Article VII of the

agreement which the Executive signs with every recipient nation. That article provides that the final settlement of this debt to us shall be such "as to promote mutually advantageous economic relations and the betterment of world-wide economic relations; to further the elimination of all forms of discriminatory treatment in international commerce, and the reduction of tariffs and other trade barriers; and in general to promote the attainment of all the economic objectives set forth in the Joint Declaration made on August 14, 1941, by the President of the United States and the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom."

That article was never submitted to Congress. It has been disavowed by a unanimous vote of the Committee on Foreign Relations of the Senate. Nonetheless, it pledges American resources for the world-wide enforcement of the Atlantic Charter and whatever else the Executive may decree.

Every American's job, wages and level of living are affected by our trade with other nations. That is why the power to regulate trade — whether through tariffs or otherwise — was lodged by our Constitution in Congress. Today, however, that constitutional protection is being circumvented. The Reciprocal Trade Treaties, sound though they are in purpose, are negotiated in a manner dangerous to the fundamentals of self-government.

We now have such agreements

with 30 nations. Twenty-six of those nations practice the democracy which we profess: they require such agreements to be submitted to their national legislatures before becoming finally effective. But in the United States — homeland of the Four Freedoms — Congress is not only denied the right of final judgment, it is not even allowed to know the details of the agreements in advance.

Last April, the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives asked Francis B. Sayre, Special Assistant to the Secretary of State, to identify the persons who, in the name of our government, drew up these world-wide commitments. Mr. Sayre made the amazing reply: "Nothing would be gained by giving out this information."

Secrecy, thus, stamps the whole procedure. By whatever name it may be called, this is not representative democracy.

Again the issue is not the reciprocal trade agreements, but the progressive degeneration of American democracy and the substitution of secret sessions for open debate, of Executive orders for law.

In 1941 Congress passed a war powers act designed to enable the President to strengthen the efficiency of the Administrative branch of the government for the prosecution of the war. To prevent the act being used as a means of expanding Executive government, Congress inserted in three places in the bill a

prohibition against the creation of new functions and agencies. Despite that provision in the act, no less than 11 new Executive agencies have been set up under it by Executive order. Their vast powers are drawn not from any legislative grant but from the vague and undefined authority of the Executive.

In the first World War, the Food, Fuel and Railroad Administrations, the Shipping Board and the War Trade Board, all were set up by act of Congress. Bernard Baruch and the War Industries Board, which did such a magnificent job, performed functions specifically authorized in the law that established the Council of National Defense. In this war a bewildering succession of Executive agencies has been created -- not by act of Congress, but by Executive order -- to perform functions which are both legislative and executive. This bureaucratic chameleon, which began with the OEM, has passed through many forms -- OPM, OPACS, SPAB, WPB and all the rest, with OWM now capping the climax. Each one lived long enough to prove its ineffectiveness and the failure of the method of administration which, in the name of efficiency, has been used to by-pass the elected representatives of the people.

The Department of Agriculture is no longer responsible for food production. That is the province of the President's personal appointee, Chester C. Davis. Labor disputes

are no longer the responsibility of the Labor Department. For that we have the War Labor Board, created, without Congressional action, by Executive orders. Even the State Department, established in 1789 to handle foreign affairs, woke up last year to discover that its authorized field of action had been seriously invaded by the Executive-ordered Board of Economic Warfare. Against this threat, the State Department forthwith raised a hue and cry. In another order -- which is amazing because it was necessary -- the President thereupon solemnly enjoined the BEW to recognize "the primary responsibility and position, under the President, of the Secretary of State in the formulation and conduct of our foreign policy."

These agencies were created on the assumption that, with a war to win, wisdom, ability and "know-how" reside, chiefly, in the Executive. The records of many of them -- the Office of Price Administration, the War Manpower Commission, the War Labor Board, the Office of Defense Transportation -- throw great doubt on that theory. They have certainly done nothing to justify the wholesale short-circuiting, under the guise of war necessity, of the constitutionally established principles and practices of our democracy.

"The Constitution of the United States," declared the Supreme Court in the historic *Milligan* case, "is a law for rulers and people, equally in

war and in peace. No doctrine involving more pernicious consequences was ever invented by the wit of man than that any of its provisions can be suspended during the great exigencies of government. Such a doctrine leads to anarchy or despotism."

One is led to believe that the current increasing practice of that "pernicious doctrine" is not wholly a result of a determination to win the war. Instead it appears to reflect the purpose, in some government quarters, to use the war to make over our government in the ugly shape of a totalitarianism which Congress and the people - if they were consulted - would emphatically repudiate.

Among the men who write the Executive regulations there is actually a school of thought which holds that secrecy is wise because it prevents public outcry before a rule becomes effective - thus making it easier for a bureau to carry out a policy which would be rejected if submitted to public scrutiny.

Congress has entered the Executive agencies' calculations only when funds were needed. But even here Congress has been circumvented. Last year, Congress inserted a clause in the Office of Civilian Defense's appropriations bill prohibiting the appointment of any person at a salary of more than \$4500 without Senate confirmation. On the heels of this prohibition, the OCD appointed and sent to London a \$6000-a-year representative - without Senate confirmation. Asked about this by the

Senate committee, James M. Landis, head of OCD, blandly explained that he had got around the law by paying this salary from the blank-check funds of the President.

A year ago, Congress refused to appropriate funds for the construction in downtown Washington of a building to house the Office of Government Reports and to serve as a government information center. Congress also specified that funds for this purpose should not be transferred from other sources. Nonetheless, the building was built with \$800,000 allocated, by Executive authorization, from such other sources.

Executive orders have even set aside the courts and the citizen's right of judicial appeal. In the order which delegated authority over wages to the War Labor Board there is this clause - a similar phrase appears in other orders - "any determination of the Board made pursuant to the authority conferred on it shall be final and shall not be subject to review by any civil court."

When some of these things are done solely for the purpose of hastening the victory, they may be forgiven or even supported. But they are dangerous because they are setting the pattern for our future. That is the pattern of arbitrary power, the characteristic mark of totalitarianism. It is a negation of all that is democratic. It is the road to national socialism where such arbitrary, concentrated power becomes the master of the people.



¶ The spirit that enabled a gallant lady to begin life anew at 70

83-Year-Old Granny— *Idol of Hollywood*

Condensed from *Independent Woman*

Frank J. Taylor

HOLLYWOOD's most amazing starlet is Adeline de Walt Reynolds, a tiny, blue-eyed lady with bobbed, silvery hair, who crashed the movies at 80. Now approaching 83, "Granny" is the darling of the film colony. She is never sick and never late at the studio, learns her lines faster than most young actresses, is as spry and refreshing as a robin, and earns an income that runs into five digits. When each pay check is clipped by an old age pension deduction, she snorts:

"Me retire? Retiring is a silly idea! People should save their best years for work they've always wanted to do."

Grandma Reynolds has done just that. "Life began anew for me at 70," she told me. At that important milestone she graduated from the University of California — with high honors.

Born and raised on an Iowa farm, she pitched hay, milked cows, drove a team, did a man's work. Finally

she induced her father to allow her to go to a preparatory school in nearby Blairstown; but there she met Frank Reynolds, and they eloped.

A few years later, when the young couple and their two children moved to Boston, Mrs. Reynolds studied dramatics at the New England Conservatory of Music and Oratory. A reading of Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* so impressed her instructors that they sent her to Bram Stoker, business manager for Sir Henry Irving. He offered her a role, but insisted that to succeed on the stage she should join a stock company. "You can let someone else take care of your children," he urged.

With the big chance within her grasp, Mrs. Reynolds decided to rear her children first — almost a lifetime job, it turned out. In 1900, when they were living in California, her husband died, leaving four children and no estate. To support the family, Mrs. Reynolds mastered stenography, but when she sought employment she was informed, "You're too old."

Furious at the idea of being too old at 40, she and a friend opened an office in San Francisco as public stenographers. Slowly their clientele grew, and one day in 1906 Mrs. Reynolds made the last payment on a new house. The following morning the San Francisco earthquake and fire wiped out both her office and her home. She and the children spent the next two weeks in an army tent on the slope of Twin Peaks. Later she moved to Berkeley, and established a school for secretaries. Within a few years she was able to buy another house.

Mrs. Reynolds was 66 when her youngest daughter got a master's degree. "Now," she announced, "it's my turn to go to college." She eked out her college expenses typing for students, and graduated in 1930. By that time she was a grandmother several times over. But she promptly enrolled for a postgraduate course in dramatics and talked her way into the tryouts for the class of Professor Charles von Neumayer.

The test was a reading from Shakespeare. She read *Twelfth Night* as she had 40 years before in Boston—and was among the 20 accepted for the class. For two years, Mrs. Reynolds coached students in French to pay her expenses. At 72 she had her master's degree. To gain experience, she played with the San Francisco and the Berkeley Community Players, and by 1940 she felt ripe to invade Hollywood. There she waited in casting offices day after day. "Nobody

took the old gal seriously," she says.

Finally she applied at the Hollywood Assistance League Theater, where many of the movies' successful players have been discovered. The director needed an old woman to play Hephzibah in *Landslide*, and Grandma Reynolds made such a hit that an M-G-M talent scout reported her to his studio. She was soon cast as the grandmother with James Stewart in *Come Live with Me*.

"Granny, you're a natural!" exclaimed the director, when she finished her first scenes. Shortly she was playing the old lady in another picture, *Shadow of the Thin Man*, with William Powell and Myrna Loy. Since then she has never gone more than three weeks without a role. Upon completion of *Tuttles of Tahiti*, in which she played the role of Charles Laughton's mother, he hugged her and whispered, "Granny, you are a great actress."

"All I have to do is be myself," explains Mrs. Reynolds. Least temperamental of Hollywood's stars, she has only one inhibition—unwholesome pictures. She balked at a role in *Tobacco Road* on the ground that her grandchildren couldn't see the picture and say proudly, "That's my grandmother."

Her apartment, crowded with files, books and papers, resembles an office. She's still a whiz on the keys of a typewriter, and every day she taps out at least five letters to soldiers with whom she carries on a spirited correspondence.

To keep physically fit, Granny fences regularly in the Hollywood Men's Athletic Club, which by special dispensation made her a member so that she could be coached by the club's fencing pro. On a set one morning she saw four men lying on the floor tediously propelling a car for an elderly actor who couldn't drive. Turning to the director, she said, "Here's where the old gal learns to drive," and the next day she engaged an instructor.

Her fan mail is prodigious. To her surprise, most of it is from younger people who want to know the secret of her youthful vigor. She tells them, "You've got to be enthusiastic over whatever you are doing now; by so doing, you are preparing yourself to do something better. This is not something I cribbed out of a book; I have proved it up and know it to be the secret of keeping young. From the time I was 50 I have been growing younger."

Embarrassing Moments

AN ACTRESS bought a completely whacky hat: a creation like a beehive with bees quivering over it on little wire springs. "Crazy," she reflected, "but probably no one else in town will dare wear it." That night in a fashionable restaurant, she was horrified to see another woman enter wearing *The Hat*.

"Two of us in that little room with the same hat!" the actress reported later. "I decided to make a joke of it; so I caught the gal's eye and smiled. I pointed to my hat and then to hers, and raised my cocktail glass in salute. She looked puzzled but raised her glass, too. When I left, I waved good-bye, shaking my head to make the bees quiver, pointed again to my hat and hers.

"I've often wondered what she thought of me. For when I looked into the lobby mirror, the awful truth was — that night I wasn't wearing my bee hat at all!"

— PM

THE MOST embarrassing moment in the life of Mrs. Ronald Reagan (Jane Wyman) happened when she was entertaining very special guests. After looking over all the appointments carefully, she put a note on the guest towels, "If you use these I will murder you." It was meant for her husband. In the excitement she forgot to remove the note. After the guests had departed, the towels were discovered still in perfect order, as well as the note itself. — *The Woman's Home Companion*

The Yellow Magic of Penicillin

By

J. D. Ratcliff

THERE IS NEWS of pioneer work with a drug that may prove to be one of the great discoveries of medical science. Unfortunately penicillin *is not yet available to the general public*. The supply is still so small that even the armed services can't get enough. There will be none for civilians for a long time to come and *readers are urged not to ask their doctors or the National Research Council and other sources mentioned in this article for it.*

ONE of the most exciting stories in all medical history is the development of a new drug, penicillin. A year ago it was a laboratory curiosity, known only to a few research men. Today, scientists are convinced that in penicillin they have the most potent weapon ever found against a number of diseases - among them blood poisoning, pneumonia and gonorrhea. It is as effective as the sulfa drugs in fighting streptococcus infections; it is in a class by itself in combatting the staphylococci. These bacteria, the wound infectors, are among the chief destroyers of human life in peace as well as in war.

The story of penicillin begins in 1929, when Dr. Alexander Fleming, at work in his University of London laboratory, was examining a glass culture plate milky with millions of bacteria. His sharp eye detected something. There was a fleck of green mold on the plate, and around this fleck was a halo of clear fluid. *Something was destroying the bacteria!* A mold that had dropped in from the

air was causing their sudden death on an unprecedented scale. So the story of penicillin starts with blind, beautiful, heartening luck - plus keen observation.

A mold is a low form of vegetable life, a primitive plant. The one that was causing the mayhem on the culture plate was *Penicillium notatum*. It is a relative of the green mold in Roquefort cheese. Some substance secreted by this mold was the microbe destroyer.

Dr. Fleming fished out the mold but research on it stood still for ten years. Why this long pause? For one thing, there was little interest at the time in chemotherapy - the cure of disease with chemicals. Too many men had sought such magic bullets for microbes - and failed. The chemicals they found had a way of killing patients more quickly than they killed microbes. Then the sulfa drugs came along to reawaken interest in this field.

The sulfa drugs were amazing performers against some bacterial diseases; sorry failures against others.

any reckoning known until then. All of them, as well as others in equally critical condition, got the yellow magic — dissolved in water and shot into their blood streams. And nearly all of them are alive today.

From the outset, it was apparent that penicillin was a tremendous weapon against the staphylococci. These are the pus formers, the chief wound-infecting microbes. They attack bone to cause the crippling, killing disease known as osteomyelitis. They invade the blood to cause staphylococcal septicemia — which used to kill nine out of every ten stricken. They cause great gaping wounds that go for years without healing.

Penicillin worked wonders in fighting these evildoers. It didn't drive fever down dramatically like the sulfa drugs. But patients quickly felt better. Appetites revived, new life and vigor returned to voices that had tapered to a whisper. And, most important of all, people who should by all the rules have died remained alive.

Penicillin had great advantages. People who couldn't tolerate the sulfas took it with no unpleasant reactions whatsoever. It had no toxic effect on body cells, and bacteria were apparently unable to build resistance to it.

But there was one serious drawback. Penicillin was incredibly difficult to produce. The molds often simply refused to secrete any of their magic juice. And even when they

were in a coöperative mood, they produced it in pitifully small quantity. When yields were good, a cubic centimeter of fluid from the earthenware jugs yielded only two units of penicillin — the unit being an arbitrary measure of potency. And in some difficult cases it took two to three million units to spell the difference between life and death!

Supplies were so short that Dr. Florey had to recover penicillin from the urine of patients — the drug is excreted rapidly. In at least one case supplies of the drug ran out in the middle of a treatment. The patient, who seemed sure to recover, died before more was available.

At this juncture, penicillin was a laboratory freak. It was the most powerful weapon against bacteria ever found. But it could never go to work in hospitals unless large-scale manufacture was started. And Britain, hard pressed on all fronts, lacked facilities for such production. Florey turned to the United States. Would America help?

He outlined his proposal to the Committee on Medical Research of the Office of Scientific Research and Development, the National Research Council, and the Department of Agriculture. Would each attack a portion of the problem? A swift mobilization of talent followed.

In its laboratory at Peoria, Illinois, the Department of Agriculture undertook one tremendously important phase of the problem. Researchers there sought ways of pampering

the balky mold. They discovered that corn steep liquor — a by-product of the starch industry — was a diet which coaxed the mold into increased production. They found newer mold strains which produced a greater yield of drug. Work along these lines upped the original British yields several hundred times and changed a laboratory freak into something with commercial possibilities.

Three large pharmaceutical houses set to work growing the mold and extracting the difficult drug. The three leaders in this work were Merck and Company, E. R. Squibb and Sons, and Charles A. Pfizer and Company.

There was still another problem. Penicillin was the ideal drug for fighting infected war wounds. It could save the lives of gravely injured soldiers when everything else had failed. But military surgeons had to learn how to use it.

The drug had to be accurately assayed in civilian hospitals. Doctors had to learn where it would work, how much should be administered, and what method of administration was best — by mouth, into muscle or vein, or by local application.

The job of determining these things fell to the National Research Council's Committee on Chemotherapeutics, of which Dr. Chester S. Keefer, Director of the Evans Memorial Hospital in Boston, is chairman. The plan was laid. Every gram of penicillin would go to Dr.

Keefer, and he would pass it along to the 22 hospitals selected for clinical trials.

For the most part the precious drug would be used only in cases where everything else had failed; in other words, only the most hopeless cases. It would be used principally in combatting staph infections.

For a year now, these trials have been under way. Hundreds of patients have been treated. In staph blood poisoning, it has saved the lives of two out of every three who have been given the drug. But for the penicillin, most of the patients in this group would have been considered hopeless. Many of them were treated late and — because of shortages — with inadequate dosages of the drug.

The record in treating osteomyelitis was even better. In the past, treatment of this awful sickness has been the surgeon's job. He opened the wound, scraped away infected portions of bone, and inserted drainage tubes. As often as not, a patient would spend months or even years in a hospital. He might emerge a hopeless cripple; or the infection might spread and bring quick death. Nearly all the patients who got penicillin made rapid recoveries. Within a matter of a few days the drug — shot into a vein or muscle every three hours — had killed off the bone-eating microbes and patients were out of the hospital in a few weeks.

At the Bushnell General Hospital

at Brigham City, Utah, the drug was used on a group of soldiers who had great, infected wounds that refused to heal for months. Under penicillin treatment, they healed in a matter of weeks.

At the Mayo Clinic, penicillin was used on three cases of gonorrhea which had resisted treatment with sulfa drugs. In only 17 hours after treatment was started the patients were negative. In ten days to two weeks the sulfa drugs will cure this disease in 80 percent of the cases. Penicillin is an easily administered drug that seems to work in the remaining 20 percent. If further checks bear this out, we shall at last be able to banish this plague.

How does penicillin work? No one is quite sure. Yet a few facts are clear. In the test tube the drug doesn't destroy bacteria directly, but it stops their reproduction. The sulfa drugs work in precisely the same way. Once the reproduction of bacteria has been slowed or stopped, the white cells of the blood have little difficulty in destroying the invaders.

Penicillin is of no value against bacterial endocarditis — where bacteria invade the heart. It is also valueless against tuberculosis and arthritis; and there is little likelihood that it will work against such virus diseases as infantile paralysis or yellow fever. No one can say as yet whether it will be valuable in treating typhoid, typhus, syphilis — the drug hasn't been tried on them yet.

It has worked quickly and dra-

matically in curing a few cases of pneumonia which resisted the sulfa drugs and has promise as a weapon against meningitis. It is a powerful weapon against boils, carbuncles, and some troublesome eye infections. It has been used with striking results in suppressing infection of the mastoid cavity, and will probably work against gas gangrene, the soldier killer. It has been used with excellent results in suppressing the infections that follow burns. It was, in fact, used with good result in treating a number of the victims of Boston's tragic Cocoanut Grove fire.

Supplies of the drug are still small. The army has already asked for many times as much penicillin as is being currently produced. Thirteen pharmaceutical houses, in addition to the original three, are planning to help fill this demand. Even with this big increase, there is little likelihood that civilian supplies will be available until after the war.

The only hope of easing this situation lies in synthesis. If chemists can make the drug artificially, large supplies would be immediately available. The hope of this happening is fairly remote. Present evidence indicates that penicillin is a complex chemical which will be difficult or impossible to synthesize.

No matter how this may turn out, it is already clear that penicillin is an unparalleled weapon against death, and will ultimately rank as one of the greatest accomplishments ever made by medical research.

"Packet Boat a-Coming!"

Condensed from
The Cincinnati Enquirer
Dave Roberts

NO sound of our boyhood was so hauntingly beautiful as the deep-throated whistle of a steamboat, pulling into our rural Kentucky landing in the days when the packets dominated the muddy waters of the Ohio River. When it came just after dusk on a fragrant June evening, as we boys sat at the water's edge watching for the bite of a mudcat --- it was ecstasy itself.

We can hear the packets now as they came steaming up from Cincinnati or down from Portsmouth and Huntington --- the *Belle of the River*, the *Chilo*, the *Bonanza*, the old *Tacoma*. Their music would come pushing in through the night, harmonious, sweet, utterly fitting to the time and place. After a time, our eyes would catch their lights as they rounded the bend.

Then we boys, sitting quiet and enraptured, forgetting for the moment the catfish nibbling at our hooks, would hear the breathing of the engines and the fast, rhythmic pat-pat-pat-pat of the stern paddle wheel, as its blades pushed against the muddy stream. There'd be three

blasts from the whistle --- close pow, yet musical and vibrant.

As she eased into the wharf there was the sound of hissing steam, jangling bells, shouted orders --- all coming to us with the smell of the river and the new willows and the heat of the June night. Travelers crowded the rails to watch the landing. The lights danced on the boat and in the water below. The waves following in on the packet's wake lapped gently, then wildly, then gently again on the gravel bar at our feet.

After the boat was made fast it became a hive of activity. Roustabouts trailed back and forth carrying all manner of goods. There were barrels of beer and sacks of coffee --- boxes and bales and bundles and crates --- all moved to the shuffling feet of the Negroes, the shouts of the mate, and the slow and steady puffing of the resting engine.

When the passengers had crossed the gangplank, and the last of the commerce was stowed, the great engine began to work again. There was the tingling of the bell, the

shout of the master, the lifting of the gangplank, and the *Belle of the River* shoved off again into the stream.

As she swung into the current, lights blinking against the velvet black of the Kentucky hills, our ears caught strains of music from the orchestra hidden in the luxurious salon where men and women of another world did the waltz and two-step. On the lower deck we could see the roustabouts finding comfortable lounging places, a few of them gathering beneath the gangplank for a bit of harmonizing. Again there was the swift pat-pat-pat-pat of the paddle wheel, and the great white bolster of foam that fell from its blades. The lights grew dim across the water, then disappeared around the bend.

Finally, from far away, came the

deep, flutelike voice of the whistle, starting on a single note, sliding into a two-note harmony, and ending in the last long blast in a three-note concert which was the most blood-tlingling sound in the world. To barefoot boys, sitting with knees to chins on the bank of the river, the whistles carried all the romance of the world—the memory of fine gentlemen and ladies, dancing in the grand ballroom; the strange, soft voices of southern swamp darkies singing weird chants on the decks; the smell of spices and coffee from lands so distant—yet just down-river from where we sat. All this the music of the whistle told us as the boat sailed majestically away, headed for ports as mysterious as Singapore or Rio or other far places beyond enticing seas.

The Fighting Heart

LIEUTENANT Colonel Philip G. Cochran of the United States Army Air Corps, just back from the fighting in North Africa with five medals, made this statement:

"I want to say that our kids, American boys, are just kind of automatically wonderful. Just through our own way of life they get something that makes them superior fighters. They don't have to be indoctrinated and have it hammered in for months or years, the way the Germans or the Japs do.

"The fighter pilot flies with his heart. The thing that makes him superior in combat is inside him all the time. Our kids have it, and I think it is something they get naturally, something they get just by growing up in this country. I think that the thing that makes them better fighters is an individual sense of responsibility to what they are doing and a capacity to think for themselves."

— Condensed from the N. Y. *Times*

"We Regret to Inform You . . ."

Condensed from The American Legion Magazine

Heizer Wright

A NEIGHBOR of mine received three telegrams from the War Department within two weeks. The first said that his son was missing, the second that he had rejoined his outfit, the third that he had been killed in action. This father was enraged. "I can't believe anything they tell me," he said bitterly.

In another case, a well-to-do and politically powerful man who had been informed that his son was missing in action kept the wires hot in quest of news of the boy, even enlisting the aid of his Congressman --- a useless procedure in such circumstances.

These parents would have felt differently if they had realized they *were* getting the facts, and that Uncle Sam's handling of information of casualties (men who are wounded, missing, prisoners of war, or dead) is swift, accurate and complete.

The Casualty Branch of the Adjutant General's office occupies three and a half floors of the Munitions Building in Washington. Here are filed the basic army records of every U. S. soldier. When a soldier leaves the United States, the Branch receives his Personal Property Card, which was filled out at the port of embarkation. This card serves as a

double check on the soldier's name and serial number in case of a casualty report.

Several times a day, between 7:45 a.m. and 11:45 p.m., a courier with an armed escort arrives from Signal Corps headquarters in the Pentagon Building. In his locked pouch is the latest casualty report, flashed by radio from U. S. Army headquarters in the various theaters of war. Within two hours a telegram is on the way to each next of kin, unless there is some question as to a report's accuracy. In that case it is a job for the Verification Section. No telegram is sent if there is room for doubt.

When the telegram is sent, it may read thus:

THE SECRETARY OF WAR DESIRES ME TO EXPRESS HIS DEEP REGRET THAT YOUR SON PRIVATE JOHN J. DOE WAS KILLED IN ACTION IN DEFENSE OF HIS COUNTRY IN NORTH AFRICAN AREA MAY 6. LETTER FOLLOWS.

THE ADJUTANT GENERAL

The letter confirming the telegram may add:

"The date and place of burial or

other particulars are not known. . . . Please be assured that when additional information is received you will be notified promptly. I extend my deep sympathy."

The letter, signed by the Adjutant General, will enclose a bulletin explaining that, as the beneficiary named by her son, Mrs. Doe will receive a gratuity amounting to six months of John's pay and allowances, in addition to whatever insurance he carried.

The bulletin also informs Mrs. Doe that the local chapter of the American Red Cross stands ready to advise and assist her and that emergency financial aid may be obtained from Army Emergency Relief. She is advised that she need not employ an attorney or claim agent.

If Johnny is wounded, missing, or a prisoner of war, the telegram that goes out follows much the same form.

The telegraph companies are instructed not to deliver distressing news at a late hour. Telegrams still in transit at 10 p.m. are held until the following morning for delivery. However, if the news is good -- if, for example, Johnny, previously reported missing, is now back with his outfit -- the telegram is delivered at any hour.

Progress reports on wounded soldiers are sent to Washington from overseas headquarters at least once every 15 days. If a report on a wounded man is not forthcoming, Casualty Branch officers radio over-

seas for information. They do all in their power to shorten relatives' days of anxiety.

In the follow-up letter to the wounded's next of kin is a form on which they may send five-word messages to the boy at government expense. Additional messages are permitted after each progress report. "Be cheerful" is the department's only restriction.

Every effort is made to insure that the casualty's emergency addressee is the first to be notified, and that the notification comes first from the government rather than from other sources. Often a man's family receive letters from him postmarked after he has become a casualty, inspiring hope that the official report was in error. But letters written at the front cannot always be mailed promptly, and the postmark is never a sure indication of the whereabouts of the writer on that date.

The fact is that there have been very few mistakes in reporting casualties. Some of these have resulted from faulty eyewitness testimony. There was the case of a man we'll call Bill Boyd. His company began an advance against heavy machine-gun and artillery fire. Private Russell, Boyd's friend, started out with Boyd on his left. Presently a shell burst close by and Russell saw that Bill had disappeared. He did not answer roll call that night and Russell reported that his friend had been blown to bits.

His testimony was accepted, but

it was not true. Boyd had fallen wounded before that particular shell landed. He had been given first aid and sent to the rear. When he reached a Clearing Station a routine report was made to headquarters and Bill Boyd officially came back to life.

Many soldiers reported missing in action return unharmed to their own lines; others show up wounded; still others have been captured. A flier missing over a vast expanse of water may be presumed lost; but one missing pilot in the island-dotted southwest Pacific returned to his base, via a chain of islands, after 320 days.

If the missing man is a prisoner of war, his name will eventually appear on a list cabled by the International Red Cross in Geneva to the Prisoner of War Information Bureau in the Provost Marshal General's Office. This list is turned over to the Casualty Branch for notification of next of kin. Thereafter the Information Bureau supervises the transfer of mail and parcels to him.

A man who is missing may continue to be classified in that status for a year. The law then requires a review of the case and, if the evidence and circumstances warrant, authorizes a presumptive finding of death. Last May, Casualty Branch considered the cases of the thousands of men still listed as missing in action in the Philippines and in each case

reported: "In view of the topography of the Philippine Islands, the meager information presently furnished by the Japanese government regarding prisoners of war and casualties, and the fact that individuals have escaped from Japanese-held territory, this man may reasonably be presumed to be living."

As this report indicates, Japan is a violator of the Geneva Convention, which she signed but did not ratify. Such prisoner lists as she has seen fit to provide have called forth all the ingenuity of Casualty Branch to decipher correctly. Between the Axis powers in Europe and the Allies, however, there have been few causes for complaint.

Sometimes the German government reports through Geneva that an American flier who is a prisoner says certain of his comrades were killed. Uncle Sam takes that with a grain of salt; he knows that fliers misinform their captors if they believe they can thereby help their comrades to escape. Not long ago two American fliers who had been forced to take to their parachutes over occupied Europe made their way back to England. Uncle Sam was doubly happy to get the news. He was glad they were alive, and glad he hadn't told their families they were "dead." That's the way he does things. If Uncle Sam tells you, you can believe it.

Life in These United States

THE FOLLOWING incident was told me by an ex-officer of one of our southern regiments.

A few months after the conclusion of the Spanish-American War, his regiment was camped somewhere in Florida, and word came that a northern regiment had been ordered into camp with them. A southern company, with the regimental band, went to the station to meet them. As the Northerners debouched from their train and formed in squads, the southern band played a medley of cheerful airs. The northern band stood silent.

At last the order to march was given, northern drums beat the time-step, and the long northern line moved forward. Then, suddenly, the drums beat a flourish, and in crashing crescendo the northern band blared into the thrilling bars of "Dixie."

As one man the southern band ceased playing, while southern officers and men gave the marching northern squads one long, soul-searching look; then in a surge of irrepressible emotion the southern band broke into "Marching Through Georgia," and fell into step beside their northern comrades. Men's throats were tight and eyes were misty as the two bands played each other into camp.

My friend's voice was choked as he told this story. He was a Southerner, yes, always would be. But first of all, he was an *American*.

— H. M. McCormick

NORTHERNERS are usually at a loss to understand why the Negro often prefers to remain in the South, working for the same family that his parents, and their parents before them, have served. I think my last visit gave me the key to understanding.

I was staying in a stately antebellum mansion on Mobile's Government Street, where every room in the house was perfectly appointed and beautifully kept — except the long, wide living room. Here the furniture was pushed back to the walls. On the carpet, the full length of the room, stretched a huge canvas on which the young man of the house, a capable artist, was painting a vivid plantation scene. It was to be the backdrop for the stage at the annual colored people's ball.

Neighboring servants slipped in all during the day to see the work's progress — and neither they nor the perspiring "Mister William" seemed to think that by donating his time, skill, paints or the canvas he was doing anything out of the ordinary for them. It was just a part of the South.

— Leon Ware

ONE SUMMER our family was making a trip west, and when we reached Seminole, Texas, my father decided to look up a brother living in that vicinity. We pulled into a filling station.

"Could you tell me where Edgar Rollins lives?" my father asked.

"Sure can," the man said, pointing down the road. "He lives in the white house with a red roof, on the left-hand side, down this road about a hundred miles."

Sure enough, when we knocked, it was my Uncle Edgar who came to the door!

— Marigold Rollins Burns

AMONG the passengers having their baggage examined in the customs of a Mexican entry port was a pretty, red-headed American girl. She was on her way to meet the family of the Mexican lad to whom she was engaged, and was also to visit American friends who had a large family of small children. American shoes are expensive in Mexico, so her friends had asked her to bring down assorted footgear for the children.

The Mexican official lined up the shoes on the top of her trunk and was writing out a bill of duty on them. She was protesting that before paying the duty she would throw the shoes into the sea. He was politely explaining the law. Neither understood a word of what the other was saying.

The whole good-neighbor policy seemed at stake, so I offered my services as interpreter. The customs offi-

cial explained gravely that he was pained to inconvenience the charming young lady, but that her papers showed she was unmarried, and hence the shoes could not be her personal effects. I hastened to explain that yes, the young lady was unmarried — but she was coming to Mexico to get married.

Beaming at her, without a second's hesitation he tore up the bill, bowed and said: "You Americans, yes, you Americans are a *very* practical people."

— Carleton Beals

FRUGALITY is a common enough trait among mountain men, but this Kentucky farmer from the north fork of the Licking ran up a new record. When he died, he was — by his own careful accounting — more than \$1200 in debt to his desires. For nearly 20 years he had kept a strict ledger record of every penny saved by nonindulgence.

Most of the notations in this Spartan saga were for small sums:

To not chewing tobacco, Aug. 4th-11th...\$.10
To not eating can peaches, April 22nd... .15
To doing without fur earmuffs, Nov. 19th .35

But apparently a severe sacrifice was hidden behind one cryptic notation which coincided with fall crop payment time:

To not going to see that girl at West Liberty, Feb. 9th . . .

Beneath he had written, and underlined:

. . . no telling how much!

— Stewart Sterling

Surgery in a Submarine

“THEY ARE giving him ether now,” they whispered back in the aft torpedo rooms. “He’s gone under and they’re getting ready to cut him open.”

One man went forward. “Keep her steady, Jake,” he said to the man handling the bow diving planes. “They’ve just made the first cut. They’re feeling around for it now.”

“They” were a little group of men with their arms thrust into reversed pajama coats. Gauze bandages hid all expression except the tensity in their eyes. “It” was an acute appendix inside Dean Rector of Chautauqua, Kansas. The stabbing pains had become unendurable the day before, which was Rector’s birthday. He was 19.

The big depth gauge that looks like a factory clock showed where they were. They were below the surface. Above them were enemy waters crossed and recrossed by the whirling propellers of Jap destroyers.

The nearest naval surgeon was thousands of miles away. There was just one way to prevent the appendix from bursting and that was for

Condensed from
The Chicago Daily News

George Weller

A member of The Chicago Daily News
Foreign Service

the crew to operate upon their shipmate themselves. And that’s what they did.

The chief surgeon was a 23-year-old pharmacist’s mate, Wheeler B. Lipes, from New Castle, Virginia, who had served three years in the Philadelphia naval hospital. His specialty was operating a machine that registers heartbeats, but he had seen navy doctors take out one or two appendices.

There was difficulty about the ether. Below the surface, pressure inside a boat is above the atmospheric pressure. More ether is absorbed under pressure. They did not know how long the operation would last or whether there would be enough ether to keep the patient under.

They decided to operate on the table in the officers’ wardroom, which in the roomiest American submarine is approximately the size

of a Pullman drawing room. It is flanked by bench seats attached to the walls and the table occupies the whole room — you enter with knees already bent to sit down. The table was just long enough so that the patient's feet did not hang over.

It was probably the most democratic surgical operation ever performed. Everybody from box plane man to the cook in the galley knew his role. The cook provided the ether mask — an inverted tea strainer covered with gauze. The young surgeon had as his staff of fellow physicians men his senior in age and rank. His anesthetist was Lieutenant Franz Hloskins, communications officer.

Before they carried Rector to the wardroom, the submarine captain, Lieutenant Commander W. B. Ferrall of Pittsburgh, asked Lipes to have a talk with the patient. "Look, Dean," said Lipes, "I never did anything like this before. You don't have much of a chance to pull through anyhow. What do you say?"

"I know how it is, Doc," said Rector. "Let's get going."

It was the first time in his life that anybody had called Lipes "Doc."

The operating staff adjusted gauze masks and members of the engine room crew pulled tight their reversed pajama coats. The tools laid out were far from perfect or complete for a major operation. The scalpel, for instance, had no handle. But submariners are used to "rigging" things. The medicine chest

had plenty of hemostats — small pincers used for closing blood vessels — and the machinist rigged a handle for the scalpel from one of these.

They ground up sulfanilamide tablets to use as an antiseptic. But there was no means of holding open the wound after the incision had been made. Surgical tools used for this are called "muscular retractors." Nothing in the medicine chest gave the answer, so they got some monel-metal tablespoons from the galley. They bent these at right angles and had their retractors.

Sterilizers? They went to one of the greasy copper-colored torpedoes waiting beside the tubes, milked alcohol from the torpedo mechanism and used it as well as boiling water.

The moment for the operation had come. Rector, very pale, stretched himself out on the table.

Rubber gloves dipped in torpedo juice were drawn upon the youthful Doc's hands. The fingers were too long. The rubber ends dribbled limply over. "You look like Mickey Mouse, Doc," said one onlooker.

Lipes grinned behind the gauze. He looked into his assistants' eyes, nodded, and Hloskins put the mask down over Rector's face.

The surgeon, following the ancient hand rule, put his little finger on Rector's umbilicus, his thumb on the point of the hip bone and, dropping his index finger straight down, found the point where he intended to cut.

At his side stood his assistant sur-

geon, Lieutenant Norvell Ward, whose job was to place tablespoons in Rector's side as Lipes cut through successive layers of muscles. Engineering officer Lieutenant Charles S. Manning was what is known in formal operating rooms as "circulating nurse." He saw that packets of sterile dressings kept coming and that the torpedo alcohol and boiling water arrived regularly from the galley. Skipper Ferrall was "recorder." It was his job to keep count of the sponges and tablespoons that went into Rector.

It took Lipes nearly 20 minutes to find the appendix. "I have tried one side of the caecum," he whispered after the first few minutes. "Now I'm trying the other."

Whispered bulletins seeped back to the engine room and the crews' quarters. "The Doc has tried one side of something and now is trying the other side."

After further search, Lipes whispered, "I think I've got it. It's curled way into the blind gut."

Now his shipmate's life was completely in his hands.

"Two more sponges."

"Two sponges at 14:45 hours," wrote the Skipper on his notepad.

"More flashlights and another battle lantern," demanded Lipes.

The patient's face began to grimace. "More ether," ordered the Doc.

Hoskins looked doubtful. The ether was running low. But once again the gauze was soaked. The fumes mounted, making the staff giddy.

Finally came the moment when the Doc pointed toward the needle threaded with 20-day chromic catgut. One by one the sponges and tablespoons came out. The Skipper nudged Lipes and pointed to the tally: one spoon was missing. Lipes reached into the incision for the last time, withdrew the spoon and closed the incision. He cut the thread with a pair of fingernail scissors. Just then the last can of ether went dry.

They carried Rector to a bunk. Half an hour later he opened his eyes and said, "I'm still in there pitching."

It had taken the amateurs about two and one half hours for an operation ordinarily requiring 45 minutes. "It was not one of those 'snappy valve' appendixes," Lipes said apologetically.

Thirteen days later, Rector was again manning the battle phones. And in a bottle on the submarine's shelves swayed the first appendix ever known to have been removed below enemy waters.

The way to love anything is to realize that it might be lost.

— G. K. Chesterton

The Sanity of Insanity

Condensed from Scientific American

G. H. Estabrooks

Professor of Psychology at Colgate University

TO UNDERSTAND insanity we must realize that all men are seekers after one goal — happiness. The average citizen has followed a dream of happiness to his present status, and his future course will be guided by this motive. We call it the “pleasure principle” in psychology.

Strange as it may seem, the insane, of all people, are sane if we judge by the success of this great quest. As a group they are supremely happy. Consider the typical “Napoleon” in an insane hospital. He will write a check for \$1,000,000 or give you a duchy in France for the asking. In his own mind he is very wealthy and very powerful. “Poor devil,” you say, “he’s crazy.”

The minds of the insane work the same as our own, only more so — or less so. We have a strong tendency to think of the pleasant and avoid the painful. If you examine even your most unpleasant thoughts, you will find that the great majority of them really yield satisfaction. Your impoverished family may give concern but along with it comes the picture of yourself as a struggling hero — which may give you great

satisfaction. This pleasure principle is the key which unlocks the mystery of insanity. The insane have simply learned best how to avoid pain and find pleasure. In a typical example of dementia praecox, the most common form of insanity, the man will sit all day, talking to himself, smiling at times, quite satisfied with the world. He may have a marvelous explanation of how his insides are of solid gold, or he is in radio contact with Mars.

But note that he is very happy. He is living in a world of dreams but these dreams are very real. For that reason he is incurable. He enjoys being insane, and intends to remain that way. The insane have solved life’s problem. You wish wealth — they have it. You seek power but this chap *is* Napoleon. You laugh and say he’s insane. But what are *you* seeking? Happiness! Have you found it? Only partially, at best, and you may be very unhappy. He is so pleased with himself that in many cases he won’t even waste time talking to you.

He is incurable because he doesn’t want to be cured. After all, is he not wise? You toil, strive and worry, and as like as not you end your life in comparative poverty. He never works, he’s well fed, and worry never crosses his path. He dies a multi-millionaire. Well may he look at you and say, “Poor devil, he’s sane.”

☞ Sobering facts every American should know
about the military situation in China

Too Much Wishful Thinking About China

By

Hanson W. Baldwin

“On, we'll send lotsa planes to China and bomb hell outa Japan. . . .”

That seems to sum up the average American's airy strategy for victory in the Pacific.

He believes, once Germany is defeated, that China can readily be transformed into an enormous air base from which Japan can be bombed into submission. He looks upon the Chinese army as an integrated fighting force and believes that once we reconquer Burma we can ship in enough supplies to enable the Chinese to win and hold the airfields we shall need. He thinks the Chinese have won great victories against the Japanese, or even that they are slowly winning their war.

Unfortunately, the China of such dreams is far from reality. Missionaries, war relief drives, able ambassadors and the movies have oversold

us. China has become not merely China but the royal road to victory in the Pacific.

China has needed no such overselling. Her people are plainly courageous; their patient fortitude and philosophic resignation are unmatched. But an enumeration of her virtues should not blind us to her weaknesses; above all, it should not lead us to a fallacious conception of Pacific strategy.

China is not a nation in our sense of the word but a geographer's expression. She has not won, and is not winning, the war with Japan; is not—in our sense—winning battles, but losing them. She is not now, and can never become, a great air base from which Tokyo can be bombed into submission—unless we can open great new supply routes. Nor will it be sufficient merely to *supply* China. She has as yet no real army as we understand the term; most of her troops are poorly led and incapable of effectively utilizing modern arms. They require intensive and protracted training, and capable leaders

HANSON W. BALDWIN, brilliant military editor of the *New York Times*, won this year's Pulitzer Prize award for a series of articles on our Pacific strategy, written after an extensive tour of the actual fighting fronts.

bound together by a common loyalty to a common cause. Today there are few such leaders; too many of them are still old war lords, in new clothing, for whom war is a means for personal aggrandizement and enrichment.

The truth about China — known to a few, but not to millions of Americans — is that the military situation there today is bad, has been bad for two years, and will probably continue to be bad for some years to come. Japan holds nearly all the worth-while parts of the country, all that she wants to hold. The Japanese have not made the mistake the Germans made in Russia — an attempt to win an unlimited victory.

Japan has a virtual strangle hold on China's economic life, on all her principal ports and communications and — in the North — on some of her principal mineral deposits. For the past two years she has occupied vast areas without great difficulty and without major strain upon her manpower. The occupation has probably profited Japan economically, rather than drained her, and in a military sense China has been weakening more rapidly than Japan.

The Japanese are not losing battles to the Chinese. They are maintaining an active defense and at the same time are using China as a training ground. Whenever it seems desirable, a Japanese garrison conducts a punitive foray into unoccupied China. Sometimes such an expedition gets mauled, but usually it cap-

tures its objective, disperses the Chinese forces, loses some men and perhaps some equipment, and then retires to its original position, having given troops invaluable training.

The Chinese communiqués are almost worthless for obtaining a true picture. Had they suffered even half the casualties the Chinese have claimed, the Japanese would by now have given evidence of a manpower shortage. Sometimes the Chinese report battles where there are no battles; often they exalt skirmishes and guerrilla fighting to the status of campaigns. In the recent Tungting Lake-Ichang fighting, for example, the Japanese almost certainly never intended — as reports from China claimed — to try to take Chungking. Their objective patently was the rich Chinese rice-bowl region around Tungting Lake; they took some of it, sacked it and retired. Yet Chinese communiqués interpreted the Japanese retirement as a great victory.

All this does not spell hopelessness. The Chinese spirit has not been broken. As long as the United States fights the Pacific war with vigor, there is little likelihood that Japan can force China entirely out of the war. Nor can the Japanese occupying force be greatly reduced so long as Chinese guerrilla activity continues and Chiang Kai-shek and the Chungking government retain any influence in occupied China. The simple fact — that some 15 to 22 Japanese divisions, perhaps one fourth of the

Japanese land strength, are thus tied down — is China's great and continuing contribution to victory. It is a contribution which must never be underestimated; if China were to be forced out of the war Japan could concentrate her whole strength against our amphibious attacks.

But the Japanese will never be expelled from China by the present Chinese armies. Hundreds of thousands of these are guerrilla forces owing only slight allegiance to the Chungking government, or are loosely organized followers of some provincial general, fighting chiefly for loot. When active they are a thorn in the flesh of the Japanese, but no more than that.

Two or three Chinese divisions in India, in part the remnants of the armies which tried to defend Burma, have been well-trained and equipped by American officers under Lieutenant General Stilwell. There are some other fairly good Chinese troops in Yunnan province near the Burma border, and a few more around Chungking and along the Yangtze.

Yet even in these units (with the possible exception of the Indian divisions) there are grave deficiencies. Discipline is lax. Tactical principles are too often ignored. Weapons and equipment are scarce; there is little artillery, few tanks, very little automotive equipment. The supply of ammunition is always low. Nor can the Japanese be driven out — as so many Americans have assumed — by building up an air force in China.

There is no warrant in history for the assumption that air power alone could push back an enemy over an area as large as that of occupied China. Imagine the German air forces without ground troops defeating the Russian army, or vice versa!

Our own experience has shown quite clearly that the Japanese cannot be beaten by half means. Driving the 20-odd Japanese divisions in China back to a point where we could utilize air bases within easy range of Tokyo would call for the creation of a great army as well as a great air force in China. Such an army would have to be equipped and strengthened by American technicians and American combat troops, if air bases were to be held. The Japanese campaign of last year following the Doolittle Tokyo raid showed that. Doolittle and his men were scheduled to land at airports prepared by the Chinese in unoccupied territory; for a time after the raid the Japanese apparently believed the bombers had come from those fields. The Japs organized one of their punitive expeditions, easily pushed into the Chinese territory, destroyed the airfields (by digging small canals through them) and then retired to their original positions. If the regular bombing of Tokyo were to start now, or if General Chennault's American air force should become a threat to Japanese supply lines, the enemy would promptly move to seize the air bases. There is little military power in China to stop them.

But the real, almost insuperable, problem is supply. China is virtually isolated from the rest of the world. The only practical supply route open today is over the Himalayas by air from India, and its difficulties can scarcely be imagined. Planes must carry enough gas for the round trip. Airfields are inadequate. Flights must often be made at altitudes as high as 16,000 to 24,000 feet, thus reducing pay loads. Weather conditions, particularly in the monsoon season, are terrible, with masses of clouds, high winds, rain and low visibility. And Japanese planes based on airfields in Burma constantly threaten our transports.

Nevertheless, with herculean labors and great bravery, the Air Transport Command and the China National Aviation Corporation have established a "going" air line into China. It is probably carrying about one third as much cargo tonnage as was once brought in by the Burma Road, which used to average about 200 tons daily. The amount is being stepped up steadily; but even if the air lines should eventually boost their capacity to three times that of the Burma Road, it would not be enough to support a ground army. *One* ground division in active combat will consume about 700 tons of ammunition per day.

Nor can the supply problem be solved by winning back the Burma Road, in itself a major problem. At best we could not expect much more than to double or triple the road's

previous capacity. And another 600 tons per day would still be wholly inadequate to supply a campaign to drive the Japs out of China. Moreover, neither by air nor by the Burma Road could medium tanks, or medium or heavy artillery, be transported; the weights are too great.

Before China can become the base for a victorious drive on Japan, we must find other routes of entry. The east coast ports, like Canton, which used to admit about 1000 to 2000 tons of supplies per day, are all in Japanese hands. Short of a tremendous amphibious campaign there is no hope of recapturing them. A number of rail routes have long been planned, but before any of them could be started Burma and/or the Malay Peninsula, Thailand and French Indo-China would have to be reconquered. And in those jungles and empty vastnesses, the enemy might be able to hold out for years. There are many roads to Tokyo, but the one through China is perhaps the hardest -- a road of many turnings.

The plain truth is that Japan is both a great continental power and a great sea power. She must be beaten on land and *at sea*. Only if Russia enters the Pacific war can continental power easily be brought to bear against Japan's continental power. At sea the task is certainly ours, and on land we must provide major aid.

Japan's holdings are now almost encircled by United Nations positions. It is our job to tighten that ring. The Japanese citadel must be

attacked from many directions — from Australia and the Solomons, from the Aleutians, eventually perhaps from Russia, from India and from China. But the main effort may well be westward from Hawaii and Midway — a direct thrust against the heart of Japan.

China will play its noble part in this strategy of encirclement. But it would be calamitous if the American people expected China to play a decisive part — the main part.

We must face the fact that the chief burden of victory in the Pacific rests upon ourselves alone.

OPA on Stenographers' Drawers

THE Office of Price Administration has issued thousands of regulations that have brought greater Federal control over the everyday lives of us all. But Memorandum 9808-1, an opus on "desk procedure," backfired when the people for whom it was intended — OPA's own employees — refused to take it seriously.

Executives and stenographers alike were told in the memo where to place pencils, stationery, paper clips, rulers, etc., in the drawers of their desks. For the benefit of OPA people who had never seen an office desk, the memo carried sketches of desks with numbered drawers, and stated:

"The drawers of all stenographers are to be numbered 1-2-3." Being a notch higher in the OPA hierarchy, junior economists and business analysts were given desks with four drawers to be numbered 1-2-3-4. The executives rated six drawers numbered 1-2-3-4-5-6. Moreover, the executives' drawers were to be individually named:

No. 1, the "pull drawer"; No. 2, the "work drawer"; No. 3, the "file drawer"; No. 4, the "middle drawer"; No. 5, the "dictate drawer"; and No. 6, the "misc. drawer."

Here's the way the memo explains the No. 5 "dictate drawer": "Compartment one should contain material which has been analyzed and the executive is ready to dictate on. The second compartment may contain forms and papers which the executive deems necessary to keep in his drawer instead of his secretaries or stenographers."

All this drawer number and naming is "a system" devised by an efficiency expert brought into OPA to reorganize the agency on an efficient basis. Shortly after a few executives took time out to read the six-page document, the memo was ordered withdrawn and copies destroyed. One official explained: "We felt that the public wouldn't understand and OPA would be held up to ridicule."

— Jerry Kluttz in *Washington Post*

What We Can Learn from Children

Condensed from *Your Life*

George Kent

THERE has been a great deal of talk and writing about how we should bring up our children. Let us be honest with ourselves. What have we to teach them beyond the dusty old bundle of social tricks: good manners, punctuality, cleanliness, odds and ends like that? When it comes to getting the most out of life, children — especially young children — have more to show us than we them.

If, getting over the notion that we adults are a superior race, we will observe children quietly, with the respect we would give any other teacher, we will learn from them because they know instinctively how to live. They are born armed against trouble and prepared for happiness.

Consider first the fact that they are little things living in a world of titans, utterly dependent upon these odd colossi for food and bed, taking orders virtually all their waking hours, accepting punishment for any disobedience, going through routines they usually regard as nonsense. Yet they hold fast to their individuality. They have so much they can enjoy in the world about them that

Why not seek to regain that childhood enjoyment of the flavor, color and adventure in the little things of life?

they can accept without too much protest what is demanded. Life for them is strange and terrible and exciting.

All of us had this feeling once; but too many of us have lost it. For this loss we have many explanations. We complain of lack of money, lack of time, lack of freedom. Yet children have less time, no money, are virtually prisoners; and their every moment is alive with the enjoyment of living.

My little girl spilled paint on the table and I made her get a rag and wipe it up. It was a punishment, yet as she mopped, her eyes gleamed and she said, "This is a squidgy rag, isn't it?" To you and me, a wet rag and nothing more. To the child, a thing of texture and meaning.

One great adult fault is our tendency to think only of results instead of enjoying the process by which they are attained. But children forget the result in their love of the process — which, paradoxically, is a

first-rate way of getting things done, because it eliminates the paralyzing doubt of one's capacity. Scientists, artists, educators, indeed all successful individuals, know this secret of enjoying the job for itself. Ford, in his little machine shop, may have daydreamed of wealth, but most of the time he was just a man tinkering with nuts and bolts and transmissions, and having a wonderful time doing it.

Watch a child with a crayon in his fist. He starts in bearing down firmly and moves along without hesitancy. We may inquire fatuously, What is it going to be? What's the difference? the youngster might reply. He's having fun. He simply likes seeing the color grow upon the paper before him.

Life compels us as adults to think of and work for a purpose; but unless we relish the process while striving for the purpose we've lost something invaluable — something we can learn again from children.

You may inquire, how can this be applied to the humdrum of everyday living? You can resolve to enjoy what you are doing as you do it, whether it be cooking or running a lathe. (Is a kitchen where baking or canning is going on no longer to you a wonderland of intriguing odors and sounds?) We all wind our watches and give the act no thought; a little boy gets a kick out of the click of the wheel going around. A child enjoys the scrunch of chalk on a blackboard, the puddle of milk in the center of

his oatmeal, the feel of the slippery soap in his tub — a thousand little things we never notice that give him pleasure as they happen. Every job has its details and they change from day to day. We have only to notice and savor them as a child does and we will find our work less humdrum.

A four-year-old once asked me: "Don't sleeves get tired of arms sometimes?" Funny — but significant too. Become aware of yourself, of the way you button your coat, of how your feet feel inside your shoes. When the breakfast eggs are frying, listen to them. If you close your eyes, it is the same sound that rain makes on a window pane.

Each day you pass through a door to a place of work. The child would notice the doorknob, however many times he went through it, its slipperiness, shape and color, the click of its opening. He would notice that the flaps of Mr. Smith's pockets were half in, half out, not critically but because they reminded him of the ears of some animal.

Joseph Conrad had a character who was always stepping back out of the sweat of the moment to exclaim to himself, "What an adventure! What an adventure!" This is precisely the point of view. Everything can be adventure if we make the effort to see it that way.

One of the most delightful qualities of children is the way they refuse to hold a grudge. Take the commonplace incident of punishing a child, and observe how child and adult

react. You often feel pretty bad about it; and in the morning hurry to the child's room eager to make amends. The child is surprised, a trifle amused, and not above taking advantage of the situation to press home a demand for something long denied. What matters last night? This is today — with new things to do.

A philosopher has said that if a man and woman are to live together in happiness they should clean up all quarrels within 24 hours. Children, intuitive masters of social relations, know this from the cradle.

Mary, aged nine, says to her mother, "May I bring Carlotta home for dinner tonight?"

Her mother replies, "But yesterday you said you hated Carlotta."

"Aw gee, that was yesterday," cries Mary, disgusted with her father's inability to understand.

Unless they are *adulterated*, children have no sense of race or class or station. They will bring home shabby ones and pimply ones and tramps. They're true democrats, and a man's a man. They will point with awe to some seedy individual who has won their admiration by his way of telling stories or his gift for understanding. And how often our children turn thumbs down on our guest of honor! They may bow to our superior might, never to our estimate of why one man's better than another.

Children are rarely bored, because they can transfigure the dull and tedious with the magic of imagination.

If you have lost that, you have let slip perhaps your most precious gift, and nothing should stand between you and an effort to learn its value again from children. With this gift they are always able to weave glamour and excitement about a stick of wood or a colored stone or a little rise in a field.

Imagination is the mainspring of child conduct. A child will not voluntarily mow the lawn; he doesn't care for the neighbor's opinion of the yard. He will mow it, however, for the pleasure of seeing the grass fly like green spray, and the feel of it on his bare feet. He will rake the dead leaves for the sake of the frontier campfire he can build, or to have a nest in which to snuggle.

We should learn from children to see familiar things freshly. We all have been delighted by childish descriptions — how the sea is curly, how the rain combs the grass — remarks quaint and poetic and revealing. These are a product of vision rather than of words, of a way of looking at things that we have lost in our apathetic acceptance of routine and in our use of ready-made labels.

If from the foregoing you have acquired the notion that I regard children as angels, you are in grievous error. To the last one they are shakedown artists and bribe-takers — as alert as any jungle cat to take advantage of an adult's moment of weakness. Yet even here they have much to impart, for they are supreme in their knowledge of human

nature and in their skill in applying it.

If we could slough off the acquired habits of thought, the strictly stuffy grown-up way of looking at life that we have borrowed from books or teachers or parents, and get up somewhere to a child's level, we would suddenly see a new and alluring world. To learn the lessons children can teach us, we must

loosen the hold of habit, stop being mine donkeys moving half blindly over routine courses. We may be bald and paunchy and shackled to a job, but we can still pack each minute with meaning.

We have only to acquire childhood's knack of using all the senses, of never permitting yesterday's trouble or tomorrow's menace to cloud the swelling beauty of today.

Spiced American Tongue

‡ WE WERE all sitting around the living room in a Cape Cod home awaiting supper one Saturday night when our host came to the door and announced: "For those who don't like beans, supper's over."

-- George W. Walsh

• IN A South Georgia town, a group of men discussing tobacco on a street corner were joined by a South Carolinian who owned one of the local warehouses.

"Abel," one of the men asked a farmer, "you know Bob Morgan, don't you?"

"Well," replied Abel extending a hand, "we've howdied but we ain't shook."

Contributed by Anna Foneroy

• AN OLD gentleman asked a splendidly attired Negro at a wedding, "Pardon me, suh, is you de groom?"

"No, suh," replied the young man gloomily. "Ah was eliminated in the semifinals."

— *The Franklin News*

• MATTIE was the ministering angel who cooked delicious breakfasts for a half dozen of us government employes in Washington. With her hominy grits and crisp bacon or thin cakes and sausage, she dispensed boundless cheer. But one morning a spiritless though still efficient Mattie went through the customary routine of speeding us on our way. "Mattie," I asked, "what is wrong?" "Nothing, nothing at all, Miss Anne," she replied. "It's just that life is so daily, isn't it?"

-- Anne Gibson Lanpher

‡ CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND, the novelist, noticed a cowboy enjoying a cup of coffee outside a ranchhouse and asked if he could have one too. The cowboy held out his own cup: "Here, take this one. It's all saucered and blowed."

— *The American Magazine*

Benchley Beside Himself on—*

"O-o-o-h, How Brown You Are!"

Robert Benchley



THE ENTIRE Atlantic Coast from Maine to September is outlined with a fringe of bodies lying prone in the sun patiently awaiting pigmentary alteration. To what end all this epidermis-toasting?

It isn't as if the process were an easy one. If you are really going in for tanning every square inch of your body you have got to forswear your friends, your comfort, your meals, and give yourself over to tanning as old Simeon Stylites gave himself over to flagpole sitting. Anyone who has tried to engage tanners in conversation will tell you that even if they hear you they won't answer, either because their mouths are too full of sand or simply because they are concentrating so hard on absorbing every one of the sun's rays that they just don't care.

Then, too, there has come into play an added tanning agent in the

form of various unguents and oils which have to be applied before getting into the oven. This process usually results in a coating of sand over the calves of the legs and elbows which is not washed off by bathing and has been known to stick until the salad course at dinner that night.

Very well, then. We have seen that a lot of people lie around all summer, with their bathing suits pulled down and up, cut off from their friends, sustaining rock bruises and sand rash, hurting their eyes and softening the backs of their necks, and all in order to change color on parts of their bodies which, with civilization as petty as it is today, nobody is ever going to see.

Of course, the ladies can display their backs in evening gowns, but, with every woman in the room displaying a brown back, the excitement is somewhat lessened. In the early fall social affairs, it is the lady with the lily-white shoulders who is the sensation.

But it is the gentlemen who really should begin now to plan what they are going to do in the fall to make up for all the trouble they took during the summer. Presumably by Septem-

ber 20 they will all have their clothes on again, unless they demonstrate reducing-machines in drug-store windows. At social functions they may wish to say to the young lady of their choice, "Would you like to see my back?" but they are prevented by such convention as still remains in polite society. As they look in their mirror each morning and watch the work of an entire summer blushing unseen and gradually fading away, without causing even so much as an "O-o-o-h, how *brown* you are!" they are going to begrudge the hours they spent with their mouths in the sand or digging their hips into rocks.

There are one or two ways in which young gentlemen with leftover tans can make use of them. One would be to go to every dance dressed as a Greek slave and say,

as you enter: "Oh, I thought it was to be fancy-dress!" Another plan would be to invite guests to your house to dinner and, while they are assembled waiting for you to appear, dash in dressed in your underclothes, dashing right out again in simulated confusion, saying: "For heaven's sake, why don't you let a fellow know you're here!" To give them time to see your tan, you can trip and fall, taking quite a time to get up. Or perhaps the best way of all would be, no matter where you are, just to say: "I would now like to show you the tan I got last summer" and simply take your clothes off to the point where it isn't funny any more.

For myself, there is no problem. I usually stay indoors during the summer and very seldom take my clothes off in the winter.

Benchley — A Rare Bird

ROBERT BENCHLEY, feeling indisposed, went to a doctor. The doctor, a businessman at heart, thumped and banged the humorist for two hours, then confessed, "I can't find anything wrong with you." As Benchley heaved a sigh of relief, the doctor added quickly, "We mustn't give up so easily. You take these pills. I'll call at your house tomorrow to see if anything has developed."

Benchley dragged his weary body home. Next day, the doctor found Benchley in bed, his tongue hanging out. "Doctor," he moaned, "I feel awful peculiar. Are you sure those pills were all right?"

The frightened doctor threw back the sheets and gasped. Benchley had glued feathers to every portion of his body from the neck down and looked like a giant bird in repose.

—Contributed by E. E. Edgar

Last Days of Sevastopol

A condensation from the book * by

Boris Voytekhor



FOR MORE than eight months, Sevastopol held out against a powerful German army which had expected to take the city in a week or two. The valor of Sevastopol's defenders prevented the Germans from carrying out their plan to drive on Stalingrad and the Caucasus oil fields in the summer of 1942 and was a contributing factor in the disastrous German defeat at Stalingrad later in the year.

Boris Voytekhor, brilliant young Russian journalist, arrived in the doomed city by destroyer in its last and greatest hours. His story is an eyewitness account of one of the war's most frightful—and most exalted—episodes.

NIGHT came on swiftly as our destroyer approached battered Sevastopol. The Chernomorsk Light began to flash—it was the only light that was not permanently blacked-out. As soon as it took up its sacrificing task of showing us the way, the sides of the light house were illuminated by the flash of exploding shells.

Our sailors knew that familiar welcome beam did not beckon to rest

The Nazis have used this picture for propaganda purposes, showing the statue of Lenin lying in the ruins of Sevastopol.

and a cozy hearth. The quivering light said: "Soon you will cross the thresholds of your destroyed homes. Soon you will see what the Germans have done to your city."

We reduced speed and began to worm through the channel's complicated mine fields. At the beginning of the offensive the Germans had strewn the crowded harbor with mines, threatening many ships with destruction. But Russian sailors had jumped overboard and pushed the floating mines before them to shore. Many men were torn apart by exploding mines as they thus cleared a path for our ships to depart and return with munitions for the defenders of Sevastopol.

When we at last reached the inner harbor we saw Sevastopol enveloped in the flame and smoke of fires set by German incendiaries. The last knife was at the unhappy city's very throat. High in the sky hundreds of

beams from searchlights, Russian and German, crossed like silver swords in an aerial duel. Tracer bullets wove their deadly pyrotechnical pattern. The still surface of the bay mirrored the inferno raging along the shores. To the left of the mole where we landed, barracks and warehouses were blazing. As I watched, the only remaining wall of a building slowly lurched into the sea.

"We are lucky. It is a quiet night," said our captain.

"What is it like when it is not quiet?" I asked.

"Tomorrow in the daytime you will find out," he replied.

THE OPERATION of putting our men and munitions ashore, and of reloading the destroyer with wounded and evacuees, was carried on with incredible dispatch. My business was with the Admiralty ashore, to which I was guided by a commissar.

The entrance to Naval Headquarters, the nerve center of Sevastopol's defense, was a tunnel which opened in the face of a steep cliff. Inside, narrow corridors led deep into rock. Dim electric lamps helped one to grope one's way in the gloom. Many doors opened off the corridors into small rooms where tense, energetic people worked and lived. You heard snatches of telephone conversations, the rattle of typewriters, the occasional screams of the wounded, the abrupt answers of officers on duty, the harsh snores of the sleeping.

Radio operators were dictating

urgent messages. I overheard snatches: "O-24 searchlight crew: Light the entrance of the bay for incoming transport. Women and children evacuees from a sunk transport are being picked up by following warships. Germans are firing on the harbor. Instruct the 35th Battery to shell the Germans."

These underground chambers had a drinking system, a drainage system, a restaurant, a barbershop, and many other services deep in the rock. But air was lacking. When the ventilators broke down it became difficult to breathe. Many of the workers were women, and it was tragic to see their unsparing toil. Their pale sallowness eyes inflamed, they gasped for breath at telephones or typewriters. Occasionally relieving one another at work, they took in their arms their children, who sweated in their sleep, and stood in the trenches outside, breathing deeply the sharp sea air. But such relief was rare and often interrupted by shrapnel or bombs.

Underground, all voices and sounds were drowned by the fearful noise of the explosions on the rock above. So heavy was the bombardment, which resumed regularly just before dawn each day, that in places the rock was cleft and it seemed that at any minute these corridors, rooms and dug-outs would cave in to bury completely these tireless toiling people.

DURING the next four days I did not leave the underground headquarters and saw nothing of what

was happening outside. But an officer who had been out on duty described the city's destruction.

"There is no town left. The houses are all roofless, the streets are nearly all blocked by avalanches of rubble."

There was no place in the town where instruments of death did not prevail. No place was safe from bombs, land mines, or shellfire. Everything that moved — cutters, cars and motorcycles — was pursued and attacked. Enemy air squadrons sought out women and children who were sheltering among the rocks, awaiting their turn to be evacuated. Powerful explosives buried them in the debris beside the sea.

Every day the divers reported to the Admiralty commissar about material recovered from the bottom of the harbor. These experts in underwater mysteries dived every night and, amid old wrecks and skeletons of the dead, they loaded their baskets with unexploded bombs and shells.

The commissar was insatiable. He carefully thumbed rescued bills of lading, asking persistently: "Where are those six airplane engines? Where are the bandages, the cotton, wool and drugs? What are you doing down there? Playing chess with the dead?"

"Just that," replied the chief diver, "and you had better take a hand down below; then you will be satisfied that it is impossible to get up those motors. They are covered with piles of dead horses and cavalrymen in the hold. Drugs —" he hesitated — "I can't go there."

"Why not?"

"I have been a diver for 30 years. I have seen things that drove people who were working next to me mad, but to go into that cabin where, if I open the door, dead bodies of children will rush toward me — no, I can't."

"Well," said the commissar, "that means you are letting living children die for lack of food and bandages."

The discussions always ended with the divers going back down below. And in the morning the airplane motors were taken to the airfield, and the bandages were drying in the sun, and the salvaged shells were on the way to the enemy through Sevastopol's sky.

Night after night our ships would steal into the harbor bringing reinforcements and supplies, evacuating women and children. The Germans illuminated the landing stages with parachute flares and searchlights, and shelled them unmercifully. The scene was indescribable: oil tanks blazed; cases of ammunitions exploded; truck drivers rushed overloaded machines through the flame and smoke while the fire-fighters strove to check the fires.

Always there was the effort to maintain the tremendous tempo of loading and unloading. Faster, faster, faster. At dawn every vessel must be far away from the quay. The stakes were high and the methods used had to be ruthless. Among the dock laborers were a number of convicts. One of them had organized a group

of malcontents who delayed the work. A communications officer came up to the convict leader and said: "Open your mouth and say 'Ah!'" Whereupon he shot the man in the teeth, spattering those around with blood and brains. Then turning to the others, he said: "I want tempo."

WHEN, finally, I plucked up courage to leave the Admiralty's underground shelter by daylight, I felt my nerves quailing before the frightful, gigantic panorama. Half-submerged ships showing stern or bow projecting from the water still held trapped cargos of unfortunate fugitives. A fully loaded schooner lay on its side with its masts sprawled on the surface stretching toward the coast like the arms of a helpless drowning man.

The inhabitants of the houses nearest to the sea used to take refuge among these hulks during air raids. They believed naïvely that bombs do not fall in the same place twice. They were wrong, for the Germans bombed the wrecks.

Within the city there was no time for funerals. The dead were covered with a thin layer of earth. On a hillock, where a damaged plane lay, I read these words written on a piece of a propeller: "Make room, you in the graves. Shift, you old soldiers. A newcomer has joined you to prove his love of battle. Take him into your graves. He is worthy."

In search of oil reservoirs, the Germans had completely desolated

a cemetery. The remains of the Crimean War dead were scattered, and fresh blood drenched their ashes. Behind the cemetery lay a region which had been so badly bombed that it was impossible to determine where streets or houses had been. Here were craters that contained bloodstained water in which floated hands, limbs, torsos of children.

It astonished me to see, in this terrible region, a young, modestly dressed woman picking her way through ruins, carrying a bunch of fresh flowers. Down bombarded streets she walked with head held high, unflinching. Every day, I learned, she passed through ruined Sevastopol carrying a banner of flowers to the cemetery where her husband, a man honored among Sevastopol's defenders, lay buried. She rejected all advice to join the evacuees, replying: "I shall stay here where my husband lies." The fighting men were proud of her for her decision — proud that, beside them, stood this silent, modest Russian woman whose love was so bright and honorable.

RECONNAISSANCE photographs proved conclusively to the German Command that Sevastopol had ceased to exist. German troops were told they would be bathing in the bay within two days' time, and after that they would be given a long leave.

Yet the town survived. Boiling with energy and hatred, it gnawed at the earth with bleeding gums. De-

prived of its life above ground, Sevastopol continued its struggling existence in cellars, abandoned quarries, or dugouts.

Typical was a mine factory I visited. The noise was incredible. The vast cellar was subdivided by heavy metal screens where hundreds of lathes hummed and rattled. A roaring tractor motor, pulling and smoking like a bad old samovar, was generating electricity. When the motor stopped, the lights went out; immediately every worker lit a cigarette, and the cave glowed with hundreds of faint lights. It had been agreed among them that only when their work was held up by a failure of current should there be smoking.

The machines ran 24 hours daily. Everybody was working. Before me was an elderly woman at a stamping machine. She had no right hand. It had been torn away by a bomb blast. After leaving the hospital she refused to be evacuated. Beside her was a beautiful young woman with a nursing baby at her breast, keeping control of a boring machine at the same time. Sometimes she charmed all by singing a lullaby.

On bunks built in three tiers along the walls, the workers of other shifts slept, wedged in among personal possessions and luggage for which there was no room elsewhere. On the lower bunks pale sorrowful children played war games. The girls would wrap grenades in pieces of bright-colored cloth to make dolls.

Messengers, department chiefs,

journalists, newsreel operators hurried through the lines of bunks along the corridors. Kneeling at a small table, an engineer was shaving. The cashier was paying out wages. A resting telephone switchboard girl was playing a guitar. These and many others lived and worked here.

From the fighting front itself came strange and terrible stories. One day in the harbor a passenger ship was sinking. An explosion in the hold had blocked the door to the messroom, where there were wounded lying. From the engine room burning fuel was flowing, leaking through the messroom door. It could not be stopped. Engulfed in the burning liquid, wounded men struggled to get through portholes too narrow for their shoulders. These wounded men were not armed and could not kill themselves. A sailor struggled along the deck outside to the porthole through which the head of an agonized friend appeared. His comrade begged him to kill him. The sailor drew his revolver and shot. He then turned away. He had done what he could.

And from a Russian commander of marines, I heard this story of frontline barbarity: "Last December when the Germans captured Height 615, they took the most severely wounded of our marines and arranged them in the shape of swastikas. Then they poured gasoline on them and set them on fire. All night the blazing starfish lit up the valley."

AS THE 11th day of the fourth German offensive dawned, the radio loudspeakers which faced each other across no-man's-land fell silent. Each side had used this form of propaganda. Each talked the enemy's language. The announcers came to know each other well and loudly reproached each other for professional faults, for bad grammar, poor jokes, traces of drunkenness in their voices.

German propaganda broadcasts were chiefly aimed at our marines -- of whom they were most afraid. They would usually end something like this: "Awaken from your opium dream of Bolshevik propaganda. A German sailor is talking to you. I have common feelings with you. If you love the Black Sea, come to us and it will be yours as before. Our Führer will appreciate your action and give each of you a motor launch." For reply, our radio crews would transmit a recording of loud laughter. Over the sound of gunfire this mockery would echo in the hills, filling the night with ghoulis sounds.

But on this morning of the offensive's 11th day something remarkable happened in the enemy trenches. It was solemn religious chanting, a great chorus that surged across the bitter, stony ground -- the Rumanians praying for victory, despairingly, as they faced the sun on the Crimean hills.

"It is a rather gay religion they have, Comrade Political Commissar," said a soldier as he sorted his precious reserve cartridge boxes.

It was clear that an assault was about to begin. Entering an observation post I hear the chief's voice: "Zero hour. Be ready for the fireworks," and at the same moment I see tanks creeping out from the left side of the valley. They are followed by running figures. Through my glasses I see that they are half naked and have the butts of their tommy guns pressed against their sweating bodies. They have cotton in their nostrils because of the stench of the corpses. Some, I see, carry movie cameras recording the battle.

Suddenly everything is enveloped in smoke. Nothing is visible. Into this dusty soil we shoot blindly. Hours pass. The battle rages. The weight of the explosions presses down on one's head, squeezing one's brains, eyes and eardrums.

The leading tanks have reached the trenches. Somehow they are checked there, suddenly they wheel sharply, scrunching the bodies of German and Rumanian soldiers who have just been killed in the assault. But several of our batteries are silenced.

At this point the Germans strike decisively from the air. Our planes are outnumbered ten to one. The attack of the dive bombers is not a battle but an execution, a complete suppression of the earth and the men on it, and when the planes have swept on, enemy tanks surge forward. Those who defended the second line saw everything that happened; they saw their fellows wiped

out, several of our batteries silenced; but they stood firm. No one ran away, although they knew that two or three more assaults would carry the enemy through the defenses.

THE END is history, though I was not there to see it, for I was ordered out on the last submarine to leave Sevastopol. When the Germans came to the fourth sector of defenses they met with practically no resistance. There was no surrender, but out of the division that had been defending that part of the line only 130 men were left alive.

The advancing Germans were suspicious and fearful of the corpses. Stabbing and slashing the bodies with their bayonets or emptying their revolvers into them, they sneaked forward under the cover of light tanks towards the Konstantinovsky Battery. Capture of this battery would give the enemy complete control of the harbor, and the channel to the sea.

The 130 survivors had long since received an order to abandon their positions. They ignored it. They chose their narrowest sector and defended it so resolutely that the Germans were forced to pause for reinforcements. These 130 men fought for the lives of their wounded comrades who were being ferried across the bay.

The wounded, many of them horribly misshapen, lay along the beaches. The supplies of drugs and water had been exhausted — there

was nothing to ease their distress. And this everyone knew — the doctors and the wounded. There were no reproaches, no complaints. The wounded suffered and died quietly. Young Russian women who had served in the army from the beginning of the war carried the wounded to boats, and swam or sank with them when their boat was hit.

The men who were fighting to let this go on, those 130, knew what the women were doing. Even when reinforcements arrived the Germans were still unable to break through this last stubbornly contested line of defense. But the ranks of the marines thinned rapidly and it was a mere 40 who made the final stand at Konstantinovsky Battery.

For three days and three nights 40 men held that battery — days and nights when the German attack was incessant. For three days and nights these sailors held shut the gates to Sevastopol, and only when all their bullets and shells had been spent did resistance on the fourth sector of the Sevastopol defense come to an end. Not one battery fell into the enemy's hands. One by one, as they exhausted their ammunition or were disabled, they blew themselves up. Everything which might be of use to the enemy was destroyed.

For eight months this town, which was not a very large place and which had been built and fortified to withstand danger coming from the sea, had stemmed the advance of the

whole German and Rumanian Crimean Army toward the Caucasus. But now, before the enemy's relentless steam-roller advance, Sevastopol itself — for Sevastopol had ceased to be a city and had become a tradition which had winged its way to all Russia — fell back with those tortured, sweating, bleeding, swearing sailors, who, step by step, with their breasts to the enemy, retreated toward the last lighthouse in Crimea — the Chersonese.

At a port on the eastern coast of the Black Sea I watched the arrival of one of the last ships to leave Sevastopol. She was mastless, her bridge had been shot away, and her sides were riddled like a sieve, but the Germans had not managed to sink her. The first words of the wounded sailors on reaching land were: "We shall return to Sevastopol. We have seen how the lamps of the Chersonese Lighthouse went out, but we shall light them again."



Selected by Earl Spurling

I called up a friend in Washington and said, "Where can I get a room tonight?" He said, "Where are you calling from?" I told him a telephone booth and he said, "Happy dreams!"

— Henry Youngman, *Kate Smith Hour* (CBS)

"Remember when Dorothy Lamour came out on the screen in her sarong — how quiet it was?"

"Yeh. You could hear the soldiers waiting for a pin to drop."

— Bob Hope (NBC)

"I have to pick up a girl at Hollywood and Vine at six o'clock."

"Who is she?"

"How do I know who's going to be at Hollywood and Vine at six o'clock?"

— Burns and Allen (NBC)

The desert sands were so thick in Tunisia that the Germans couldn't see their hands above their heads.

— *Matinee* (Mutual)

"When Wilber brings his report card home why do you always sign it with an X?"

"I don't want the teacher to think that anyone who can read and write would have a son like that."

— *Tommy Riggs Show* (NBC)

"It seems to me," said the judge, "that you've been coming up before me for the last 20 years."

"Can I help it if you don't get promoted?"

— *Can You Top This?* (NBC)

A man hit me with a car. I said, "What's the idea. You had plenty of room. Why didn't you go around me?" He said, "I'm sorry, but I only have an A card."

— *Kate Smith Hour* (CBS)

"I never go to the movies any more. My wife comes home so tired. Besides, they're mostly airplane pictures now, and she always criticizes the spot welding out loud."

— Groucho Marx (CBS)

A Reader's Digest Symposium

What's Wrong with Management?

AM a human being, not a machine! I am a partner in America's war production, why can't management treat me as such?

We're supposed to be shoulder to shoulder in a democracy, but management doesn't act that way."

Through hundreds of the letters pouring in to The Reader's Digest symposium on "What's Wrong with Management" runs the same indignant plea of intelligent men and women aroused to protest because their sense of dignity, their strong feeling of personal importance, is being lacerated. Scores of writers express their relief at a chance to speak out. They are far from being embittered or "radical"; they are analytical, eager to help solve troubles.

Below are excerpts centering around the single, major complaint: "Management doesn't realize we are human." Some of the other dominant complaints will be discussed in future issues.

Ontario

BILL SMITH, a conscientious fellow with a wife and two swell kids, becomes No. 1499, is hired and fired as such. Management would find the personal touch pays dividends. Labor should be consulted more often; years on the job have taught us much. There is a gap to be bridged, and management needs to lay a few planks.

Ohio

I AM liaison officer between labor and management. Although representing management, my sympathies are frequently with labor.

Our company has a number of plants. In Plant A we have a superintendent who keeps his word to the grievance committee, respects the individual personality and problems of each man, and will go into his own pocket to help a worker over a tough spot. He has com-

municated this attitude to his foremen and leaders.

Plant B does exactly the same work with the same equipment. Costs are considerably higher per unit because of slow downs, absenteeism and inefficiency. The superintendent is trying to reduce costs. He prowls through the place like a policeman, barking at foremen, bawling out leaders, driving the men. They do not like to work for him. He has let the plant run down, including safety and sanitary facilities which were repaired only on order of government inspectors.

The worker wants to feel that the company likes him and is interested in his welfare.

New York

OUR COMPANY union had a dance for the benefit of the USO. Every member of management was approached, but only half bought tickets and not one

showed up in person. Our basketball team won every game in the industrial league and the employees suggested and arranged a game against a team from another city. The players sent each member of management a complimentary ticket. Although the affair was a huge success only one member of management was present.

One of the most popular men in the plant retired at 66. The workers voted a royal send-off and made him king for a night at a dinner party. Although cordially invited, management was conspicuous by its absence.

California

BEFORE December 1941 I had never been a day laborer. Because of my independent business I had never come under big corporation management. Now after more than a year and a half I know that management's attitude toward labor is at fault.

In this day of enlightened knowledge about sanitation we have this: 500 men work on each shipway, under each way is a small windowless room with six open toilets, one urinal trough four feet long, one washbowl with only cold water, no soap, no paper towels. You can imagine that room after 500 men have tried to use it.

There is a shower building but it can accommodate only 200 men at a time. With 18,000 of us tired, hungry, wanting to get home, few can stop to wait their turn in the showers.

The point I make is not sanitation. It is the resentment this condition creates. We come from clean homes; we would like to go home with at least clean hands. We know that "management" up in the office has well-equipped rooms for itself. Yet when we ask only

for soap and towels, those are refused. Management's attitude is to hell with us. All right, to hell with management.

Why should our reasonable petitions be ignored? Why are rules posted terms of threat? We, too, are men of pride and self-respect.

Indiana

Brown and Smith are asked to build a number of boxes. Brown is left in ignorance as to their use. Smith is given complete information. Management fails to realize that, the skill of both being equal, Smith will produce better boxes in less time. Management has instilled in Smith a feeling of belonging. Give the worker half the care and study given the machinery, and management will reduce costs and increase production.

Arkansas

IN OUR war plant we have the greatest labor turnover imaginable. About 15,000 employes have left us in little over a year. Management is responsible for a goodly portion of this. It fails to consider the feelings of the worker.

"This week you'll work 30 hours, next week 48."

"Cancel your vacation. You can't take it now."

"We overpaid you. Our mistake. You must pay it back right away."

"You start working the 11 p.m. to 7 a.m. shift tomorrow."

"You *must* do this, you *must* do that, must, must, must."

Management fails to recognize the employe as an individual. It considers him an automaton, not supposed to know the why of an intricate operation, just required to do one small operation of many.

Illinois

THERE IS NOT any kind of pep talk that equals the boss's pitching in himself and getting dirty. Too many bosses believe a raise in wages means everything to the workers. Every man should get a chance to share the management by weekly distributed suggestion sheets or intimate meetings with the management. I suggest meetings between all union groups, straw bosses and management once a month, to iron out all differences among the head men, who are mostly responsible for the terrible jealousies and delays in production.

Ohio

THE MAIN trouble with management is its belief that employees have no interest in the business beyond putting in their time and collecting their pay checks. Our causes of dissatisfaction mostly are capable of easy solution: inadequate lighting, sudden unjustified dismissals, and a niggardly vacation policy of three days less any time missed during the year.

The management never realized how expensive its large labor turnover was. Suggestions to superiors brought the discouraging reply, "They've always done things this way." This company will never get anywhere until the manage-

ment realizes that a firm's greatest asset is its employees.

Wisconsin

EMPLOYEES want to know where they are being led. Americans are from Missouri. Aloofness of management contributes to the "what the hell" attitude of employees. They want to belong. One third of their lives is spent at the plant. It is like a home to them. But many of the officials are strangers.

A kind word from one of the big shots often does more than some complicated program devised by an outside professional stirrer-upper. Each person should feel free to express his opinion without fear of losing his job. That is what we are fighting this war for, freedom of expression.

What's Wrong with Management?

LETTERS from workers on this subject will help to achieve closer understanding and better relations in American industry.

Let's have more. If you are an industrial worker, tell us your complaint about your management. *Be specific. Give concrete examples of what is wrong.*

All letters will be kept confidential, and \$100 will be paid for each letter from which excerpts are printed.

Jack Benny's Victory Garden report: My potato crop turned out well. Some are as big as marbles, some as big as peas, and, of course, there are quite a few little ones.

America's First Spoils of War

Condensed from The United States News

AMERICA already is rich in war booty seized right here at home. This booty is so vast that no one has ventured to strike its total, but its value is estimated at upward of \$3,000,000,000.

A few hours after bombs fell on Pearl Harbor, agents of the Office of Alien Property Custodian swooped upon enemy-owned industrial plants, warehouses, banks and stores. About \$200,000,000 worth of scarce war materials — aluminum, steel, steel forgings, machine parts, chemicals — was cached in warehouses and factories. These materials were channeled at once into the U. S. war effort.

Other seized properties included some 300 going business concerns. Half of these were manufacturing companies, some of which were needed in the war effort. These were kept running — but disloyal officers and employes were replaced by representatives of the OAPC and by reliable private citizens.

Most of the plants will soon be put on the auction block. Small companies will be sold outright to the highest bidder. Stock in the larger concerns is to be sold to the public through established underwriting companies. In both cases, steps will be taken to insure that the properties will remain in American hands.

Meanwhile, OAPC has offered

Axis properties, planted in the United States to disrupt American industry, are now aiding our war effort.

American businessmen more than 40,000 seized enemy patents and patent applications. They are not to be sold; but any American can obtain a license to put one of these patents to work upon payment of a \$50 fee, and no royalty is charged. The patents cover a broad field, from amusement gadgets to hoisting cranes, and involve chemical processes, electronics, radio, plastics and textiles. There is one patent for a tennis ball which "practically won't wear out," and there are 22 patents for zippers.

With the patents, some highly valuable copyrights were acquired, particularly in scientific and technical fields. (Incidentally, OAPC holds the American copyrights to Hitler's *Mein Kampf* and about \$30,000 in royalty payments, "due the author and his German publishers.")

The list of war prizes runs all the way from cameras taken from interned enemy aliens to ships. Twenty-nine German and Italian ships are in regular wartime service.

After the first World War, a congressional investigation revealed numerous scandals in the management

of seized alien property, and a number of officials who had lined their pockets went to prison. The Alien Property Custodian, Leo T. Crowley, is determined that there shall be no fraud this time. OAPC personnel are not allowed to buy securities of seized companies. The Securities and Exchange Commission is supervising the sale of business properties. Bank examiners of the Comptroller of the Currency and auditors from state banking commissions oversee the liquidation of bank assets.

The hundreds of millions of dollars pouring into the OAPC till are earmarked primarily to protect the foreign interests of the American businessman when the war is over. Between wars, Americans invested billions of dollars in Axis countries and in countries now occupied by the Axis, in many cases building factories and other establishments. The dictators have seized these properties. Business rights and businesses themselves have disappeared.

The OAPC fund may be used as a bargaining tool at the peace conference. The Axis will ask restitution for the properties seized in the United States. But no restitution will be made until the claims of American businessmen for property lost abroad have been adjudicated and satisfied. After that, the former Axis owners of America's war prizes can expect a cash reimbursement only. The properties themselves are to form a permanent addition to the wealth of the United States.

No MATTER where you live, the chances are that Leo T. Crowley, as Alien Property Custodian, holds for Uncle Sam some property within a few miles of your home, or has his agents stationed near you. The spider web of German and Japanese properties set up before the war extends all over the United States. Their purpose was to strangle our infant chemical, drug, synthetics and other vital war industries, and to use controlled concerns as centers of espionage and sabotage.

Crowley's job is to find the companies, seize them, and see to it that this Axis hold on American business is broken now and forever. The instances of out-and-out Axis ownership of properties here are rare. More often, Crowley finds a tangled mass of holding companies incorporated in "neutral" nations, camouflaging actual control. Between 1939 and 1941 dozens of fictitious transfers of stock into the names of American citizens were arranged.

To combat their ingenuity, Crowley's agents stationed across the nation feed information to 350 highly trained experts. Right now the agents are tracing tips, watching suspicious operations, in more than 1000 factories, banks and stores. Many more companies will be seized in the months ahead. "We have been naïve about the ways of ambitious nations," Crowley declares, "but we are learning fast. We'll hit the enemy hard with the economic ammunition he has stored in this country against us. And we'll prevent once and for all any repeat performance."

— Sylvia F. Porter in *The American Magazine*

¶ Determined women of our Civil War taught
the world the importance of battlefield care

Lincoln's Daughters of Mercy

Condensed from a forthcoming book * by

Marjorie Barstow Greenbie

Author of "American Saga,"

"Be Your Age!" etc.

WHEN Mrs. Hannah Walters of Southport, England, reached the age of 100 last year, King George and Queen Elizabeth sent congratulations, and newspaper reporters sought her opinion of the modern woman in uniform. And when she died this year, the British put us to shame by recalling why she was important. For Mrs. Walters was the last survivor of the Waacs of the American Civil War.

They did not call them Waacs in those days. They called them The Ladies of the United States Sanitary Commission. But these women were a genuine army auxiliary corps, doing for the army much that the army now does for itself. What they did to mitigate the horrors of war makes one of the most heroic stories in American annals.

Nothing like the Sanitary Commission had been known before in the history of warfare. Up to the Civil War most deaths in war were due to diseases caused by poor food, impure water and unsanitary living conditions. Camps were pitched without regard for drainage or safe water,

and latrines were unknown. Sick soldiers were expected to care for each other. Wounded men might be transported to hospitals, if convenient, or they might be neglected altogether. When an army moved on, it abandoned those who could not keep pace.

Such disdain for the soldier's health and morale was bad enough in a small professional army. It became intolerable when, on April 15, 1861, in response to Lincoln's call for 75,000 men, volunteers began streaming into the totally unprepared mobilization centers at Cairo, Illinois, and Washington, D. C. In the capital, when the first feverish heat of spring struck, thundershowers washed the sewage from army encampments into the Potomac, and the men drank the water. When they got sick, as they did in appalling numbers, they were piled into churches, without running water or toilets, and into shacks along the river hastily cleared of Negro refugees. And there many of them died.

Soon the soldiers' letters began to reach home. Ben had spent three rainy nights in a Washington stable

because there was no other place for a soldier to bunk. Ed wanted some cologne water to help him stand the smells of open drains, human offal, accumulated camp filth. Hardly a day passed without news of the death of some boy from the village or neighborhood.

Women all over the country began to gather in churches, school-houses and private homes and compare letters from the camps. They also read aloud reports from Clara Barton, a quiet little ex-schoolteacher from Massachusetts, who had gone to Washington to see for herself.

In the late spring, handbills signed by 92 "respected gentlewomen" in New York City, including such names as Mrs. William Cullen Bryant, Mrs. W. B. Astor, and Mrs. A. Stuyvesant, announced a mass meeting at Cooper Union. Over 4000 determined women gathered, bringing male captives from among clergy, doctors and businessmen. They organized themselves into a grim society called The Women's Central Association for Relief, and affiliated their society with similar women's associations which had sprung up from Chicago to Boston.

Inspired by Florence Nightingale's heroic nursing of the wounded in the Crimea six years before, Miss Dorothea Dix, a stateley, blue-eyed New England woman, had already gone to Washington and won from President Lincoln's office an order to provide 100 trained nurses for the

army. This she sent on to the Women's Central, with these specifications: "No women under 30. All nurses are required to be plain-looking women. Their dresses must be brown or black, with no bows, curls, jewelry or hoop skirts."

The Women's Central persuaded a Unitarian clergyman, Dr. Henry W. Bellows; a physician, Dr. Elisha Harris; and three other medical men to go to Washington to carry their plea for the appointment of a Sanitary Commission. In Washington the five gentlemen were received with an almost pitying politeness. "They regarded us," said Dr. Bellows, "as weak enthusiasts representing well-meaning but silly women."

But Miss Dix and Dr. Bellows visited the War Department day after day, with long lists of tragedies in the camps. Finally the harassed army officials gave up. "Turn the women loose on the mess," they said. "See if they can clean it up."

On June 9 the Secretary of War approved the appointment of a United States Sanitary Commission to oversee the health and welfare of the army. The five gentlemen of the committee of the Women's Central reorganized themselves as the Sanitary Commission, and added to their number several names on which they and the ladies agreed.

But the Commission had been given no official power. Whatever it accomplished depended entirely on the ladies. For while the members of the Commission were men, they

remained at all times the instruments of the resolute women who initiated the movement.



Mary Bickerdyke

THE COMMISSION'S first opportunity came with the debacle at Bull Run, when the defeated Union troops fled to Washington in a headlong, disorderly mob. Ashamed, miserable, demoralized, they did not even try to return to their camps.

Now the North, facing the bitter realization that there would be no early victory, prepared to increase the army to 1,000,000 men — a size unprecedented in the history of the world. In the end the army actually totaled 2,500,000 men. And, thanks to the Sanitary Commission — which eventually had 10,000 women serving in the camps, and 100,000 more working diligently behind the lines — the sick and wounded were nursed in a way that made the eyes of professional soldiers pop with amazement.

One of the Commission's early triumphs was to design the famous "pavilion hospitals." These were built in units of 50 beds, and had cross ventilation. Constructed of light boards, they could be almost completely prefabricated and shipped anywhere on short notice.

The women took charge of these hospitals and sent the convalescent soldiers, who had served hitherto as nurses, back to bed. Female nurses were hailed with astonishment by

the soldiers, and at first there were blushes on both sides. Louisa May Alcott tells how her superintendent said to her, when some wounded men were brought in, "Come, my dear! Take off socks, coats and shirts; scrub them well; put on clean shirts; and the attendants will finish them off and lay them in bed."

Miss Alcott gasped. "To scrub some dozen lords of creation at a moment's notice was really — really —" However, she drowned her scruples in the washbowl.

"Some of the wounded took the performance like sleepy children," she related, "leaning their tired heads against me as I worked; others looked grimly scandalized, and several of the roughest colored like bashful girls."

The Sanitary Commission drew up standards for camp water-supply systems, latrines and garbage disposal, and sent inspectors among the camps. Their reports were pitiless. Typical is: "The 22nd regiment, Illinois, Colonel Dougherty, encamped near St. Louis, is in a wretched condition; 250 out of 900 sick with dysentery. The water, black and disgusting, is taken from pits sunk in a half stagnant gutter, in the other end of which pigs are rooting."

The Sanitary Inspectors also reported profiteering in food or clothing, and saw to it that each camp received its quota of tents, supplies and medicines. They encouraged music among the soldiers, distributed reading matter, and made sug-

gestions for the improvement of camp life.

The inspectors came to be feared by everyone from the generals down. And once a serious abuse became known to the women's societies, woe betide the War Department, and even the President, if it was not corrected! Mass protests from the women of America were sure to follow.

The outbreak of large-scale fighting in the West showed the real mettle of several women leaders. On February 13, 1862, Grant attacked Fort Donelson on the Cumberland River. A cold rain was falling, turning the ground to deep mud. That night brought sleet, then zero temperature. In the heat of their fight, the men had thrown away blankets and overcoats. Unable to kindle fires, lest the enemy discover their position, they bivouacked in the snow. By morning many were frozen to death.

Two days later, church bells in the North were wildly proclaiming the fall of Donelson. But on the field lay 7000 wounded of both armies, covered by the drifting snow. Almost no provision had been made to take them away.



WITHIN a few hours after the victory Mary Safford and Mary A. ("Mother") Bickerdyke, two intrepid women who had been cleaning up the camp at Cairo, Illinois, were on their way to Donelson.

They brought nurses, surgeons and rescue agents, and evacuated the wounded on hastily outfitted steamships. Mary Safford herself, a woman of frail physique, made five trips to Donelson with the boats. Standing in the snow, she directed men who with pick and axe pried and hacked the wounded out of the mud into which they had frozen fast.

The women of the Sanitary Commission became a kind of independent auxiliary army corps, operating directly under Grant's personal command, and with almost unlimited authority to use government transports and to cut military red tape. Mother Bickerdyke set up one hospital after another, following Grant down the Mississippi. She cared for Confederate and Union wounded alike, and had such authority that she was called "General" Bickerdyke.

Once, when she discharged an assistant surgeon for drunkenness and neglect of duty, the man appealed to General Sherman.

"Who caused your discharge?" he asked.

"That Mrs. Bickerdyke."

"Oh," said General Sherman, "if it was Bickerdyke, I can't do anything for you. She ranks me."

Grant employed his efficient women aides to prepare in advance of battles. Before the battle of Pittsburgh Landing, he gave them four large river steamers to be outfitted and staffed as hospital ships. Cincinnati and other cities furnished additional

vessels, equipped and staffed by local members of the Commission. On the morning of the battle a large fleet of these boats, flying the yellow flag of the Commission, lay in the Tennessee River, ready to take off the wounded. With them had come Mary Safford.

The battle lasted two days. When it was over the battleground was so covered with the dead and wounded that, Grant said, he could not walk on it without stepping on a body.



MARY SAFFORD rescued boatload after boatload of wounded, which she consigned to hospitals at Cairo, Paducah and St. Louis. She was everywhere, dressing wounds, cooking, singing and praying. But when the last man was safe in a comfortable bed, she collapsed with an injured spine.

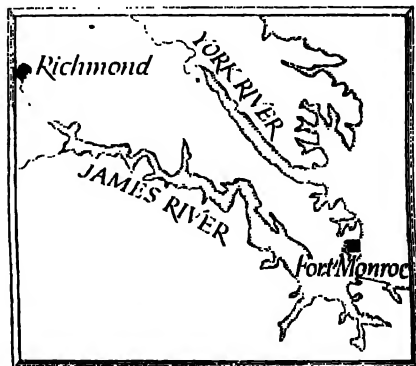
Impressed with the work of the hospital ships in the West, the War Department made a formal contract with the Sanitary Commission to care for the sick and wounded in the projected Virginia campaign of General McClellan. With 100,000 men he proposed to land near Fort Monroe and advance up the Peninsula between the York and James rivers to take Richmond.

The ladies recruited surgeons, nurses, women workers and medical students to be trained as stretcher-bearers, wound dressers and sur-

geon's assistants, and a hospital transport service of six ships was set up. In addition, the women had a steam launch, the *Wilson Small*, in which they could go up small streams into swamps over which the army was advancing.

Determinedly, day after day, the women patrolled the swamps in the rear of the army, searching for sick or wounded men left behind without food or medicine. The *Wilson Small* would nose its way up the creeks, crashing through tangled branches that hung almost to the black water, with two women perched on its bow, their full skirts clinging against them. Suddenly they would find what they were looking for -- a rude shelter of logs, "on low and filthy ground, and within it a score of our men, piled in there, covered with vermin, dying of fever." Or again, they would find a dozen typhoid patients who had been lying outdoors in a pelting rain for 24 hours. Altogether, they rescued 8000 men from the swamps.

Endlessly the ladies lectured the



officers on the military folly of throwing away men. "When you just drop a man off and leave him to die because he is a little sick or wounded, don't you needlessly deplete your strength?" they asked. "Is not an already seasoned soldier returned to service worth three raw recruits?"

The whole country was soon ringing with the praises of these heroines of the transports. Their pictures were hung on family walls everywhere. The rescued men enthusiastically advertised the Commission to their friends. Stories reached as far as California, and the miners there, rough men who knew what it was to nurse each other without women, took up a collection and sent the Commission a gift of \$100,000 — the first large contribution it had received.



BY THE AUTUMN of 1862 the army numbered well over 1,000,000, and 1,000,000 more were to be raised as fast as they could be provided for.

But every regular channel of supply was overtaxed. Adequate food for the army could not be obtained. The War Department decided that the total woman power of the country, which had so far organized itself without much official encouragement, was now to be systematically mustered, with the utmost coöperation of government. The problems

of the army for the coming year were laid before the women's societies. Every type of small and voluntary agency for the manufacture of clothing and the raising and processing of food must be pressed into service. Transportation must be organized.

Scurvy had broken out in the western armies, so vegetables must be added to the army diet — as the women had argued all along. But how to get more vegetables? The answer was the appointment of a Sanitary Commission leader, Mary Livermore, and her able assistant, Jane Hoge, as food and supply dictators. These two staged a long speaking-tour, organized women's societies, with men associates, set them up in workrooms, established training classes, and assigned each community a food and supply quota.

Potatoes and onions eaten raw were the standard preventive of scurvy. The women put on a tremendous potato-and-onion campaign, rightly surmising that, though these vegetables were almost impossible to get on the market, there were large stores in hiding. Mrs. Livermore and Mrs. Hoge had every village in the country plastered with posters saying, "A barrel of potatoes for every soldier." "Don't send your sweetheart a love letter. Send him an onion."

"With potatoes and onions," said one lady proudly, "we captured Vicksburg."

Mrs. Livermore and her associates furthermore promoted a Civil War

version of Victory Gardens around every army camp that provided fresh vegetables for all military hospitals, and a surplus for the men on active duty.

Pennsylvania women, in addition to planting their rich fields with vegetables for the army, invented "movable icehouses" which could be transported on the railroads. These were among the first refrigerator cars, and soon fresh meat, butter, milk and vegetables were run out of Philadelphia to supply the armies.



MRS HANNAH WALTERS, the last survivor of these Civil War heroines, could remember to her dying day the Sunday of July 5, 1863. She

was kneeling in a little church in a suburb of Baltimore when suddenly there was a stir in the congregation and the rector's voice rang out. "Nurses, matrons, all females qualified for usefulness in this emergency, are to report to the headquarters of the United States Sanitary Commission for service at Gettysburg."

Hannah, who had been working at the headquarters 12 hours a day, reported just as she was, in her Sunday dress. She learned that on the field at Gettysburg, where the guns had been roaring for three days, 18,000 wounded or exhausted men were uncared for under the broiling sun.

The railroad from Baltimore had

been blown up, and it was Tuesday afternoon before the train was able to reach Gettysburg. There it was besieged by tired or wounded soldiers, limping, dragging themselves along, silent, weary, worn, famished for food and drink. Instantly the women went to work, passing around beef tea and milk punch and cold orangeade, dressing wounds and putting splints on broken limbs.

Later, reinforced by other units from Philadelphia and New York, the women set up a city of white tents, with stoves, steam apparatus, and an organized water supply drawn from nearby wells and springs. They took over the distribution of the tons of ice, lemons, milk, meat, vegetables, sheets, towels, clothes and medicines now coming in from surrounding cities.

So they worked through those hot July days, combing many square miles of the battlefield for the wounded abandoned in fields, woods and ditches. Then, their job done, they struck their tents and left the field with a military escort of honor.

At Gettysburg and Vicksburg, fought simultaneously, the women of the Sanitary Commission suffered many casualties. While no women were killed in battle, some died from overwork and many were invalided for life.

But a monument to their sacrifice lives today. Gettysburg was not only a turning point of the war; it was the final triumph of the American women's crusade for organized relief in

the wake of battles. And from it grew one of the great humanitarian institutions of modern times. Their work had been watched in Europe and publicized by an international committee, with headquarters in Geneva, Switzerland. During the last years of the war, contributions came in from England, Belgium, Italy, Chile and Argentina. There were many inquiries about methods of setting up similar auxiliaries to European armies, and this interest, a few years later, led to the found-

ing of the International Red Cross.

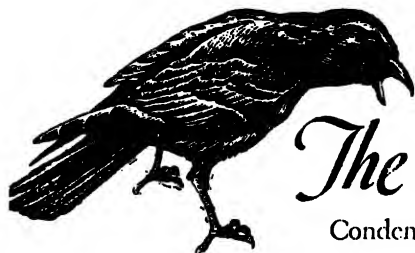
Today, over the white marble national headquarters of the Red Cross in Washington, stands this inscription: "Erected to the Memory of the Women of the Civil War." Their work, says one of the historians of the Commission, "shines with ever fresh beauty in the dark background of civil strife. May it ever prove a beacon to warn, to guide, and to encourage those who, in future ages and other countries, may be afflicted with the dire calamity of war."

Medical Fact or Fancy?

*M*ANY popular notions about health have been in circulation so long that we regard them as medical truths, yet some of them are nothing but old wives' tales. Here are 14 statements commonly believed. Check those you think correct. Then turn to page 102.

1. Rye bread is more healthful than white bread. ☐
2. Eating at irregular times is a common cause of stomach trouble. ☐
3. Bowlegs result when babies are permitted to walk too early in life. ☐
4. Food left in a tin can after it is opened is likely to become spoiled by contact with the tin. ☐
5. The chewing of hard foods will strengthen the enamel of the teeth. ☐
6. Fried potatoes are harmful to the digestive tract. ☐
7. An athlete should refrain from sweets and ice cream while in training. ☐
8. An hour of sleep before midnight is more beneficial than an hour after midnight. ☐
9. The overconsumption of sugar is the commonest cause of diabetes. ☐
10. Exercise is one of the best ways of taking off fat. ☐
11. Appendicitis is often caused by eating such indigestible particles as peanut skins and grape seeds. ☐
12. A strong sun tan is good for one's health. ☐
13. The use of tobacco stunts the growth of adolescents. ☐
14. Never use a pin to remove a sliver — use a needle instead. ☐

— Arthur H. Steinhaus in *Coronet*



¶ How Silas, the wistful fledgling,
became a blackhearted buccaneer

The Crow in Our Lives

Condensed from "Home in the Country"

Frederic F. Van de Water

SILAS was a fledgling, wistful little crow when he joined our household in the early summer. His eyes were china blue, and the engaging bluntness of infancy still clung to beak and tail. He was frightened, too, and later it was a comfort to look back at the time when we filled him with dread. That period lasted 48 hours.

For 48 hours, too, we were grateful to the man who cut down Silas's family tree and gave us the pick of the hatch. We wondered, afterward, whether it were native generosity or reprisal for some inadvertent but grave offense of ours that inspired the gift.

At first we kept Silas in the garage and when he yelped I stuffed bread and milk and chopped meat into his pink diamond mouth. He was shy at first. But the rations were better than those he had shared in his nest and for their sake he overlooked my very faint resemblance to his mother.

He lost all fear of me in a single day. Into his infantile blue eyes crept a precocious and avaricious glitter. "How long," I could see him

wonder, "has this been going on? The more racket I make, the more I get to eat. Maybe I've got something." Forthwith, he stopped cowering behind boxes when I entered and instead met me at least halfway, with wings and mouth outspread.

No pup or kitten with millennia of domesticity behind him could have oriented himself so rapidly. Within two days of his abduction from the nest Silas had become, in his own eyes, a human being — and a remarkable one at that. In a fortnight, his ego overflowed the confines of that impersonation. Mere equality was not enough. He promoted himself from fellow to critic. He never did anything worth while, but he told us all how everything should be done. We suffered his opinions on how the lawn should be mowed, the garden weeded, the corn planted, the fences repaired. There were moments when he would abandon his critical pose and show us how things really should be done. He would demonstrate how to pick — and eat — raspberries.

He talked all day long and seven

days a week. The words were crow but innumerable, and were uttered in a dozen different voices so that Silas, going full blast, sounded like a heated debate among a whole round table of sophisticates. He visibly admired his every utterance. If no one else would laugh at him, he gave his wit the tribute of his own eldritch merriment.

Whenever there were two or three human beings together outdoors Silas appeared among us to become the most active member of the party. His appearances, usually, were dramatic.

An elderly caller sat one day on our porch. He had bared his bald head to August's breeze when I heard a sound in the lilac bush and broke in upon his mild soliloquy. "If a crow —" I began hastily, but was not in time.

Silas launched himself from the lilac, screeching like a witch. He planed down over the visitor's head, grazed his pate and zoomed with harsh merriment into the locust tree. It is nerve-shattering to be bombarded, without warning, by a crow. His victim came halfway up out of the chair, then collapsed. He had not been well, he confided. He had come to Vermont for his health. I am certain he left our farm with less of it than he had brought.

Our lawn chairs have latticed seats. It was the joy of Silas to sneak on foot toward any stranger, preferably female, who lounged in these chairs and through the seat's inter-

stices to drive upward a ribald and penetrating beak.

Usually, after a scream and violent heave, our visitor glared at me. I know she felt I had misspent many hours drilling an innocent bird in a bit of vulgar comedy.

Frequently the sufferer suggested the crow should be punished but she never told me how it could be done. It is hard to chastise a bird. There is no available place to spank. You could not appeal to Silas's higher nature. He had none. If you scolded him, he merely scolded back. When, driven beyond endurance, I would pick him up and shake him, he'd scream and bite my hand. More than once I gripped him in rage and flung him away, as one hurls a baseball. I think he rather enjoyed that, for he would let himself go to the zenith of my throw and then spread his wings to return, swearing and unrepentant, to my feet.

He coveted all our possessions. He feared but one — a looking glass. He would flee, screeching, at the sight of himself in a mirror. It was his passion to save for a rainy day. Silas hoarded. He also stole. Anything not too big to haul away became at once part of the competence he was creating for no clear purpose. Surplus food, defunct bugs, tin foil, bright paper, pins, needles, thimbles were added to the fund. Sometimes they were hidden carefully at a distance. Often they were deposited in your trousers' cuffs or down your shirt collar. He remembered always

where each item was hidden. One day I saw, and heard, him following Harry, the hired man, through the garden. Silas walked in haste, and his voice was piercingly protestant.

"I know what's the matter," his quarry explained. "He wants them 'tater bugs he stuck in the cuff of my overalls yesterday." Whereupon Harry halted, and Silas withdrew his deposit and flew off to include it in a less ambulatory safe-deposit box.

Despite his caustic pose, our critic loved to be petted. Silas would sit, complacent, in my wife's lap, while she caressed him. If she stopped before he was bored, he would bite her with a right bad will. When he himself had become satiated and had flown away, the cadence of his chuckles was definitely caddish.

Edgar Allan Poe seems to have considered his housebroken and laconic raven a superlative affliction. But the record shows that Poe's bird merely sat, and uttered a comparatively inoffensive trisyllable. He did not spend his waking hours squalling and gibbering. He did not use opprobrious language to the stranger. The guest who might drop in to

share Poe's misery did not have his own materially heightened by a black and raucous buccaneer who swooped down upon him to sample his ear, or to untie his shoelaces and bite him on the ankle.

Poe didn't know his own luck. He should have known Silas.

As summer waned, Silas's interest in our farm's affairs dwindled. I think he had grown a little tired of casting his pearls before us. Or perhaps among his own kind he had discovered associates who were awed by his sophistication.

One day I saw him with two satellites in a butternut tree. I called, but he squawked a derisive reply. Since then we have not seen him. He may have gone south to winter in warmer climes. Wherever he is, we hope he enjoys himself. And we hope, too, that he stays.

If there be moments when we miss him, as one might miss an aching tooth that has been pulled, we stifle sentiment with the knowledge that Silas doesn't miss us in the least. He deserted us because he wanted to. He never did anything for any other reason.

Prepared for Action

MERLE OBERON, the actress, visiting the wounded in London, asked one soldier, "Did you kill a Nazi?" The soldier said he had. "With which hand?" Miss Oberon asked. She decorated his right hand with a kiss.

Then she asked the next patient, "Did *you* kill a Nazi?"

"I sure did!" came the ready answer. "I bit 'im to death!"

— Walter Winchell

❧ Do we really care what happens to the neglected children of our war workers?

War Orphans, U.S.A.

Condensed from The Washington Post

Agnes E. Meyer

IN LOS ANGELES a social worker counted 45 infants locked in cars at a single parking lot while their mothers were at work in war plants. Older children in many cities sit in the movies, seeing the same film over and over again until mother comes off the evening "swing" shift and picks them up. Some children of working parents are locked in their homes, others locked out.

One night a member of the California State Department of Health followed a nice looking 13-year-old girl into a beer hall and asked what she was doing there. "I'm just waiting for 12 o'clock," answered the girl. "My bed isn't empty until then." This child wandered the streets every night until her parents, who

work on the "graveyard" shift, vacated a bed in the crowded home.

In another war boom town a resident observed three children, aged five to ten, wandering aimlessly day after day. Realizing they were waifs left to shift for themselves while their parents worked, she asked the children to visit at her house. "I will read you some stories," she added. The oldest girl looked up at her with incredulous eyes: "Do you really *want* us?" she asked.

That question haunts me, as it should haunt every American. Do we really *want* to take care of the children whose parents are doing our war production job? All over the country it is the children who are suffering most from our pell mell war effort, and the fact that mama has become a welder.

Mothers usually make some sort of provision for the baby's care, but the fate of the school child was summed up for me by a woman taxi driver: "I have five children under 14. My mother takes care of the youngest. The older ones go to school and have to take care of themselves."

They *are* taking care of themselves

AGNES E. MEYER is Mrs. Eugene Meyer, wife of the owner and publisher of *The Washington Post*. As a girl, she was one of New York's most competent newspaper reporters. Now she applies her fine journalistic talents to an investigation of our leading war production centers, describing the impact of war industry on the American community and the American home. From her brilliant series of articles, *The Reader's Digest* has compiled this report of the war's effects on the children of working parents.

— or trying to. Often they get jobs from people so hard pressed for workers that they flout the child-labor laws. In bowling alleys (where pin boys often work until 2 or 3 a.m.), honky-tonks, cheap restaurants, drugstores and grocery stores, from one end of our country to the other, youngsters are being overworked and exploited.

The odd thing is that many of these children do not need to work. Their parents are making bonanza salaries. But going to work is "the thing to do" --- and the idea appeals strongly to the neglected child.

In one intermediate school I spotted the listless face of a boy just turned 14. I asked him if he was tired. "Oh, it's not bad today," he replied. "But just after the week ends I am, sometimes."

Slowly I got his story. His parents both worked in aircraft factories, the mother on day shift, the father at night. For the past six months he had worked as a soda jerker, weekdays from 5 to 10 p.m., Saturdays and Sundays from 10 a.m. to 11 p.m. For the five-hour day he got 50 cents, for 11 hours of work \$1.25. He did his homework during study hours. He was sodden with fatigue.

Can this boy's case be dismissed as an exception? Not at all. In Bremerton, Washington, I heard the comment, "Everybody who is out of didies goes to work." There, boys under 16 lie about their age to get jobs in the shipyard. Many of them are on the graveyard shift. When they come off, they clean up in the

school washrooms and go to class. The teachers say discipline is no problem because so many of the children are asleep.

Many well-intentioned people, seeing the beneficial results of remunerative jobs for children of 16 or over, decide that work must be good for boys and girls of any age. This sort of muddled thinking has retarded the development of a strong public opinion without which even an army of inspectors cannot enforce child-labor laws. And some of the laws themselves are so lax as to be useless. In Kansas, for example, children under 14 are forbidden to work during school hours --- a carry-over from the days when boys had farm chores to do. But the law makes it legal for them to work all the rest of the day and night. In Texas, boys or girls between 12 and 15 who show need can get working papers and leave school without proving their age. And there are 100,000 children of school age in Texas who never go to school because the attendance laws are not enforced.

Parents are too busy to look after their children, so truancy is rising everywhere. And with it come serious delinquencies among boys and girls from 11 to 15: sex offenses, drinking and burglary. A teacher told me that three of her boys, 12, 13 and 14, recently came to school intoxicated. Young girls sometimes wake up drunk in police stations without knowing how they got there. Of one of these cases, the truant

officer said: "I've known Jane since she was born. She's a sweet girl who simply got into bad company."

In Mobile, Alabama, the problem of proper care for children is particularly acute. The number of sex offenses among minor girls in that city is shocking. The police chief told me that girls as young as 11 are picked up for immoral conduct. Two girls, of good background, recently lived for a week with some young men who had a trailer. One taxi driver organized a trailer as a rendezvous and persuaded a 14-year-old girl to bring in her friends. And three boys aged 11, 12 and 13 burglarized the Woolworth store and caused a fire which nearly destroyed the whole building.

Mobile, like many other cities, has been overwhelmed by a sudden influx of war workers. The schools operate in shifts, with so many children in a room that it is impossible for the teachers to give them proper attention. Some 2000 children do not go to school at all for lack of space.

Mobile's mayor, Ernest Megginson, is working for better school facilities. But officials in some other cities, not realizing that the problem is nation-wide, are still inclined to defend the good name of their own town and deny that they have more delinquency. Social workers, interested only in preventive measures, tell a different story.

Dr. Jerry W. Carter, director of the Wichita Child Guidance Clinic,

confirmed an observation that forced itself upon me everywhere, namely that unwillingness to face parental responsibility -- even a positive desire to escape it -- is the cause of much delinquency. When fathers and mothers of delinquent or truant children are asked to come to school for a conference, they often do not even bother to reply.

Many women in war work make a real effort to fulfill all their domestic duties, but it takes a high degree of efficiency to manage both jobs -- and not all of them have it.

WHAT is the answer to this appalling nation wide situation?

Many war plants refuse to take mothers with small children, but they are often deceived by the mothers. Day nurseries are needed -- open 24 hours a day, seven days a week, because the mothers work on all shifts.

Wichita, Cleveland and other progressive cities are experimenting with foster homes. But appalling things may happen in unlicensed homes: in Wichita one boy was beaten to death. Moreover, good foster homes are difficult to find, for more money can be had by crowding war workers into spare rooms than by taking in children.

It *must* be realized that the home, when both parents work, is nonexistent. Some communities have honestly faced that fact. Witness Marin City, California. Here is a housing project complete with community

house, nursery school and playground. I was present at the first day of elementary school and kindergarten in the cheerful little school building. The youngsters, a conglomerate group from a dozen different states, were excitedly happy: now they had a school of their own at last; no more waiting for the bus in mud and rain to go miles to overcrowded schools.

By our present neglect of children in war-crowded areas — children largely from poor backgrounds — we are missing a great opportunity. What a chance to gather them in inexpensive but charming schoolhouses such as this one in Marin City, where they can get a start that will transform their whole outlook! It is only through the school that these war waifs can be reached, not only to be taught but to be fed regular meals — meals that their working parents will gladly pay for.

Orange, Texas, in the southeasternmost part of the state, was a sleepy little town of 7500 people in 1940. Now it is the center of a population of 35,000 war workers and navy personnel. Two navy housing projects, amounting to 1700 family units and 500 dormitory units, together with vast numbers of private and public trailer communities, make the original town hard to find.

The old schoolhouses were inundated with children, but Orange has a determined superintendent of schools, J. W. Edgar. He bombarded Washington and obtained Lanham Act funds not only for nursery schools

but for a new high school specializing in vocational training.

The school is kept open through the summer, when the heat in the trailers and the small houses is intolerable and a cool, comfortable building is a welcome refuge. "What we wish to do," said Mrs. W. R. Davidson, director of the community service department, "is to make the students and their families feel that somebody is interested in them and wants them." Five counselors work with the children at school and visit the families in their homes.

"At first we had no furniture for the nursery schools," Mrs. Davidson told me, "so the older girls made sheets, mats and toys, and the manual-training boys built little cots. This practical work, in addition to solving our equipment problems, gave the boys and girls a real interest in the schools. One result is that we have trained 80 girls to assist in the nursery schools during the summer."

There are four nursery schools. In one are the children whose fathers work the night shift and need quiet for sleep during the day. The youngsters come at 8 a.m., and are let out at 4 p.m. so that the fathers can visit them before going to work. Another nursery school, for working mothers, keeps children from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. The mother leaves them at the nursery on the way to work. The children have breakfast, a midmorning lunch, a real midday lunch and a midafternoon snack. All the mother needs to do after she picks them up is

to give them supper and put them to bed.

Orange and Marin City have found perhaps the only answer to the needs of the child of working parents. All over the country it is primarily a problem of schools — nursery schools for the little ones, elementary and grammar schools for older children.

We must have new kinds of schools, that will feed the youngsters and keep them at work and play until the parents return. We must make them feel what the group of stranded children who asked, "Do you really want us?" could not believe — that somebody does want them. We must prove to them that we really care.



Answers to Quiz on Page 94

❧ If you checked *any* question, you're wrong, for every statement in "Medical Fact or Fancy?" is untrue.

1. The milling of the rye kernel removes just as much of the minerals and vitamins as is lost in the milling of white flour.

2. Irregular eating is the rule among primitive peoples and much wild life. Nervousness or high-tension living may bring on both stomach trouble and irregularity in eating habits; hence the confusion of cause and effect.

3. Bowlegs are due to defective nutrition for bone growth. A child's legs may be deformed in the cradle, but normally developing bones cannot be "walked" too soon.

4. Food spoilage after opening the can is due to bacterial growth, not to contact with the tin.

5. Tooth enamel is formed before the tooth erupts. Its quality is influenced by general health and nutrition during the formative period, not by use after eruption.

6. All greasy foods are digested slowly because fat retards stomach activity, but this does no harm to a normal digestive tract.

7. Sugars and starches furnish the most quickly available fuel for muscular work.

Of course the athlete needs the other elements of a balanced diet.

8. The value of sleep may be enhanced by regularity of habit and quiet, but it bears no relation to the clock.

9. Diabetes is due to a disordered endocrine gland system; there is no evidence that consumption of sugar brings it on.

10. To take off a pound of fat the average person would have to saw wood for 10½ hours, or do 5714 push ups from the floor. The best exercise for weight reduction is to grasp the edge of the table firmly with both hands and straighten out the elbows when the second helpings are passed.

11. Indigestible particles do not settle in the appendix.

12. A *strong* sun tan retards the further absorption of health-stimulating ultra-violet light.

13. Although tobacco has a number of deleterious effects on the human body, the stunting of growth is not among them.

14. There is no difference in the effect on the body of a steel needle or a brass pin. It is important that either one be absolutely sterile.

Glory Through Hara-Kiri

Adapted from

"Close-Up of the Jap Fighting Man" *

Lieutenant Colonel Warren J. Clear

THE recent mysterious death of Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto, Japan's No. 1 military and naval strategist, has been variously explained. But Robert Bellaire, former United Press chief in Japan, reports that Yamamoto frequently said he would take his own life rather than lose any Japanese-held territory.

Many instances of "honorable suicide" by Japanese officers and soldiers have been observed in this war. The only Jap commissioned officers taken prisoner have been unconscious or badly wounded. A Tokyo communiqué announced that the sick and wounded soldiers on Attu killed themselves before the last American attack — probably on orders from their officers. Crews of Jap planes shot down in the Pacific have refused life lines thrown to them by Americans. Several officers entrusted with the air-raid defense of Tokyo committed hara-kiri because the shadow of the wings of Doolittle's bombers fell athwart the Imperial Palace.

The ancient custom of hara-kiri is typical of the Japanese ruling caste. Day after day from earliest youth, the samurai are drilled in the awe-

some details of the tragic ceremony. So vividly is the technique of self-destruction impressed on boyish imaginations that, when Jap officers are confronted with what they consider the necessity of performing it, they can meet the terrible ordeal with complete composure.

I once heard the exact story of such an act, from the lips of a man who had seen it performed before his very eyes. It may give the reader a clearer picture of the extraordinary enemy we face.

My informant was General Ogawa, whose father committed hara-kiri a few hours after his superior, General Nogi, had done so. The son took great pride in his father's action.

"My father called me," said General Ogawa, "and told me that he felt under compulsion to join the spirit of General Nogi, and that he wished me to assist him in the act of hara-kiri — if assistance became necessary through his failure to perform it efficiently. I was to stand beside him, slightly to his rear, with his great two-handed sword upraised, and strike off his head if all did not

"I remonstrated with him, because he was yet a comparatively young man, only 51. But he said that he had followed General Nogi through many years of fierce battle and he was resolved to follow him in death.

"I watched him bathe, put on his white kimono and prepare the place of his ending. Then he took up his gold-hilted *wahazashi*, the short sword, and wrapped a snow-white cloth about its hilt and the upper part of the blade. Slowly he thrust the blade deep into his abdomen on the left side, and then cut across to the right side, turned the blade and cut upwards. His face was very white and tense, and his eyes closed as he pushed the blade home. I watched closely for any signs of weakness, for that would have been the signal for

me to decapitate him, but there was none. He was a great warrior and a true samurai."

My eyes never left General Ogawa's face as he told me this story, for I thought at that moment I could almost see past the inscrutability of the Jap. Here was an infantry commander of the Imperial Japanese Army - in the 20th century - telling me, proudly, impassively, the tragic details of an act of self-destruction on the part of his own father.

The whole thing was quite beyond the comprehension of the rational occidental mind. But in its very weirdness lay a suggestion as to the formidability of a nation that has been an insoluble enigma for centuries.

Wartime Newsreel

A PURCHASING agent who requested a supply house to send him a new catalogue received this reply:

"The only part of our catalogue we are still certain about is the line that says, 'Established in 1885.' All other information and prices have been withdrawn."

— *The Business Education World*

A GROUP of women shipyard workers laid down their tools in Vancouver, B. C., to protest dismissal of a fellow worker who wore "tight" clothes. In a manifesto to their employers, they declared: "We cannot let an act like this go unchallenged, no matter what the circumstances. Woman must retain above all things her pre-eminent right to snare her man." The management, somewhat abashed, reinstated the girl.

— UP

THE Harrison, New Jersey, Board of Education voted to do away with final examinations in order to save paper.

— W. E. Farbstein in *The New Yorker*

❏ Exploits of the men who work in lonely peril
under water to salvage our sunken ships

Navy Heroes in Diving Suits

Condensed from *Ships*

Edwin Muller

THE RAISING of the ships sunk at Pearl Harbor was a great naval victory, the equivalent of sinking a whole enemy fleet. It was won by Navy Salvage.

This branch of the service — which somehow misses the headlines — is daily winning other battles up and down the seven seas. Off the coasts of America alone it has raised and returned to service a greater tonnage in freighters and tankers than that of the warships saved at Pearl Harbor.

Last January, when a task force landed on an island far out in the Aleutians, a 40-mile gale drove one ship ashore. A hole was ripped in the hull and it filled with water. A call went out to Salvage, and soon a homely, stubby little vessel came wallowing through the heavy seas. It looked something like an auto-wrecking truck.

The Salvage Officer looked over the wreck. The essential steps are always the same: find the holes and patch them, pump out the ship, haul her off. But each job is a separate problem. This time the hole was near the keel deeply embedded in the muddy bottom. Divers would have

to tunnel through the mud.

Air pumps were set up on the deck of the ship, and two divers, Martin and Tinsley, were cased into their helmets and suits. The tunnel was driven by the jet from a high-pressure hose. It was just wide enough for one man to crawl through and there was always danger of its caving in.

The two took turns in two-hour shifts. After several days of tunneling, they reached the jagged hole in the hull and began to bolt on a wooden patch. The diver at work had to lie on his back. There wasn't room to turn over: it was like being in a coffin under water.

At this point Jap planes spotted the wreck. Tinsley was down under the hull when the alert was sounded. It doesn't take a near-miss to kill a diver under water. Even a medium-sized bomb falling anywhere within two or three thousand feet will bring him to the surface dead. They told Tinsley over his headphone he had four minutes to get out. In that time he had to crab his way in the dark, feet first, through the tunnel. He couldn't afford to do any fumbling, to foul his lines even for a

moment. He was out within the four minutes, and watched bombs falling in the water near enough to shake the deck beneath his feet.

The raids continued. But the job went on, too. Martin and Tinsley had to crab their way out every time a raid was signaled, but at the end of six weeks the ship was floated.

THE NAVY trains its own salvage divers. The majority get their instruction at Pier 88, North River, New York City, in the vast shadow of the capsized *Normandie*.

A student diver must first learn how to control the air valves. He can regulate both the intake and the outlet, and when he keeps his air in nice balance he neither rises nor sinks in the water. It is as if for him the law of gravity had ceased to function. He could jump over a cottage in a long, leisurely leap as in a slow-motion film.

But if he lets in too much air, the diver is likely to "blow up." His suit swells, his arms and legs are spread-eagled stiff so that he can no longer reach the valves, and he shoots up to the surface. Because of the too sudden decrease in pressure, he is then in danger of the "bends."

In salvage work a diver must often penetrate deep into a sunken ship. In the total darkness of muddy water, he must find his way through a maze of passages cluttered with floating debris. And he must always know where every foot of his life line is. Suppose he walks down a passage-

way and passes some fixed object, such as a stanchion. If, on his return, he passes that stanchion on the opposite side, his line will foul. He can neither go forward nor be hauled back. He must return and disentangle his line.

When it is necessary to go around many corners down below, the navy works its divers in relays. Diver Number One goes down and takes his position at a point where a corner must be turned. Diver Number Two descends, passes Number One and proceeds to the next corner. It's the job of Number One to watch the lines of Number Two. Number Three goes down, passes Number Two, who then in turn becomes responsible for him. It thus may take three or four divers to keep one at work. By an ingenious contrivance each man is in contact by telephone with his tender on the surface and with each of the other divers.

After the navy student divers have learned the underwater techniques of welding, cutting metal with a blowtorch, patching a hole, shoring up a bulkhead, they are put to work on the *Normandie*. Lying there on her side the ship looks even more huge than she did afloat. You stand on a platform at the water line where one of the funnels used to be. The starboard half of the deck towers above you like a skyscraper. The port half, under you, is bedded deep in the harbor mud. Within the hull are 100,000 tons of water, 10,000 cubic yards of mud, hundreds of tons

of debris. It is the biggest salvage job ever undertaken.

The theory is simple: Clear out the debris. Shore and strengthen the inner compartments. Seal all openings. Pump out the mud and water. Weight the keel. Up she comes.

Scores of divers, both naval and civilian, have been working on her for more than a year, in the setting of a fantastic nightmare. There is the smoking room like a cathedral, the dining saloon with its acre or so of tables, the moon-shaped room that used to be filled with cages of tropical birds. There are swimming pools, bars, shops, offices -- hundreds upon hundreds of rooms, miles of corridors, all with their ceilings and floors where the walls ought to be and all cluttered with sodden masses of tapestries and bedding, smashed furniture, broken glass.

One young diver was working deep down in what used to be a deluxe stateroom. His tender above heard a call for help over the telephone. An experienced diver went down and found that the boy had blown up and was floating against the ceiling like a toy balloon. They got him out safe.

Last December a tanker stranded and broke in half off the coast of Delaware. A tanker is something like an earthworm in that each half is fairly self-sufficient. The tanks themselves are buoyant, watertight, compartments. Salvage sealed up the broken ends of the vessel, blew out the tanks in the usual way, and

towed the two halves into dry dock where they were put together again.

Once Salvage got the bow half of a ship without the stern. They are keeping it, in case a stern turns up sometime.

Often, when it isn't practicable to raise a sunken ship, the cargo can be saved. They rip off the deck, send divers into the holds, attach the cargo to slings, and the big derricks of the salvage ship yank it out. In that way \$6,000,000 worth of zinc ore concentrate was saved from one sunken freighter. From another a cargo of tanks and half tracks was recovered.

Navy Salvage also coöperates with the Army Engineers in demolishing sunken ships which are a hazard to navigation. To destroy a ship, dynamite charges are strung around the hull at the principal points of stress and strain. Then the ship collapses in sections.

Demolition or salvage of munitions ships is especially hazardous. Explosives are so carefully packed that they are often "live" even after long immersion. A diver has to work delicately when cutting through or shoring a bulkhead behind which are piled cases of TNT. During the last war an American ship, the *Florence II.*, was sunk in shallow water off the coast of France with several thousand tons of TNT. Thirteen years later an Italian salvage firm accepted a contract to demolish this menace to other ships. For three months a crew from the salvage ship *Artiglio*

worked carefully on the wreck, cutting her down almost to the mud line. The work was nearly completed, and it seemed certain the TNT had become harmless. So a dynamite charge was laid to finish the job.

A mighty volcano leaped up from the ocean bottom. The roar of the explosion was heard far up and down the coast. When rescuers arrived the *Artiglio* had disappeared. Of her

crew only a few dazed survivors were clinging to bits of wreckage.

There'll be jobs like that after this war. Navy Salvage is one branch of the service for which the war won't be over when the shooting ends. It will have to keep on scouring the oceans for years, searching out the wrecks that menace navigation, doing those salvage jobs that are too long and complicated to undertake while the fighting is on.



The Paint That "Couldn't Be Made"

CHARLES F. KETTERING, vice-president of General Motors, tells this story of the origin of Duco paint:

We used to finish cars with the same kind of varnish that you put on pianos. It took 17 days for cheaper cars and 35 days for more expensive ones. I called in all the paint experts and said, "We want to shorten the time required to paint a car."

"They said, 'You can't do much about that. We can shorten it a couple of days. How long do you think it ought to take to paint a car?'" I asked, "Why can't you paint a car in an hour?"

"The paint won't dry," they said. "Nothing in the world you can do to speed it up."

"I don't believe it," I told them. So I was always looking for paints that would dry fast. Walking down Fifth Avenue one day I saw some little pin trays with a new type of lacquer on them. I asked the manager, "Where do you get this lacquer?" He didn't

know so I went to the pin-tray manufacturer. He got it from a fellow over in New Jersey.

I found a little bit of a laboratory back of a business block and I said to the fellow who was running it, "I want a quart of that material." "My goodness," he said, "I never made a quart of it before. What do you want to do with it?"

"I want to finish an automobile door with it."

"You can never do it in the world," he said. "If you put it in one of your spray guns, it will dry before it reaches the door."

"Can't you do anything to slow it down?"

"Not a thing in the world."

So the thing you call Duco is simply halfway between the paint they couldn't speed up and the paint they couldn't slow down, and we have finished many automobiles in an hour's time.

Drama in Everyday Life

• IV •

AS ALWAYS on Saturdays, the sidewalks of our quiet southern town were thronged with farm folk who had come in for their weekly shopping. Standing at a busy corner was a dusty, ragged little farm boy, singing a mountain ballad to the crowd that eddied by, and thrumming an accompaniment on a guitar almost as big as he was.

Beside him sat an unkempt, runty little cur, his tail thumping, his eyes fixed on his young master with an expression of the most all-encompassing love and adoration. Toscanini never had a more raptly devoted listener.

Passing the spot later, I saw a crowd at the curb and pushed my way through. The dog had been run over. He lay with his head in his master's lap, panting out his last agonized breath. The boy was bent over the mangled little body, singing softly to it, as a mother might seek to comfort a child in pain with a lullaby, and accompanying himself on the guitar.

When the body was finally still the boy got slowly to his feet, and for the first time seemed aware of his audience. Then, as if he felt

some explanation was necessary, he said, in a voice tight and strained with the effort to hold back his tears: "He loved music."

—John H. Lay, Capt., A. C.

THE OLD NEGRO brought his wife to the hospital and waited anxiously while they put her to bed in the free ward.

"Is she bad sick?" he quavered.

"She will have to have some transfusions. You must get some donors for her."

"Do'nuths?" he repeated. He seemed a little dazed. But then he pulled himself together and went out.

That evening he came back, bringing a large, greasy paper bag.

"What's this?" asked the nurse at the desk. "Doughnuts?"

"Yessum," said the old man. "They tole me my wife got to have 'um."

The nurse did not laugh. She guessed that he had probably spent his last penny for them, and after he had gone she made the rounds of the hospital staff, telling the story. The doughnuts, two dozen of them, sold for a dollar each. *His* donors.

—Samuel Duff McCoy

MY JOB as a Philadelphia newspaperman requires me to meet the many types of people who come in each day with stories for the paper.

From the bench beside the reception desk, the other day, a middle-aged Polish woman looked up at me with eyes red from weeping. A friend had brought her to tell the newspaper about her boy. She handed me a telegram. "The War Department regrets to inform you . . . bomber crashed . . . North Africa . . . personal effects will be forwarded."

With her friend aiding her, she told me in broken English how the family came to this country 25 years ago; how the boy, her only child, graduated from high school, though

he would have preferred to go to work after his father's death; how he enlisted in the Army Air Corps a little more than a year ago.

"How old was he?" I said, asking the routine question.

"Born, September 3, 1921; died, January 27, 1943," she replied, as though repeating an epitaph she had memorized.

I completed my notes, returned the telegram and thanked her for coming. She and her friend started to enter the elevator. Then she turned hesitatingly toward me and said:

"At the end, could you put, 'He died for his country'?"

— Richard R. Smith

A Mother's Prayer

God, Father of Freedom, look after that boy of mine, wherever he may be. Walk in upon him. Talk with him during the silent watches of the night, and spur him to bravery when he faces the cruel foe. Transfer my prayer to his heart.

Keep my boy inspired by the never-dying faith in his God. Throughout all the long days of a hopeful Victory, wherever his duty takes him, keep his spirit high and his purpose unwavering. Make him a loyal friend. Nourish him with the love that I gave to him at birth, and satisfy the hunger of his soul with the knowledge of my daily prayer.

He is my choicest treasure. Take care of him, God. Keep him in health and sustain him under every possible circumstance. I once warmed him under my heart. You warm him anew in his shelter under the stars. Touch him with my smile of cheer and comfort, and my full confidence in his every brave pursuit.

Fail him not — and may he not fail You, his country, nor the mother who bore him.

— From *Today's Talk* by George Matthew Adams

What muddling in Washington
has done to our food supply

We Aren't Going to Have Enough to Eat

By

Louis Bromfield

RECENTLY a man prominent in the meat industry said to me: "If Herr Doktor Goebels had come to America with the express purpose of making a complete mess of food production, he could not have possibly done as good a job as has been done in Washington."

Though ours is the richest agricultural nation, our people are not going to have enough food. We are already rationed. In every city in America there has been an actual lack of such staples as potatoes and beef and milk and poultry. And we are nowhere near the peak of the crisis.

The farm season of 1943 started off badly with a cold, capricious spring which delayed planting. Then came floods, all through the Middle West, destroying millions of acres of crops.

LOUIS BROMFIELD, author of many popular novels and a Pulitzer Prize winner, was formerly an ardent supporter of the New Deal. He speaks about agriculture with the authority of personal experience, since he owns a 1500 acre farm near Mansfield, Ohio, on which he raises cattle, hogs, poultry and sheep. He has spent months investigating the food crisis.

Our "ever-normal" granary will have been exhausted by the end of the summer, with nothing but a wheat crop from 20 to 40 percent below normal production to replace it. We are already importing grain from Canada to feed cattle, but even Canada's supply will not last forever.

The situation will grow worse this fall, and reach its most desperate stage this winter, especially from February on. "February," Herbert Hoover points out from his experience, "is always the black month -- the month to be feared the most." If it were possible, I would rather not think about next February. By then most of our people will be living on a diet well below the nutrition level. Before we have finished, this tragic food situation will go down as one of the most senseless scandals in American history.

How could such a state of affairs have come about? There is but one answer --- the President, and the men about him responsible for the security of the home front, did nothing whatever about the desperate food situation until April of this year. Then it was too late -- and too little was done. Instead of putting

into effect a forceful coordinated plan for food production, the Food Administration, under Secretary of Agriculture Claude R. Wickard, told the American people that their health would be better with less food, and that they must learn to do without.

Even if Mr. Wickard had been a forceful administrator, his hands were tied in a dozen ways by incredible confusion. Food prices were under the control of OPA, then directed by the erratic Leon Henderson. Farm machinery was under control of the WPB at a time when Donald Nelson was harassed by the ravenous demands of the army and navy and distracted by endless quarrels in his own administration. Farm Labor was under the control of General Hershey, head of Selective Service, and Manpower Commissioner Paul McNutt.

At the very moment the farmer was asked to raise more food than he had ever raised before, the WPB cut the production of farm machinery to 23 percent of normal; and skilled labor was drafted wholesale by Selective Service.

You can perhaps take away labor or machinery from the farmer, but you cannot take *both*. The result — though 1942 was the best crop season recorded in our history — was that dairies went out of business, good dairy cows were sold to make hot dogs, poultry enterprises decreased their production of eggs and meat. Even worse, hundreds of thousands of acres of soybeans, corn, potatoes and other vital food crops

rotted in the fields because there was neither labor nor machinery to harvest them.

If soybeans, wheat and corn rot in the fields you have that much less beef, pork, lamb, poultry and dairy products, for these cereals are fed to stock. That is one reason for our present meat and milk shortage.

In addition, the erratic price ceilings ordered by OPA dislocated the whole field of food production. One striking example will illustrate what happened many times over.

A ceiling was placed on beef passed through the packing houses, but none whatever on beef on the hoof, or on grain used to feed and fatten this beef. Result: Beef cattle were shipped to market off the range without being fattened to full weight; therefore we lost millions of pounds of beef, while much that we did get was poor in quality. Moreover, in many beef-producing areas, the price of live cattle rose above the price of processed meat. This caused the large packing houses to think twice before increasing production, and forced scores of small packing houses to close down altogether.

There were countless other handicaps. The farmer had to waste precious time, gasoline and tire mileage driving about trying to get farm machinery which was often not to be had. He was forced to fill out countless questionnaires that went to Washington in huge bundles which were not even opened. He was forced to make affidavit after affidavit in

the fight for deferment of what labor was left him. In thousands of cases he had to fight for deferment for himself; if he lost the fight, it meant simply that, in 70 percent of the cases, his farm would go out of production.

In the midwestern bread-basket states, farm sales jumped to appalling figures. In some counties it was necessary to engage an auctioneer weeks in advance.

Meanwhile, clouds of optimistic figures, as confusing as the ink emitted by the cuttlefish to conceal himself, have been coming out of the Department of Agriculture.

These figures did not give a picture of the truth - that we were, considering the mounting demands being made upon us, desperately short of food. While Food Administrator Wickard and his assistants announced that never before in history had we produced so much food, no mention was made of the fact that approximately 25,000,000 people, making more money than ever before, suddenly wanted to buy vast quantities of beef, lamb, pork, cream, butter and other foods which formerly they had been able to afford only in small quantities if at all.

Nor was any mention made that eight percent and more of our food was being used by lend-lease, that another 27 percent was being used by the army and that 20 percent or more of that was being wasted in army camps (as shown later by the Truman Committee investigation).

The Department's reports said nothing of the 500,000 gallon cans of tomato juice, owned by the army, and emptied into Lake Erie at Cleveland because it had spoiled.

Nor was any mention made of reports that a large part of the wheat stored in our "ever-normal granary" had, through neglect, been destroyed by weevils or mold. In the face of the fact that *every* newspaper survey of acreage for 1943 in the bread-basket area has shown prospective decrease of acreage under cultivation. Mr. Wickard's office blandly announced an increase of 10,000,000 acres under cultivation in 1943. Where this 10,000,000 acreage was to come from even the New Deal experts could not say.

How can the country have confidence in announcements coming out of Washington when the Food Administration announced vast quantities of food at the very moment that the Black Market was raising its head? The Office of War Information was asked to make a report to the American people on food. It received three reports from the Department of Agriculture, all seriously at variance. When the OWI statement was finally issued it was so far from the truth that the new Food Administrator, Chester C. Davis, had to label it "too optimistic."

But eventually the truth had to come out. It came out with a vengeance about the month of March, when police all over the country were called to keep in order the long

queues of women who heard that this or that local shop had a little meat or a single bag of potatoes. In Colorado the governor took over the administration of the Draft, to prevent further irresponsible siphoning of skilled farm labor by the Selective Service, which had announced only a short time before that it was *not* drafting any more skilled farm labor. The governors of half the states in the Union met to protest the farm labor and machinery situation and to set up plans of their own to solve the food production problem. It became clear that the federal administration of food was not only chaotic; it had broken down altogether.

For the first time, as the crisis grew, the President showed alarm. He deposed Secretary Wickard as Food Administrator. Chester C. Davis was called in and virtually ordered by the Commander-in-Chief to take over the food problem. Mr. Davis is honest, capable, experienced, but I doubt that he will be able to feed our armies, our allies, and 400,000,000 starving people scattered over Asia, Europe and Africa. I doubt even that he will be able to feed our civilian selves. Yet the President and former Governor Lehman are going ahead with plans for feeding the world.

Next, there began frantic attempts to conceal the true situation, and at the same time do something about it. Canned goods out of the army's supplies were thrown back on the ci-

vilian market. Farm machinery production was increased to 49 percent of normal. The Manpower Commission announced that no more genuine farm labor would be drafted, and then went right on drafting it. Cuts were made in the incredible red tape surrounding gas rationing, farm truck regulations, machinery and material priorities, but the cuts did not produce more machinery and material.

All these moves were in essence hasty and ill-considered, made in a wild effort to check disaster. Nothing was done to correct the fundamental evil — confused and ill-managed administration. The President has followed his well-known pattern of setting up another parallel administrative bureau rather than putting right the one that already existed. Mr. Wickard was kept on as Secretary of Agriculture, even though a whole new food administration under Mr. Davis nullified the normal functions of that department.

The inadequate increase in farm machinery to 49 percent of normal production cannot be realized in 1943, because most of the big farm machinery factories are making other things and cannot overnight be returned to producing farm tools. Meanwhile, there is a desperate shortage of all farm machinery needed not only for increased production but even for normal production.

The shortage was aggravated by

the "freezing" of needed available machinery, and by such blunders as distributing machinery where it was of no use. Combines were sent to cotton areas; corn pickers were allotted to areas where no corn was grown. Desperately needed equipment belonging to evacuated Japanese farmers sat, and sits, rusting in western states.

Farmers still have to waste working hours filling out WPB, OPA and Department of Agriculture questionnaires and making trips to various bureaus for permits to buy parts. The manager of my own farm was forced to spend two days and drive 185 miles to get a new tractor part -- while the tractor stood idle.

So we have a black market in farm machinery. A four-year-old tractor, worth \$750 when new, brings as much as \$1200. Since there is an OPA ceiling on prices, the auctioneer at farm sales sells a bale of hay or a rooster for \$1200 and throws in the tractor.

The farm labor situation is even worse.* Selective Service and the Food Administration have issued statements to show that the farm labor shortage was caused by high industrial wages in cities. These were misleading statistics -- not more than a fraction of one percent of skilled labor left farms for factories. It was Selective Service, operating *without* wise selection, that took labor off the farms in the face of an

actual food shortage. At last, in a panic, the War Manpower Commission issued a "directive" to stop the drain. Yet before me on the table two months later are the cases of four skilled farm workers and managers from one of the most important food producing areas, who will be taken into the army at once if Selective Service can't be checked.

As a makeshift, it has been proposed to bring skilled labor from the army back to the land, but the army and Selective Service change their minds from day to day as to how this is to be done; the procedure is enmeshed in red tape, the required forms frequently are useless before they arrive in Washington, and the thing has to be begun all over again. Actually, a ludicrously small number of men was released for the spring planting. Perhaps some will be available for the harvest.

In the Administration there were plenty of men who should have known how to handle our farm problem. The President, at times, says that he is a farmer. Mr. Wickard claims that he is a dirt farmer and has his picture taken shoveling corn to the hogs. The Department of Agriculture is presumably overflowing with experts whose lives are given to farming problems. Yet they have been asking the farmer to produce more and more food while they have been putting more and more obstacles in his path.

Meanwhile, the farmer is doing the best he can in spite of obstacles.

* See "Wake Up to the Farmer's Plight," *The Reader's Digest*, January, '43.

No citizen has a finer record of work and patriotism in this war. It is not his fault if we produce less food in 1943 than in 1942. We must not blame him for the one bumper crop we can be sure of — black markets.

As long as inflationary money and a scarcity of food go side by side nothing can stop black markets. I have lived with black markets in various European countries, and I think I know how they operate better than most Americans. They spread and grow as people stand in queues for food and are seized by the panic of not getting enough to eat. They range all the way from a bootleggers' syndicate dealing in millions of dollars' worth of potatoes or meat to the farmer who sells a pound of butter over the back fence to a friend.

In the years just after the last war, on Sundays and holidays the roads leading out of German cities were filled with people in cars, on bicycles or on foot, bound for the country to pick up something for the family to eat, a couple of eggs, a few ounces of butter, a half pound of meat. In the cities an egg could cost 50 million marks. That was extreme, but today we are faced in America by the same fundamental conditions.

Even in the British Isles, a country with 40,000,000 of the most law-abiding citizens in the world, where more than half the food is imported and under government control, black markets still exist after more than three years of effort to suppress them.

How much more difficult is the problem in a nation the size of ours. If it took 17,000 agents to fail at the enforcement of prohibition, it will take ten times that many to fail at suppressing black markets. Food is more vital than alcohol. More people, to put it mildly, are addicted to it.

Our food problem is immensely complicated by the fact that the average American is accustomed to buy as a matter of course foods which in Asia and most of Europe are regarded as luxuries. When these everyday luxuries become unavailable, resentment results, especially among those who have the money to afford such things for the first time in years. That is one reason why the food crisis is political dynamite. In the logging country of the West, for instance, there has already been open revolt among the loggers because their consumption of eight to ten pounds a week of meat was cut by rationing to two pounds. Loggers do hard work and require heavy meat-protein diet; but push the standard a little lower and you would have the same reaction from white-collar workers.

One solution offered for the farm problem is the "dream army" of 3,000,000 volunteer part-time workers suggested by Secretary Wickard. This army was apparently expected to spring from the soil fully armed with hoes, rakes and experience. Not one volunteer can replace a skilled dairyman, poultryman or stock feeder

now in the army. The whole 3,000,000 would be useless without direction by experienced workers.

Yet this volunteer army can be of value if it is properly organized — not from Washington but on a regional basis, county by county, township by township. Any plan organized and centralized in Washington is doomed to failure, because of the farmers' intense resentment against the errors, extravagance and inefficiency of government bureaus.

When the federal government last year did nothing to solve the farm labor problem, Minnesota brilliantly solved her own on a state basis. In other scattered communities, the local people organized spontaneously to harvest crops and help farmers.

In Philadelphia, the Junior Chamber of Commerce has worked out an admirable and efficient plan for supplying volunteer workers for harvest labor in the orchards and fields of the great food belt of Delaware, New Jersey and southern Pennsylvania. Volunteers include war-plant workers on their days off, white-collar men, club women, high school boys and girls, and even elderly people with leisure time. They can pick vegetable and fruit crops and work in canneries, where the labor shortage is very nearly as grave as on the farms.

Only one thing can really put an end to black markets and that is such an abundance of food that rationing will be unnecessary. The United States can produce that abundance

with proper planning, necessary farm labor and equipment, and orderly distribution of food. But we won't have any of those things until we have a food ministry as powerful and independent as food itself is vital to the winning of the war.

However, even if tomorrow morning an ideal Food Administration were set up, it would still make no difference in the amount of food produced, harvested and distributed in 1943. And certainly no improvement of any kind can be expected until the administration is taken completely out of the hands of theorists, college professors and routine bureaucrats and placed, as industrial war production was placed, in the hands of experienced men — farmers, meat producers, distributors, dairymen.

The repercussions of the food muddle, both political and economic, are endless. They can put an end to lend-lease and force such a strong ally as Russia out of the war. They can change the temper of the American people and throw them back to blackest isolationism. They can mean that our hand will be much less strong at the peace table, that the peace can be an ugly thing pregnant again with new wars for our children and grandchildren.

I think few people will *now* say that food is not as important as the military forces or armament production. It is as it has always been, since the beginning of time, the basis of victory and of peace.

of the Feature TALKING POINTS

Sports Return to 1900

From Harper's Magazine

John R. Tunis

INTERCOLLEGIATE sports have been curtailed -- there will be few cars parked outside the Rose Bowl *next* New Year's Day. Because the army and navy -- who run American education today -- insisted, the colleges at last are forced to set up a program of athletics for all students in place of the semiprofessionalized circuses for exhilarated graduates on Saturday afternoons. That means softball and touch football, and games that have value in after life, like tennis and squash. It also means the boys will not be exploited in order to raise a lot of money at the box office. The "over-emphasis on athletics" has been abruptly removed.

The rest of us, too, will have to change our thinking about sport. The effect will be less painful and more beneficial than many other impacts of the war. We shall have to find our recreation in our own back yards -- in croquet, deck tennis, horseshoes, lawn bowls, softball, volleyball. We shall play these games with family and neighbors and (who knows?) perhaps discover values in sport that we never knew existed.

And after the war we shall have a golden opportunity to alter the policy of sport for the few and to institute a program of sport for everybody, the only system worthy of a nation calling itself a democracy. We might as well begin thinking in those terms now, and start providing facilities for games that do not need grounds keepers, caddy masters or the rest of the professional athletic hierarchy.

— *Harper's*, May, '43

We Can Always Eat Crow

From The American Magazine

Glarence Birdseye

Explorer, scientist, originator of the quick-freezing process

MEAT SHORTAGES are so acute that in some states we are eating horseflesh, and in Oklahoma a state official urges that we eat crows, which are said to taste like roast duck. I can testify that many other unattractive-sounding wild meats are delicious. Ground squirrels, prairie dogs, woodchucks and porcupines are all good eating. So are practically all blackbirds if they are killed young or when they have been feeding on grain and seeds in the late summer and fall. "Four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie" is a dish fit for a king. In Gloucester, Mass., our family finds starlings delicious.

On collecting trips for the Smithsonian Institution in New Mexico and Arizona, fresh meat sometimes was scarce and we ate rattlesnake, rolled in "our and browned in pork fat. It tasted much like frogs' legs. Once I concocted a soup from the carefully dressed carcasses of chipmunks, pack rats and ground squirrels, boiled in an empty salt bag. It was delicious.

Americans are notorious for the number of things they won't eat. We judge foods by our prejudices instead of with our taste buds. When I was a youngster swordfish was no more popular than shark is today and sold for only a couple of cents a pound. Dogfish, shark, goosefish and skates—favorite varieties in Britain—are rejected here.

The early settler who put the "rat" in muskrat condemned a really delicious meat animal. Muskrats have long been avidly consumed in Baltimore under the more euphonious name of "marsh rabbit."

In some regions people won't eat dandelion leaves; they are nutritious and delicious. Ferns are another neglected delicacy, either raw as a salad or boiled. The edible portions are the fiddleheads, or young shoots just as they begin to uncoil. They are canned in Maine and sold in Boston stores.

Once we Americans shed our dietary prejudices, such little-known edibles can add hundreds of millions of pounds of wholesome foods to our national larder.

— *The American Magazine*, July, '43

How Do the Germans Feel Now?

From *The Saturday Evening Post*

Werner Knop

A British journalist who did duty at a prison camp describes the changes in morale of captive Germans since the war began.

GERMAN prisoners taken in 1943 are not the same as those of 1940 and 1941.

Then, they were truculent, arrogant, supercilious. "The whole world knows we've won the war," they said. When the United States entered the war, a young Nazi airman was contemptuous. "The U.S.A. won't be ready for large-scale action before the summer of 1943. Neither Russia nor Britain will still be in the war by then."

Our big air offensive in the summer of 1942 brought a sudden change. Gone was the truculence; instead there was the look of men who were worried. When it became clear that the Russians had broken the German offensive, the shock was terrific. Perhaps it took Stalingrad to tell the Germans at home of the change in the war, but the soldiers knew in August 1942 that Hitler's plans had misfired.

Newly arriving prisoners now talked freely. For the first time it was possible to converse with them and even to criticize Nazi policy without having them walk away. There is one exception: the slightest critical reference to the Führer is strongly resented.

Three years ago the possibility of defeat never entered their thoughts. Now the specter of 1918 is ever present. The majority, however, still believe partial victory possible, the argument being that the Allies are not strong enough to take the Fortress Europe. Not until the Allied armies win a foothold on the Continent will the cracks in German morale assume dangerous proportions. But then I think the breakup will come with tremendous rapidity and force.

— *The Saturday Evening Post*, May 22, '43

Paper Is War Material—Don't Waste It!

THE COUNTRY is fast running into a paper shortage which will cut down your magazines, newspapers and books, restrict the supply of various household necessities, and cause you serious inconvenience.

The United States and Canada can produce only three fourths as much paper this year as last, because of manpower shortage in the woods. Yet the demand is swollen enormously. Tin, glass and plastics are unavailable, so foods, oil, paints and scores of other commodities have to be packaged in paper. War industries—for example, airplane manufacturers—are using large quantities. But the greatest of new consumers is the army. Just for containers, the army will use this year half as much paper as all the magazines combined.

The other big users of paper—publishing houses, stores, industrial plants and the government—already are economizing under agreement with the War Production Board. *Yet the real job of conservation and salvage can be done only with the help of the American family.*

A wastepaper drive was made early in the war. The public responded enthusiastically. But in the haste of that earlier emergency there was poor planning, and mountains of paper still lie piled up at points so remote that mills cannot afford to pay transportation on it. People felt let down, felt their patriotic work had gone for nothing. The fact is that the drive helped the situation greatly.

New drives are imminent, but this time they will be staged only in localities near enough to paper mills to make them practical. If there is to be a drive in your region, you will be told by your local newspaper. Coöperate wholeheartedly. It is one effective way in which you can make a direct contribution to the war effort.

Here are ways to help:

Don't use paper unnecessarily. That helps even more than turning in waste. The paper you don't use saves labor and material all the way back through the mill to the woods.

FOR ITS 21,800 employees, WPB had printed 30,000 copies of WPB Chief Nelson's instructions against waste of paper.

"Why," asked reporters, "were the extra 8200 copies printed?"

"Oh, those," the WPB spokesman explained, "are to take care of the wastage."

— Washington Daily News

The housewife should put small purchases in her hand-bag, or carry a shopping bag.

You needn't (yet) go as far as they do in England, where unless Mrs. Smith takes her own box to the store she must carry her new underwear home over her arm, unwrapped. Surely you don't need a separate paper bag for every small item you buy, and then a large sack to hold all the little ones.

Scores of articles are adequately packaged when they leave the factory — soap flakes, cereals, tooth paste, canned goods. Isn't an extra wrapping rather ridiculous in wartime?

The storekeeper does these things to please you — and maybe he's afraid you'll go across the street to his competitor if he starts to cut down on the "service" of making his parcels look nice. You can tell him you don't mind the looks of an honest package, even if it is covered with printing.

Save paper, and sort it. Save every carton and box. Flatten them. Tie them in bundles. Perhaps there is an agency in your town — the Boy Scouts or the Salvation Army, or a local church — that acts as collector. Otherwise let the trash man pick it up, neatly bundled. He will get it into the channels of the industry more efficiently than most volunteers. Let him make a nickel; he's performing a most useful service.

Paper Wins Wars

THE ARMY fights with paper. Literally. Every shell fired comes up to the guns in an individual paper container. The powder that sends it on its way is made largely of paper stock.

To make the "V-boxes" in which food and ammunition are shipped overseas, a half million tons of paper are being used this year — more than half as much as all magazines combined will use.

Army fliers keep warm with paper clothing — soft, woolly, light. The troops keep cool with paper sun helmets.

The army travels on paper — thousands of tons of maps. In this new kind of warfare, not only officers but also the men have maps.

The army is sheltered under paper — the tough insulation of Quonset huts and temporary buildings here and overseas. Paper camouflage (nine assorted colors) hides its installations.

Water mains at army bases are paper pipes — good for 20 years. Waterproof paper holsters protect the rifles of troops landing in surf, or fording streams. And the parachutes with which food and ammunition are dropped to men in advanced positions are made of paper, too.

Economize in the home and the office. Do you really need *two* paper towels every time you wipe your hands? How about the backs of envelopes for making shopping lists and jotting down phone numbers? And why not write letters on both sides of the paper? In England, incredible as it seems to us careless folk, it is a punishable offense to throw away even an envelope until it is no longer usable. Envelopes sometimes go through the mails 60 times, a little slip with the new address pasted each time over the preceding one and a paster to seal the envelope.

The average city residential block will yield enough waste to make a ton of paper. A ton of paper will make:

8000 copies of this, your favorite magazine, or

100 anti-aircraft shell boxes, or

800 small shell cases, or

47,000 boxes for small arms ammunition.

This is a rich country, but even we *must* make war sacrifices.

This one is too trivial to bother with? "My little bit wouldn't help?" Your bit counts more than you realize.

The Old Army Way

IRVING COBB sat in a Washington restaurant discussing red tape in the army. "But there's always red tape in wartime," his companion insisted. "No, that isn't so," Cobb replied, and then cited a document he had seen at the Richmond Confederate Memorial Museum. On one side, in the finest of Spencerian handwriting, was a formal request for a leave, written by an army captain. It was addressed to General Nathan Bedford Forrest—the man who said, "Git thar fustest with the mostest." On the back of that perfect document the General had written his reply: "I tol you twict, god-dammit. No."

— Leonard Lyons

Illustrative Anecdotes — 67 —

A MAN WENT into Finkelstein's Grocery Store to buy a bottle of catsup. The shelves of the entire store were solidly lined with bags of salt—hundreds and hundreds of them. To get the catsup the proprietor had to go down to the cellar. The customer went with him, and there to his surprise saw more salt stacked on all sides. "Say," commented the customer, "you certainly must sell a lot of salt!" "Nah," said Mr. Finkelstein. "I can't sell no salt at all. But the seller who sells *me* salt! Can he sell salt!"

— Bennett Cerf in *The Saturday Review of Literature*

The Church Comes to the Factory

Condensed from This Week Magazine

Doron K. Antrim

WHEN workers moved into the new housing development near the Glenn L. Martin plant in Baltimore, they found that the nearest church was five miles away. "Why not start a church of our own?" they thought. A Protestant clergyman was persuaded to come out from the city and hold a Sunday service in one of the homes. Sunday school was started. The little circle grew, and found larger quarters in a drugstore. Then welfare and religious organizations — the USO, YMCA, YWCA, the Council of Churches, Catholic and Jewish groups — stepped in to organize and to find places for meetings.

As a result, divine services are now held in community halls, trailers, and in the defense plants themselves for workers who otherwise, because of night and Sunday shifts, could not go. Six "industrial chaplains" are giving their full time to this one area.

Similar plans for bringing the church to the worker are being adopted in other war-work communities over the country. In some sections, bus-type mobile chapels stop off in mushroom towns long enough to get things started. One called the "Wayside Chapel" seats 25 inside, 35 out, and is equipped with pulpit, portable organ, public-address system and lending library.

Seldom have divine services been held in such settings as they are today. In crowded Ravenna, Ohio, the arsenal is used as a church. At the employees' re-

quest, Colt's Patent Firearms Company of Hartford, Connecticut, raised a table on cartridge boxes as an altar

and turned its clubroom into a chapel. Services begin at 6:30 with a mass for Catholics reporting for work; there is another at 7:05 for those leaving. A Protestant service is held at 11:10, a Jewish service at 11:40.

One minister in St. Louis, upon hearing of midnight movies for war workers, promptly announced a "swing shift" church service for them at 2 a.m.

While most industrial chaplains are paid by their respective denominations, some plants assume this expense. The full-time chaplain of an Arizona copper company goes down into the mine with the workers five days a week to hold prayer services.

Some results of these religious efforts are beginning to emerge. There is a coming together of faiths on common social ground. Industrial chaplains, like their army counterparts, take an interdenominational viewpoint, and find many new ways to serve war workers. To combat loneliness and bolster morale, they instigate community suppers and songfests, organize Scout troops, and set up child-care centers for children whose parents work.

I asked a Baltimore chaplain what he thought would come out of this new frontier in religion. "Different faiths marching together toward a common goal, for one thing," he replied. "Greater tolerance of one creed for another. After the war, I expect a real religious revival in this country based on Christ's idea of brotherhood."

Finesse in Selling Across the Counter

Condensed from *Forbes*

Myron Stearns

OF THE millions of sales made this week—or any week—by the clerks in 20,000 widely assorted retail stores in 2700 cities from Boston to San Diego, a few thousand were of special significance. These were sales made to 500 women customers who did not spend much—who, for that matter, sent back the things they bought.

But the minute these shoppers left the store they hurried off to write out a report on the transaction before they forgot a detail. Had the salesgirl been prompt, or had she made the customer wait while she busied herself with her compact? Was she neat? Pleasant? Did she make any effort to sell the customer anything else? And so on, for 100 points.

The shoppers were from the Willmark Service System. Working out of offices in 28 cities, they shop each of their clients—from chain groceries to de luxe hotels, from porter service in railroad stations to rental agencies handling expensive apartments—at irregular intervals, sometimes as often as twice a week. They are careful to look like the run of customers—they dress “up” for smart shops and “down” for cheap basements.

As customers they are pleasant but a little trying. After the blue comb is wrapped and paid for, they change their minds and want the pink one. After the first transaction is completed, they remember a second article they want. However annoyed the salesgirl gets, they never offer a criticism, either on the spot or in their report. They simply answer the 100 factual questions on the Willmark blank. The facts they turn up, however, are highly revealing.

For several weeks I have been traveling with a typical field crew. We shopped drugstores, restaurants and clothing stores. At each place we parked some distance away, and entered the store one at a time. We gave no indication of knowing each other. Purchases varied from cigarettes to an expensive dress. In a day a Willmark crew may spend as much as \$300, but \$30 is nearer the average. Yearly purchases run over \$6,000,000 and include everything from a spool of thread to pianos. The money used, even the

silver, is marked, for among the important factors checked is honesty.

After each visit to a store we returned to the car, and the shoppers went to work on their complicated form sheets. Did the salesperson ring up the money before handing over the goods? This rule is highly important, not because the store wants to be sure it gets paid before it lets go of the goods, but to remove temptation from the clerk, who, if the customer takes the parcel and goes, might neglect to record the sale.

Was the salesperson familiar with the merchandise? Was she courteous and helpful? I never realized before how much courtesy and efficiency behind the counter mean to store success, or how much they vary from store to store. The proportion of genuinely efficient salespeople is small — by Willmark check, about ten percent. Most of them show little initiative. Willmark shoppers once were instructed to make an additional purchase whenever any clerk in a certain chain of stores suggested it. The additional purchases averaged seven cents a store! After clerks were trained, a recheck came out \$2.44 per store.

With each report to clients the Willmark Service provides specific pointers on how to improve salesmanship at the counter.

"Here's a good lipstick," they explain, is less likely to make a sale than: "Let me suggest this lipstick; it suits your complexion."

"Want any dessert?" is less likely

to bring an order than: "This raspberry tart is our special today."

"If you can't afford a sweater at this price, we've got something cheaper," is far more likely to lose a sale than: "We also have a very attractive value in a less expensive sweater."

They point out that the purchase of some articles may be suggested by others: Curtains require rods, brackets and screws. A box of biscuits suggests a jar of jam. Nail polish requires polish remover. A floor lamp must have bulbs.

Willmark analysts often spend several days in a hotel testing every detail of the service. Does the doorman look for forgotten baggage or parcels in taxicabs? Does the bellboy test all the lights in the room? Is the room clean? Is the inkstand filled? Are the pen points good? Attendants may be given an under-tip, or no tip at all, to see how service is affected. At an expensive hotel a waiter rejected a 25-cent tip on a \$3.50 bar bill with a sarcastic: "You probably need this more than I do." It cost him his job.

Willmark was founded in 1917 by William and Mark Bernstein, service managers respectively for United Cigar Stores and Liggett's. The brothers set up in business to do two things: Teach better selling methods and devise store rules that cut down opportunities to steal.

No man, William Bernstein insists, has a moral right to place unnecessary temptation in the way of

his employees. It is fair neither to them nor to himself. He believes, and the records show, that the majority of salespeople are honest. Of the minority that are found to be dishonest, only one in three is a poor moral risk; the remaining two are victims of circumstances -- honest unless tempted too often and too greatly. Therefore the emphasis in all Willmark suggestions to stores is on procedures which make honesty easy and dishonesty difficult.

Willmark shoppers consider themselves fact finders. They are instructed never to judge the honesty or dishonesty of salespeople. They merely look for infractions of store rules and report them. Although 98 percent of the rule-breaking does not indicate dishonesty, the infractions usually do mean opportunities for theft. (Petty peculations, begun merely because of easy opportunities, often swell to surprising propor-

tions. One Minnesota department-store salesman was discovered to have stolen \$28,000, a little at a time, during 26 years.)

Most client stores and hotels find it pays to display a sign stating that they have Willmark Service. It keeps the clerks on their toes. For instance, in Baltimore a store manager complained that his employees could spot a checker every time. The Willmark office promptly suggested that clerks write "Willmark" on their copy of the sales slip whenever they spotted one. There'd be a \$25 prize, offered by the store, for the salesperson who spotted the greatest number. At the end of the month the manager had several hundred slips. One clerk had spotted 74.

"Give him the prize," Willmark suggested. "But for your private information, none of our people entered your store this month."

"We Strive to Please"

A WOMAN driver stopped for a red light and failed to move when it turned green. When the green light came on for the second time and she still showed no signs of moving, the traffic officer walked over and said politely, "What's the matter, lady, ain't we got no colors you like?"

— Sid Ascher in *Caravan*

PEOPLE who live in big apartment buildings are so used to manpower-shortage help that they hardly think of it any more. A friend of ours, bound for the fifteenth floor in an elevator piloted by a heavily mustached old fellow, who obviously had few flying hours to his credit, was, however, a little startled when the operator, after missing the floor a couple of times, stepped away from the controls and said, "Here, *you* try it, Mister."

— *The New Yorker*

Fiction Feature



A CONDENSATION FROM THE BOOK BY

MACKINLAY KANTOR

Author of "Long Remember," "The Voice of Bugle Ann," "Gentle Annie," etc.

"Happy Land" first appeared in "The Saturday Evening Post"

*H*ERE is a beautiful, honest, unforgettable story written from the heart of America straight to the heart of all Americans. A story that will make countless readers agree with William Allen White: "If I had but one gift that I could give to everyone in this land, high or low, rich or poor, military or civilian, it would be *Happy Land*."

In a film version of *Happy Land* that is now being produced by 20th Century-Fox for release later this year, Richard Crane plays the part of Rusty, and Don Ameche that of his father, Lew Marsh. Harry Carey is cast as Grampa; Ann Rutherford as Lenore Prentiss.

*"Hail, Columbia, happy land!
Hail, ye heroes, heav'n-born band—"*

THE SIGN above the drugstore windows had been there a long time — gold and black letters, a scabby gilt mortar-and-pestle. It said simply, "Marsh's," and that meant a great deal to everybody in Hartfield.

It meant gleaming old mirrors, and white-topped, wire-legged tables at which three generations of Hartfield people had eaten strawberry sundaes. It meant prescriptions faithfully filled; a place to lounge and joke and smoke and gossip to read magazines on the rack free.

Lew Marsh closed the big drug register. It was time to go home to his midday dinner. After dinner he would hurry back. No one else in the store could fill prescriptions now that young Rusty Marsh was in the navy. Rusty was barely 21 when he enlisted.

Lew thought that not many boys of Rusty's age could achieve the rating of a First Class Pharmacist's Mate as readily as Rusty had done.

Rusty's picture, taken in uniform with '1' is rating showing on his sleeve, looked down from among the calendars, drug charts and doctors' tele-

phone numbers adorning the wall beside the prescription booth.

Lew's hair was getting gray, and he had had to wear glasses for the past ten years, but he didn't think that he looked 46 and neither did his loyal and admiring wife, Agnes.

Beneath arching elms and maple trees he hurried along, until he reached the pleasant, shabby white house surrounded by peonies and lilac bushes which was his home, and had been the home of his grandparents. He was raised in that house through most of his childhood, and Rusty had been raised there too.

Lew and Agnes chatted while they ate. You don't talk about the war very much — not when you have a son who has been with the Pacific Fleet for nearly two years, and when you haven't heard from him for six weeks.

They did talk about Rusty a little, though. Old Biff came scratching at the screen, and they let him in, and Agnes pretended not to see when Lew slipped Biff the last bite of his meat ball.

"Remember the first stray that

Rusty brought home?" asked Agnes.

Then came the ringing of the squeaky doorbell, and Lew's answering journey to the door. Then came the little telegraph girl, with her pale face and staring eyes . . . then came a yellow envelope and the queer lines of type which were so hard to understand.

THE NAVY DEPARTMENT DEEPLY REGRETS
TO INFORM YOU THAT YOUR SON WAS
KILLED IN ACTION IN THE PERFORMANCE
OF HIS DUTY AND IN THE SERVICE OF HIS
COUNTRY. THE DEPARTMENT EXTENDS
TO YOU ITS SINCEREST SYMPATHY IN
YOUR GREAT LOSS.

For several weeks after that, Lew Marsh didn't stay at the store any more than he could help. He sent down to Des Moines and hired a draft-exempt pharmacist to take charge of prescriptions.

Lew just sat around home. He couldn't seem to shake himself out of it. In his mind was one big WHY? Why, why, why?

It wasn't fair, it wasn't right; this wasn't the world he had always believed in. Death couldn't happen so blankly, so needlessly to Rusty. . . .

It wasn't fair for Rusty to be killed. Marshes fought in wars; they didn't get killed in them. Lew's grandfather had fought for years in the Army of the Tennessee. Third Iowa Volunteer Infantry: that was his regiment. And Lew's own father had gone with the National Guards in 1898. He hadn't been killed, or even shot at, in the Spanish-American War, though possibly the fever

that he suffered in camp had brought on his weakness and eventual vanishment, when Lew was just a little boy.

Lew Marsh himself had gone all through the last business. He had seen a lot of shooting and had dodged a lot of shells. But he hadn't been killed.

Now it had happened. A Marsh had been killed, in 1943, fighting for his country.

What was Rusty Marsh's country, anyway? What was Rusty's world? He hadn't had a chance to live. He hadn't ever eaten at the Ritz, or watched the Brooklyn Dodgers play. He hadn't ever seen Hollywood or Radio City - he hadn't ever paid his own rent, or made a scooter for his little boy. So far as Lew Marsh knew, Rusty perhaps had never even been really in love. There hadn't been a chance for him to taste the riches of existence.

Where was any personal world, any wonderful and worth-while world, for which Rusty Marsh had fought and died?

Some of these things were in Lew's mind (they seemed to be in his mind all the time) when there came a ring of the doorbell.

He got up and went to the door, dreading the attention of some neighbor or the brash spiel of some salesman. . . .

He opened the door and looked out on the porch.

"Grampa."

Everything went filmy, and tried

to flow away from Lew Marsh. All he could do was stare, and try to whisper the word again.

But Grampa was there, just the same. He looked as Lew remembered him: smiling, screwed-up face with a shaggy gray mustache, grimy little glasses with bent gilt rims, the slight powdery discoloration of drugs on his sagging vest, and the Grand Army hat with its crumby cord which Gramp always insisted on wearing after he grew older.

"Well, Lew," said Grampa, "aren't you going to ask me to come in and set down?"

Lew told him it wasn't right or sane; people didn't ever come back like that; and no self-respecting Marsh should try to astonish Eternity.

"You died just after Rusty was born, and that's over 22 years ago," said Lew accusingly.

"I know, I know," conceded Grampa. "But you were grieving so hard and so long that I kind of felt that I should do something. So I told the Authorities that I would like to come and take a walk with you; and they finally consented. Come on, Lew, let's take a little stroll."

Lew was stubborn. He said that he didn't want to take a little stroll — not even with a well-loved grandfather who had raised him from a pup — a grandfather who had come sauntering up from a generation in the grave.

"I tell you," cried Lew spitefully, "that I don't want to take a walk

with you or anybody else!" And he slammed the door.

Well, you couldn't keep Grampa out that way. He made a face, and chuckled, and walked right through the wall.

Agnes came in with a bowl of fresh petunias. Lew was open-mouthed, wondering what Agnes would say when she saw Grampa, but she walked right past him, and stood so close to him that she almost touched his sleeve. Then she went back out to the garden.

Old Biff came in as she banged the door, and Lew was certain that the dog, at least, would notice Grampa.

But Biff didn't growl or anything — just walked right past the old man, jumped up on his favorite chair, thudded his tail a couple of times, and prepared to take a nap.

"You see how it is," said Grampa. "You won't get any help from them. Go get your hat, and come for that walk."

THEY WENT down the street past the public library and the Congregational and Baptist churches. By this time Lew was beginning to get used to Gramp a little bit.

When they got near the post office, they seemed to be hearing a band.

"I didn't know there was a parade in town today," said Lew.

"How could you know what was going on?" countered Grampa. "You just set at home all the time, grieving about Rusty. You ask yourself if it

was worth while for you to lose him, and then you answer 'No.' Well, I'll show you a thing or two. . . ."

They turned the corner by Bossert's store; and there they saw the parade coming down the street.

The funny thing about it was that Lew Marsh was in the parade.

But the Lew Marsh in the parade was only about 22 years old, and he was wearing a well-fitting O.D. uniform, and he had a tin hat and he carried a Springfield rifle. He was a corporal, too.

"Well, look at that!" said Gramp. "Corporal Lew Marsh and a lot of the other boys coming home in 1919. And there I am, with the rest of the G.A.R.'s, forming a guard of welcome. I must have just stepped out of the store -- I see I'm still wearing my old white coat."

That was the first thing Lew and Grampa saw as they walked around town.

When young Lew came back from overseas in 1919, he found it good to get behind a counter in the store again. His old drugstore coat was still hanging in a rear closet, and he put it on.

One day he was painstakingly constructing a pyramid of glasses in front of the mirror, when a cozy voice spoke from the other side of the fountain:

"May I have a peanut sundae, please?"

Lew looked at her in the mirror, and then turned slowly and saw her

in the flesh. She was small, chubby, round-bosomed, with a sparkle in her eye.

"I don't think we've got any peanuts. For sundaes, I mean . . . Do you want a peanut-dope sundae?"

She laughed. "What on earth is a peanut-dope sundae?"

"Grampa invented it. He makes it out of peanut butter and marshmallow cream and stuff. Say, you must be a stranger in Hartfield -- not to know about Marsh's peanut-dope . . ."

She thought the peanut-dope sundae was wonderful; and Lew kept talking to her, and Mrs. Billings squawked at him angrily, and said, "Young man, please wait on me -- I want a bottle of Father Tom's Magic Emulsion . . ."

Maybe the peanut-dope was a kind of magic emulsion, too.

Her name was Agnes Dickens. She was the new Methodist minister's daughter.

Agnes and Lew wandered away from the other picnickers and kept on through warm and friendly woods, until they reached a wire fence.

Cows lay in the pasture beyond. "Oo," Agnes said, "I'm afraid of cows."

"They won't hurt you," Lew told her. He held down the bottom strand of barbed wire, and Agnes wrapped her skirts around her legs (real pretty legs) and slipped through, bending her auburn head to avoid the wire.

(Barbed wire. The wire in France was coarser, heavier, sharper. Lew shook his head.)

Well, Agnes tripped and fell in the long grass; and somehow Lew fell beside her. They lay there, feeling secret and deliciously sinful in their green nest, giggling at each other.

Agnes plucked a piece of sorrel and tried to tickle Lew's nose. He bit the sorrel instead.

"Oh, don't! It'll poison you —"

"Nope. Good to eat. Like salad or something. Come on — try some."

"No, Lew, I won't —"

"Yes, you will —"

"Lew, stop! Now, please. Lew —"

The cows watched them solemnly as they laughed and struggled.

Lew Marsh, 46 years old, stood with Grampa and looked at the church across the street. "That's where you and Agnes were married," said Grampa. "Remember? I got to sneezing when you walked down the aisle. Flowers in the church — gave me a kind of hay fever, I guess."

GRAMPA didn't insist on their living with him. He knew that young folks ought to be by themselves. So Lew rented a little house over on Webster Street.

Rusty was born in 1920, and Agnes had a rather bad time of it (they never had any more children); so that was the reason Lew was at the hospital all night that night; and also, that was the reason Grampa Marsh left them soon afterward.

It was about two in the morning, and the telephone kept ringing and ringing. Grampa came downstairs in his long nightshirt and answered. The call was from Mrs. Billings, wailing tearfully. Her husband was suffering agonies, and the prescription was all used up.

"Lew's not here," said Grampa. "Now don't fret, Mrs. Billings. I'll hustle right down there to the store my own self. . . ."

It was nearly three quarters of a mile, down to Marsh's. And raining — a cold, steady, raw rain. Grampa's round shoulders were soaked by the time he reached the store. He turned on the light behind the prescription desk, and opened the file. . . . All the time, he kept shivering.

He was 78 years old.

Grampa got to see young Russell before he went.

He whispered, "Mighty red of face, isn't he? And reddish hair — guess you ought to call him Rusty." And, more feebly, "Hello there, Rusty. . . ."

THEY always took Rusty with them each Decoration Day, when they went to the cemetery to put big bunches of irises and snowballs and late lilacs on the graves.

"That's where the soldiers are sleeping, Rusty. Each grave is where a soldier is buried."

"We got two," said Russell T. Marsh, pointing proudly.

"Yes. That's Grampa. Your great-grandfather. He was a soldier in the

Civil War. And this one over here is your grandfather — my own dad. He was in the army at the time of the Spanish-American War."

"Will you have a flag, Pop, when you get died?"

"Sure! I'll have a dandy."

Rusty said, "I want one."

"No telling," said Lew, frowning over his grass shears, "you might have one by that time."

Agnes cried, "Why, Lew. Don't tell him such things!"

"Well, he might."

Agnes told Rusty, "No, honey. We hope you never have to have a flag. We all hope there'll never, never be another dreadful war -- not as long as any of us is alive."

Lew could remember how she said that -- all the time the life-and-drum corps played, and while the chaplain prayed and the quartet sang and the shaggy line of old soldiers stared and listened, and while all of Hartfield watched reverently -- no more war. That was right. That was the way an American kid should be brought up.

THE CHILDREN all sat in red chairs arranged in a large circle. They sang, "Good morning to you, good morning to you, good morning, dear teachers, good morning to you. . . ."

"*Better'n the school I went to,*" whispered Grampa Marsh to Lew. "*Why, the first day I started to school -- nearly a hundred years ago, now -- the master basted my bottom with a hickory stick because I accidentally upset the water bucket. . . .*"

There were two little boys sitting next to Rusty: new boys in the public kindergarten, like himself. But whereas Rusty had neat blue pants, these boys were dressed in ragged old overalls, and their hair wasn't even combed; and they smelled funny, too.

Their names were Jacky and Tod, they told him.

"Where do you live?"

"Oh, we live in an old house out by the fair grounds. We just moved here from Dakota."

"Do you like ice cream?" asked Rusty.

"I had some once," said Jacky. "Tod -- he's littler than me -- he never had none."

Rusty said, "My father -- he's got a store just full of ice cream and stuff. I bet he's got a million thousand tons of ice cream. All kinds: my father's got chocolate and strawberry and vanilla and maple-pecan and orange and . . ."

Kindergarten hadn't "let out" more than ten minutes when there was a light scuffling of six small feet in the back room of Marsh's, and Lew looked down in astonishment at three faces -- one beaming with satisfaction, the other two white with fear and anticipation.

"Papa," said Rusty, "this is Jacky and Tod. Jacky only had ice cream once, and Tod never had any."

It was remarkable how much ice cream those two ragged kids could eat, while Lew announced over the phone, to Agnes, the result of his questioning.

"Yes. I guess maybe you'd better take the car and run out there. It must be that old shack beyond the Halton place; they say their father hasn't been able to work lately, and they look at least three quarters starved. Got any of that stew left from yesterday? Good . . . you stop at Sheldon's grocery, and I'll tell him to have a basket of stuff waiting —"

He didn't know that Rusty was there beside him until he felt a small hand twisting his trouser leg, and looked down to see his son.

"Papa. . . ."

"Yes?"

"Was that for those poor kids?"

Lew felt a little shy as the big, solemn eyes looked up at him. "You know, Rus, when you see a fellow that hasn't got anything — and you've got things — why, you just give some of your things to him. You ought to be friendly with folks, Rusty. That's what my Gramp always taught me."

Rusty said, "Can I help?"

"Do what?"

"Just help you, Pop. You have to work real hard. Can I help you, Pop?"

Lew laughed, though his eyes felt a little wet suddenly. "O.K. You grab that broom, and help me sweep out the back room."

Rusty took the big broom and began to sweep furiously, eagerly. He was helping Dad.

HE HELPED Dad for a long time.

(As Lew Marsh and Grampa looked on, Rusty grew taller and longer; his clothes changed, and the shape of his head and face changed a little, too.)

From the start, Lew had paid Rusty a small wage for things he did around the store. And Rus had a bicycle, so after school he would deliver the *Hartfield Citizen and Express* to subscribers. He got two dollars a week for this. By mutual family consent, one dollar was turned into the family exchequer. That way Rusty considered that he was helping out at home.

This particular day was to be a big day in Rusty's life. He was to be formally sworn in as a member of the Owl Patrol, Troop One, Boy Scouts of America.

There was the service flag from the World War, hanging in dusty pride above an alcove in the school building: all those blue stars represented former Scouts who had served in the war. Lew knew who those three gold stars were, too.

He told Rusty about them before the meeting opened.

"Three of them, Rusty. One would be for Myron Hahne. He died with the flu, down there at Ames. And that next one might be for Benny Billings — washed off a mine-sweeper. And the third one: that's Morton Blitzstein."

Rusty stood very straight and solemn, looking at the flag. "Do you mean Blitzstein's Notions and Men's Apparel? Did old Mister Blitzstein

have a boy that got killed in the war?"

"He sure did. Mort was with me. We were in the same company—same platoon, as a matter of fact."

There was something in the way Lew Marsh said the words that kept even 12-year-old Rusty from asking any more questions.

Lew really got a big kick out of the ceremony. There was the flag, and the sudden hush, and all those little kids in their sweaters and shirts lined up before the Scoutmaster, holding up their hands with three fingers extended in the Scout salute, being sworn in. . . .

"On my honor, I will do my best to do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the Scout law; to help other people at all times; and to keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight."

After the meeting, all that Rusty could talk about was a Scout axe. He was determined to have one.

"You don't *have* to have them. Pop—but they're swell. A little leather case and everything, that fastens on your belt."

Lew said, doubtfully: "Well, I don't know. How much does a Scout axe cost?"

"The one I want costs \$2.85," said Rusty glibly.

Lew looked at him. "Think you can save that much?"

Rusty swallowed. "I don't know. I'll try."

He did try, too. He had a hoard of

pennies and nickels and dimes saved in an empty baby-powder can hidden at the back of a shelf in the drug-store—which was just about as much home to Rusty as the house.

Rus went without a lot of things to get that little hoard together. Finally the total had reached \$2.47.

"Not very far to go now!" chorled Rusty, as he banged the can back on the shelf.

"Rusty," said his father early one morning, "will you deliver that prescription there on the desk, if the customer comes in for it and I'm not yet back from the post office? I don't know the customer, so be sure you get the cash."

When Lew returned from the post office he entered his store through the back door; and he was up on the little balcony above the rear room when he heard steps. He looked down.

"Yes, sir," Rusty was saying to the customer. "I believe the prescription's here all right. What's the name, please?"

It was fun to stand there unobserved, and see your son being such a man about things.

The customer was a flat-chested man of 65, with a haunted, stubbly face. He said, "Sam Watson, sonny. That there medicine is what the doctor said my wife was to have."

Rusty examined the little box. "That's right. 'S. Watson.' \$2.25, Mr. Watson."

The man gulped, and put his hands on the broad sill. "I wonder,

sonny," he asked, "if maybe I could speak to the manager?"

Lew was about to sing out from his place on the balcony, but something kept him from it.

"Sorry, Mr. Watson," said Rusty. "My father isn't in right now. And — and he said I was to get cash."

"Sonny." Old Watson's voice was a desperate whisper. "I ain't only got but — 35 cents. I tell you, sonny, Mrs. Watson — she's having quite a little pain and — Well, now, do you suppose your father'd mind trusting me for the other dollar-ninety? I'll maybe get some work next week, and —"

There was silence. Far away, the schoolhouse bell was beginning to ring. Rusty would have to leave in a minute.

Rusty made a smothered sound. He reached out and drew in the 35 cents which Mr. Watson offered.

"I guess," said Rusty, "that that'll be — all right with the manager."

The old man muttered something which sounded like, "God bless you, sonny," and went away weakly with the package grasped in his hand.

A board cracked under Lew's foot just then, but Rusty never heard it. He was getting down the baby-powder can and slowly counting out one dollar and 90 cents, which he put with Mr. Watson's quarter and dime in the cash drawer.

Lew didn't say a word; just stood there and watched him do it, and saw him hurry away to school.

No, Lew didn't even mention it to

Agnes. But that night, when Rusty went to crawl into bed, he turned back the sheet because he felt a big lump underneath. It was the Scout axe.

Rusty used that axe a long time. *(In memory now, Lew Marsh and Grampa could see the blade flashing through the years, and could hear its solid chop, chop, chop.)*

There was firewood to be cut on overnight hikes with the Boy Scouts. The axe was used to split kindling for the old fireplace at home, too, on nights when there were parties. High school kids coming in . . . the battered golden-oak victrola squawking, or the old piano banging under its tasseled cover in the hall.

The axe was used to pound up windows when they stuck, and to tap against a wheel of the old car when Rusty was changing tires. Eventually the axe found its way down to the store; and there in the back room Rusty pried open the wooden packing cases. A strong axe — a good little axe. It seemed that the handle would never break.

There was always work at the store; and there were always lessons to prepare; and Rusty was taking a double dose of science at high school, so that meant a lot of extra work for him. He was trying to read some big pharmaceutical books, too, between times, down at the store.

"Wish I could have done more for him," Lew whispered to Grampa. Grampa chewed serenely. "Don't

see where you could have done any better. If an American small town isn't a good place for young folks to grow up in, then I'm suffering from delusions. We hear a lot of news, up there where I've been. But I never heard tell that MacArthur came from a big city. Admiral King was a small-town boy, and so was Wendell Willkie, and so was Eisenhower, and Henry Wallace came from Iowa. Lew, I guess you gave Rusty just about the best there was."

Lew and Agnes gave Rusty a thousand hours in which to dream and plan and plot his personal ambitions. They and their world offered him the bob-rides, on cold winter nights when snow was so deep that you would never have thought there was any pavement in town . . . when sleigh bells sang on the harness, and girls squealed and whispered in the straw of the bobsled, and there was a chance to hold hands underneath the blankets.

Yes, Rusty had his work, and his private thoughts, and his ordinary falls from grace, and his decent acts of tenderness or superiority. He had his girl, too — a remarkably pretty one, with long pale yellow hair. Lew privately didn't approve of Gretchen Porter because she put on too much make-up, and dressed more expensively than her family could really afford. Lew and Agnes shook their heads about it, though naturally they never let on to Rusty.

There came the end of the school year, and the baccalaureate sermon

at the church. They sat together, Lew and Agnes, and held hands like a couple of kids themselves, and watched the 54 members of the class file into the auditorium, singing.

But Rusty himself looked sober when he came down to the store about 10:30. "Going to close up soon, Pop?"

Lew glanced at the clock. "Any time now. Those were pretty good exercises up at the church, Rusty."

"Yes," said Rusty, and that was all he would say; and pretty soon he had pulled on an old overall suit over his good clothes and was preparing to open a packing case.

Lew remonstrated.

"I'd just as soon," said Rusty. "This box has got all those new bath salts in, and you know I wanted to make a big display tomorrow."

For a while there wasn't much sound in the store except the crack and prying as Rusty worked with the little Boy Scout axe.

Lew cleared his throat. "Anything go wrong tonight, son?"

"Oh," said Rusty, "just Gretchen." Lew's heart jumped.

"What happened?" He tried to make his question seem casual.

"It was just — about Sunday." After a while Rusty added: "I had a date with her for Sunday afternoon. We thought we'd go with some of the others down to Briggs' Woods, but — well, there's a guy works for her father . . . salesman or something, fellow about 24, named Cliff Jeffers. He's got a real sweet car and

he wanted to take Gretchen all the way down to Des Moines. . . ."

"Rusty, Mother and I won't be needing the Chev. If you'd like to drive to Des Moines—"

"Hell, no," said Rusty decisively. "Didn't I tell you we were planning a picnic? If that's the way she feels about it, she can damn well keep on going with Cliff Jeffers, for all I care."

Lew wanted to cheer. But just at that moment Rusty gave a vengeful pry to the last board of the box, and the handle of the little axe snapped and shivered.

A few minutes later they were walking home together through the warm night, and it seemed as if Rusty were another man and not just a boy. Lew offered him a cigarette and Rusty said, "No, thanks. Mind if I smoke my pipe?"

The pipe and the cigarette glowed like flowers along the darkness of Willson Avenue.

When they got home Lew went down cellar and came back with a bottle of home-made loganberry wine. An old lady made it, there in Hartfield, and sometimes she gave Lew a few bottles when she wasn't able to pay her little bill at the store.

Lew filled two cups solemnly with the sweet dark wine, and he and Rusty drank in silence and in pride.

Now THAT Rusty had become a man he didn't necessarily put away all the childish things he once had loved.

"Funny thing," said Grampa, nodding through mists of recollection to Lew, as together they watched Rusty packing ice cream for a picnic; "funny thing—but the man who makes a clean sweep and puts all childish things away forever—somehow he becomes less a man than the one who always remains a little childish in some ways."

Certainly Rusty still enjoyed picnics, though he didn't take Gretchen to any more of them.

It took him about a year to settle his affections in any particular direction. Lenore Prentiss wasn't beautiful: just the regular type of American girl with a good-looking body and a full, laughing mouth and level gray green eyes. She wasn't pretty, but she was young, and her hair shone.

Rusty took her out a good deal that summer. They weren't engaged; they were just young people having a good time. Rusty saved up and bought a croquet set—a heavy, modern set. He worked early Sunday mornings, leveling the ground in the back yard until it was as smooth as a pool table. The resulting croquet ground was the delight of youthful Hartfield. Mallets clacked all summer long, and croquet balls pounded across the turf. A portable radio chanted under the grape arbor.

Then suddenly the radio songs were stilled. Men's taut voices filled the ether.

Hitler had gone crushing into Poland.

A few nights later, at the store,

Rusty spoke with Lew. He said that a lot of the boys were talking about getting into this thing. Bud Flanagan and Peter Orcutt, for instance, both had their private pilot's licenses. They thought they would go up to Winnipeg and join the Canadian flying corps.

"I suppose you've got a notion you want to go with them, Rusty?" asked Lew.

Rus shook his head. "Not exactly. But we've got a hunch that this thing is going to go a lot further and last a lot longer than most people around here think. No, I'm no pilot, and maybe I wouldn't even be very good with a gun. But it makes a guy feel like he wants to do something."

Lew said: "We talked about college last year. . . ."

Rus answered, "Yes, we talked about medicine, but I don't feel any ambition to be a doctor. I'd waste your investment and my own energy. . . . Now look, Pop, I'm pretty well up in my pharmacopoeia. If you can get along without me for a while, I'll go down to the Des Moines School of Pharmacy and get busy. If the war's over and the world is running smoothly, I'll be set to do some real good for the store and myself too."

Lew wrapped the bottle and put a rubber band around it. "If the world isn't at peace and running smoothly, what about that?"

Rusty was silent for a moment. Then he said: "I guess I'll be a lot more good to the army or navy or marines or somebody as a skilled

technician, even in pharmacy, than I will as an unskilled recruit. What do you say, Pop?"

Lew felt warm and valiant. He felt something like he did the first day he saw Agnes . . . or the day he was made a corporal in the infantry long ago.

"I say," he cried, "that you'd better go down to the College of Pharmacy."

When he and Rusty got home that night they drank some loganberry wine.

IN 1941 the world wasn't at peace, and it wasn't running smoothly.

One Sunday evening in the twilight, as Lew was watering the flowers, now and then squirting a fine spray toward old Bill -- not getting him wet, just teasing him -- Rusty suddenly burst out.

"What's the use of waiting to be drafted? Maybe if everybody keeps on waiting we'll find we've waited too long!"

"O.K.," Lew told him. "What's it going to be, big boy; army, navy or marines? Or maybe the air corps?"

"Sure," laughed Rusty. "Pharmacy ought to help me a lot, there! No, Pop, I'll tell you. It's kind of silly, but -- Well, I always did want to see the ocean."

Lew said, "Go ahead! Join the navy, and see a lot of oceans!"

"Wonder if I'll get seasick?" meditated Rusty.

"I know I did, in the last war!" said Lew.

They walked into the house. Lew went to hunt for the loganberry wine, but it was all gone.

Next day the bus pulled out, the bus bound for Des Moines, and Rusty waved a freckled hand at the window. And then he was gone, and that was the end of Rusty and that was the end of everything.

GRAMPA walked silently beside Lew now.

"... As long as kids can play Indian in the corn," he whispered.

Lew stopped and looked at him. "What's that about playing Indian in the corn?"

"Did I talk about corn?" asked Grampa mildly. "Must have been thinking out loud. . . . Remember this, Lew: as long as American boys can play Indian, as long as they can be Boy Scouts, as long as they can eat ice cream, as long as they can do a good turn daily, as long as they can go to high school, or have a picnic in Briggs' Woods . . . as long as they can feel impelled to take a hard-saved dollar-and-ninety-cents out of a baby-powder box."

Lew was puzzled. "As long as all those things, then --- what?"

"It'll be worth while," said Grampa.

"What'll be worth while?"

"A guy named Rusty," said Grampa. "A lot of kids like that, with a lot of names."

Lew Marsh felt all choked up inside. He wanted to shout, "Are you trying to tell me I ought to be glad

because my own son was killed in the war?"

Well, there was no sense in offending the old man --- especially since he said he had gone to so much trouble to get permission from the Authorities. And since he had been so nice about taking Lew for a stroll around town.

It was a stroll that had lasted 20-odd years, though by modern Hartford time it consumed only a few hours.

Here they were now, back where they started, lingering in front of the kind old house, halting for a moment to listen to a mourning dove up in the big maple.

Lew cleared his throat. "Gramp, it's kind of an awkward situation. I don't know quite how to handle it, with Agnes not able to notice you --- But if you wanted to stay, and sit down to supper with us, why ---"

Grampa laughed. "You forget, Lew," he said, "you forget my peculiar condition."

They went round the corner of the house and there was Agnes.

"Why, Lew Marsh," she scolded (but as if she were pleased that he had taken a good long walk). "Where on earth have you been? Aren't you all tired out?"

Lew smiled at her slowly. "Not at all. Fact is, I feel better than I've felt in some weeks."

He cleared his throat again. "Fact is, after supper I thought I might go down to the store and get busy."

He turned to see how Grampa

would take this, because Agnes was obviously so tickled at his change of heart. But Grampa wasn't there.

Lew looked all over, and then he saw him. Grampa was going up the long slope past the Mansfield house. He stopped, with bright orange sunset light around him, and when he saw Lew, he waved his cane. Then he turned and kept on, up to a wide park-like hill. That was where he was going — under old elms and black pines, up there where little flags flapped and whistled on their stalls above the soldiers' graves.

LATER that evening Lew went down to the store. He hadn't really done anything there in weeks.

But something struck him tonight, the moment he entered. He saw a dozen things he wanted to change. He wanted to get that cracked glass fixed, at the end of the perfume counter; and those patent medicines looked ugly, there so close to the toilet soap and face powder. . . .

The night watchman came in and bought cigarettes, and Doc McKee stopped by to pick up some codeine. Lew sold two sodas and a hot fudge sundae and a chocolate malt to some kids homeward bound from the movies; then he rubbed off the top of the fountain and washed the few dishes and glasses.

When he heard the 10:13 train come in, Lew pressed a switch: the whole front of Marsh's went dark. That was the go-to-bed signal.

Now he would finish putting those ugly patent medicines — the phony panaceas which he hated to sell — in their new home on the high dark shelves, and then he would go home himself.

Mounted on a stepladder, Lew carefully placed the orange-and-black boxes of Father Tom's Magic Emulsion in front of each other.

He heard the front door open. An unfamiliar voice, and rather strained, asked: "Is this Marsh's?"

Lew turned around on the ladder. The young fellow who addressed him wore the uniform of the United States Navy, and that in itself was a real wallop for Lew just then.

The young fellow was steady-faced, with a strong thick neck and round gray eyes that fairly looked a hole through Lew Marsh. His face was extremely sunburnt. He had two little bars of ribbon on his left breast.

"Evening," said Lew. "Yes, this is Marsh's."

The sailor looked at him a while. Then he said, "I guess you're Rusty's father, aren't you?"

Lew got down off the ladder blindly. He stood there with a package of patent medicine in his hands. "What do you know about Rusty?"

"I'm Anton Cavreck," and the name meant nothing to the buzzing cars of Lew Marsh.

"Any friend of — Are you — ?"

The round gray eyes blinked two or three times. "I'm Tony. I thought maybe Rusty had said something about me in his letters —"

. . . All the way back to the time when Rusty was at the recruit depot.

Got acquainted with a pretty nice guy this week, from Chicago. His name is Tony. When we got liberty, night before last, we went to the USO dance and met a couple of real nice girls. . . .

Lew said flatly, "So you're Tony."

"Yes, sir."

"For goodness' sake."

They shook hands among the Kleenex. Lew didn't want to let go of Tony Cavrek's hand.

"Let's see," he said, "seems to me Rusty said your home was in Chicago?"

The boy nodded. "Yes, sir. Such a home as I've got, sir. See, I've been an orphan since I was 16."

He glanced around the store and Lew thought that he saw approval in Tony's gaze. "I don't know whether Rusty told you," said Tony Cavrek, "but I used to jerk sodas in Chicago. You got a nice fountain there, Mr. Marsh."

It didn't seem right, somehow, to stay behind the counter any longer. But there were the bottles of patent medicine. . . .

Tony understood at once, when Lew glanced up at the shelves. Then he was round the counter before you could wink, and up on the step-ladder.

"Here, sir, just hand them up to me. . . ." In a few moments the job was done.

Lew Marsh thanked him. "Want a cigar?"

"I wouldn't mind."

Lew started toward the cigar counter. But the sailor said, "Where do you keep this ladder?" Lew showed him, and the sailor put it where it belonged.

"Look here," said Lew, "are you bound for Chicago? When do you have to leave?"

Tony said that he still had the better part of two weeks ahead of him. He had a trick of dropping his eyes for a moment and then they'd come up clear and strong, and you'd feel them going through you again.

"You see, Mr. Marsh, it was like this: Rusty and I used to talk about -- about what might happen and -- See, I haven't got any folks; but Rusty always said that if anything happened -- I mean, to him -- he said I ought to come and -- call on you and his mother --"

There was a misty silence. It wasn't the silence of an empty store, but a place populated with many people, all of whom seemed to be holding their breath and waiting for something.

Lew said, "Well, I guess maybe I'd better call up -- Rusty's mother -- before we leave the store here. And tell her we're coming. . . ."

"Yes, sir," said Tony.

Lew made the call, and locked the store. In a few minutes they were moving along the dark woodsy tunnel of Willson Avenue.

Lew pointed out the Methodist Church he and Agnes belonged to.

"I was raised a Catholic, kind of," said Tony Cavrek.

"Oh, yes," said Lew, quickly. "You know, Father Frein here in Hartfield is one of my best customers."

When they approached the house Agnes had lights turned on; probably she was fixing something to eat.

Lew halted, just before they turned up the walk, and pointed out the big maple tree. "Rusty used to tap that," and Tony wanted to know what *tap* was.

"You bore a hole," said Lew. "Then the sap comes out. The kids used to call it sugar-water."

"I bet it's good," said Tony Cavrek. "In Chicago, on the west side, we didn't have any such sugar-water things."

Lew asked him: "You like to play croquet? I mean the modern kind, with great big mallets and heavy balls? We've got a swell set here . . . hasn't been used much lately."

"I guess it would be swell," Tony said. "I would have to have somebody show me, though — boxing and handball are about the only games I know."

"Well," said Lew, "I guess Lenore Prentiss — she's a girl lives next door — I guess maybe she could show you."

They went into the house. Agnes began to cry; then she kissed Tony Cavrek. Lew went into the front room and cried a little himself, just for a moment.

He came back, blowing his nose

heartily and saying: "Well, well, well! Mother, where we going to put this big tramp of a sailor?"

Agnes wiped her eyes and smiled. "I guess you know where." She looked at Lew. "If he wants to. . . ."

Tony's strong gray eyes were blinking rapidly. "It is O.K. by me, Mrs. Marsh," he said, and his mild voice seemed to ring through the rooms.

Lew said, "Is there anything you ought to tell us, Tony?"

The sailor stood very straight before them, and they watched his chest moving in its strong, easy breath behind the bright slabs of medal ribbon. He said, "You understand that I can't tell you where it was. I guess you know the date, maybe. When you got your telegram?"

Lew nodded. Somehow he didn't feel like crying any more.

"They came over awfully fast," said Tony. "A lot of them got through and began pounding our boat pretty hard. Rusty and I were both topside to begin with, but he was ordered down to the sick bay right away. I saw him there once, later. He was working hard, helping the doctors. They had a lot of wounded coming in, and I think Rusty saved quite a few lives."

Tony Cavrek looked at the kitchen stove, and seemed to be counting the little handles of the gas switches. Then he repeated slowly, "Rusty was real good — at any job he had to do."

He went on: "An aerial torpedo came in on that side. It exploded through a couple of decks. They said Rusty was helping carry out some of the guys that were hurt, when he got it. I guess there isn't very much more I can tell you, except that I thought quite a lot of Rusty."

He stopped abruptly. . . . Fi-

nally Lew went over and hit Tony lightly two or three times on the shoulder. "You like loganberry wine?" he asked. "There's an old lady here in town makes it, and she gave me a couple of bottles last week."

"I guess I never had any loganberry wine," said Tony Cavrek, "but I bet it sure would be swell."

The Money on the Mantel

WE RECEIVED a strange gift when we were children—something we still use. One winter afternoon Mother ran out of citron for fruitcake and sent us to the store. "I'll have to give you a \$5 bill," she said. "So be careful of the change." We only half-listened to her instructions.

The clerk carved off a crescent slice of citron and we started home, scampering in the snow. Suddenly I remembered that he had given me only coins, no bills. We ran back. "Oh, no, little girl; you gave me a dollar bill," he said cheerfully but firmly, and went on weighing tea and spice. Utterly crushed, we huddled on the curbstone, crying. A big man with a white mustache asked us what was wrong.

"Wait here," he said. After quite a long time he came back with four \$1 bills. We were stunned with relief. Then our manners prodded us, and we thanked him and said that Mother would be cross if we didn't get his name. I scribbled on a piece of paper. We gave it to Mother.

"Why, there's too much money!" she exclaimed. "Yes, I did say I would give you a five but then I found a one." She said we'd take the money back after supper. The address was plain—439 Fourth Street. But there was no 439; the numbers ended at 325. And nobody on the street had ever heard of such a man.

Father put the money on the mantel. Mother said, "We'll do something kind with it." The money stayed there year after year. We did many good deeds with it without ever spending it. We would propose using it for this or that, but once the deed was done we somehow never reimbursed ourselves from the mantel.

Whenever Mother looked at the money, she said, "There are such kind people in the world." And when Anna cleaned on Saturday she picked it up and dusted under it. "Ach, such kind people yet." When visitors noticed it we told them the story and they, too, added it to themselves.

—Margaret Lee Runbeck in *Good Housekeeping*

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One of the most distinguished members of Congress
pleads eloquently for an understanding of what is
really wrong with our representative government

Don't Blame the Bureaucrat!

By

Hatton W. Summers

(See note on page 2)

WE ALL believe in democracy. Democracy operated through representative government. Why is it, then, that in a land where everybody proclaims his devotion to it, representative government is withering before our eyes?

The bureaucrat is blamed for this. But he is not the cause. He is the effect. The seat of the trouble lies far deeper.

Our whole political system is based on the principle of local self-government. But two forces have been destroying this principle. One is the demand of the people for the federal government to intervene in problems of every community and every class. The other is the ever-growing practice of passing all these problems on to the government in Wash-

ington. The last war gave this a big push. The postwar dislocation hurried it. The Great Depression raised it to avalanche proportions. The present war is completing the job. Every town and state, every trade association and trade union, every class and group and desperate minority brings its problems to Washington. And Washington is gladly accepting that responsibility.

But Congress is made up solely of mere human beings. And *Nature has not endowed any group of human beings with the sweep and grasp of intelligence necessary to handle the multitude of federal and local problems dumped upon Washington.*

Not being able to handle the impossible burden itself, Congress of necessity creates bureaus and passes on the overload to the bureaucrats.

By bureaucrats I do not mean those government employes once called "civil servants" because they were employed to "serve" the government and execute the laws of Congress. I refer to the bureau chief and his squadrons of counselors and economists and specialists. I am not criticizing them but the system. They issue what are called "directives," which actually have the force of law. One bureaucrat in the Securities and Exchange Commission said recently: "We *do* make the law. This order *supersedes any laws opposed to it.*" Actually the bulk of what in effect are our general laws are now being made not by Congress but by bureaucracies.

This is not a new thing. It was under way 30 years ago when I entered Congress. I made a speech in the House warning of it in 1923 and again in 1932. I am not discussing the concentration of federal power which has been made in order to fight the war. The present picture is merely the natural development of our policies over several decades. It is a procedure as old as tyranny. *But it cannot exist in a democracy, because where*

it exists government inescapably ceases to be a democracy.

The essence of democracy is that laws shall be enacted by representatives of the people, and that all sides have a hearing. But laws enacted by bureaucrats are fashioned behind closed doors. The real author is not known to the people. He is appointed, not elected. Generally the first the public knows of his directives is when they are proclaimed. The law, once thus announced, is subject to frequent and sometimes capricious amendment. The bureau enacts it, enforces it and sits as judge in interpreting it. Most of these imperial bureaus are provided with tribunals equipped as courts and recognize a multitudinous bar which practices before them.

It is not easy to get a law passed by Congress. But the bureaucrat can toss off a directive while you wait. The very facility with which he legislates encourages the multiplicity of laws. The fact that he does not have to face a constituency makes him irresponsible to the people in the performance of this, the highest function of sovereignty.

The promoters of centralization are more and more resorting to the exercise of another unlimited power against which no constitutional barrier will ever stand: the control of the purse strings. By making the units of state government financially dependent on the federal government, that government is acquiring the power to control the units of

HATTON W. SUMNERS of Texas is perhaps the most distinguished member of the House of Representatives. He is chairman of the important Judiciary Committee, has been singularly honored by the American Bar, and has received many honorary degrees. His rare speeches in the House are listened to with the greatest attention, and frequently the esteem of his fellow member is expressed by their rising in their places when he finishes. He is known as the philosopher of the House.

state government. When this is fully consummated, the sovereignty of the state governments will be liquidated.

This job will have been done with money sent by Washington in the form of loans and gifts to states, towns, school districts, individual citizens. This money has served to attach all these interests directly to the central government and make them subject to its power.

But we are approaching the day of reckoning. Up to now Washington has been borrowing money and scattering it among the states. I do not refer to war activities but to ordinary current government activities. The federal government, long before the preparation for this war, was mortgaging the taxpaying ability of future generations to pay current expenses. The taxes to service these vast federal operations and pay the interest on the debt must come out of the same pockets from which the states and cities must collect their funds. *The federal government has first call on these funds. We are therefore moving rapidly toward a condition where there will not be enough left to run the states.*

In weakening the states we weaken the whole fabric of free government. The inescapable price of free government is that we exercise it. The most destructive force in the world is nonuse. If we do not use our powers of self-government in the states we will awake one day to find that self-government has passed irrevocably out of our hands.

Government is exercised best in the local community. There the problems are perceived with greater clarity because they are close to the people and on a scale within their grasp. The self-reliance of the individual, town and state is being destroyed as they are being relieved of the necessity of governing themselves. When people stop thinking for themselves there is always someone willing to step forward and do their thinking for them.

What shall we do about it? Change bureaucrats? Consolidate bureaus? Abolish bureaus and turn the whole intolerable load back to Congress? None of these makeshifts touches the real problem. It is folly to talk about abolishing bureaus as long as we continue to pile on the central government the problem of every state and town and social group in the nation. The men who are trying to drive us toward government by bureaucracy understand this. The chief adviser of the National Resources Planning Board, recently abolished by Congress, prophesies crisply:

Congress will surrender to the Administration the power to tax. . . . Congress will appropriate huge sums of money; will surrender its power of directing when and how the money will be spent.

Other extraordinary powers, such as to effect great social reforms, will be delegated to the Administration, which will retain most, if not all, of its wartime powers.

This is precisely the bureaucratic control we will have if we persist in making Washington the guide, philosopher, big brother, supervisor and master of every activity within our borders. The remedy — and the *only* remedy — is to send all these nonfederal functions back where they belong: to the states and the local communities, where they can be handled upon a scale within the comprehension of the limited mind of man.

Strangely, those in Washington who fight for this new bureaucratic central control call themselves progressives and those who oppose them are branded as reactionaries. Such is the power of labels. We are grasping at ancient evils, and call them progress.

This disease has been most devastating in Germany. In Imperial Germany men already talked of the

"tyranny of bureaucracy." The republican government which succeeded the Kaiser greatly expanded it. It reached its full flower under Hitler. Indeed, National Socialism may be described as government by bureaucracy. *If we think Hitler's system is better than ours we should have the honesty to say so instead of copying while we denounce it.*

The states must resume the status of responsible sovereign agencies of general government or *democracy cannot live in America.*

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Comedy of Errors

4 A VISITOR sightseeing in New York City fell into conversation with a Negro who began to point out places of interest with enthusiastic civic pride. As they approached a courthouse, the self-appointed guide proclaimed: "And that am the place where they dispense with justice!"

— Albert J. Pyle

1 AN EARNST worker, newly employed by an aircraft plant in Ohio, was informed that the factory was on a 24-hour-day basis. He went to work and when his foreman came in the next morning he was still on the job.

"Well, boss," he reported, looking distressed, "I got along O.K. for the first 24 hours, but between you and me, I'm pretty much worried about the next 24."

— Marian B. Gaffin

"Blimey, Blokes, 'Ere's the King!"

Condensed from *The Rotarian*

Charles J. Rolo

SEVERAL DAYS after one of the London raids, an American visitor to Buckingham Palace asked why the windows of the King's private apartments had not yet been repaired. The King's Secretary replied: "I suppose it isn't our turn yet."

Members of the royal family receive the same number of ration coupons as each of their compatriots. Like most British housewives, Queen Elizabeth usually saves all of the family's meat coupons for a Sunday roast, or short ribs, and makes do with the leftovers the rest of the week. When shopping she takes her own wrapping paper.

Almost all of the Queen's clothes rationing coupons are used for shoes, hose and gloves, since she walks miles on tours of inspection, and the hundreds of daily handshakes wear

her gloves to shreds. The Queen still wears the dresses she bought for her 1939 visit to the United States.

No one in the Palace may bathe in more than five inches of water; the King has had a blue line painted in every bathtub at the five-inch mark.

To save coal, no central heating is used at the Palace and fires are forbidden in any bedroom except on doctor's orders. Only one light is permitted in each bedroom and bathroom.

Windsor Great Park, where the King's famous deer herd used to roam, today produces the largest single field wheat crop in Britain; 900 deer were sacrificed to the country's need for meat, and the remaining 100, a nucleus for postwar breeding, are confined in an area unsuitable for cultivation. The royal carriage horses, the famous Windsor Greys which drew the golden coach during the Coronation, now work on the farms.

After the fall of France, the royal family got ready to defend Buckingham Palace corridor by corridor. The King learned to fire a Tommy gun from the hip in what he calls

CHARLES J. ROLO was born in Alexandria, Egypt, of British parents, in 1916. He graduated from Oxford, and then took a master's degree at the Columbia University School of Journalism in New York. He has contributed to magazines in the United States and England and since 1941 has been a staff member of the British Information Services in New York.

"cinema style." The Palace was heavily mined so that it could be blown to smithereens if necessary to keep it out of the hands of the Germans.

Queen Mary, who now lives in the country, is instructing a gardening squad of young evacuees from the Midlands. Still erect, still crowned with the famous hats she has worn for half a century, she has led the local salvage campaign by driving around the countryside in a station wagon collecting scrap, bones, paper and other valuable waste.

Last year Princess Elizabeth registered with 200,000 sixteen-year-olds for National Service. She and her young sister are Girl Guides, with credits in First Aid. They have appeared in a number of charity entertainments with their fellow evacuees. Their specialty numbers are a sister-act tap dance and singing French duets.

The King is at his desk at nine, and spends most of the morning on dispatches from the Cabinet and reports of military chiefs. As Commander-in-Chief he is consulted about every important move made by the armed forces. An expert on industrial conditions the King — as Duke of York he was known as the "Industrial Prince" — closely follows all production problems.

Morale-building on the home front is perhaps the most important part of royalty's wartime job. A mere glimpse of the King — always in uniform — and the Queen has a

magical effect on the spirits of civilians and soldiers alike. Britain's sovereigns visit factories, war plants, camps, hospitals, ARP and relief centers, inquiring as to conditions and endeavoring to bring comfort to the wounded and to those who have lost loved ones and possessions.

The King's visits to the forces are surprise affairs, heralded only by a "Blimey, blokes, 'ere's the King!" from some astonished Tommy or seaman. He carries sandwiches and a thermos of tea for lunch, and often eats out in the field with the men. He has joined in maneuvers at one of Britain's "Battle Schools," crouching low with infantrymen as machine gun bullets and mortar shells whizzed overhead.

American camps have figured regularly on the King's visiting schedule. At least one doughboy is not likely to forget the informality of the King's visits. The Yank was overhauling a plane engine when a voice over his shoulder said, "What do you think of our weather?" Without looking up, the mechanic answered feelingly, "I think it's lousy!"

Londoners will never forget the work of the King and Queen during the blitz. Time and again stunned slum-dwellers, digging in the ruins of their homes, would look up to find the royal couple picking their way through the debris. They did not merely murmur conventional words of comfort; they gave practical help. They stimulated the formation of mobile canteens to feed blitz vic-

tims, arrived with sacks of clothing for the homeless, and helped speed up the distribution of tools to salvage workers.

After one severe raid Queen Elizabeth ordered 60 suites of furniture from Windsor Castle — including pieces dating back to Victoria's reign — sent to damaged homes in London's poorer districts. Many blitz victims received anonymous gifts of rugs, bedding, linen and clothes. Some are wearing the Queen's dresses, hats and shoes today — and don't know it. They have not been

told lest they put them away as souvenirs instead of using them.

"I bet ole 'Itler wouldn't come among his people like this without a bodyguard," one Londoner told an American reporter. Another remarked proudly, "They share the same dangers and privations I do. Their home was bombed just like mine."

Today "Their Majesties" have become "Our George and Bess," and they are probably closer to their people than are the rulers of any other country.

McEvoy in Nurseryland

THERE comes a point in the life of every parent when the irresistible laws of child psychology come up against the immovable child. Then the McEvoy System of Applied Child Psychology — the Coax and Slug School — comes into its own.

Let's say I have put Pat and Peggy to bed. Before this I have softened them up with fairy stories, carefully selected records of approved folk tunes and the white meat of symphonies. I have rolled on the floor with them, carried them up and down stairs on my back, sung to them, whistled, yodeled. I have said their prayers with them, lain down on the bed and pretended to sleep with them — and then, completely exhausted, I have staggered out, much more ready for bed than they are. I am

hardly downstairs when I hear an up roar, like Rip Van Winkle playing ninepins in the Catskills. It is the children, throwing the fairy stories and the hearts of the symphonies at each other.

Then McEvoy slowly climbs back up the stairs. He opens the door just in time to get a book of records in his face. Loud screams of laughter greet him. "Get out of here, you funny old man with the black mustaff." And then the funny old man takes those funny little problems in child psychology across his funny old knee and he spansks their funny little po pos until they are very warm and greatly astonished. After which Pat and Peggy curl right up and go to sleep. Once more the old McEvoy System has triumphed: Coax and Coax and COAX — then, Slug!

—I. P. McEvoy

"Always go forward" is the motto of fighting Lieutenant General George S. Patton, commander of the U. S. Seventh Army in Sicily

Old Man of Battle

By Frederick C. Paimton

WHEN the Americans landed in Sicily they found the town of Gela controlled by two German tank regiments. Twice the Germans were driven from the town and twice the Americans were forced right back onto the beaches in 24 hours of the fiercest fighting of the whole landing operations. As the Americans were forced back the second time, a tall gray-haired officer with the stars of a lieutenant general on his shoulders leaped into the surf from a landing barge and waded ashore to take personal command of the fighting. Step by step the Germans were driven back and by sunset Sunday the bridgehead was well established.

The officer was Lieutenant General George S. Patton, Jr., commander of the U. S. Seventh Army, and his action was typical. His belief that leaders should actually lead had inspired his troops all through the North African campaign which preceded the Sicily invasion.

When American forces were landing in Morocco, General Patton came ashore to find his men taking



cover from gunfire. It was a crisis when minutes and seconds were vital to land the supplies necessary to capture Casablanca. Calmly, contemptuously he walked up and down the beach. Snipers sent bullets singing around his head. Machine-gun slugs kicked sand at his feet. But he only smiled and urged his men to greater efforts. The men cheered, said if "the old man" could take it, they could - and the supplies were unloaded on time.

General Patton was 57 years old on that November 11 of 1942 when he captured Casablanca. Most of those years have been devoted to learning how to lead soldiers in battle. He has praised them, taught them, cursed them and loved them. By his driving energy, his ceaseless demand for perfection, he has charged exhausted men with new ardor and led them to renewed effort. Back in 1936 he said, "A sense of duty defends a position, but

desire for fame and loyalty to a leader can storm the gates of Hell."

With his own personal magnetism in battle crisis Patton has proved that statement time and again. His austere, handsome, hard-boiled face can be terrible in anger. But his warm, infectious smile can also give him the benign expression of a kindly father. He has a high voice that can be soft and caressing, or loud and terrifying like a buzz saw going through a pine knot.

Patton is a strict disciplinarian. He believes that trained, instant and absolute obedience to orders saves lives. "Those of us who fail to produce disciplined troops are both murderers and suicides," he says.

He refers to his own experience in the last war. In the Meuse-Argonne drive of 1918, riding on the front of a tank near Cheppy, he reorganized some confused infantry, led them forward with his tanks until he was severely wounded. He kept consciousness, however, long enough to throw out patrols that prevented his men from being surrounded and captured. He received the Distinguished Service Cross for this conspicuous gallantry. But he says, "In the excitement and danger I ceased to think. I still have no memory of putting out those flank patrols. I reacted automatically to years of training."

He has a passionate love for a good soldier. But he has equally a loathing for a sloppy one. Recently,

inspecting tank destroyers, he stopped before a soldier and said softly, "Let me see your rifle, soldier."

The man passed it over. Patton examined the breech, looked down the barrel. Still in his gentle, paternal voice he said, "Soldier, that rifle won't shoot. You're absolutely unarmed, defenseless, close to the enemy. If you tried to fire that rifle it would explode" — his voice suddenly rose to the paralyzing buzz-saw shrill — "and nobody would give a good goddam if it did." His voice dropped, became soft. "Clean it up, soldier; give yourself something to fight with."

Patton's arrival to take command at the Tunisian front was marked by an immediate order that all soldiers must wear leggings and steel helmets at all times. A fine as high as \$45 — and rigidly enforced no matter the rank — made disobedience hurt. The soldiers referred to him as "Old Blood and Guts," but the new smartness, the soldierly feeling in the areas under his command, was instantly apparent.

Patton has a reason for his brutal bawlings out to get strict discipline. He tells of meeting a soldier in Fdala, Morocco. The man's field jacket was open, his leggings were sloppy and he wore no hat.

Patton opened up with the buzz-saw voice. "You're a hell of a looking soldier. Goddamit, you belong to one of the finest outfits in the world. Dress up, look like a soldier and be proud of your country —

which you represent --- and make these North Africans know you're proud of it."

The soldier almost fainted --- and became one of the smartest soldiers in his outfit.

No officer serves under Patton without knowing he must give the last full measure of his strength. Patton accepts no excuses. Once an officer kept explaining, and Patton interrupted, "I can think of five additional excuses myself. To hell with excuses. I want it done."

Actually the first man detailed to the U. S. Army Tank Corps in 1917, Patton is America's oldest and one of its outstanding tank experts, which is probably why he was picked for the field command in North Africa. He created an esprit de corps in the Second Armored Division that was noteworthy --- and also got some unfortunate publicity. He has always believed that esprit de corps is helped by distinctive uniforms --- a belief supported by the colorful uniforms of crack British regiments. He wanted a special uniform for the tank troops for two reasons: to set them off as cocky, finely disciplined and different troops, and to protect men banged against the steel walls of a wallowing, jouncing tank.

As a fencer, he thought of the padded white uniform foilsman wear. He had it dyed green. He thought of a football helmet to protect the head and had it gilded gold. Then he had himself photographed in the outfit, standing in the turret of a

tank. He wanted public support. Instead he was nicknamed "The Green Hornet," and "Flash Gordon." Of his experimental uniform only the football-type helmet was retained.

Because of his blunt and often profane language, and his sometimes unusual dress, Patton has acquired the reputation of being "a salty, colorful character." Actually, meeting him you discover that he is a well-read and brilliant soldier who has a reason for most everything he does. At his first press conference after taking the field, many correspondents, aware of what had been written about him as "The Green Hornet," came in a critical frame of mind. They left convinced they had been talking to a first class military leader.

Patton holds his six feet one and two hundred pounds of muscle and bone as straight as a young spruce. He likes to wear a belt studded with polished .45-caliber cartridges, and a holster carrying a pearl-handled, nicked Colt .45 six gun. He likes the nonregulation Colt because as a native son Californian he grew up with a Colt six gun in his hand and a roping pony between his legs. He became a dead-shot and prefers a familiar weapon. Today, whenever possible, he keeps his hand and eye in perfect condition by shooting jackrabbits from a moving car.

Always Patton's driving, ceaseless energy, which exhausts aides and staff, has found an outlet in exercise

—squash, hunting, shooting, sailing. But in Tunisia these were denied him and he could only, as his aide, Lieutenant Alec Stillwell puts it, “walk the tail off us, up mountains and down.” He has the heart and blood pressure of a man of 30.

Along with strict discipline, Patton endlessly preaches the gospel of attack. “Go forward,” he says. “Always go forward until the last shot is fired, the last drop of gasoline is gone, and then go forward on foot.” He explains this credo by saying, “Grant said that in every battle comes the time when both leaders decide they are defeated. He wins the battle who goes on fighting.” Patton himself says, “A leader should be up ahead leading even if he gets killed,” and God help an officer in his command who isn’t out front giving his uttermost. His most famous anecdote on this line runs: “If you get behind a piece of cooked spaghetti and push on its end, it stays where it is. But get hold of the spaghetti and drag it forward and you can take it where you will.”

The General is at the front himself at every opportunity, sometimes sitting on the outpost line under fire while soldiers grin admiringly at “the old man.” One of the most irking responsibilities of high command to him is staying in his headquarters when a hot fight rages.

At El Guettar he used his uncanny ability to figure out what the enemy will do to set a trap for Rommel’s tanks. Impatiently he waited at head-

quarters for the first word of how the fighting went. Finally it came. Rommel had attacked with 60 tanks and 30 of them had been destroyed or severely damaged in the trap. The defeat was so stunning that it was Rommel’s last major counterattack. Patton beamed. He had achieved a secret ambition: he had met Rommel, fox of the desert, and outsmarted him.

Immediately he was off to congratulate those he loves most, the soldiers who did the fighting. At the receiving hospital he visited every wounded man who could talk. They were dirty, bloody, gray with exhaustion, and hurt. And he was like a father to them, shaking each hand, saying, “You men did it. You stopped the Tenth Panzer and it’s never been stopped before.”

He asked each man, “Where did they get you?” And one replied that he had been shooting it out with a Stuka dive bomber and had missed. “But I’ll soon be back in there pitching,” the wounded soldier said. Patton grinned delightedly, bent down, shook the lad’s hand vigorously. One soldier said, “Are you General Patton?” And Patton said, “Yes, and not such an old so-and-so as you thought, eh?”

He is a sensitive man who suffers with those who are hurt and in pain, but he shoved out his chin and went on because he thought his visit did the men good. It did.

He walked on, and as men with pain-racked bodies turned, and

looked up at him, and smiled and took his hand, his emotions started to get the better of him. "The best damned soldiers the world has ever seen," he said, and then, "one day I bawl hell out of them and the next I weep over them."

Though Patton is known as a tank specialist, he has not neglected his other weapons. "The first appearance of a new weapon," he says, "is the highest peak in its effectiveness and the lowest point of its efficiency." He believes that every weapon has its counter. "There is no single weapon to win battles," he says, "any more than there is any play a quarterback can call that will always bring a touchdown."

But he is deprecatory in referring to generalship, preferring eagerly to give credit to the men who do the fighting. "All a general can do is make the simplest plan of battle and

not change his mind," he says. "The final result depends 99 percent on execution." One of his day-by-day ambitions is to write a combat order on a single page -- and still have it simple, lucid and impossible of misunderstanding. "If a man can't misunderstand an order, you're halfway to victory."

Every soldier, according to Patton, is expendable if the result warrants it. He would send himself to certain death if it would bring victory closer. He would relieve his best friend if that officer had not performed to full capability. Such bluntness in language and action has made him enemies, but he continues to speak his mind. Loving a fight, loving a good soldier, he sums it up thus: "I pray every night that I can do my duty. If I do my duty then I have nothing for which to reproach myself."

Conspicuous Gallantry

WHEN I first noticed her, she was standing on tiptoe, trying to see over the heads of the people as they surged toward the train. Her face was tense with excitement. Suddenly there was a shout of "Hi, Beth," and a tall, broad-shouldered Marine elbowed toward her. They stood and looked at each other for a moment, and then she was in his arms. She closed her eyes and tilted her head. Just as he leaned down to kiss her, a Marine officer strode into his range of vision.

Instantly the boy snapped to attention, leaving Beth standing expectantly, eyes closed. The officer returned the salute, glanced at Beth, and said, "Son, one of the first rules of the Marine Corps is -- don't hesitate for anything when taking an objective. Carry on!"

— Louis C. Schneider

Will America's growing surplus of marriageable women lead to a breakdown of moral standards?



Condensed
from
Collier's



Annam Scheinfeld

Author of "You and Heredity" and "The Forthcoming Men and Women"

FOR THE first time in our history we are confronted with a big shortage of potential husbands. The situation is so serious that *one out of every seven girls now seems headed for spinsterhood*. And if we add to this the young widows and divorcees who won't be able to marry again, we are threatened with a standing population of millions of husbandless women.

This situation cannot be blamed on the war, though the war will make it worse. There are two fundamental causes for our man shortage. One is that we have used up the artificially created male surplus brought in by past immigrations. The other is biological: males are inherently weaker in resistance to disease and death. Nature starts things off with more males — 105 to 106 boys are born for every 100 girls. But among infants dying in the United States before their first birthday, there are 25 percent more boys than girls. By the time the mid-twenties, the principal marriage years, are reached, the original surplus is entirely gone, and thereafter women increasingly out-

number men. Twice as many women as men live to be 90.

To make things more difficult for women, sizable numbers of men remain single through choice or individual circumstances. Prewar estimates were that 17 out of every 100 American boys would remain bachelors.

The man shortage we face is social dynamite. It can rock the foundations of our social system and attitudes toward sex, cut down our population, change our American way of life.

Few factors hitherto have been more important in molding our social attitudes than our comfortable surplus of marriageable men. If American girls have been more independent than European girls, if they have not had to inveigle men with dowries or tolerate a double standard of conduct which worked all in men's favor, it is largely because American girls were in a more commanding position.

What precise effects a changed sex ratio will have on the American social scene, no one can predict. But a

preview of what could happen is afforded by a number of European countries which have long had a surplus of women. For example, there is the situation in Sweden, generally regarded as one of the most stable, enlightened and progressive countries of the world.

Despite the fact that Sweden has lost no men through wars for many years, a man shortage developed, in part through the higher male mortality rate and in part through emigration. Added to this, Swedish men have been in the habit of marrying very late (at the age of 30, on the average) and a large proportion remain bachelors.

Here are some of the results, as reported by Dr. Alva Myrdal, noted Swedish population expert:

Twenty-five percent of all Swedish women are unmarried at the age of 40.

The average age of Swedish women at marriage is 27.

The Swedish birth rate has dropped so alarmingly that it is now the lowest in the world - 0.756, or 25 percent short of what is needed to replace the population.

One in every seven or eight births is illegitimate, and the rate would be much higher if birth control were not widely practiced among young people.

The frank recognition that many women have no opportunity to marry, or must wait a long time before marriage, has led to the sanctioning of sex relationships outside wed-

lock. Unmarried mothers have the same status and privileges under the law as married mothers.

"We take this attitude," one Swedish authority told me, "not only because in our plight we welcome every child born but because we feel that a woman who is denied the opportunity of marrying should not also be denied the privilege of having children if she wishes them."

It is improbable that anything approaching the Swedish situation could develop in the United States. But a large surplus of females, with no opportunity for marriage, seems inevitably to lead to more sexual latitude.

Following World War I, as a result of war casualties and other factors, the surplus of women in Europe was enormous. The excess of women in Poland was 38 percent; in Russia, 32 percent; in Great Britain, 23 percent; in France, Germany and Italy, 21 to 22 percent. "The situation was so bad," population experts tell us, "that there was serious discussion of giving polygamy legal status." Actually it went beyond the discussion stage.

A French woman scientist said recently: "It is generally understood that about one in every ten marriages in France has been polygamous. Not legally so, of course. But men have illegal wives in addition to their legal ones, and often maintain two homes and two sets of children."

Elsewhere in Europe, including England, increased numbers of women who could not get husbands of their

own shared the husbands of other women.

Such examples emphasize the fact that the system of one husband to one wife is based on the assumption that there are enough men to make it work. The biggest check to polygamy has always been the simple arithmetic of a one-to-one sex ratio.

A surplus of women may bring other threats. There is a possibility of more illegitimate births, or of a decline in population. Lack of husbands would swell the ranks of women workers, create new employment problems. All this has happened in Europe.

What can be done about it?

Improving prenatal conditions would give boys a better chance of achieving birth. Among younger, healthier and better-cared for mothers, the ratio of boys born is considerably higher than average. In wartime and postwar periods the ratio of boy births goes up, chiefly, it is believed, because there is more child-bearing by younger mothers.

Our next step would be to keep more males alive. In the more favored groups the infant-boy death rate is only half the average for the nation; by better care for all we could start thousands more little boys on life's way.

Uneven geographical distribution of the sexes creates an obstacle to marriage. The far western states still

had, at the war's outbreak, a six percent excess of males. In contrast, the New England and middle Atlantic states, with only one fourth of our total population, had almost three fourths of our surplus of native white females.

Any steps which would help to even up the distribution of the sexes would increase the marriage chances of our women. The war emergency has brought women into many fields where formerly there were only men. If the barriers remain down after the war, it would step up the marriage-license rate. And a great deal could be accomplished through more deliberate efforts to bring marriageable young women and men together.

Authorities with whom I have discussed the problem are worried not that the American public will be alarmed but that it will not be alarmed sufficiently to bestir itself. To produce workable plans, and to devise means for carrying them out, will require the cooperation of our most able lawmakers, sociologists, psychologists, clergymen, educators, businessmen and, most important of all, of our wisest and ablest women.

If we do not begin such planning in the very near future, we may find ourselves losing one of the most important social battles on our home front. And this time our young women, not our young men, will be the casualties.



*The true story of a happily
shipwrecked sailor*

Parlor, Bedroom and Raft

Condensed from *Coronet* . . . *Beril Becker*

"SEND your distress call. We've been torpedood!"

Radio operator Harley A. Olson jumped out of bed. He worked frantically at the radio, but the power had failed. On deck, everyone else was scrambling into lifeboats. Finally he abandoned the useless radio, jumped into the black water, and started swimming.

Suddenly, in the darkness, his fingers struck something solid. It was one of the ship's life rafts. Clambering aboard, Olson wondered about the rest of the crew; but his shouts failed to get any response.* His first panicky feeling left him. His raft, he remembered, was provisioned for 15 men for several weeks.

As the darkness lifted, he noticed a number of little packages floating by. He scooped one out. Cigarettes! Quickly he gathered in 50 packages.

A little later another raft loomed out of the dusk. He made it fast to his own. A settee appeared amid the wreckage, and he tugged it aboard. Then up bobbed a third raft. Olson couldn't believe his eyes. Not only was he admiral of a fleet, but he had the beginnings of a bedroom. From the settee and several boxes he rigged up a bed, and over it placed a canopy of blankets.

In the morning he breakfasted royally on tomato juice, sardines and bis-

*The rest of the personnel was picked up later by rescue ships.

cuits. Supper was a feast of beans and canned tuna fish. The next day he made a net from bandages in the first-aid kits and caught some fresh fish. He also constructed a kind of house from the food cases and made a sail from the three sets of distress flags.

The sea was calm. When the sun got hot he would take a swim, followed by a leisurely sunbath. Evenings, he would mark the day with a scratch on the "mast," light his after-dinner cigarette, and go for a stroll on the two rafts back of his house. No prince could have been more carefree or comfortable.

Olson's pleasure cruise lasted 28 days. Then a convoy came along and a sub-chaser took him aboard.

Now, for the first time, Olson ran into trouble. The skipper just didn't believe his story. No man could look so healthy after four weeks on an open raft. Where were the hollowed cheeks, the dazed eyes of the shipwrecked mariner? Obviously he was a saboteur, left by a U-boat to be rescued and taken to the United States.

So when Olson walked down the gangplank in Key West, the FBI men were there to meet him. He was held incommunicado until his fingerprints were checked with those filed by all radio operators in the FCC archives. Then he was released. Olson was an American citizen, all right. Just a sea-going guy from Portland, Oregon.

Teaching Foremen That Workers Are People

By

Stuart Chase

A wise manufacturer recently remarked: "The most critical shortage today is not oil, rubber, steel or ships; it is not even manpower. *It is the intelligent management of men.*"

American industry has always suffered from this shortage. Only the most progressive companies realized that the way to get maximum co-operation and output from a group of workers was not to drive them but to understand them as human beings, to make them feel that they "belonged." The war has turned this trickle of progress into a mighty surge. Through the Training Within Industry program of the War Manpower Commission, the bosses are being educated. Let me take you into a conference room in a typical big war plant and show you what they are learning about human relations.

You see a dozen foremen or supervisors in their shirt sleeves sitting around a big table, with pads, pencils and a small printed blue card in front of each one. At the head of the table sits a chairman or "leader." Behind him is a blackboard covered with such statements as these, heavily underlined:

What results are you looking for in this problem?

The method whereby foremen are learning the essential art of getting along with the men under them has incalculable possibilities for the future.

Get the facts.

Weigh and decide possible actions.

People are different.

"Now, Jim," the leader is saying, "let's have one of your problems."

Jim, a big man with a serious face, comes up in front of the blackboard. "Yes," he says, "I've got a problem, a mean one." The men lean forward in their chairs.

"I've got a man, Sam Fuller, running a special machine. He can make that machine cut out of his hand. He's been with the company eight years and I don't know how I could replace him. He's married, with two kids in school.

"About two months ago Sam's work began to fall off. He took to coming in late. Now he's drinking himself blind. I've got to do something about it. If he goes I'm sunk."

The leader steps behind Jim to the blackboard. "Let's start from the beginning and put Jim's problem through the works. *What does Jim want to accomplish?*"

Various answers come from the men around the table and the leader

writes them on the blackboard: "Get Sam back into regular production." "Stop his drinking." "Get him interested in his job once more."

"Now what is our first step again?" asks the leader.

Some of the men pick up their blue cards and read the answer; others apparently know it by heart: "*Get the facts!*"

"All right, Jim," says the leader, waving his chalk, "let's have the facts."

The case of Sam Fuller begins to develop on the blackboard. The key fact appears to be that Sam's wife took a job about two months ago—the time Sam's state of collapse began. The conference decides that the first thing for Jim to do is to see Sam's wife and get her to come home.

Maybe this recipe will work in Sam's case, maybe not. But as one thinks back to the traditional foreman of what might be called the Prussian school of management—"You do it—the way I tell you and never mind why and no back talk"—the contrast is startling. Such a foreman would have fired Sam out of hand without stopping to find out what had happened. The result might have been unemployment for Sam and a train of family disasters, while at the plant Sam's successors would never run his machine quite right.

The typical foreman, who won promotion because he was good at the bench, suddenly has to put

away his tools and become a leader of men and women—a very different job. He may work out some sort of system for himself. One old-timer, quoted by *Fortune*, explained how he received a new employee. "I jest stand there and stare him down, to kinda show him how dumb he is." "And then?" "Then I spit."

The resentment and hatred tyrannical bosses have kindled in the factories of the world are beyond computation. Yet most of them were not evil, they just did not know the principles of leadership.

Think of the new problems foremen have to cope with today: green recruits, slow learners, women, youngsters, Negroes, the lady from suburbia who highbats her shopmates, the superior employee who expects to be promoted once a month. The need for training bosses is clear.

Four experts in personnel and training are responsible for the Training Within Industry program—C. R. Dooley of Socony Vacuum, Walter Dietz of Western Electric, M. J. Kane of Bell Telephone and William Conover of U. S. Steel. From long experience, these men were well aware that Americans will not work to the lash or the bawling-out method. *Americans will work their best only if they are respected as human beings.*

The TWI program is divided into three courses: Job Relations, Job Instruction and Job Methods. These courses are being given in factories all over the country. By August al-

most 65,000 supervisors had learned about Job Relations, and there are 6000 new graduates every week.

Between a leader and any of his followers runs a line of human relations. Think of it as a kind of telephone wire. When the line is straight and clear, you and the boss understand each other, relations are good. If the line is tangled, you cannot understand one another. If the line breaks, human relations cease and there is complete noncoöperation, as in a strike.

Job Relations Training provides a way to keep the line clear. The supervisor learns it by using his own experiences as a textbook in the conference room, where they are run through in slow motion. Then he goes back and tries the system out on the next problem he has to face in the shop.

The only other textbook is a little blue card. On one side are the principles for keeping the line clear:

Foundations for Good Relations

Let each worker know how he is getting along.

Give credit when due.

Tell people in advance about changes that will affect them.

Make best use of each person's ability.

People must be treated as individuals.

On the other side of the card is the procedure to follow in any given problem:

How to Handle a Problem

1. *Get the facts. Be sure you have the whole story.*

2. *Weigh and decide. Don't jump at conclusions.*

3. *Take action. Don't pass the buck.*

4. *Check results. Watch for changes in output, attitudes and relationships. Did your action help production?*

Let us illustrate some of the foundations for good relations, as given on the little blue card.

Let each worker know how he is getting along. A new worker goes home and his wife asks: "How is the job going?" He replies: "I don't know; nobody seems to give a hoot."

The trainer reminds the supervisor to give the new worker a hand-up to start with. If Richards is scrambling his job, don't hawl him out - particularly in the presence of his shopmates. Go over to his bench and say something like: "Look, this might be an easier way to do it." Then show him.

Give credit when due. If a man has been sick, yet stays on at work to finish an important job, maybe the supervisor can't give him a raise, but he can let him know what a help it has been. He can go further and let the whole team know. The sooner the better. Most people can learn more from praise than from censure.

Make the best use of each person's ability. The trainer asks in the conference room: "Have you ever had a man go sour because he felt he could do a harder kind of work than you gave him?" Some of the supervisors nod their heads. "Look for ability now going to waste. Don't hold a

man on a job if you know he can do a more important one. Never stand in a man's way."

People must be treated as individuals. Every human being is different. The supervisors are cautioned not to arrange people in rigid types like "good mixer," "chronic kicker," "dumbbell," "tough customer." Nobody is just like anybody else.

You can't tell whether or not a worker can make a go of the job just by watching him for a few minutes. Some people warm up slowly; some need encouragement to warm up at all. People are never "either-or," they are somewhere in between. It is up to you to find out which layer of in-between.

The supervisors absorb almost thirstily other ideas for clearing the line. When you are looking for the facts, let the other fellow do the talking. Encourage him to talk about things which interest *him*. Don't interrupt, don't argue, and don't jump to conclusions. You won't if you listen.

Get the whole story and you'll probably find the facts which cause the trouble. A person's job is only one part of his life. The trouble may lie beyond the shop—at home, or with the girl friend, or with an unpaid debt.

A good rule in Job Relations is that old precept: Put yourself in the other fellow's place. How would *you* feel in his boots?

In approaching every problem, supervisors are taught to ask one all-

important question: *What do you want to accomplish?* Just by stopping long enough to ask it, one goes a great way toward the solution.

A supervisor in a war plant wants to accomplish three things:

Keep production moving.

Keep the individual worker satisfied.

Keep the group of workers under him confident in his leadership.

Action to save face, to show who's boss around here, to work off resentment, will usually only make the matter worse. Such action is impossible if one looks at the blue card first.

Joe Smith was a good worker and his earnings were high. The department was on a six day week, but Joe figured he made all the money he needed in five days, and had fallen into the habit of staying away Monday. Presently, however, Joe got married, and began to work six days a week regularly. This went on for several months.

One day an increase in wages was announced. The next day Joe didn't show up. Harry, his supervisor, sized up the situation in a flash. The raise had again put Joe in the position where five days' work gave him all the money he needed. Harry at the time had no little blue card.

Jumping to another conclusion, he decided to teach Joe a lesson. When Joe came in the following day Harry was waiting for him by the locker room. "Never mind changing, Joe. You're laid off for a week. That'll give you a chance to think over

what's in your envelope." Joe said nothing. His face, Harry said later, was a study. He turned on his heel and walked out.

A few days afterward at lunch another supervisor inquired:

"Why did you treat Joe so rough?"

"He rated it, didn't he?"

"I don't think he did. Neither does anyone else in the shop. You see, Joe's father had an automobile accident the morning after the pay raise. He was badly hurt, and Joe had to look after him. Joe never got a chance to explain."

This case -- a true one -- gives us a dramatic contrast between the old way and the new. Under the old system the boss stands on his ego, jumps to conclusions, and snaps out orders. The result is a big hole in production, a good worker burning with a sense of injustice, the whole shop on edge. Under the new system,

the supervisor delays his response, determines what he wants to accomplish, gets the facts, reviews them carefully. When he takes action, the chances are strongly in favor of its being the right solution.

These Job Relations Training programs are not exercises in paternalism or philanthropy. They are designed to obtain the greatest possible weight of metal to throw against our enemies. And they have incalculable possibilities for the future.

Here is the profoundly exciting thing to me. It is now being proved in thousands of war plants that *the human approach is also the approach which results in maximum production.*

After the war will all this seem important? I cannot answer, but it seems clear that a man who has been shown the value of oil in an engine is never going to fill his crankcase with sand again.



Biology Lesson

• SIR JAMES BARRIE'S favorite story was about the professor of biology who explained to his class the spawning of fish. "So you see," he concluded, "the female fish deposits her eggs, the male fish comes along and fertilizes them, and later the little fish are hatched."

One of the girls held up her hand. "You mean, Professor, that the father and mother fish -- that they -- that before that nothing happens?"

"Nothing," said the professor, "which doubtless explains the expression, 'Poor fish.'"

— Henry P. Moriarty in *Coronet*

C He has favorite bars and plenty of girls in every port

SINBAD *the Sea Dog*

ONE OF the living legends of the North Atlantic is a chunky, barrel-chested, black-haired mongrel dog named Sinbad, the mascot of a U. S. Coast Guard cutter.

Sinbad has a favorite saloon and girls in every port. When I first saw him, about 11 o'clock one evening in Boston's Scollay Square, he was already a little unsteady on his legs, but he trotted purposefully among the blue forest of sailors' trousers, hiccupping slightly as he went. As he disappeared into the open door of a tavern, the Coast Guard officer I was with motioned for me to follow.

In a room resounding with the noise of juke boxes and sailors on shore leave, Sinbad stopped before an empty stool at the bar. Gauging the distance, he vaulted up to the seat, settled himself gravely and gave a short, imperious bark. The bartender turned without a word and set out a drink of whisky and a chaser of beer. He placed these before Sinbad, who lapped them up, then jumped down and went out the door. The officer paid for the drinks and we followed the dog to the next bar, where the ritual was repeated. After three more bars Sinbad was through for the evening. He lurched into a taxi at our heels and we drove



Condensed from
Life

Richard Wilcox

back to the Navy Yard and put him to bed on his ship.

Sinbad came to the cutter six years ago, and in that time he has become the most valuable thing aboard. The crew look on him with a mixture of comradeship and veneration, firmly convinced that as long as the dog is with them nothing can happen. So deeply rooted is this belief that the officers and crew would almost refuse to sail without him, and before getting under way the captain always makes sure that the dog is aboard.

Once, in Iceland, Sinbad was sleeping off a hangover in the back room of a bar when he heard the long wail of the cutter's siren as the ship put to sea on emergency orders. Staggering to his feet he rushed to the dock, to find 100 yards of water between him and his home. The men implored the captain to put back for him, but it was useless. "I can't submit to headquarters a log that says, 'Sailed 0850; put back at 0900 to pick up dog,'" the skipper said.

SINBAD THE SEA DOG

Just then Sinbad dived off the 30-foot dock into the icy water. The crew cheered him as he swam, but it was soon apparent that he could not hope to catch up with the cutter. The captain began to feel a change of heart.

"Dammit," he said, "if the dog wants to be aboard that much, swing about and pick him up."

Sinbad hasn't missed a sailing since.

Sinbad is an enlisted men's dog. He lives with the crew in the fo'c'sle, sleeping in a different bunk every night so as to divide his affection among the men. He eats with the men and loves to join them in the showers, taking three or four a day. When the crew lines up for inspection, Sinbad appears with his own life jacket and answers his name at roll call with a short, husky bark. (His voice, once clear as a bell, is raspy after years of exposure to the salt air and from the immoderate use of hard liquors.)

Though he roams the ship at will, Sinbad would not think of going near the bridge or the officers' country. Officers may pat him, and when he is befuddled with drink he will consent to ride with them in taxis back to the ship, but that is as far as his regard for gold braid goes.

When the cutter comes into port, Sinbad stands high on the forepeak, his ears blowing in the wind. He knows when he is to be allowed to go ashore, for then his collar is put on. If it is not, he knows that the ship will not be docked for long and stays scrupulously aboard.

With collar on, he is always first ashore. He stops at every bollard on the dock (being a sea dog he has never discovered the opportunities offered by hydrants and trees) and then makes the rounds of the waterfront bars. When the men get liberty, they make the same rounds and pay the bills he has run up.

Sinbad's romances are as gaudy as any sailor's. He has a string of female dogs in every port and, after satisfying his thirst, seeks them out. In some way known only to dogs, he makes specific dates with each one. On the morning after docking in a certain town he will appear on the ship with a small, attractive white poodle. The next morning he conducts the poodle to the edge of the dock and sends her off about her business. In about an hour a tan female Airedale comes down to the ship, is met by Sinbad and taken aboard. Every day a new lady friend shows up. So far as the crew knows, Sinbad has never had two of them meet. Like all sailors, he is a gentleman.

Sinbad's press clippings are as bulky as an admiral's. In Ireland, a notice appears in society columns whenever he comes ashore. He is on good social terms with high-ranking naval officers of five countries, besides the thousands of sailors, bartenders and waterfront characters he meets in his favorite drinking places.

Sinbad is probably the only dog to become the subject of an official Coast Guard regulation. Before the

war, when his cutter put into Greenland he used to go ashore and annoy the sheep. After several complaints, an official order was issued, denying him liberty in any Greenland port. This was read to him at Quarters and, after being locked in the brig for slipping ashore one night while in Greenland, he obeys it faithfully.

Though a hard liver, Sinbad is not a dissolute character. He has endured hardships at sea that would drive any man to drink. He has fought storms and hurricanes, braced his 24 pounds against the wind as courageously as any seaman. He was on deck one night when his cutter duelled, rammed and sank a German

submarine. Some crew members have tried to reform him, but with no success. Now, feeling that he deserves what he can get out of life, no one keeps him from his pleasures. When he has a particularly bad hangover, the ship's doctor gives him aspirin.

When I last saw Sinbad, he was sitting morosely on the deck of the cutter, which was moored in a desolate northern port. I asked a sailor why the dog did not go ashore.

"Why should he go ashore in this hole?" the sailor replied. "There's nothing to drink here, and the one female dog that used to live here died last year. Mister, he's a smart dog!"



Remarkable Explanations

¶ A MAN brought his troubles to the radio Good Will Hour. "Mr. Anthony," he began, "my best friend ran away with my wife. They've been gone a month — and, Mr. Anthony, I miss him!"

— Walter Winchell

¶ A SIOUX CITY woman, wishing to divorce her husband, gave the reason that he ate ice cream in bed. "He consistently ate chocolate," she told the judge, "and he knows I only like vanilla." — *Parade*

¶ THE INSTRUCTOR of a photography class for women war workers criticized a batch of prints turned in by a southern girl as over-exposed. "Ah reckon that's because Ah'm southern," said the student. "You said to count to ten, and it just natchly takes me longer than you folks up here."

— *The New Yorker*

¶ AN ELDERLY woman was shopping for a hat and the salesgirl kept showing her new types of headgear which didn't suit the old lady at all. Finally she said, "Listen, I wear a corset and I wear drawers, and I want a hat to match." — Cedric Adams in *Minneapolis Tribune*

THE PHILIPPINES

Under the Japanese Boot Heel

Condensed from *The Nation* • Carl Crow



TOKYO recently broadcast to all the Far East, in a dozen languages, the report that many Filipinos were abandoning the vulgar American custom of shaking hands. When they meet Japanese acquaintances now, they bow from the waist, just like any well-bred Japanese.

Nipponese commentators hailed this as conclusive evidence that the process of Japanizing the Filipinos is well under way. And the Philippine government in exile says that it is unfortunately true that the Japanese regime is gaining Filipino supporters. But the exiles, of course, hope to needle the United States into hurrying a campaign of reconquest.

It is hard to assess the truth. Prominent Filipinos have broadcast their praise of Nippon, but the extravagance of their phrases might be inter-

preted as irony. Large numbers of Filipinos are working for the Japs --- if they did not, they would not eat. Only time, and reconquest, will tell how many Islanders actually have switched loyalty.

The occupation program obviously had been worked out long in advance, down to the last detail. The Japanese army brought along inexhaustible bales of its own currency --- handsome imitations of Philippine money. There is evidence that the notes had been in storage for several years. The only defect about the currency is that nowhere is there any indication as to how or by whom it will be redeemed. But, backed by Japanese bayonets, the currency soon gained wide circulation.

All property was regarded as belonging to enemy aliens --- Americans, British or Chinese --- and, therefore, subject to confiscation. This made rather a clean sweep. Most of the large concerns were incorporated under Philippine law and were therefore under the American flag. Some of the oldest trading and shipping companies were British. Chinese owned most of the retail shops.

Mitsubishi and other big concerns

CARL CROW has maintained close contacts with the Philippines for 30 years; one of his earliest books was *America and the Philippines*. During his 26 years in Shanghai, where he built up his own advertising agency, he was a frequent visitor to Manila. He is acquainted with Filipino exiles in this country, and since the war has made it his business to keep close watch on the Japanese radio, source of much information to those who know how to interpret its sometimes oblique statements.

took over some of the mining, shipping, and sugar refineries. The Jap army took over the profitable San Miguel brewery, which included the local Coca-Cola bottling agency, and is still running it. Banks and insurance companies were turned over to Japanese concerns. The insurance companies pay no death benefits if the insured lost his life while opposing the benevolent entry of the Japanese army. This saves the companies a large amount of money.

Texaco and Socony filling-station signs were painted over with the name of a Japanese company. The Japanese carpetbaggers improved on our own Civil War breed; they traveled with, not after, the army. For that matter, many of them were local residents who long before had picked out the property they wanted.

The Japanese resented the fact that Filipino workers had been paid approximately twice as much as workers in Japan. The army solved this problem simply: *all* wages and salaries were cut in half—except those of high officials. These were cut even more, bringing them in line with the poorly paid officials of Japan. That was the Filipinos' first experience with the practical workings of Japan's "Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere." Under the reduced wage scale the Filipino standards of living, which were the highest in the Orient, dropped as low as in Japan itself.

Then came new taxes. A graduated sales tax starts with 20 percent

on necessities and rises to 60 percent on luxuries.

The Tokyo radio said that the Filipinos had not been frugal and austere like the Japanese, but had been guilty of extravagant living, indulging themselves with ice-cream cones and jazz records. The army sent out lecturers to chide the Filipinos about their way of life, and newspapers published illustrated articles showing how the Japanese lived. There can be no doubt but that the Filipinos have given up luxurious living. They are frugal now to the point of hunger.

The army attempted strict regimentation of the Philippine farmers. Orders were issued that large acreages of cane be plowed up and the land planted in cotton, which Japan needs desperately. Several thousand agricultural experts were sent from Japan to enforce this program. Filipinos know nothing about cotton and did not take kindly to the new plan.

Millions of Filipinos are reduced to abject depths of poverty because the Japanese cannot market the crops, principally sugar and coconut oil, which we used to buy. The markets of Asia cannot absorb these products, even if the Japanese could spare cargo ships. One Filipino in every four is directly dependent on these suddenly valueless crops.

The Japanese are likewise unable to bring in desperately needed manufactured articles, such as cotton textiles. Filipinos have always de-

pendent on imported cotton cloth, \$10,000,000 worth a year. Japan has not enough cotton goods even for her own people. The Japanese army requisitioned all cotton goods in the Islands that could be put to military use. Filipinos are in rags.

One of the first orders issued forbade the use of English or any languages save Tagalog, spoken by some 4,000,000 of the Islands' 17,000,000 inhabitants, and Japanese. (Spanish was later permitted.) The police looked with suspicion on anyone who spoke English and often treated him roughly.

If a shopkeeper didn't put up a Japanese sign, Japanese hoodlums destroyed the old sign while police looked on. Street signs and street names were changed. No one could read the new signs, but they had the desired effect of making Manila look like a Japanese city.

New motorcar license plates were issued with numbers in Japanese symbols. Traffic signs are in Japanese, and ignorance of their meaning excuses no one.

It is probably true, as claimed by Tokyo radio, that only Japanese is used in shops. The Japanese carpet-baggers who replaced the Chinese in small retail stores could speak no language but their own, and shoppers had to speak it or they would not be served. But this presented no great difficulties. Colloquial Japanese is one of the easiest of languages. Anyone can, in a few days, learn enough of it to barter with shopkeepers.

It is amusing to note, however, that most of the broadcasts made by the Japanese to the Filipinos are still in English, the outlaw tongue.

The order banning English — the language spoken by all educated Filipinos — destroyed the fine educational system that had been built up by the joint efforts of Americans and Filipinos over a period of more than 40 years. All the 12,000 schools were closed. Since then, 600 have reopened, but they now provide nothing but a two-year course in Japanese. The Japanese did not want an educational system. They deliberately blew out the light, planning a period of darkness and ignorance during which American influence will be obliterated.

But they were very solicitous about the Roman Catholic Church. On the first Sunday after landing in Manila, Japanese soldiers marched to Mass, filling all the churches and chapels. Armed guards of honor were placed outside each door.

About one Japanese in 2000 is a Catholic, presumably fewer than ten Catholics to an army division. But in Manila it appeared that almost every other soldier attended Mass. And their behavior was as meticulously correct as if they had been intensively drilled.

Propaganda agencies lost no time in telling Catholics all over the world about this proof of Japanese devotion to the Church, and photographs were sent to newspapers in Latin America. Yet these soldiers were

veterans of the war in China, where for years they had looted and burned missions and churches, Catholic and Protestant alike. Included in the forces were a few divisions which had taken part in the rape of Nanking. It was, of course, a miracle of grace which changed their character so quickly.

The Tokyo radio gave full credit for this Jap benevolence toward the Church to that curious organization, the "Religious Department" of the Japanese army. This is a group of experts in various religions. Within its ranks are men who could actually impersonate the priests of many religions. The purpose of the department is to exploit all religions, using them wherever possible to further Japan's purposes. The ultimate aim is to bring all religions under Japanese control.

The most spectacular stunt arranged by the busy Religious Department was a "pilgrimage" of Japanese Catholic priests and nuns from Japan to the Philippines. It did not resemble any other pilgrimage the Filipinos had ever seen. The nuns received as much publicity as a group of traveling show girls and were seen everywhere.

Despite their new-found religious feelings, the Japanese soldiers con-

tinued to delight in killing. When a civilian failed to bow to a soldier, the affronted warrior might punish the insult as he pleased. A great many prominent Chinese and Filipinos were murdered for this and other reasons. Among them was José Abad Santos, a justice of the Supreme Court of the Philippines. Some of the victims were humanely killed by shooting, but many were strung up by the feet until they died. This barbarity was perpetrated in the most crowded sections of Manila.

There are no bright spots to relieve the dark picture of the life of the Filipinos under the boot heel of Japan. Trade is stagnant, the shelves of the shops are becoming bare. The small steamers and motor launchers which formerly brought life to the rivers of the country are gone -- requisitioned by the army. Many thousands of farmers have abandoned their homes and taken to the hills to join partisan bands and snipe at the Japanese.

Filipinos are glad to give up the custom of shaking hands. It relieves them of the necessity for a false gesture of friendship toward their oppressors. To them the low bow, after the Japanese style, has become merely an ironic symbol of deep and abiding hatred.



RELIGION is what the individual does with his own solitude.
If you are never solitary you are never religious. — Dean Inge

He knows how to get men to
do what he wants them to do

HIGGINS: *Go-Getter Extraordinary*

Condensed from *Fortune*

A FEW years ago Andrew Jackson Higgins was a little-known New Orleans motorboat builder with only a local reputation for his "big" thinking, his willingness to take risks, and his rich stock of profanity. Today he claims to be the world's largest manufacturer of motorboats, including power landing barges and PT's (50-knot patrol torpedo boats); and his basic designs are standard for all U. S. landing boats and tank lighters.

He has a stocky build, a pleasantly malicious expression and ruddy visage. People he dislikes or considers obstructionists -- among them some of the most important men in Washington, D. C. ("District of Confusion," he says) -- he simply addresses as s.o.b.'s. He has a drive so forceful and sustained it amounts to a permanent offensive. He has a regal disdain for the trivialities of business routine.

Though years ago he was anti-union, he now expounds on the rights of labor, and plans to hire

thousands of Negroes. No man has been more disliked by so many New Orleans blue bloods, who consider

him both profane and opportunistic.

Higgins' talents endear him to his men, however. They call him the Boss, and many accord him a military salute. At a recent launching, a visiting dignitary got up to address the men. "No, the Boss! The Boss!" they yelled. Penalties for infractions of regulations are swift and severe, with dismissal for a second or third offense, but generous awards for superior work are no less swift. He keeps his help humping. "Don't relax," he says to everybody. A picture of Hitler, Mussolini and Hirohito sitting on water closets adorns the men's washrooms. Says the caption: "Come on in, brother. Take it easy. Every minute you loaf here helps us."

He knows all foremen personally, and pretends to know every one of the 12,000 workers. He talks to them frequently over a loudspeaker. Whenever there is a victory, production or military, or whenever Hig-

gins merely cannot contain himself, his rich bass voice reverberates through the factories.

He has a way with his men. "Whenever there is one of these emergency calls asking for apparently the impossible," he explains, "I have a band play a few stirring pieces over the loudspeaker system, then a silver-tongued labor leader tells them what's expected of them. Then I ask them how they are going to do it -- and we get along fine." "It's like the word from Sinai," said one of his admiring aides.

He has completely buttonholed the imagination of the people with whom he deals. Although Higgins is not a Southerner by birth, he is in the southern tradition. His love of derring-do, his contempt for the "bookkeeping details" of life and his unabashed joy in living are characteristics that have rallied the common people of the South behind their aristocrats for a century.

Born in Columbus, Nebraska, in 1886, one of six children of an editor and lawyer, Higgins built his first boat at the age of 12, had to tear down a brick wall to get it out of the house. After an uncommonly pugnacious boyhood, he attended Creighton University, where he shone as a student but raised so much hell he "left without graduating." At the age of 20 he went to Mobile and within a year was running his own lumber mill.

The depression of 1907 left him at 21 with a mandolin, 16 cents, and

a bride. Starting from the bottom again as a log rider, he rose quickly to the managership of a New Orleans lumber exporting firm. In 1922 he formed the Higgins Lumber & Export Company and within three years owned one of the largest fleets of sailing ships in the American registry. But tramp steamships, up against declining world trade, began to grab his lumber business and in 1933 it folded.

Fortunately he had organized Higgins Industries, Inc., in 1930, to build motorboats, tugs and barges for lumbermen, oil drillers, fur farmers and Coast Guard men operating in the shallow bayous of southern Louisiana. Higgins denies the allegation that he built fast boats for rumrunners and faster ones for the federal officers. He maintains that he improved his craft indiscriminately.

In 1931 a Higgins' *Dixie Greyhound*, piloted by his son Ed (one of three sons each of whom is now in charge of a Higgins plant, while a fourth is in the army), broke the river record between New Orleans and St. Louis, covering the 1150 miles in 72 hours. Obstacles such as submerged logs provoked Higgins into building a boat that would navigate the shallowest water. He recessed the propeller in a semi-tunnel in the bottom of the hull, which enabled the boat to operate in less than a foot of water, and to plow through seemingly impossible vegetation. So that it could negotiate logs, Higgins equipped it with his blunt "spoon

bow," which is much stronger than the pointed bow.

By 1937 he had perfected a boat that could run 30 miles an hour in shallow water, could hop logs, could turn around almost in its length, could run through vegetation thick enough to support a man, could rush onto a beach with only part of the screw in water and back off again. Says one of his assistants, "If it hadn't been for these improvements, the invasion of North Africa might not have been possible."

Within a year Higgins sold these boats to oil companies which used them for exploration trips in South America, Iran and the Far East. He turned out special types for the Army Engineer Corps, Department of Interior and Coast Guard. He built his first PT-type boats for Finland in 1939, and for Britain and the U. S. Navy in 1940.

Higgins had in mind a design for a tank landing boat, or lighter, back in 1935, but the navy's Bureau of Ships turned it down and developed a model of its own, which Higgins characterized as lousy. In 1941 the bureau offered to send men to New Orleans to look at Higgins' tank-lighter drawings. Higgins said he'd have something in three days.

Expecting to see only blueprints, they were shown a real tank lighter that climbed halfway up a concrete sea wall and rode over tree trunks. By working two days and two nights, Higgins had converted it from another boat in the works.

When the navy wanted nine lighters delivered at Norfolk in two weeks, Higgins' reply was his well-known "Why not?" But there was no extra space in his St. Charles Avenue plant; no hulls were on hand, and no steel. With the permission of the mayor, Higgins roped off a street near the factory, screened it with canvas, and set to work. He discovered a bargeload of the right kind of steel at Baton Rouge, persuaded the consignee to let him have it, and trucked it, under armed guard, to his plant. Flatcars of other steel were hitched to the Southern Railway's streamliner, although it was against the rules. Two weeks later, after seven bridges had been altered along the route to provide clearance, the lighters rolled up to Norfolk on flatcars. The last few off the assembly line were painted en route.

Despite satisfactory performance of the Higgins craft, the navy later decided to buy modified Bureau of Ships models. Raising hell, Higgins succeeded in having competitive tests held. Ever since then, his design has been basic for all tank lighters. The Truman Committee condemned the "negligence or willful misconduct on the part of Officers of the Bureau of Ships. That the war effort has not suffered an irreparable injury is due largely to the ability and energy of Higgins Industries."

Higgins' conviction that he was being discriminated against was subsequently strengthened by the affair of the Liberty ships. Awarded a

\$385,000,000 contract for 200 or more ships, Higgins proposed to build them in a continuous line, completing a ship in five days (one thirtieth of normal) and cutting costs by \$250,000 per ship. Suddenly the contract was canceled "for lack of steel." New Orleans was aghast.

Encouraged by Higgins, the AFL sent to the White House the findings of a long investigation which concluded that eastern industrialists were instrumental in the cancellation because they feared Higgins' postwar competition. The fact that the Truman Committee's report of the affair has not been published is regarded as favorable to Higgins.

"I don't wait for opportunity to knock," Higgins has said. "I send out a welcoming committee to drag the old harlot in. I became active in offering to the government suggestions for types of vessels I foresaw they would need." A short time later, he got a contract to build 1200 Curtiss C-76 plywood cargo planes worth over \$200,000,000. The plane plant is being erected on the site of the projected Liberty-ship yard.

Higgins' 100-man research staff costs him nearly \$1,000,000 a year. "They're nuts, they're geniuses," he says admiringly. When he wants results in a hurry, he calls in a group of them, taunts them with questions, gets them mad. Working day and night they may accomplish in a few days what a big concern would think was a four-month job. They have

developed an imposing list of products for boats.

The office force of Higgins Industries is streamlined to the bone, and the ratio of administration and sales expenses to total revenues is very low—less than 2.5 percent. Tank lighters, originally priced at \$32,000, are now down to \$18,300; PT boats that sold at \$175,000 are down to \$116,000. Despite this, Higgins is making money. In 1942 with gross sales of \$47,000,000, profits before taxes were about \$8,000,000.

Few big corporations (except perhaps Henry Kaiser's) have been so much a single man. "The Boss," says one employe, "is the mainspring and half the works."

Probably nobody, not even Henry Kaiser, is so vocal about his plans for bigger things after the war, or has so many plans as Andrew Jackson Higgins. He wants to build a flying wing-type plane someday—perfectly streamlined, with no protuberances. "I shall build planes without outside privies on them," he says simply. He plans vast transportation systems on the principle that rivers can be highways in undeveloped parts of the world. "And with our skills and technology we can build wonderful homes for the Negroes of the South and for denizens of the slums. Everybody could own a Higgins helicopter.

"It is my pleasure," he promises, "to see that these vast war plants do not become barracks for bats."



Questions on Childbirth

Selected from Vogue

Gretta Palmer

How much do you know about the latest scientific findings as to childbirth? You probably laugh at the old wives' tale that a sharp knife under the bed makes a woman's labor easier, yet you may believe half-a-dozen legends about pregnancy which are just as absurd.

Can you disentangle fact from superstition in the following statements? If you can, you are very well informed, indeed.

More boy babies are born during a war period than in normal times.

True. The birth ratio of boys to girls increases to about 115 to 100 during all wars.

If the mother is the strong character in the household, her child is more likely to be a boy.

False. The personalities of the parents have no apparent effect on their children's sex.

There is a reliable method of determining whether a woman is pregnant within the first ten days.

True. The Aschheim-Zondek test is believed to be almost infallible. This test depends upon the fact that during

pregnancy certain hormones of the pituitary gland are present in the waste fluids of the body in large quantities; these, injected into a mouse, cause a rapid maturing of the animal's egg cells. A few days after the injection, the animal is surgically opened and the ovaries examined. As early as a week after a woman becomes pregnant, this test may be used.

It is dangerous for a woman older than 25 to have a first baby.

False. A higher infant and maternal mortality occurs when mothers are below 20 and over 35. Between these ages, babies may most safely be borne.

In the last months of pregnancy, a doctor can unfailingly tell what sex the baby will be by the fetal heart-beats.

False. No one can predict sex with certainty.

The boy baby is usually more delicate than the girl baby, after

GRETta PALMER, who for five years was the editor of the women's page of the New York *World-Telegram*, now specializes in medical subjects. The American Medical Association has verified the facts in this article.

birth, and less likely to survive his first months.

True. One fifth more boy than girl babies die in their first year.

The size of the baby can be reduced by having the mother control her diet during pregnancy.

False. The most modern opinion is that a mother's diet does not generally affect the size of the baby at birth.

For a mother to drink alcohol during pregnancy is worse for the baby than to do so while she is nursing him.

False. Drinking alcohol while nursing a baby is known to be deleterious to its health; doctors are not in entire agreement as to whether mild drinking, during pregnancy, has any effect on the unborn child.

A seven months' baby has a greater chance of survival than an eight months' baby.

False. The closer a baby is to having reached its full, natural development, the greater its chances to survive.

The first baby is more likely to come before its time than later ones.

False. There is no difference between the first and later babies in this respect.

A mother has more difficulty in labor with a boy baby than with a girl.

True. The boy baby, usually larger, is more difficult to deliver. This is because of his greater size, not because of his sex.

Pregnant women must eat for two.

False. Too much food may add too much weight, and overweight leads to toxemia.

A woman is more likely to have a baby at the menopause than at any earlier period of her life.

False. There are on record only a very few cases in which women who never before have been able to conceive have done so toward the end of the menopause period.

About half of the cases of sterility in marriage are curable.

True. Great advances have been made in this specialty in recent years.

In cases of sterility, it is oftener the woman who is sterile than the man.

True. The sterility in the male is to blame in between 30 and 50 percent of the cases brought to the attention of physicians.

Painless childbirth is now possible for every mother, in her own home, thanks to medical advances in recent months.

False. New methods of painless childbirth can be used only in up-to-date hospitals with trained obstetricians in charge.

If a pregnant woman has a "strange craving" for some food, it is important to go to any lengths to satisfy it, since this expresses a deep physical need.

False. Rarely are any of these cravings for substances missing from the diet; some of them are hysterical whims. In no case is it essential that the article be produced immediately — the next day will do.

18. *Although abortion is illegal, it is far less dangerous to a woman than having a baby.*

False. The death rate from abortions is, in proportion, about ten times as high as that from normal childbirth.

19. *Older women are more likely to bear twins than young ones.*

True. The birth of twins is, for some reason, more likely to happen in the case of women over 35. Blondes also have twins oftener than brunettes.

20. *The sex of a baby is determined at the second of conception.*

True. There are two kinds of sperm - the male-producing and the female-producing kinds. It is pure chance which type unites with the egg cell at the moment of conception.

21. *A mother cannot become pregnant again while she is nursing her baby.*

False. There are many cases on record in which this has occurred.

22. *The prolonged use of contraceptives may make it impossible for a woman ever to have a child.*

False. Unless a woman uses some harsh chemical contraceptive or injurious mechanical contrivance, which damages her tissues, the effect on her fertility is none.

23. *Babies born at yearly intervals to a mother are as likely to live as if there were periods of several years between them.*

False. Where the interval between the births of two babies is less than two years, the infant mortality rate is one and one half times as high as if the children were spaced.

24. *Babies born to parents of mature years are more intelligent than children of very young parents.*

False. Any advantage the child may reap from having maturer parents comes after birth, not before.

25. *A severe shock suffered by a pregnant woman may mark her baby.*

False. The theory of prenatal influence causing marking of the body has been exploded by physicians.

26. *Mother's milk is no better for a baby than a good formula.*

False. Physicians believe that a baby who is nursed has a far better chance for health than the bottle-fed.

27. *The period of a woman's fertility lasts less than 48 hours in any month.*

True. Some doctors say it lasts less than 12 hours.



"Message to Garcia"

AT FORT MEADE, Maryland, an army pigeon named Clarence got his wings stuck with oil, walked ten miles, delivered his message.

Time

There is much that is reassuring in the postwar prospect

'What the Practical Men See Ahead'

Condensed from *Cosmopolitan*

W. M. Kiplinger

WHAT will life be like after the war? You may tell yourself that it is futile to try to foresee the future, and to think and plan for it. But many practical men are at work these days on practical plans. I know these men—businessmen, government men, labor leaders, professional thinkers. They are not dreamers. They are down to earth, and they consider it feasible to make plans ahead.

It is my business to know what these men are thinking, and to figure out the complex forces, and to report the trends for the guidance of practical people. The plain prospect is that the postwar outline holds promise and encouragement.

The trend is toward conservative ways of thinking and doing. That means toward individual initiative, private enterprise, and maintenance of the essentials of what we call "capitalism." It means that the trend in the United States is away from further growth of government dom-

Whose weekly newsletter from Washington analyzing the trend of national affairs, now more than 20 years old, commands an unequalled following among business men.

ination and political management of the economy from some central watchtower. For the past ten years the trend has been toward the left. Now the end of that general trend is arriving. Popular thought runs in styles, and the new style makes much of "incentive." People have rediscovered that private profit is good not merely for itself but mainly because it is a lure to make men work hard, use their ingenuity, and thus produce more—not just for themselves but also for others.

You can see this shift of thinking in the elections. You hear "liberals" discuss the desirability of "cultivating private business." They talk of a lesson already learned from war production—that if you want to get things done on a big scale in a hurry you must get private business to do them. They speak of the breakdown of government controls of the economy from the top, and they admit that no single set of minds at the top of government can attend to all the details of operations far down in the economy, and far out around the country. Such talk is heard

among the people themselves. It is a phenomenon of the grass roots, and it will leave its mark on the policies of *any* postwar administration, regardless of party labels.

The trend will not lead to an extreme conservative reaction. Many of the New Deal reforms will be kept and improved. The postwar spirit will be not a swing back but a pause, and will bring progress toward further reforms at reduced speed rather than the pell-mell rate of the past.

Government will continue to do much regulating of private business, and in the early phases of conversion back to peace, government doubtless will have to do much big-scale financing. But the spirit will be different. It will be a middle course, with more emphasis on private and local effort.

The war is likely to end in 1945. That's a rough consensus. The beating of Germany is supposed to come in 1944, the cleaning up of Japan in 1945. Unlike 1918, there will be a *gradual* conversion of our economy, of our living and working habits, from the strains of war to the normal pursuits of peace. The dawn will come slowly, not rushing.

Releasing men from the services - by degrees - will take at least a year, probably longer. Men who have jobs waiting for them will be discharged first. The army and navy, much bigger than before the war, will keep men with no particular yen to get out. Many will go back to their old jobs, but others will have

acquired new ambitions, new visions, new skills. Absolutely "full employment" is not expected, but it is reasonable to expect "high employment."

A temporary recession in business is expectable for perhaps six months after the end of the war, due to the thousands of readjustments. But it will not be deep or serious. A lot of people will be out of work for a while, but there will be unemployment compensation, and government will make special arrangements with employers to keep a number of people on the payrolls while the shifts are being made. Private business will be raring to go, as soon as it can make necessary adjustments from war production to peace production, and this will cure the slump within the first year of peace.

Thereafter, for five to ten years, the United States will have a period of tremendous activity. The things people are not getting during the war will be in great demand:

Houses, probably a million of them per year for many years. Automobiles. Refrigerators. Electrical appliances. Home furnishings. Railroad equipment, more modern. Consumer articles of every kind.

Construction will be active. Suburban areas will show big expansion. New highways will be built. The electricity industry will grow, for much more power will be needed.

New scientific developments, spurred by war, will hatch miracles - gradually, not all at once: Plastics. Glass

in new uses. Synthetic rubber. Radio improvements, frequency modulation. High-octane gasoline to make small motors powerful. Light metals to make automobiles and many other things lighter. Prefabricated houses. Food-freezing plants will make a new industry extending into every community. Dehydrated foods will compete with canned foods. Artificial silk will compete with natural. Air transport will expand tremendously. More people will own private planes. New automobiles for two or three years will be pretty much the same, but thereafter will come radical improvements.

Farmers will do well, for we will have to do a heavy job of feeding the world for two crop years after war is over. More farm products will be used industrially. There is sure to be a movement back to the land.

As the result of inflation, a world-wide trend, prices of everything will be perhaps 40 or 50 percent above the prewar level. But in America the inflation probably will be controlled — not runaway.

Wages will be higher and unions will acquire more members. Unions will continue powerful in political matters but many union practices will be reformed — some voluntarily, some by federal and state regulation. Collective bargaining will increase, and there will be more bargaining by whole industries.

Public health services will expand and improve. Hospital service will be more plentiful. The number of per-

sons devoting themselves to social services probably will be much greater.

Taxes must continue at high level for many years, regardless of the party in power, to support a public debt of more than 250 billion dollars. But immediately after the war there will be a reduction of certain taxes on business in order to encourage a quick revival of private business, and thus to make private jobs for millions. Consumer taxes will be cut to encourage big home markets.

Much of the world trade will be controlled, directed and financed by governments for a long time after the war. Great stock piles of raw materials, dammed up in many parts of the world by war, will be dribbled out to keep markets from being demoralized. Ocean shipping will be in great demand.

Men will feel the urge to do things to "make money." The urge to make money will force in a thousand ways the making of things for people to use. Businessmen are already redirecting their minds toward bigger production, smaller margin of profit on each unit, satisfactory total profit on the large production, better distribution, more jobs for more people, more mass income in the hands of the buying public, and higher living standards.

Materially it undoubtedly will be a better world to live in — when the war is over. Spiritually it *can* be better . . . *if* we think and work and plan to make it so.

Why, within three years,
Ingrid Bergman has become —

First Lady of Hollywood

BY

DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE



HER DAUGHTER Ingrid was 12 years old when photographer Justus Bergman of Stockholm took her to see her first stage performance. She hadn't ever been to a movie either. When the curtain went up, people like those in her dreams walked out on the stage. Here before her eyes was the incarnation of her solitary daily play with imaginary companions, the adventures she put them through, the speeches she recited for them. The little girl bounded in her seat, pointing with a shameless forefinger. "That's what I want to do," she cried to her father.

In that moment an actress was born — Ingrid Bergman, who today is co-starring opposite Gary Cooper as Maria in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Maria is, in my opinion, the most difficult and the greatest part ever offered a woman on the American screen, and Miss Bergman, after only a handful of pictures, has emerged as the First Lady of Hollywood.

Some put the accent on the "first,"

some on the "lady." It belongs in both places. Ingrid Bergman is not only a great artist but a real and lovable woman.

Art is not always the accepted road to Hollywood stardom. The way for a gal to fill the picture houses, they say, is to be a pouting sweater girl, a luscious pair of legs, a national heat wave, a traffic-stopping beauty. Who else in Hollywood would not have been shorn of her beauty and cramped in her every style by the role of Maria? Yet Ingrid Bergman, with her hair cropped short, without benefit of make-up or change of costume from the shapeless trousers and tattered shirt of a desperate waif of war, can hold packed houses breathless through the three hours of Hemingway's tragedy. It isn't glamour. It isn't just entertainment. It's the kind of performance that you'll tell your children you saw.

Ernest Hemingway himself nominated Miss Bergman as his *only*

choice for Maria. So did Gary Cooper. But in those days half of Hollywood still hadn't caught on. The role was given to Vera Zorina, the lovely dancer; her poor head was crooked, and the company was already on location in the High Sierra before the mistake was realized, and the only possible actress for the role was called in.

Bergman never goes to her own "pre-meers," though she asks for private previews to study in solitude. After she saw *The Bell*, she emerged with tears streaming down her face. "What a great writer Ernest Hemingway is!" she exclaimed.

This girl is so natural and sensible that she has the Hollywood experts baffled. Producers swoon when she protests the expense -- to *them!* -- of her costumes, of retakes or wasted time. She is so simple that it takes the American public to understand her. When the queens of the cinema were presented to Madame Chiang Kai-shek in Hollywood Bowl last spring, they tripped across the stage with all the chic they could muster, each aware that this was the walk-on of a lifetime. Ingrid Bergman, hatless as always, and as always without a jewel on her untinted fingers, stepped forward in low-heeled shoes and a plain gray dress, smiled and shook hands in unaffected friendliness.

Bergman is such a glutton for work that she tires the strongest. Around the studios she holds a record for nearly 200 consecutive

days of grueling effort under the big hot lamps and on difficult location. She went from the filming of *Casablanca* into *The Bell* without one day of intermission. And *The Bell* was filmed in the High Sierra, at 8000 feet. Ingrid was the only person not winded by the climbs. When she made a film for OWI, *Swedes in America*, in Minnesota last winter, everyone else was frostbitten; this daughter of the North exulted in skiing from one location to another.

In Hollywood, Cinderella leaves the studio promptly at 6 p.m. and gets into her pumpkin coach, which she describes as "an old rat-colored coupé that nobody ever looks into," and drives home to a modest five-room apartment that is not listed on the guide map of the movie stars' homes. There she turns into Mrs. Peter Lindstrom, wife of a young Swedish doctor and mother of four-year-old Pia. So well does Mrs. Lindstrom manage the home front that until a few months ago Pia never knew that her mother was a motion-picture actress.

When she has got Pia off to play school in the morning, Mrs. Lindstrom steps into the pumpkin and becomes again Ingrid Bergman, before whom studio gates swing respectfully wide. "I drive over the hill," she says, glowing, "and there below in the early morning light I can see the great studios, and I think to myself how happy and lucky I am. I can't believe it -- all my dreams have come true."

In adolescence those dreams were nearly stifled. Left an orphan, she went to live with relatives who jeered at the shy, stiff girl's ambition to become an actress. To camouflage her rehearsals of scenes from plays, she turned on phonograph records *fortissimo*. "Reciting under the din taught me to concentrate on my part," she explains. She has a phenomenal memory, and is a "quick study."

At 17 Ingrid boldly announced her intention of entering the annual tryouts for scholarships at the Royal Dramatic School in Stockholm. Her uncle let her go, thinking that the best way to teach the girl her place. Tests were held before the actors of the Royal Swedish Theater. Each candidate was to play several scenes, and then to receive an envelope which contained either a dismissal or a summons to return for second tests.

Young Ingrid was barely launched into her first part when the judges called out, "That's enough! Step down, please."

"That," she declares, "was the bitterest moment of my life. I didn't wait for my envelope but raced out and went home. There I locked myself in my room and wept."

Next day the school telephoned to ask why she didn't come in for her second tests. For the judges hadn't had to listen two minutes to know how good she was.

Young students at the Royal Theater were seldom given any parts but walk-ons until they had re-

ceived a thorough training in the art of acting. Ingrid did so well that she was soon in demand for screen work. Yet she never relinquished her classes till she was graduated. And for relaxation from her studies she went to the theater. Accompanying her with increasing frequency was the handsome young medical student, Peter Lindstrom. In 1937 they were married, in her 21st year.

Not long after that, David Selznick saw her in the original, Swedish version of *Intermezzo* in London. Immediately, he sent an emissary to Sweden. That's how, in 1939, Ingrid Bergman found herself sailing up New York harbor. "From the minute I saw the Statue of Liberty, I fell *flat*," she laughs, clapping her hand on the table, "for America." High buildings, uprushing elevators, bright lights, sundae and all American gadgetry delighted her like a child in Toyland.

So did Hollywood's Land of Oz. But she never lost her head. When Selznick assured her that her name would have to be changed to something more glamorous, she retorted: "It's a good name and I like it. If I fail here I can go back to Sweden and still be Ingrid Bergman."

Next the make-up men came at her. Miss Bergman, who has a natural peachblow complexion, put them firmly out of her dressing room. When she uses any make-up at all she applies it herself, as she was trained to do in Sweden. Then the publicity photographers came for

her. They wanted some leg art. In-
genuously she pointed out that she
wasn't a dancer. Would she pose in
some startling evening gowns? No,
she would wear only her own clothes.
She has never permitted her face or
name to be used to advertise any-
thing.

She rarely goes to, and never
gives, Hollywood parties. She likes
to talk to strangers who don't know
who she is, and writes to some who
interest her; one of her constant cor-
respondents is a Minneapolis taxi
driver.

That's the woman -- warm, sim-
ple, human and sincere. But the
actress will not let herself be typed
as such a character. The range of her
power is already the greatest on the
screen -- and she intends to stretch
it. On the stage she was the seduced

servant girl in *Liliom*, the prostitute
in *Anna Christie*. On the screen you
will see her as the brittle Creole ad-
venturess in *Saratoga Trunk*. She will
not choose between stage and
screen; she's going to eat both cakes.
The ambition of her life is to play
Joan of Arc. Ingrid looks remarkably
like the Maid of Orleans, and cer-
tainly she will be the greatest artist
in the role since Sarah Bernhardt.
For though across the screen popular
favorites come and go, the 26 year-
old girl from Stockholm has come
for a long reign, one that will outlast
her own youth and beauty. Uncon-
sciously she testifies to this herself,
her eyes shining with that eagerness
of hers for all things new and strange:
"I can't wait to grow old -- there
will be so many wonderful parts I can
play only then."



A Laugh a Day

IF LAUGHTER could be ordered at the
corner drugstore, any doctor would
prescribe many laughs every day. A
dose of laughter is a combination of
stimuli like that of vitamin tablets plus
the relaxation of bromides. Laughter is
exercise for the diaphragm, which is
neglected in most exercises except deep
breathing.

If you could X-ray yourself when you
laugh, you would see astonishing re-
sults. Your diaphragm goes down, down,
and your lungs expand. You are taking
in more oxygen than usual and that

oxygen passes into the blood exposed
in your lungs. As you laugh, the rate
of exposure to oxygen is doubled or
tripled. A surge of power runs from
head to toes.

"Few people realize that health ac-
tually varies according to the amount
of laughter," says Dr. James J. Walsh
of Fordham University. "So does re-
covery. People who laugh actually live
longer than those who do not laugh.
Possibly the supreme physician of this
day is Mickey Mouse."

—Helen Christine Bennett in *Recreation*

Life in These United States

RECENTLY I was driving along a lonely Louisiana highway which paralleled a railroad. A huge freight locomotive drew abreast of my car and involuntarily, almost as a reflex from my boyhood, I blew the horn and waved. I got a great thrill when I saw a puff of steam from the whistle and then heard a throaty *who-oo-who-oo* accompanied by a hearty wave from both the engineer and the fireman.

Trainmen always wave. On the plains of Kansas or in the green hills of Vermont, you will see this gesture of good will and openhearted friendship. To me it is symbolic of our people — the perfect expression of the American spirit.

— R. L. Fiske

PRIOR to the rationing of gasoline, an old Boston family were persuaded to take a trip to California. Never previously had they considered it worth while to travel farther than Lexington, Concord, Dedham and other Boston suburbs.

When they arrived in Los Angeles, their friends inquired: "By which route did you come to California?" The man turned to his wife and asked, "Darling, didn't we come by way of Dedham?"

— John Homer Miller

A SALESMAN traveling through the mountain section of Arkansas came upon an old fellow, obviously a native, sunning himself on a bench in front of a village store. After exchanging greetings, the salesman inquired: "Don't you people find it hard to obtain the neces-

sities of life up here in this rugged country?"

"We shore do, pardner, and half of it ain't fitten to drink after we get it," replied the native.

— R. M. Whit

RECENTLY a young marine "boot" from Durham, North Carolina, came into my office at the Parris Island marine base. It was the first visit of the boy to a dentist and he gazed fearfully at the shiny equipment. Finally in a low-voiced southern drawl he asked, "Suh, are you a Yankee?" I admitted my Ohio background. Desperately he turned to my hospital corpsman and repeated the question. The corpsman was also from Ohio. Sneaking another quick look at the dental engine the boy volunteered hopefully, "Ah'm a Yankee too."

— L. A. Harry S. Shepherd

MY FATHER was a traveling superintendent for the Methodist Church. It was on a farm in Iowa that he saw the sight which he told Mother convinced him this was the most extraordinary country in the world.

In the kitchen, he saw a farm woman sitting in a rocker. She had some newspapers on her lap and was reading. She had the radio on full blast and was also holding the receiver of a party-line telephone to one ear.

Seeing my dad staring at her, she smiled calmly and said, "I like to keep track of what's going on in the world, Pastor."

— James A. Sanker

THE TRADITIONS of the Old West still live, as I discovered when I went to teach school in southern Nebraska. My pupils came to school on horseback, and spent much time demonstrating their ability to ride. Long after I had become acquainted with most of the families I discovered that two of my best pupils had a little brother. He was just pre-school age, an adorable youngster, and I thought it odd that neither his brother nor sister had ever mentioned him. Finally, I said to the boy, "How does it happen that you never told me you had a little brother at home?"

The boy looked at me in a rather embarrassed manner, scuffed his feet, and answered,

"Aw, teacher, we don't talk about him. He fell off of a horse." —Lulu Log

A FAVORITE subject for debate in the army, navy and marine camps is the age old question as to which of the 48 states is the most glorious in every respect. As the discussion in Barracks 290,

Chanute Field, Illinois, began to lag, one lad from Oklahoma drawled, "Well, fellows, my home state may not have all the gold, silver and radium to be found, but there is one thing to be found in Oklahoma and Oklahoma alone!" The men sat up with renewed interest. With the same slow, lazy voice the Oklahoman continued, "*My home.*" At once the barracks was in complete silence: there was no further ground for argument. —Pfc. Robby Perkins

THE READER'S DIGEST wishes to thank the thousands of readers who have sent material for this department. The volume of contributions is so great that individual acknowledgments are impossible. Many acceptable items, also, must await space in later issues of the magazine. But contributors of each selection used will be notified and will receive payment on publication.

Snapping the Quip

ONE DAY Clare Luce, so the story goes, returned from Congress to find a letter on her desk which, it turned out later, was intended for a Miss Luce in the Sanitation Department. She opened it and read, "There are termites in the President's swimming pool. Please take care of this at once."

Clare read it over, then quipped, "Fourth Termites, I presume!"

—Mary Margaret McBride

GROUCHO MARX grew very restive at a formal dinner given in honor of Heifetz, the violinist. When Heifetz, describing his early struggles, stated that he had earned his own living since he was 12 years old, Groucho interrupted, "What were you before that? A bum?"

—Contributed by Lt. Beirne Lay, Jr.

Life Line

Condensed from Ladies' Home Journal . . . Sarah Lorimer

IT IS DAWN when you first see the barges—square, awkward shapes coasting through the mist, each with its silent cargo. The word spreads through the white hospital ship, motionless in the dead calm of a tropic morning: the boys are coming.

You see them looking up from the closely packed stretchers, and then for an instant you see nothing but your own tears. It is a moment that never hardens into habit. "Don't let them see," someone whispers.

One by one the stretchers come up the side. A youngster with both feet shot off goes by, his knotted face defying pity. Behind him, a boy with a nasty head wound asks for a cigarette. They light it for him.

Next comes a marine, his shoulder trussed in bandages, a grin on his streaked face. His huge frame is gaunt from malarial fever. "Got my room reserved?" he asks.

The man on the front end of the stretcher looks back over his shoulder. "Sure—we got a suite for you." He bumps against the turn onto the deck.

"Take it easy, Joe," the boy says. "Feels like we got a flat somewhere."

Within the wards the task begins—the old, old labor for life. Lieutenant Grace Lally, chief nurse, tells

Here's the human, behind-the-scenes reason for the blunt statistic that of the more than 4000 men nursed on one U. S. hospital ship only seven were lost.

you about it. "No matter how badly wounded he is, every man wants to get his shoes off first. Next, he wants a bath. And somewhere along the way he wants you to admire his beard." A man's beard is his own in a way that seems to include the soul as well as the skin. The shaving orders are there in black and white, but they are easy to forget when the beard owner looks wistfully at you over a proud upswept bristle. Miss Lally is on the side of anything that keeps a man a person and not a statistic.

Although navy regulations direct that "fetch and carry" nursing shall be done by the ship's 200 corpsmen under the supervision of the nurses, in an emergency nurses and corpsmen work side by side until every man is bathed. As skillful hands scrub and bandage and massage, healing begins where it must always begin—in the spirit. Pain is the loneliest of all human experience. To the wounded, no medical science is

more than medicine or science; it's a hand outstretched in the dark.

As the wounded are returned from the operating tables to the wards, Miss Lally goes from bunk to bunk. One boy, his faceswathed in bandages, can only sob, clinging to her hand. It is Anderson, a blond youngster from North Dakota. Half his jaw has been shot away.

"Come on, son," she says, sitting beside him to begin the delicate task of feeding through the tube in his throat. "It's not so bad. We've got a new jaw for you. A pretty handsome one, too. All the beauty experts aren't in Hollywood -- we've got a lot of them in the navy. You'll see."

He did see; and so did Miss Lally when, weeks later, the ship lay in harbor alongside a transport on which convalescent boys were being sent home.

"Hello, Miss Lally!"

A young man, newly and beautifully bearded, stood below, his arm shading his eyes as he looked up.

"You remember me, don't you, Miss Lally? I'm Anderson!"

A man's morale is in his face. That's why plastic surgery is one of science's most potent alchemies. If a man can look like himself, he feels like himself; and if he feels like himself, he feels fine.

In the South Pacific, the hospital ship's voyages are short -- two to five days. The first night, still close to the tension and anguish of the war zone, few of the wounded can sleep. Sedatives are used to release the taut

springs of consciousness. But during the rest of the trip, quiet and food and baths and fresh bandages and, above all, someone to tell it to, over and over again, exorcise one by one the demons of the past.

The ship carries a library, and magazines are read to shreds, the shreds carefully preserved for the next comers. The boys devour the books -- especially western stories and mysteries. Newspapers they never read, unless there is a story about "the other team" -- which means the boys in North Africa. They don't think much about plans for the postwar world, either. "Today is so big," Miss Lally says. "It uses a man up. Someone else has to do the thinking about tomorrow."

Lying in his bunk, he thinks about home where, somehow, his other self is held in trust for his return.

"Listen, Miss Lally, you know what I wish I had? A horse. I got a horse back home. Boy, can he buck! I mind the last time my brother tried him -- he says, 'Well, guess I'll take him out,' and the next time I looked there he sat with a bust rib."

"Know what my favorite cake is, Miss Lally? Angel cake. We used to have it Sundays, with chocolate ice cream on top."

Even a navy nurse can't conjure up a horse that bucks, but an angel cake is different. Miss Lally marched to the galley. That boy had his cake, and so did a lot of other people.

Brotherhood has its special mean-

ing on a hospital ship. Sometimes it means discovery of a neighbor. Walls separating nations become so thin that the light shines through. Miss Lally remembers the time an Australian boy made his own discovery of America. Tied to his bunk was a soggy tea bag, already well used.

"Don't make off with that, Miss Lally," he begged. "I'm taking it home to my people. I want to show 'em what you Yanks do with tea."

Or perhaps it means discovery of a faith. The ship's chaplains are known to the boys as the "port chaplain" and the "starboard chaplain." Which is which doesn't matter; the significant thing is that they're there in any gale and that they have helped many a boy who never before had felt the need of any strength but his own.

Miss Lally outlines for her unit her own design for living in the service of the wounded, which many might remember with profit: "Everybody share -- everybody smile, no matter what your heart feels like. Settle your differences in your own room [there are two girls to a room] and the loser come out with a smile! That's the hardest, and the most important."

The officers of the ship call the nurses' quarters the "holy of holies," because their only association with the nurses is by invitation there -- in a group. "Pairing off" is forbidden at all times.

"We have aboard 13 women and several hundred men," Miss Lally

explains. "Every man misses the companionship of women; but according to navy etiquette, only the officers may associate with the nurses, all of whom are commissioned. It seemed to me that dating and pairing off would make for discontent, so we have none of it. Our social life consists of occasional group parties."

After 17 months at sea, Miss Lally's latest term of service, she is hungry for the gardens and lanes and firm green hills of her native Pennsylvania. But one thing means even more to her than home: her ship's triumph in the unceasing battle to save lives. Of the more than 4000 men nursed on the ship since last August, only seven were lost. Only the doctors and nurses who battled death through the dark hours know what those figures mean in testimony to the will of the human spirit not only to survive but to aid survival. Only the wounded man, clinging to hope through the dark veil of pain, can know how faith stood at the shoulder of science, and both pulled him through.

In the ship's library there is a frayed copy of the Book of Psalms, in which a passage has been underlined. Many have read it. Many, believing it, have won its promise:

If I go down to hell, Thou art there also.

If I take the wings of the morning, and remain in the uttermost parts of the sea;

Even there also shall Thy hand lead me.

Unskilled Workers: \$214 a Month

By *Albert J. Engel** . . . Member of Congress from Michigan

WE ARE making war on inflation everywhere except at the spot where it starts. It starts at the point where the government pours money into the cash drawer of the makers of war goods. If not checked there, it will be extremely difficult to check elsewhere.

I am a member of the House committee which looks after War Department appropriations. I believe it to be my duty not merely to provide funds for this war but to see what is being done with them. To find out why a 30-ton tank costs \$90,000 and a 105-mm. gun costs \$21,000, I have visited 47 war plants, interviewing personnel and inspecting books.

What I saw has made it abundantly clear to me why our war is costing so much and why inflation is on the march. The story of inflation is to be found in the payrolls of our war factories. The figures I use here are not figures I got from a fellow who got them from another fellow. I have certified copies of the actual payrolls.

When you look at a payroll you see names, wages and occupations — welders, drillers, filers, assemblers, and so on. This looks like highly

skilled labor. But when you go into the plant and see and talk with the people at the drills and machines, you find out that a lot of it is not skilled at all. Workers who are really skilled should get high wages; but in our war plants excessive wages are being paid to people with little or no skill.

Many plants have training courses where they turn a housewife or a youthful cornhusker into a welder or driller or even an "electrician" in a couple of weeks or a month. Here is an advertisement which has been put into many newspapers by the U. S. Employment Service — government-operated — and which tells its own story. It is topped by the picture of a beautiful girl. Then follows:

This is Louise Blank, Badge No.—, who won beauty contests before the war. Now she is helping to win the war by welding on Liberty ships in the Richmond shipyards. Changing over from a housewife to a welder has left her smile intact.

Then comes the meat in the coconut:

You can do what Louise is doing! We will train you to weld and pay you at the rate of \$214 a month *during the short training period*. Soon you'll be equipped with knowledge

* Mr. Engel is donating the payment he received for this article to army welfare purposes.

that will win you pay up to \$270 a month.

Is it hard work? Can a frail woman handle a heavy welding torch? Another government ad shows a smiling girl in evening clothes, who says:

I find my work no harder than a good day's housekeeping. My welding torch weighs only one pound. I earn \$270 a month. There's a job like that waiting for you.

If she or he works on the swing (or early night) shift there is a 10 percent wage increase; on the graveyard or late night shift the addition is 15 percent. Translated into weekly earnings this means that an 18-year-old girl just out of high school or a grocery clerk can get \$49.28 a week while learning and then soon earn \$62.30 regular weekly pay, \$68.50 on the swing shift or \$71.60 on the graveyard shift. Wages suitable for highly skilled artisans who have spent years learning their trades are being paid to people for work which they can do after a few weeks' training on a one-purpose machine tool.

Machine-gun assembler! That sounds like a very skillful occupation. But a buck private in a machine-gun outfit must know how to knock down and reassemble a machine gun to the smallest part — *and do it blindfolded*. Pay: \$50 a month, board and lodging. But here in a war plant a man gets from \$4700 to \$8741 a year for the same work — minus the risk. If Lieutenant General Brehon Somervell, who heads the whole sup-

ply division of the army, were to throw up his job and take to gun assembling, he could get a pay raise of \$241. He gets only \$8500.

These rates, so far as I can learn, are not union rates. I found plants paying twice the union rates. I asked about this. I was told those rates were "obsolete."

In one plant I took the names of 25 filers on machine guns. These men are now getting from \$4200 to \$8004 a year. I compared their earnings in 1941 and 1942. In 1941 they earned collectively \$87,000. In 1942 they got \$171,000 — just about double. I found similar conditions elsewhere.

Totally unskilled workers are also getting fat pay checks. One elderly gentleman told me, "I am 67 years old. I was a pensioner at 40 bucks a month. Now I am a sweeper in the factory at 40 bucks a week. Easy money, eh?" In one plant I found two elevator men getting more than \$60 a week. A janitor in one plant was getting \$61 a week — more than some of the lower-bracket engineers. Another advertisement of the U. S. Employment Service reads: "Dishwashers, waiters and kitchen men. Wages \$250 a month, board and lodging. Olympic Commissary."

There is no special skill required of a stock chaser. It is the kind of work for which industrial plants pay from \$25 to \$35 a week. Yet I found stock chasers getting \$201 a month with \$283 overtime. *Total: \$484 a month — \$5808 a year*. I found another plant where the average pay

of the whole plant is \$5100 a year with big Christmas bonuses in addition.

All this not only adds to the cost of the war, but it is bad for morale. The people who work in these war plants at these high wages live next door to people who still hold down jobs in civilian plants at very little above the old levels. What is going on in the minds of people who are getting the old wages, now frozen? In the mind, for instance, of a girl getting \$18 or \$25 in a store while one of her former fellow saleswomen gets \$67 a week?

The mistake we made was to let wages get outrageously out of balance before we froze them. For instance, the 15 nonoperating railroad and steamship brotherhoods — clerks, station and express employees — say bitterly that they have gotten no raise at all since the war, that their wages are frozen at prewar levels and they have agreed not to strike. Our government gets piously

indignant at coal miners who must work hard at a highly skilled and dangerous occupation to earn \$40 a week while that same government offers \$250 a month, board and lodging to dishwashers, and pays girls \$55.80 a week to learn how to mend shoes at a government arsenal. The government cannot create these wide differences in wages and expect the people to like it.

The flood of excessive wages in our war plants is creating a vast excess of purchasing power, putting a pressure on prices which OPA seems powerless to control. This results in inflation. At the same time, excessive costs force the government to engage in excessive borrowing, which is also inflationary. This situation is extremely dangerous.

The Administration and the leaders in business and in labor must rise to the heights of the highest courage, bring the whole menacing spiral to a halt, and then seek as quickly as possible to revise it.



Want Ads in Reverse

❖ **TOOLMAKER** desires connection with an intelligent employer; must give names of former employes of past ten years as references.

— *Newark Evening News*

❖ **FARMHAND WANTED** — No work to do; must be able to sit in rocking chair on cool, south porch and come to meals unassisted.

— *Kansas City Times*

Q The oft-told story of the conquest of yellow fever omits the most exciting chapter

CARLOS FINLAY

The Americas' Forgotten Pasteur

Condensed from *The Catholic World* . . . *Lois Mattox Miller*

YELLOW FEVER, curse of the New World from immemorial times, was as great a mystery, as terrible a killer, in the year 1900 as it had been centuries before when the early Spaniards fell victims to "el vomito negro." Dread of yellow jack impeded the development of the American tropics and even cities as far north as Quebec had known the horrors and panic of epidemics. That summer Havana was in the throes of the worst outbreak in 20 years.

One day men were healthy; the next, burning with fever, yellowing, racked with pain. Then came the dreadful nausea and the vomiting of black blood. Death took heavy toll, while the doctors looked on, helpless.

Brilliant doctors, too. In June 1900, the U. S. Army had sent a special board headed by Major Walter Reed to investigate the cause of yellow fever. After months of frustration, the board, desperately determining to leave no stone unturned, went to see a Cuban doctor who didn't have much of a practice and spent most of his time fussing in a little shack in his back yard — an old

fellow with white mutton-chop whiskers and a bad stammer. He was rather a laughingstock among scientific men. He had, it seemed, a theory.

The kindly old physician received the distinguished Major Reed and his associates with grave courtesy, and handed Reed a little porcelain soap dish containing a tiny mess of rubbery black specks.

"These are the eggs of the common mosquito," said Dr. Carlos Finlay. "Put water in the dish and hatch the mosquitoes. Let them bite yellow fever patients, and then a little later bite others who are well and strong. That will be the end of your yellow fever mystery."

The outcome is history. Within two months, Major Reed's daring experiments had proved Finlay right. Within five months, Finlay's recommendations for mosquito control had stamped out yellow fever in Havana. And thus was set the pattern for the work which ever since has rid the Americas of the deadly peril.

Carlos Finlay was born in Cuba in 1833, the son of a young English doc-

tor and his beautiful French wife. During his boyhood he suffered a series of illnesses including a severe nerve disorder which left him with a permanent speech impediment. At 18 he entered the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia. There he studied under those great physicians and teachers, Dr. John Kearsley Mitchell and his son, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. From them he learned the philosophy of research -- dogged, tireless fact-finding.

After receiving his medical degree in 1855, Carlos Finlay practiced in Havana, studied in Lima and Paris, and married Adela Shine, a lovely, poetic, deeply religious Irish girl from Port of Spain. In 1865, he dropped most of his practice to begin his real work: medical research.

There were plenty of pressing health problems in Havana to challenge his talents: cholera and typhoid from polluted drinking water; infantile tetanus, which he stopped by warning against the practice of putting cobwebs on the navels of newborn children; glanders, which he wiped out by inducing people not to stable their horses and cows in the house. But the worst problem by far was yellow fever, which always killed at least half of its victims.

Sweeping aside all the current theories -- little better than superstitions -- Carlos Finlay made a fresh start. He noted that the disease was most prevalent in the lowlands and seaports of Cuba, Mexico and Brazil. This might be a clue. Still, occasion-

ally there were severe outbreaks in cities far north and south of the tropical zone; New York had suffered 23 severe epidemics, and Philadelphia 25.

As early as 1879, the United States Government sent the first yellow fever commission to Havana and Dr. Carlos Finlay was appointed by the Spanish governor general to cooperate. The commission accomplished little, but in departing, the doctors left with Dr. Finlay a collection of photomicrographs of blood specimens taken from yellow fever victims. These proved to be the turning point in Finlay's tireless work.

Poring over the photomicrographs, Dr. Finlay arrived at the conclusion that yellow fever *might* be transmitted by inoculation -- by withdrawing infection from the veins of a victim and injecting it in the veins of another person. But what instrument would be delicate enough to do it and still escape the notice of victims and medical men alike?

This was the point at which Dr. Finlay's suspicion lighted on the mosquito. Certainly the mosquito flew from person to person; certainly nobody paid much attention to a mosquito bite. Here was a stealthy, winged hypodermic needle, more delicate than any made by man. But was it guilty?

Dr. Finlay built a laboratory in his back yard, and began to catch and classify mosquitoes. At last by tireless observation and reasoning, he built up a mountain of circum-

stantial evidence against the common house mosquito.

Studying past epidemics, he found that the disease was rampant in Havana when the temperature ranged between 78 and 86 degrees — temperatures at which mosquitoes are most active. Epidemics in New Orleans and Rio de Janeiro had ceased mysteriously when the thermometer fell below 64 degrees — a temperature at which the mosquito is benumbed and rendered harmless. Yellow fever was rare or entirely unknown at altitudes above 4000 feet. At such heights, he noted, mosquitoes seldom exist.

Dr. Finlay announced his theory before the Washington International Sanitary Conference on February 18, 1881. He caused a sensation, then quickly became the laughingstock of the scientific world. Carlos Finlay was called the "mosquito doctor," a "crackpot." He returned to Cuba, saddened but undaunted, and doggedly continued his investigation.

He not only learned more about mosquitoes than any other man alive, but he mapped out plans for exterminating the pests from large areas. Knowing that victims recovered from yellow fever are immune, he developed an experimental serum. During 1893 he inoculated 13 Spanish soldiers attached to the Havana garrison. Although yellow fever later broke out many times in the regiment, none of the 13 soldiers had contracted the disease by 1895, when his experiments in immunization

were terminated by the Cuban Revolution.

During the Spanish-American War American soldiers in Havana succumbed to yellow jack like flies. At General Leonard Wood's headquarters, the men kept sulphur candles burning on their desks, but in vain. In the officers' mess glasses were raised to the grim toast: "Here's to those who have gone; here's to the next to go."

That was when the U. S. Army rushed the Yellow Fever Board to Havana — Walter Reed and his associates, Drs. James Carroll, Aristides Agramonte and Jesse Lazear.

After almost 20 years, Carlos Finlay's theory was to be put to a test such as he had never been able to make. Mosquitoes that had drunk their fill of the blood of yellow fever patients would be permitted to bite healthy volunteers who were willing to gamble against a possibly fatal dose of the disease! While Reed was away on summons from Washington, seven American soldiers, including Dr. Jesse Lazear, and a Dr. Pinto allowed themselves to be bitten by presumably infected mosquitoes. Days passed, but none of the men developed fever.

Dr. Lazear insisted that the search go on. Dr. Carroll scoffed at the whole idea, and insisted that he be inoculated. Within a few days he came down with an attack of the disease and nearly died. Then, at last, one of the soldiers collapsed with yellow fever. In the laboratory

a stray mosquito alighted on Dr. Lazear's hand. He started to brush it away. Something made him pause. The mosquito plunged its stinger into his flesh. On September 25, 1900, Dr. Jesse Lazear died of yellow fever.

Reed returned from Washington and whipped the research forward with greater fury. How was it that of nine men purposely bitten by infected mosquitoes seven had remained well and two had contracted the disease? Why had Lazear escaped infection during the experiment and then succumbed to a second encounter with the insect?

In the pocket of Jesse Lazear's old service blouse Reed found the answer to his questions: a sheaf of notes in which the brave doctor had kept a meticulous record of each case. By carefully timing each step in the experiments, Lazear had made it clear that: (1) the mosquito could become infected only if it fed upon a patient within the first three or four days of his fever; and (2) the mosquito could transmit yellow fever only after the infection had incubated in its body for another seven to ten days!

Then came the brilliant experiments, climax of the long battle.

At Camp Lazear, set up near Havana in honor of the project's first martyr, a special room was designed with a partition of fine screening down the middle. On each side soldier-volunteers took their places to live for the duration of the tests.

Into one side the doctors loosed their infected mosquitoes. The occupants were bitten, and soon developed yellow fever. The men on the other side of the screen, breathing the same air but protected from mosquitoes, remained well.

Soon the doctors were producing experimental yellow fever at will. Each trial produced irrefutable evidence that Carlos Finlay had been right all along. Yellow fever was transmitted from person to person by the mosquito bite alone!

Now the sanitation program outlined by Carlos Finlay was rigidly enforced in Havana. Finlay became head of the Cuban Commission of Hygiene, a member of the National Board of Health, and later chief sanitary officer of Cuba. His ideas were adopted by sanitation officers throughout the world and particularly in tropical America. The peril of yellow fever was expelled at last from its ancient strongholds.

Finlay's lifework was finished. In 1909 he resigned from public office and retired. His health was failing, and the speech impediment had become an impossible stuttering. In August 1915, after six failing years, Carlos Finlay died.

The conquest of yellow jack was applauded round the world. The names of Walter Reed, William Gorgas and Jesse Lazear were already enshrined in glory which they well deserve. But Dr. Carlos Finlay was left shamefully unrecognized — the Americas' forgotten Pasteur.

1. In this "Quartermaster's war," American research specialists have achieved a military triumph

What Ingenuity Has Done for Private Jones

Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly

Harland Manchester

NO MATTER how hot it gets this summer in Lawrence, Massachusetts, a group of soldiers clad for the Arctic will be slogging up a hill in that city at 60 below zero in the teeth of a 30-mile gale. The hill is a treadmill, and the gale is furnished by a blower in the huge cold chamber of the Quartermaster Corps's climatic laboratory where the Corps conducts tests of newly designed clothing, food, shelter and equipment destined for fighting fronts all over the world. At meal-time they unstrap their packs, light their pocket gasoline stoves, prepare their food. At night they set up shelter tents and crawl into sleeping bags.

When they emerge, the men — all volunteers — are given complete physical examinations and questioned on their general comfort and morale. Experts in charge then decide whether a new parka is sufficiently windproof, which bird produces the warmest down for padding a sleeping bag, how long it takes to set up a tent when your fingers are numb, and what kind of clothes will give a man freedom of move-

ment in battle and at the same time keep him warm.

On another day, you might find a squad of "guinea pigs" marching over a simulated desert with the thermometer standing at 120 degrees and a hot wind blowing sand in their faces. Or they may be drenched in a tropical deluge while they test raincoats or ponchos. In another laboratory, at Fort Knox, Kentucky, a tank is baked by an artificial desert sun while a sweltering crew works inside. By such research, experts of the Quartermaster Corps have quietly wrought a revolution in preparing the soldiers for modern war.

Pearl Harbor found us clinging to the standards of 1918, equipped only "to fight in Maine in summer and Florida in winter." But even in the rush to develop new battle gear, substitutes had to be found for many strategic materials. Moreover, weight and bulk of equipment had to be reduced to a minimum both to lighten the soldier's burden and to save shipping space.

This was the monumental task which confronted Quartermaster General E. B. Gregory when he es-

tablished a Research and Development Branch late in 1941. To head the Branch he called in Colonel Georges F. Doriot, manufacturer and former professor at the Harvard Business School. Colonel Doriot quickly surrounded himself with men of practical experience in the manufacture of clothing, plastics, chemicals, processed foods, and other needed materials. He also called in experts who had learned how to live in desert, jungle and Arctic. Major Paul Siple, for example, veteran of three Byrd expeditions, heads a group which maps the climates of present and future battle fronts. Their maps show at a glance the kind of food, clothing and sleeping gear needed at any spot on the globe.

The spearhead of the Research and Development Branch is the Special Forces Section, made up of a veritable *Who's Who* of explorers, mountaineers and world travelers. Sir Hubert Wilkins; Bradford Washburn, mountaineer; Earl Hanson, explorer and writer; James H. Breasted, Jr., Egyptologist; Earl Hardenbrooke, familiar with the back reaches of Asia; and many others. Louis Bean of Maine, outfitter to thousands of sportsmen, contributes his practical knowledge of outdoor gear and equipment.

About half the Special Forces men are regularly in the field, testing equipment on actual fighting fronts from the tropics to the Arctic. Such tests have brought about many improvements. In place of outer gar-

ments of sheepskin or wool weighing as much as 30 pounds, a serious drawback to agility, Sir Hubert Wilkins and Dr. Vilhjalmur Stefansson helped design "pile garments," which have windproof outer shells and insulation of alpaca or other light fibrous material, and weigh only 15 pounds.

The pile garments proved so successful that we are now supplying them to the Russians as well as to our own men. They are so much warmer than our troops, and our Russian allies, can now fight at low temperatures that once forced them to den up. The outer shells are reversible - white on one side and dark green on the other. When spring comes, the men change color to reduce their visibility. When it is warm, they simply peel off a layer instead of having to be re-equipped with summer clothes.

The old sleeping bag, which weighed 18 pounds, has been junked for a form-fitting, zippered bag stuffed with down, which weighs only 5½ pounds and takes up one third as much room when folded. The old pocket gasoline cooker weighed two pounds, had 13 separate parts, and got clogged easily. The new one weighs one pound, is all in one piece, and has a self-cleaning device. A two-man arctic tent, reversible for camouflage, weighs only seven pounds, poles included, and has proved strong enough to ride out a hundred-mile gale on the crest of Mount Washington.

Scores of manufacturers stand

ready to develop improved articles called for by the Special Forces Section. Complaints came from the South Pacific that shoes fell apart after a short time in the wet jungle. The research men found that only rubber and canvas would survive the dampness and mildew. Accordingly, the United States Rubber Company produced a boot with thick rubber soles,

cleats to prevent slipping, duck insoles for comfort, rot-proof nylon strings, and stout canvas uppers running halfway to the knee for protection against brambles and insects. These boots are two pounds lighter than the old leather shoes, and wear five times as long in the jungle.

Later, rubber also replaced leather soles for desert warfare. It was found that leather soles conducted heat from the scorching ground, and that their hobnails struck sparks from the rocks and drew enemy fire at night. The new boot has a full rubber sole and heel, and wears about twice as long as leather.

The research group has introduced many other changes. Army underwear, traditionally white, was helping enemy fliers spot our detachments by their washlines. Now fast dyes camouflage underwear and even handkerchiefs. Tropical shorts were abandoned because mosquito bites on exposed legs may result in malaria, and scratches and barked shins sometimes develop into tropical ulcers which go through to the bone. So now combat troops are fully covered.

One of the neatest devices to emerge from the war is the jungle hammock. Made of thin, strong fabric, it has a false bottom which protects the occupant from insects. On its under side are loops where the soldier may hang his rifle and rations, to keep them safe from ground dampness and vermin. The hammock has a gabled roof of featherweight, waterproofed fabric, and a mosquito netting. The whole thing rolls up in a small bundle weighing only six pounds.

Mildew, bane of housewives everywhere in humid weather, used to destroy fabrics very quickly in the fetid jungles. Last October Dr. Willard Dow of the Dow Chemical Company, a member of the research group's advisory board, came forward with a mildew inhibitor which proofs the jungle hammock and a score of other standard items against the fabric-eating fungus. This discovery may prove a tremendous boon to civilians after the war.

New chemical compounds also protect the soldier in the tropics from sunburn, microbes and insects. There is a "chapstick," designed like a lip-stick, and a special face cream to filter out the sun's burning ultraviolet rays. To be sure his water is fit to drink, the soldier drops one chemical pellet in his canteen to kill the microbes, then drops in another to take away the chemical taste. Researchers like Dr. Philip Granett of Rutgers were bitten by half a million mosquitoes in testing new insect repel-

lents, and now our tropical troops are smearing themselves with a repellent which lasts longer and is harmless to the skin.

A highly efficient new liquid insecticide, which becomes a gas when released from its handy container, will kill in a few seconds all mosquitoes and flies in a barracks room, tent or airplane.

In World War I, troops were marched miles to "delousing plants." Their clothes were disinfected by steam, to emerge misshapen and bedraggled. Now two or three men pile their clothes into an airtight canvas bag along with a glass ampule of methyl bromide. They secure the top, step on the ampule, and the gas kills the lice.

Individual cellophane capes have been developed for protection against gas attack. The cape is a roomy envelope sealed at sides and top, and if the enemy launches an attack of skin-burning gas, the soldier can slip it on in five seconds. If he is driving a jeep, he pulls the cape over the wheel and proceeds. When the air clears, the capes are thrown away and new ones are issued.

To solve the problem of river crossings, each jungle fighter now carries in his pocket two "flotation bladders" — small rubber-lined envelopes equipped with tubes of gas to blow them up. It takes half a minute to inflate them and button them inside the jacket, and they provide enough lift to support the soldier and his kit. To protect his

rifle he slips over it an envelope of tough, plastic film. The trapped air gives the weapon buoyance; and if he meets a Jap on the other bank, he can shoot through the envelope.

It frequently turns out that a new article made of substitute materials has superior merits. Nylon ponchos, waterproofed with synthetic resins, are not only lighter than the old rubberized ponchos but when buttoned together make a two-man tent far more rainproof than the much-cursed canvas "shelter-half" of World War I. A featherweight plastic canteen is so strong you can jump on it; it emits no metallic clank to betray a man's position, and since the plastic is a poor heat conductor, it doesn't burn a man's hands when filled with hot coffee. By such substitutions a handful of men working at desks have saved 150,000,000 pounds of rubber, or about one eighth of our prewar consumption; enough aluminum to build 10,000 light bombers; and comparable quantities of tin, hemp and steel.

Perhaps the most spectacular job of the Quartermaster Corps is the provision of nutritious, compact, appetizing rations for troops under all conditions. Complete meals wrapped in immersion-proof, indestructible packages have been designed for various climates. The mountain ration, for example, can be submerged in water all day or left for a month at 60° below zero; and in no more time than it takes to boil water it provides hot meals which include fruit, ce-

icals, soup, meat, vegetables and coffee. Cigarettes and candy are included in each package.

The farther a soldier advances toward the firing line, the lighter and more concentrated his rations become. The "K" ration — the most compact of the lot — is composed of three cellophane-wrapped packages of pocket size, labeled "Breakfast," "Dinner" and "Supper." It weighs only about 2½ pounds. A man may have ham and eggs and coffee for breakfast, cheese sandwiches and lemonade at noon, and at night a cup of bouillon and one of eight varieties of meat. These pocket meals are used as emergency rations for troops on

their own, but tests indicate that men could live on them indefinitely without getting malnutrition ailments. Military men say that this light ration more than doubles the effective fighting range of an independent detachment.

It was Nazi General Ravenstein who remarked that "blitzkrieg is paradise for the tactician but hell for the quartermaster." Yet by cramming years of research, invention and adaptation into a brief 18 months, this hard-working group of army and civilian specialists has made Private Jones, U. S. Army, the best-clothed, best-fed and best-conditioned soldier in the history of warfare.



That's the Spirit

☛ DURING the Battle of the Solomons, a Jap shell hit an American battleship and sent a seaman skidding down the deck. He got up rubbing his backside, shook his fist and yelled: "You blank-blanks! Them was my clean pants!" — Sidney Shalett, *Old Nameless* (Appleton-Century)

☛ AFTER bailing out of a burning plane, Lieutenant John C. Kelly wandered for two days in the desert before finding his airport. Once he encountered some Italian soldiers. "I just went on by," he explained, "carrying my 'chute and hoping they'd think I was a clothes salesman."

— John O'Reilly in N. Y. *Herald Tribune*

☛ IN MID-ATLANTIC, when an American merchantman was torpedoed, the German submarine captain demanded of a lifeboat crew, "What's the name of your ship?" Quick as a flash, a sailor shouted back: "She's the S.S. Bunchabananas!"

— *The Christian Science Monitor*

☛ IN NORTH AFRICA, a doughboy of the hillbilly type came down a hill flourishing a bayonet with two German prisoners in front of him. He turned the Germans over to his sergeant, saying, with a tobacco-patch twang: "Iley, Sarge, here are two of Hitler's supermen for yuh."

— Ernie Pyle

The True Story of the Devil and Little Eva

Condensed from *The Rotarian*

Fulton Oursler

HARRY BLACKSTONE, the magician, had lost his stage assistant in Minneapolis and could find only a hulking farm hand to replace him.

But his role was simple. Dressed as the devil, he would be shut inside a cabinet. Blackstone would fire a pistol and open the doors, to find the devil gone. After Blackstone in mock dismay had called for him three times, the devil was to come bounding down the aisle toward the stage, crying, "Here I am." It was done, of course, by trap doors and by mirrors that blocked the audience's view of the seemingly open space under the cabinet.

All morning the magician and his farm hand helper rehearsed the motions, including running from the basement out to the side alley, thence to the sidewalk, into the lobby, and then the final sprint down the theater aisle.

That night the moment arrived for the famous "Flight of Satan," as it was called on the colored posters. The farm hand, bulging in tights too small for him, covered with a crimson cloak, and sprouting horns, cloven hooves and tail, clambered into the magic box. The doors were closed and Blackstone fired the shot. He



opened the doors and breathed a sigh of relief. The cabinet was empty, the trap door properly closed.

"Where is the devil?" called the conjurer.

Silence.

"Where in the devil is the devil?"

Silence.

"Where in hell is the devil?" shouted Blackstone, looking expectantly down the aisle.

Silence.

Meanwhile, the farm hand in his Mephistophelian garments, upon reaching the sidewalk, had been halted by a policeman. Though it took time to explain, the officer was convinced. But then the lobby doorkeeper refused to let him in. The situation being desperate, the devil hit the doorkeeper on the jaw, and dashed into the theater. Late as he was, he did not wait for a cue, but bounded down the aisle, shouting: "Here I am!"

But he was in the wrong theater. In fact, up on the stage, Little Eva was just about to be taken off to heaven by a group of white and gold angels.

They still talk about it in Minneapolis.

61 General Giraud was captured by the Germans in the last war and again in this one—and escaped both times

Giraud's Brilliant Escape from a Nazi Prison

BY FREDERICK C. PAINTON



ON MAY 10, 1940, German infantry flowed out of the woods near Le Catelet, France, and surrounded a French machine-gun nest. After the emplacement had been pulverized by mortar fire, the German officer called on the survivors to surrender. To his amazement, among them appeared a six-foot, gray-mustached man with the five stars of a general on his kepi. For the second time in 25 years Henri Honoré Giraud was a German prisoner of war.

It was a bitter humiliation for a man whose career had just reached its peak. Giraud had been an outstanding officer ever since 1898, when he made a brilliant record at St. Cyr military school. But ill luck followed him into battle. In the first World War, Giraud, then a captain, was wounded while leading a Zouave bayonet charge at Charleroi and left for dead on the field. The Germans captured him and placed him in a prison camp in Belgium. Even before his wounds healed he managed to escape. He pretended to be a Belgian, and got a job as a circus roustabout with a traveling show.

When the show reached Brussels he enlisted the aid of Nurse Edith Cavell, who got him into Holland. From there he made his way to England. Although permanently lamed by his wounds, he finally rejoined his regiment in France.

During the peace years he served with distinction in Africa and as governor of Metz. He also taught at the École de Guerre, where one of his students was a Captain Charles de Gaulle. Then came the second war and he was made commander-in-chief of the Allied forces before Laon. When the Germans broke out of the Ardennes forest, he rushed to the front to see how the tide might be stemmed. Thus, while on reconnaissance, he had been caught in a forward machine-gun nest.

Giraud had escaped before, yes. But now he was 61. It needed youth to escape. Nevertheless he refused to give his word not to make the attempt. He was taken to the frowning fortress of Königstein, perched on a sheer cliff 150 feet high, with every entrance double-guarded and a sentry walk where guards passed every ten minutes.

Immediately Giraud began to scheme for escape. He practiced his German until he could speak it without an accent. He obtained a map of the surrounding country, and memorized every contour. With the twine from packages sent to him he patiently wove a rope that would support his 200 pounds. When it proved not strong enough, friends from France sent him 150 feet of copper wire in an adroitly prepared ham. He was allowed, of course, to write letters; his jailers did not know that an invalid prisoner, who had been repatriated, had conveyed a code to the General's wife. Using this, in the form of seemingly innocent letters, he sent out details of his plan bit by bit. This took all the rest of 1940 and 1941.

He had only a French general's undress blue uniform to wear, but his raincoat could pass for a civilian garment. Presently, among the packages arriving for him was another luscious ham. If the Germans had looked inside it, they would have found a gay Tyrolean hat.

On the morning of April 17, 1942, Henri Giraud stood on the balcony looking out over the sentry walk. Tied to his waist was a package containing chocolate, biscuits, the Tyrolean hat and the raincoat. When the guard had passed, the General knotted his home-made rope to the balustrade, and started his 150-foot descent. He wore gloves, but even so the skin was chafed from his hands. He had put his wedding ring in his

watch pocket; the rope burned through the cloth, and it dropped to be lost forever in the rocks below. His old wounds gave him agonizing pain, but at last he reached the ground safely.

He limped to the cover of some trees, shaved off his mustache, and put on the Tyrolean hat and the raincoat. Two hours later he reached a bridge at Schandau, five miles away. Calmly he leaned against the parapet and ate the lunch from his pack. There at one o'clock, exactly according to plan, a lean young man carrying a suitcase and a hat in the same hand strolled toward Giraud. This was the pre-arranged signal. The young man had been sent by friends.

Giraud and the young man went to the railroad station, boarded the first train that came along, and went into a lavatory. There Giraud opened the suitcase and found his own Paris clothes. There were also identity papers bearing the name of an industrialist and a photograph that looked like him — without his mustache — and money. A few minutes later a grave, distinguished-looking businessman emerged from the lavatory.

Now Giraud put into operation part two of his escape plan. The alarm was out and the frontier guards alert. He could hope to avoid arrest only by traveling continuously on trains until the uproar died away. So now began a week-long hegira by railroad through Germany.

Once, near Stuttgart, Gestapo agents began working through the train, verifying heights against the passengers' identity cards. Giraud's six feet could not be disguised. But he happened to be seated opposite a young *oberleutnant* of the *Afrika Korps*. He smiled at the lieutenant and remarked that he, too, had spent much time in Africa. The German dropped his magazine, delighted to find someone who knew the desert. They conversed animatedly.

By the time the Gestapo man arrived at Giraud's seat he was illustrating graphically with his hands his idea of how Rommel could beat the British. The German lieutenant watched, his own eyes eager, his hands poised.

The Gestapo man touched Giraud's shoulder. "Your papers, please, gentlemen." The lieutenant, boiling to present his own point, looked up angrily. "Go away! How dare you interrupt us?" He went into a tirade. The man did exactly as Giraud had guessed he would: apologized and backed off.

On another occasion, as the general was about to board a train, he saw Gestapo agents searching every passenger. He dallied outside until the train began to move. Then Giraud, with a supreme effort of the will, ran — without limping. His glasses jiggled. His cheeks puffed out. He had all the appearance of a flustered German businessman trying to make a train. He yelled something about how vital it was for him to

catch this train, and his very boldness carried the affair off. One of the Gestapo agents actually helped the panting old gentleman aboard.

Finally he crossed the border into occupied France. He hoped to slip over the line into the unoccupied area, but found that German guards were stopping every man over five feet 11 inches tall. Back he went by train across southeastern Germany to the Swiss frontier. That, too, seemed tightly closed. But there were mountain trails that could not all be watched. One night he struck out over an unfrequented trail. Climbing and twisting among craggy peaks he came suddenly upon three soldiers. Bayoneted rifles swung to cover him.

Then a soldier spoke — in a Swiss dialect. He was safe. The guards took him into Basle, where he made his identity known. The Germans were furious, but the Swiss refused to surrender him.

Giraud finally made the dash for unoccupied France. He resorted to an old trick — that of changing cars several times in the lonely Swiss roads. The cars entered unoccupied France by different roads. The Gestapo stopped the wrong car.

In 1914 when he had first escaped from the Germans, Giraud had sent his wife a telegram when he reached Holland safely. It had read: "Business concluded excellent health affectionately Henri." Now he sent her another: "Business concluded excellent health affectionately Henri."

Yet General Henri Giraud was not a free man. His spectacular escape had caught the imagination of a saddened French people and he had become a public idol. The Germans had lost face. When Marshal Pétain refused the German demand to return Giraud under arrest, the Nazis tried to assassinate him. He was forced to go into hiding. Giraud found that he had merely escaped from one prison into a bigger one.

History, however, was to summon Henri Giraud from obscurity. On October 24, 1942, in an Arab farmhouse in Algeria, Lieutenant General Mark W. Clark conferred secretly with pro-Ally French officers about the possible Allied occupation of French North Africa.

During the conference the French

officers raised the point of choosing a leader around whom the many French factions could rally. General Mast said, "I can suggest but one man — General Giraud."

General Clark objected, "But he's practically a prisoner in France."

"He must be got out — by submarine."

Such was the daring plan, put into effect a few nights later when a submarine reached the southern coast of France. The British secret service had informed Giraud, and he was ready. He arrived in North Africa in time to command the French army which fought so magnificently alongside the Americans in Tunisia. Today, at 64, General Henri Honoré Giraud is once again fighting his old enemy.



The Forgotten Ways of Peace

A RECENT survey of London school children shows that youngsters between the ages of five and seven have forgotten or have never known many of the attributes of peacetime living. When questioned about such things as street lights and bananas, they stared suspiciously and indicated plainly that they did not believe such things existed. One little boy, shown a row of street lights and asked what they were for, shrugged his shoulders in puzzlement. Children could not remember seeing lights in shop windows or electric signs and thought that the barrage balloons over London had always been there.

Bananas, grapefruit, tangerines and lemons were unknown to the majority. One boy had seen a lemon in a Kew Gardens hothouse and a little girl vaguely remembered having had a grapefruit years ago. The children accept food and clothes rationing as normal; only one or two could remember buying candy without coupons.

When one teacher brought a sea shell to school and asked her pupils to name it, none of them could do it. "It's a shell," she explained finally. "That's no shell," a little boy replied heatedly. "Shells come out of guns."

— Tania Long, dispatch from London to N. Y. Times

WASHINGTON WONDERLAND

UNCLE SAM sets up a new agency to find out the right names of places and to show you how to say them.

SECRETARY Ickes last February set up a new Board on Geographical Names. Despite the manpower shortage in Washington, Board Chief Meredith E. Burrill found 110 employees and, at the time of our interview, was looking for 25 or 30 more. "By January 1943, the situation in regard to pronunciation of geographical names had become acute, so Secretary Ickes set up the new board," explained Dr. Burrill, who receives \$8000 a year.

We called on Dr. Burrill in his suite of offices in the New Interior Building. He was alert and pleasant but inclined to be taciturn on first acquaintance. "We have to be careful to whom we talk, you know," he explained.

The Board has already prepared a list of words with their proper pronunciation -- words that figure in the daily news: Bizerte, Amchitka, Kharkov, Sevastopol among them.

"But there are towns right in this country," said Dr. Burrill, "known by as many as six or eight titles. It is an exasperating problem and one that no other government agency yet has tackled. We will trace the background of the locality and render an expert decision immediately as to what it really should be called. I want to stress the fact that we are streamlined to do a fast job on any problems of this type.

"Another problem that might arise would be this. You might be going down a highway and see a mountain range generally known as the Messabi. Later you might see the same range from another highway, but it will be known by another name. Our job is to see that that mountain range has only one uniform name."

Dr. Burrill also conjured up what might happen if the Mississippi suddenly were to veer from its established channel above New Orleans and flow over through Lake Pontchartrain. What would the new river be called? Would it still be the Mississippi, or would it be known as the Pontchartrain -- or even a derivative of the two? What would you call the old river bed that might have only a trickle of water in it?

Should such a thing happen, Dr. Burrill will have a new name ready before even the Red Cross gets on the scene because, as he says, "speed is the essence of our work."

To assure this speed, Dr. Burrill has set up two divisions, each with five sections. The Research Division has Regional Research, Case Research, Linguistic and Historical, Source Materials and Cartographic. Under Records and Services are Administrative, Name-files, Promulgation, Inquiries and Stenographic Pool.

While Dr. Burrill concentrates on the larger problems, Assistant Director Edwin J. Foscoe (\$5000 a year) handles details. We heard Dr. Foscoe ask Dr. Burrill's stenographer how she pronounced "what."

"Watt," she said, as if she were talking about an electric light globe.

"I thought so," he replied. "The question of accents is going to be one of our biggest problems. For example, you can pronounce 'what' four different ways — 'whut,' 'wot,' 'watt,' or 'what,' depending upon where you are reared."

Back in our own office we called five Congressmen to learn what they knew about the new organization. None had ever heard of it.

—Larston D. Farrar in *Nation's Business*



"Mission Completed"

A PROFESSOR once said that it didn't matter if you said "I seed" if you really had seen something.

Last year an uneducated Alabama farm woman wrote this letter to the Farm Security Administration director in her state:

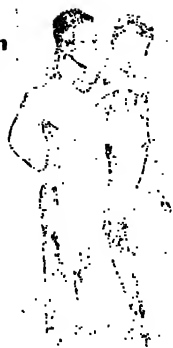
"I Pleg my Self to do in 42 if the Lord gives me my health and provides a way for me to get the acupements to can with and his will for me to rase the food, I will can double the amount in 42 that I can 41. If I can get the hogs and wair to make a hog paster I will rase 2 hogs for the boy in service and 1 for myself. I have Pearl Harbor Rote down in my heart."

People thought she had mapped out an ambitious program because she had canned 2100 quarts in 1941. Then her report on the promise came through. She had put up 4100 quarts — only 100 short of her goal. And she had raised not three but nine hogs. Yes, it was true — she had "Pearl Harbor Rote down" in her heart.

—Ralph Millett in *Memphis Press Scimitar*

The Lives and Loves

Condensed from
The Kiwanis Magazine



of the Siamese Twins

J. P. McEvoy

ALL OF US have heard about the original Siamese Twins, but how many of us could answer such questions as: Were they legally two individuals or a partnership? If one committed a crime was the other a party to it? Did they get hungry and sleepy at the same time? How did they get along with each other? Which died first and why? How many widows were there? And how many children did they leave?

To begin with, Chang and Eng, later known as Chang-Eng Bunker (after a New York lady who treated them kindly), were born in 1811 in a tiny fishing village on the Mekong River not far from Bangkok, Siam. Their father was Chinese and their mother half Chinese, which made them only one quarter Siamese — or, to be quizzical, one eighth Siamese apiece.

They grew to the height of five feet one inch for Chang and five feet two inches for Eng (Chang wore special lifts in his shoes so his Twin wouldn't top him) and they made themselves useful raising ducks and peddling eggs — and everyone remarked how smart they were at driving bargains, for they both talked

together, each finishing the other's sentence, and the ordinary haggler was no match for them.

One day, when the Twins were 18 years old, a Yankee skipper dropped anchor in the harbor and accidentally met the Twins. He immediately shanghaied them and brought them to Boston. They created a sensation, not only around Boston but in Europe where their protector next journeyed with them. We are told he toured 2500 miles in the British Isles alone, exhibiting the Twins to 300,000 Britishers. Even the august Royal College of Surgeons invited the Twins to tea, and after discreetly examining them pronounced them "an extraordinary *Lusus Naturae*."

They were all of that. Joined as they were, "they could run and swim, take walks of eight and ten miles, play battledore and shuttlecock, and on many occasions went hunting." They could walk only side by side. They slept face to face, changing positions by the simple expedient of rolling over, which they learned to do automatically without awakening each other. They were normal in every way except for a small, flexible band three and a half

inches long and some eight inches in circumference connecting them from the extremity of the breast bone of each and extending downward to the abdomen.

There was a great difference of opinion among medical experts of the time concerning what went on inside this connecting band and they never did find out until the post-mortem, which was a world event, but all agreed that surgical divorce would have proved fatal. Meanwhile, it was an intriguing fact that a pinprick in the exact center of the "band" was felt by both Twins but a puncture to the right or left was felt only by the Twin nearer the injury. As children the Twins contracted measles and smallpox at the same time and recovered simultaneously, but as adults one Twin was a periodic souse while the other Twin was a complete teetotaler — and the alcoholic ecstasy of the one brother in no way affected the pious sobriety of the other.

They came back to America from their first trip, richer only in experience, the skipper having skipped (with the booty). But the Twins, who were of age now, made other connections, including the immortal Barnum — with whom "they sojourned in New York City for five years at the corner of Anne Street and Broadway (The American Museum)" — and finally accumulated an estate of \$60,000.

Now if you were a Siamese Twin you might think romance was not

for you. Certain baffling complications and situations would of necessity arise to give you pause. So the Siamese Twins must have thought — and then they had a most curious experience. In London a Miss Sophia, a young lady of "respectable connections," fell violently in love with both Twins — to their mutual consternation. Unhappily she found, in the delicate prose of the day, "insurmountable impediments in her path — for the Twins had been pronounced distinct individuals by eminent British medical men, and had her passion been fully returned she would scarcely have been disposed to encounter the risk of defending an action for bigamy which might naturally follow such a marriage." Thwarted and tormented by these unfeeling legal quibblers, Miss Sophia turned to the poets for comfort, selecting a poignant, and pertinent, couplet to bid them farewell:

How happy could I be with either
Were tother dear charmer away.

The Twins provided plenty of legal puzzles for our own American lawyers, who used to argue about how twins, whom the medicos had said were individuals, could own property as individuals. Weren't they inevitably partners in ownership as they were in life? It was finally legally decided that they could hold property and sign contracts either as individuals or as joint partners, one signing for the other, but they must marry as individuals and their children would inherit separately.

But if one committed a crime, which would be guilty? Could the other be tried as an accessory? And if one was innocent how could you punish or imprison the other without making the innocent party suffer? No one could argue lack of knowledge on the part of the other — for the Twins always fell asleep at the same time, woke up at the same time, were hungry simultaneously, ate the same food in similar quantities, each smoked and chewed tobacco when the other did, and though many people had tried, it had been proved impossible to engage the two of them in separate conversations or on different subjects. While they disagreed violently about many things they could talk only on the same subject at the same time — each finishing the other's sentence as in childhood.

Curiously enough, they seldom spoke to each other. They explained this once by saying they both saw the same things at the same time and felt the same way about them so there was nothing to discuss. For the same reason they disliked playing games in which they were pitted against each other, such as chess — at which they were quite good — explaining they took no more pleasure playing competitively “than you would in playing your right hand against your left.” Politics was something else again. During a local Congressional election in 1847 they differed so violently that they voted for different candidates.

For by now these three fourths

Chinese were American citizens, by special act of the Legislature of North Carolina. They had learned to speak English pretty well, to read and write. They had adopted American dress except that each wore his hair in a queue (old Chinese style) three and a half feet long, wrapped tightly around his head. They were prosperous farmers, too.

Somewhere in their travels the Twins had another romantic adventure. This time two sisters fell in love with them. Contemporary meanies were ungallant enough to say the \$60,000 estate had something to do with it. Anyway, on April 1, 1843, in Wilkes County, North Carolina, Chang married Adelaide Yeats and Eng married her sister, Sarah Ann — and we would like to add that they lived together happily ever after, but they didn't. For the sisters didn't get along and the brothers weren't too congenial about their sisters-in-law. A working solution was finally arrived at — the Twins built separate houses for their wives three miles apart near Mount Airy, North Carolina, and lived three days at a time in each house — a design for living that intrigued the countryside.

The Twins were married for more than 30 years and between them had a total of 22 children, all of them exceptionally bright. Eng was the champ, with seven boys and five girls — all normal. Chang had seven girls and three boys — and they, too, were normal except that one

boy and one girl were deaf-mutes.

The Civil War came along and the Twins, sympathetic to the Confederacy, shared its defeat. Impoverished, they came to New York to recoup their finances and exhibited at Wood's Museum, but the public had lost interest. Despondent, neglected, they faded out of public view and spent their last days on their farms—faithfully going back and forth to each other's house every three days regardless of the weather.

Some of the old chronicles say this was the death of them—that Chang caught a severe cold riding in the rain. Other accounts have it that Chang went on one alcoholic spree too many. In any case, on Friday evening, January 23, 1874, in the sixty third year of their amazing lives, they retired to a small room by themselves and went to bed. But Chang was restless. Sometime between midnight and daybreak they got up and sat by the fire in a special chair which had been made for them. Eng was sleepy and wanted to go to bed. Chang complained that it hurt his chest to lie down. They argued about it while Eng smoked

his pipe. Finally Eng knocked out his pipe and they went to bed, and Eng fell into a deep sleep.

And now the curtain—surely as macabre a scene as was ever conceived:

"Eng waked up and asked his son, 'How is your Uncle Chang?' The boy said, 'Uncle Chang is cold. Uncle Chang is dead.' Then great excitement took place. Eng commenced crying, saying to his wife, whom they called in, 'My last hour has come.' As he turned in alarm to the lifeless form by his side he was seized with violent nervous paroxysms. In two hours he was dead, although he had been in perfect health when they went to bed."

The autopsy, held at a special meeting at the College of Physicians in Philadelphia, settled a number of questions for the medical world with words like teratology, omphalopagus Niphodidymus, and duplex bilaterality. It also showed that any attempt to separate the Twins in life would have been fatal. It showed that Chang died of a cerebral clot. But no cause could be found for the death of Eng. It was generally believed he died of fright.



What Is Wrong with Management?

THE second installment of prize-winning letters in the recently announced contest will appear in the October Digest. The letters were withheld from this issue because of the timeliness and significance of the article by Stuart Chase, "Teaching Foremen That Workers Are People."

Will Germany fool us again?

Getting Rid of the Nazis Is Not Enough

Condensed from "Men in Motion"

Henry J. Taylor

Distinguished foreign correspondent, author also of "Time Runs Out"

IN 1941, I revisited Germany to observe what was going on there. I certainly did not go to find out more about the Nazis. Anyone who had seen them there since 1923 should know all he needed to know about this collection of egomaniacs. Of course we will never stop fighting the Nazis until the whole Nazi hierarchy is pounded to pieces, from Hitler down. The Nazis have lost their chance to fool the world.

But another crowd stands ready to create the same situation that Germans have created before, doing the same thing they did after World War I. These men are the so-called conservatives or traditionalists—Junkers, industrialists, diplomats, scholars, generals, conservative army leaders, and so on. I knew many of these conservatives in Germany for 18 years, from 1923 to 1941, and their beliefs hold a permanent menace to the future peace of the world.

Our real danger from Germany centers in these traditionalists. I believe that they are keeping us so busy thinking about the Nazis that we are fully prepared to make the

For a contradictory point of view the reader is referred to "Germany Must Be Salvaged" by Dorothy Thompson, in the July issue of *The Reader's Digest*.

mistake of believing that we will have eliminated the German problem when we have eliminated the Nazis. This is a fateful error.

When we get rid of the Nazis we shall not have got rid of the German problem.

The only basic cleavage between the Nazis and the German traditionalists is the question of the speed with which Greater Germany is to be achieved. The Nazis want to risk everything to hurry the day of German domination over the whole world. The traditionalists are willing to make a peace at any time the war goes against the Germans, and bide their time for a more favorable opportunity to strike again.

The roots of the German problem go deep. The Germans firmly believe that their race is inherently superior to every other race. A German seldom uses the words "honor," "duty"

and "talent" alone: it is always "German honor," "German duty," "German talent." This racial concept of superiority is not directly related to Hitler. It is in their blood.

As everyone who has been in Germany knows, the average German is scrupulously honest in personal dealings, adores his family, enjoys music and a glass of beer, leads a gentle life and will do anything for you if he likes you; he will live up to every standard of decency and will be restrained by his conscience in all he does. Yet he has a blind spot: he believes that the German race-nation has an inherent right to mastery. And whenever his country possesses the strength to demonstrate this belief, he abandons tolerance, justice, respect for the rights of the weak, and the first rules of morality in favor of a Greater Germany.

German expansionism has been a persistent feature in European history. It has received many rebuffs, as in World War I, but it has unimpaired vitality. The simple fact is that the Germans—not only the Nazis—think they have a mission to rule the world. If they fail in the present attempt, they will try again.

At the Foreign Office in Berlin in November 1941, I had an enlightening conversation with Dr. Hans Heinrich Dieckhoff, the last German Ambassador to the United States.

"What will happen if Germany loses this war?" I asked.

"Germany would recover as best she could," he replied. "The world

will discover that the German people can wait, *with better results*, than any race in history."

"Then," I went on, "if the war gets too tough and it is clear that Germany will lose, you are convinced that German strength must be maintained and that you must go into an armistice period with a strong force still intact?"

"If Germany is to be saved for her destiny," Dieckhoff said, "*the war must not be fought to the bitter end.*"

Even conservative Germans as a whole are clearly in love with the thought of a German world. They disliked Nazi methods—particularly the Nazi treatment of Jews—but they never differed with the Nazi attitude toward a Greater Germany.

The Junkers and other traditionalists are convinced that this war is already lost. They believe that Germany should stop fighting, cut her losses, disarm and thus retain enough blood and industry to resume the struggle later, *accomplishing Germany's destiny in World War III under new alliances.*

The traditional Germans I talked to in Europe make capital of the blood-bath which would follow German surrender, and claim that the world would benefit through sparing the butchering of Germans by means of a "cooling-off" period. The Poles had no cooling-off period when the Germans crashed into Warsaw. Neither did the Dutch, British, French, Belgians, Norwegians, Yugoslavs or

Greeks. Yet the Germans will propose one to avoid their own slaughter. It is amazing how the Germans get away with the same thing each time they lose!

They intend to put up a smoke screen and fool the free people of the world into forgiving them once more. When the time comes, the so called conservative element in Germany will look like lilies and sound more free-minded than any free group in the world. There is no penitent so vocal as the caught thief.

Their appeal will be effective on the American and British mind, because we are not cold-blooded, as the Germans are, about slaughtering people to our own profit. Defeated Germany would then come out of this war at least as well as Russia, incalculably better than France, and far better than heroic England.

And Germany would fight World

War III in due time. Make no mistake about that.

For this reason we must go the whole distance with the Germans this time, once and for all. To use Churchill's words, Germany must be "beaten to the ground." Germany must accept the consequences of complete defeat, not by mere "unconditional surrender" or any other such painless method, which would permit the Germans to decide for themselves when it is wise to stop the war, but by military punishment meted out to them in retribution for their military assault on the free men of the world.

Germany must pass through not only grave internal convulsions but also a psychological revolution which will so thoroughly purge her of Pan-Germanism that no German will ever forget what it cost to attempt to conquer the rest of the world.



The Maine Idea

§. WHEN the Maine farmer was told how Andrew Carnegie came to this country with only 25 cents in his pocket and died leaving \$250,000,000, all he said was:

"He must have had a very savin' woman."

— Keith Warren Jennison, *The Maine Idea* (Harcourt, Brace)

€."FINE CROPS," a visitor complimented a Down Easter. "You'll have nothing to worry about this year."

The farmer meditated a minute, then replied, "Well, you know, son, crops like these are pesky hard on the soil."

— *Family Herald and Weekly Star*

TALKING POINTS

"Perhaps He Is Human"

From *Time*

Robert Sherrod

☛ THE RESULTS of Jap fanaticism, in the Battle of Attu, are almost incomprehensible to the Western mind. In a two-mile stretch, I saw 800 Japanese dead. Groups of men had met their self-imposed obligation to die by blowing themselves to bits. Most of them simply held grenades against their stomachs or chests; probably one in four held a grenade against his head. Sometimes the grenade split the head in half, leaving the right face on one shoulder, the left face on the other.

It was easy to distinguish those who had used grenades taken from our own wounded or killed; their chests and stomachs were both gone. The Jap grenade is much less powerful and is otherwise vastly inferior. Some bodies were found beside three or four Jap duds, indicating that the victim had had an exasperating time killing himself.

These Japanese were supposed to kill as many Americans as possible and only then to commit suicide. But many who chose death could have kept on fighting. They had ammunition and food; they were not even wounded. But the grenades they could have thrown against Americans were pressed against their bowels in honorable hara-kiri fashion.

Some soldiers heard Jap raiding parties shouting: "Japanese boys kill American boys! Japanese drink blood like wine!" But for these wild, weird screams, the Japs might have killed many more Americans in their sleep. Maybe they were drunk. They brought 40-ounce saké wine bottles with them.

The suicides obviously were an act of frustration. The ordinary Jap is ignorant, unreasoning. Perhaps he is human. But nothing on Attu indicates it.

— *Time*, July 5, '43

Horses Don't Stay Home

From *Collier's*

Kyle Crichton

☛ OUR RAILROADS are supposed to be strained to the breaking point by war demands; industry is desperate for freight and express service; passengers stand for hours in the aisles. But thousands of horses travel from coast to coast, from race track to race track, in special cars attached to fast passenger trains. There always seems to be plenty of equipment for this lucrative business. In 1942 there were 1450 such movements of horses. When the New Orleans season closed this year, 800 horses left in 79 cars. At the same time, 101 cars came north from Florida. The Office of Defense Transportation reports that 341 express cars are available for race-horse shippers.

The Kentucky Derby came off on schedule despite ODT's obvious dis-

pleasure. There was a meeting at Charles Town, West Virginia, at a track which can be reached *only* by a long motor trip. The Narragansett Park track, in Rhode Island, defied the OPA ruling that it must close its motor parking lot. "Most of the fans," said the Providence *Journal*, "got to the track in 5000 private automobiles."

The race-track people ask why they should be singled out for attack when baseball and other sports go on. The simple answer is that horse racing is not a sport; it is an excuse for gambling. When, years ago, New York clamped down on gambling, the tracks closed.

True, England continues horse racing. But no race horse in England may be transported either by railroad or motor van. If it has to get from one track to another, it can use its legs. And there are no special train accommodations of any kind for fans.

— *Collier's*, July 10, '43

Agriculture's Postwar Job

From Country Gentleman

Herbert H. Lehman

Mr. Lehman, now Director of the Office of Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation Operations, of the Department of State, was a Colonel in the first World War, was four times Governor of New York State.

FARMERS, looking at their greatly expanded herds, and remembering the collapse of prices at the end of World War I, are asking: Will we be caught the same way again?

Actually there is little comparison between the two situations. Last time, much of Europe's best farm country was neutral. Even behind the battle lines flocks and herds were relatively intact. This time, they have all but vanished, partly through Nazi confiscation, partly through shortage of feed.

Occupied Europe already has lost one third of its horses, one fourth of its cattle, almost half its hogs, one third of its sheep. Moreover the stock that survives is diseased and malnourished -- unfit for breeding. The decline will continue to the end of the war.

When the fighting stops, our immediate job will be relief of famine, but from that phase we shall pass into the sound commercial procedure of replenishing European farms with livestock, machinery, seeds and fertilizer.

For centuries America has drawn upon Europe for the breeding stock that built up our fine herds and flocks. Now the flow will be reversed. The vast herds of hogs in our Midwest are not just next year's pork. The dairy herds of New York State, Wisconsin and Minnesota mean something more than immediate cheese and butter. Here are the breeders that will repopulate the farms of Europe. The demand will be tremendous for 10 or 15 years. Intelligently handled, such a program will insure against any such collapse of prices as followed World War I.

— *Country Gentleman*, June, '43

Rebirth of an American Farm



By Louis Bromfield

Pulitzer Prize winner and author of many popular novels

IT WAS evening when, from the opposite side of the Valley, I saw the house and the great barns set on a kind of shelf halfway up the wooded hillside. There was snow on the ground, and nearly a mile away against the naked trees the lights showed yellow in the blue winter twilight. Two great Norway spruces, dooryard sign of every old farm in Ohio, raised swaying blue-black limbs against the wintry sky. The same thing that had happened to Brigham Young, when he looked down from the high pass above the Great Salt Lake, happened to me: a voice said, "This is the place!"

I was coming home to the countryside where I was born. After 25 years of wandering I was re-entering a world which had always been to me a precious memory, so intensely living that, night after night in France, in India, in Sweden, in Austria, I had found myself dreaming of it. Now I knew that, even beneath the snow of winter, the fields of Pleasant Valley were as beautiful as I had dreamed. A few days later we bought the place on the hillside and two adjoining farms as well.

Out of 25 years of witnessing revo-

lutions, inflations and the ruin of whole nations, I knew that the nearest thing to security that unstable man could still have was the land. If I could leave my children the things which the earth could teach them, plus a farm and a big house as refuge, I would be satisfied.

To start with, we had 645 acres of which about 400 were run-down land. We could have found much better land in Ohio, but we wanted to prove that this kind of land could be restored if properly treated. On the hills much of the soil was washed away, and all over the farm were deep eroded gullies. Other parts of the land had been despoiled by man himself — by farm-wreckers who "mined" the land instead of cherishing it. That was the tradition of a rich country where there had always been more land to despoil farther west.

We worked out a Plan, thinking as European farmers think — but as American farmers have seldom thought — of our children and our children's children. We meant to work *with* Nature, following her laws instead of violating them as our predecessors had done.

I had long been aware that too many farmers' wives went to the cities to buy food which they should have grown on their own land. I knew of farmers who had thousands of acres of wheat or cotton growing up to the doorstep without a fruit tree on the place, without a garden of any sort. I wanted something very different from this — a root cellar filled with products of the soil; shelves groaning in winter with jars of fruit and vegetables, pickles and lard; beams hung with hams and flitches of bacon; honey and maple syrup. I wanted to pick from a tree or a vine on my own land a fresh peach or a pear or a bunch of purple grapes.

We realized that the family-sized farm was in grave peril, that more and more America was moving toward great industrialized farms, highly mechanized, which instead of supporting more people in abundance dispossessed whole families and replaced them by a kind of temporary factory labor drawn from migrant families which once had owned farms and now lived in jalopies. These big industrial farms, owned more often than not by absentee landlords, were no cure for the sickness of agriculture. They made money — yes — but they were successful at too great a social cost. We did not want to dispossess any families. On the contrary, we wanted those 645 acres to support comfortably more people than they had ever supported before, and we believed they could.

Perhaps the most important thing we did was to make a rule that we should undertake no project that was beyond the financial means of any fairly prosperous farmer. Whatever we attempted, if it proved successful, could be done by any neighbor.

As soon as the snow from the last blizzard of March had melted away, we started to carry out our plan. What we accomplished that spring would seem impossible if the evidence of it were not today all about us — the terrace ditches, the smooth rich fields where once there had been gullies big enough to have buried an automobile. We filled in those gullies. We seeded steep land to permanent pasture. We built new fences. We remodeled the old farm buildings so as to make the chores less arduous. We stocked the place with chickens and livestock which would renew the fertility of the worn-out fields. Fruit trees and berry bushes and grapevines were set out. And we planted the crops as well, on time and in good order.

When autumn came all of us were tired, and happy as the place began to grow beneath our eyes. The first and hardest part was over. We were on our way.

WE ARE NOW in our fifth year. So long as the farm exists, the imprint our hard workers have made will remain upon the reborn fields of this formerly starved and ravaged piece of earth. That is what is good about the land. Each man leaves his im-

print in it — whether he steals from it or cherishes it.

When I returned to the Valley I had noticed that the big springs I had known as a boy no longer flowed as in the past. Some of them had disappeared entirely. On the other hand, the brooks turned to muddy floods during a heavy rain and carried off our good topsoil.

There was a spring, for instance, in the original settler's cabin built by John Ferguson in 1798. (It was important in those days to have a spring inside the house, for most of the early settlers killed by Indians lost their lives going out to get water.) When we came here, this spring was little more than a trickle, and in midsummer it dried up altogether. I thought, "John Ferguson must have been a fool to have placed his faith in so poor a spring."

But during the second summer I began to see that John Ferguson had not been a fool, although his descendants had been when they stripped the hills of trees and left their good earth bare to rain and wind. For the spring began to flow again, and each year since its flow has increased. Now a stream of clear cold water three inches in diameter gushes from it all the year round.

What changed the spring was a simple enough thing. The cover crops, the contours and terrace ditches, laid out with help of U. S. Soil Conservation engineers, kept the water on the hills and plateau above, as Nature had kept it there in the time

of John Ferguson when all the hills were covered with forest. There was no more rainfall in John Ferguson's time than in our own; but in our time, until we came here, about 90 percent of the water which fell during a heavy rain ran off the place carrying with it tons of good topsoil, often causing disastrous floods on the way. Today, we keep 90 percent of the rainfall on our farm and lose no topsoil at all. The water, sinking into the earth, keeps our subsoil moist, increases crop yield, and has brought to life many another useful, constant spring.

Many of the old fence rows were untidy, but we didn't clean them out. We encouraged the growth of sassafras, blackberry, elderberry and locust, so that they have brought a host of birds — deadly enemies of insect pests. Last year we were worried by a plague of chinch bugs in the corn and barley. But we need not have worried: the quail came out of the hedgerows and cleaned up the bugs in short order. Clean fences, with no shelter for birds, are largely responsible for the devastating pests which swamp our American farmers.

We have a friend and neighbor called Charlie Schrack. A part of our hill land drains across his fields. He is a shrewd old-fashioned farmer. When we first set to work, I think he thought us newfangled. He too had gullies on his place, big gullies caused largely by a century of run-off water from our hills. He had fought these gullies all his life.

One day two years ago I saw Charlie plowing *across* the field on the contour instead of up and down. We behaved as if Charlie had been plowing that way all his life.

But Charlie eventually brought up the subject himself. Last summer he said, almost shyly, "You know, since you got that place, and took to farming that special way, the water doesn't come tearing across my fields any more." A couple of days later he said, "You know, since *we* took to farming this new way, it's certainly made a lot of difference."

Charlie is not the only one. Each year you see more land being plowed as it should be plowed. You see high, bare fields going back into nourishing pasture land. You see gullies healing over. You see trees being planted. Maybe we have had some effect, or maybe the other fellows simply got worried and read up on soil conservation, or maybe the county agent advised them. It doesn't matter so long as it is being done.

Perhaps the most striking thing is the change in the landscape itself. Looking down across the Valley from our orchard the whole scene is different. The little ponds we have built to hold back the water and provide us with fish glitter in the sun. Nothing is more beautiful than the alternate strips of green hay and corn and golden grain, curving with the curve of the hillside, checking the water and keeping it for us. In the pastures there are more cattle than ever before, because the pas-

tures will support three times as many as they would when we came.

In spite of the obstacles that beset every farmer these days, we have not only managed to keep going but have increased our production enormously — in some crops more than 100 percent. And we feed ourselves. In a nearby town there is a quick-freeze plant and every family on our farm has a locker. Under our arrangement, each family receives free: half a steer and two hogs a year, three dozen eggs a week, four quarts of Guernsey milk a day and all the vegetables and fruit the place is able to produce for eating and canning. If any family on the farm wants more meat or milk or eggs or poultry, they can buy it from the farm at wholesale prices.

At our own house, at least 18 people sit down at table for every meal, with usually four or five visitors. We eat well and what we eat is the best in quality, fresh from garden or dairy or hen house. Abundance is the rule, a rule many farms can follow with care and planning.

The intangible profits of the original plan have been enormous in health, in diet, in understanding. Thousands of people from nearby and far away have paid us visits — farmers, clubwomen, labor union officials, gardeners and sportsmen. Four-H clubs, coöperatives, chambers of commerce, high school alumni associations have used the place for meetings. People of all sorts come and go. Pleasant Valley is a place

filled with life and energy, and directed by a purpose.

Everywhere on the farm there are children helping with the haymaking and filling the silos, fishing and swimming in the ponds, learning to know and respect the farm animals as a part of God's scheme of things, discovering the satisfaction of honest work. My two older daughters, when home from school, have their place and responsibility. This summer they have taken care of 50 young turkeys, raised Angora rabbits, White Kingducks and 500 young ducks. All the children on the place are learning things which will make their lives rich.

I do not know what the future will bring. It is a turbulent age in which

anything may happen. For the present, I know that we on the farm have as much security as it is possible to have on this earth. As for myself, out of a life fortunate in adventure, travel, friendships and work, the five years given to the farm have been the most rewarding of all my existence.

And now we have just acquired another half ruined piece of land. Like many another American farm, it was owned by a man who looked upon it as something to be exploited by "mining" instead of being improved by farming. So now we have a new place to put back into production, another wound in our American agricultural economy to heal. We are setting at it with enthusiasm.



Touch and Go

MANY THOUSANDS of Norwegians have escaped the Nazis, sailing perilously across the North Sea to serve the United Nations in various ways throughout the world. A visitor in England, going through one of the several Norwegian hospitals that have all-Norwegian staffs, asked if they didn't have trouble getting enough nurses.

"Oh, no," was the casual answer. "We just short-wave a call to Norway and in a few weeks they turn up in little boats."

— Adapted from Mary Agnes Craig McGeechay in N. Y. *Times Magazine*

TWO SCOTS, taken prisoner when France fell, escaped and made their way toward the Spanish border. They were about to row across a river when two Germans stopped them. They thought their number was up but stalled in broken French and finally found that the Germans only wanted to cross the river too. "So we paddled them across," said one of the Scotsmen later, "and charged them five francs each for the trip."

— John T. Whitaker, *We Cannot Escape History* (Macmillan)

C Evening prayers knit together the family in a very human way

Before the Ending of the Day

Condensed from
The Atlantic Monthly

★

Richardson Wright

Editor of House and Garden

It was while the parson was visiting us last summer that the cook put the idea into our heads. "Ain't no use havin' Padre in the house unless he does some prayin'," he said.

"Perhaps he does pray for us. Naturally he does."

"I mean prayin' *with* us," the cook said.

I suggested it to Padre. "The cook says we ought to have family prayers," I began.

"So you ought," he answered.

"Maybe we can start tonight?"

"Maybe *you* can start tonight. You're the head of the house, my boy, and it's your job to say family prayers. But I'll start you off."

And that's how we began family devotions before the ending of the day.

For the first two or three nights after Padre had gone, it was a pretty stiff, self-conscious job I made of those family prayers. Supper dishes washed up, the family would settle in the living room. Somehow, I felt, you shouldn't dive headlong into prayers, so first we had a moment's silence. It is amazing how, in so short a space, you can travel from here to There.

After that first week it began to grow less stiff. We got down to events that touched our lives. Instead of merely remembering the men and women in the armed forces en masse, we named names -- Gordon and Thomas, John and Bobbie, Kenneth and Jim. The maid's daughter was to be married and we asked long love and happiness for her.

As the family moved closer into the active orbit of these nightly prayers, I began to be subjected to spiritual kibitzing. Not just one person but the whole family was doing the praying. A voice would say, "The Governor asked us to pray for the persecuted Jews." That sent me scrabbling through the Prayer Book until I found the prayer for social justice -- that we "make no peace with oppression; and that we may reverently use our freedom." I often have to be reminded of people who are sick and of those who are in mental distress.

When the two rascallions we had taken under our roof had been especially obstreperous, we said the one for children -- "Give us light and strength so to train them that they may love whatsoever things are

true and pure and lovely and of good report." It worked, so far as the report cards from school were concerned — they improved.

While our evening prayers have knit together the family in a very human way, they have not made us any less human. We lose tempers and blurt out hasty words. We hurt and get hurt. Still, we are closer together.

Family prayers seem to have hardened our spiritual muscles and sharpened our inner eyes. We've stopped considering the practice of devotion as a special kind of jam that you spread on the bread of life when you feel like doing so; it is part of the bread itself.

If I am not mistaken, family prayers have taught us to quit thinking so much about ourselves and to think more of other people. We have also relearned some things we were taught as youngsters — that it isn't the falling down that's bad, but the refusal to pick yourself up.

These extensions of a fairly normal family were not wrought by any sudden miracle. They crept up on us as night was added to night.

Although the beginning and ending of these family prayers follow a pattern, the middle layer is what

the day has brought up. And that middle layer has got me into two strange habits: I find myself preparing for these evening assemblies, ducking into my study for a few solitary moments before the others appear; and I collect prayers. According to my totally untheological and unpastoral lights, here's what prayers should and should not be:

They mustn't be too long or too flowery. They must be in words we use every day. They must be calculated to meet problems and fit occasions of our daily rounds and the abrupt impacts of the outside world as well. They should have a logical sequence of praise and petition and a cadence of words so that, after you have said them a few times, you don't need to look at the book.

They become part of your vocabulary. When you are remembering those you love, you just know it is "for this life and the life to come." And when you reach the final night prayer, you can swing along without prompting through the familiar and lovely succession of Cardinal Newman, "until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done."



THERE ARE SO MANY women in the army now that when a soldier sees a uniform coming down the street he has to wait till it gets within 20 feet before he knows whether to salute or whistle. — Bob Hope (NBC)

And he

war production

Billion-Dollar Watchdog

Condensed from The American Mercury

Stanley High

MEMBER of the President's Cabinet picked up his phone. "I understand," said the voice of Senator Harry S. Truman of Missouri, "that you're planning to allow — a million and a half for his interest in the — which is being taken over by the government."

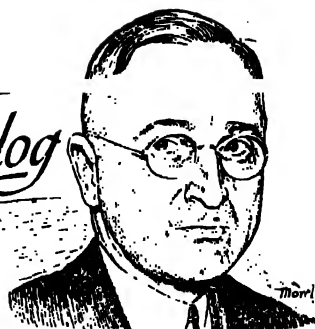
The Cabinet member hemmed and hawed, but finally admitted that such a sum had been considered.

"Well, if that's the case," said Truman, "I think we might have to investigate. The figure's too high."

What — eventually got was \$175,000.

For, modest and self-effacing though he is, Truman speaks with an authority equaled by few men in Washington. A hint from him that the Senate Committee to Investigate the War Program — of which he is chairman — may launch a probe is frequently enough to get quick and salutary results.

During the past two years, munitions makers, bureaucrats, dollar-a-year men, and Administration offi-



The war was too big to be undertaken, on tight, by a nation that hadn't been — to prepare for. Mistakes, as a result, were bound to be made. Likewise, some chisel and profiteers and mossbacks were bound, for a time, to have their innings. What our committee has tried to do has been to smooth the way for the honest, efficient, patriotic American in the war effort and make the going tough for those who were not."

— Senator Harry S. Truman

cials have been called to explain, under the questionings of this committee, what they are doing with Uncle Sam's money and why. Uncle Sam — thanks to their inquiries — has been saved at least a billion dollars.

What was stirring in him when he proposed such a committee to the Senate was righteous indignation at certain war-production inequities brought to his attention in numerous letters from his Missouri constituents. But when the Committee had followed through to the end some of the hints contained in these letters, the taxpayers had been saved a quar-

ter of a billion dollars in the one field of army camp construction alone, according to Lieutenant General Brehon Somervell, head of Services of Supply.

Disclosures by enterprising, fair-playing, average Americans are still the Committee's most carefully considered and fruitful leads.

A draftsman in one of the government's new ordnance plants wrote that most of the 200 men in the drafting department did nothing more useful much of the time than to play checkers, shoot craps, read the papers and listen to the radio. It took just a week, when the Committee laid the facts before the War Department, to clean up that situation.

A carpenter, working on defense housing in New Jersey, found the waste and shoddiness too much for his American ideas of honest work. His official complaint, however, got nowhere. He wrote to the Truman Committee. Its investigation uncovered a bona fide housing scandal which led to the indictment of the contractor and brought widespread reforms in the federal housing procedure.

An employe of a large steel company witnessed a faked inspection of inferior steel shipped to the U. S. Navy and Maritime Commission. His protest to his superiors was fruitless, but his letter to the Truman Committee brought about a wide-open inquiry, the establishment by the government of double-check in-

spection and the indictment of the company and certain of the officials.

The Committee discovered that repair rates in West Coast shipyards were still based on a peacetime hourly rate. Therefore, under a 24-hour-a-day wartime schedule, profits were enormous. Looking into the files an investigator found a letter from one admiral to another admiral which said: "This matter of divergence of rates will be extremely difficult to explain to the Truman Committee." It was. In fact so difficult that finally a uniform rate schedule was worked out with savings to the government of millions of dollars.

Late last February, an Illinois housewife wrote the Committee: "There seems to be plenty of sugar. If the government wants us to raise fruit it must make sugar available for canning. If I can't buy sugar, I'll be buying canned peaches, using my ration points to buy something I can make myself. . . ."

The letter went into the "canning-sugar" file. By the end of March, the file had several hundred letters in it — all to the same effect. Whereupon, Senator Truman read a brief statement on the floor of the Senate: ". . . food will be scarcer next year . . . sugar for preserving food in the home should be made available . . . the Office of Price Administration, instead of facilitating home canning, is planning to make it difficult to obtain sugar . . . I have instructed that a full investigation be made immediately "

Overnight, OPA took second thought, reversed itself and made canning sugar available to the nation's housewives in greatly increased quantity and without loss of ration allotment.

Army and navy as well as civilian activities having to do with the war are liberally probed by the Committee. Recently a member, talking with army officials, discovered that camps in Florida were using canned grapefruit juice. Further investigation into army food supplies caused 30,000,000 cases of canned fruit and vegetables in an overstocked army reserve to be released for civilian use.

The Committee found that the navy was insisting on building tank-carrying invasion barges designed by its Bureau of Ships, despite the fact that in performance tests those designed by Andrew Jackson Higgins' company in New Orleans had been found notably superior and the Bureau's incapable of the use for which they were intended. Subsequently, not only did the navy adopt the Higgins design but the Committee disclosures led to a reorganization of the Navy Department's Bureau of Ships.

The Committee was authorized on February 10, 1941. Partly, no doubt, because in five years Truman had made few demands on its time, none on its patience, the Senate listened considerably to a heavily factual speech, and voted the investigation of national defense he asked for. Pretty sure that nothing much would

come of it, they gave him a shoe-string \$15,000 to get going.

With the shotgun authority of the original resolution the Committee has for two years dug into all the messy scandals of the greatest spending enterprise in history. And it has done the job on a mere \$200,000, doled out by the Senate in dribbles. With only 15 investigators and 18 clerks and stenographers, the chairman and the members have made up by their own zeal for the lack of an adequate staff. When the Committee's first annual report was issued in January 1942, it had already established itself as the public's most accessible court of appeals and the sharpest goad in the government.

The Committee's most active members are relative newcomers to the Senate. Six of the ten are freshman Senators and thus singularly free from lat-in-hand responsiveness to pressure from high places. The Committee's reports have the whole some flavor of the grass roots. That is an important reason why the Committee has so notably succeeded.

Distinguished only for his honesty and industriousness, Truman came to the Senate in 1934 straight from a county judgeship. After nine years in the Senate, honesty and industriousness are still his chief distinctions.

From the beginning Truman tried to make sure that his committee was not a one-man show. His colleagues had special skills and talents, and Truman was determined to make use of these. They have worked to-

gether — six Democrats and four Republicans — with remarkably little friction. Almost every member of the Committee has come to the chairman at one time or another with reports of blunders in the production program. All right, Truman has invariably said, you look into that; if necessary, form a subcommittee and do a thorough job.

Counsel and chief administrator for the Committee is Hugh A. Fulton, broad-shouldered, heavy-set ex-assistant to the Attorney General. Fulton made a name for himself in New York City in the investigations which exposed the fleecing operations of Howard Hopson, former head of Associated Gas and Electric. Truman picked him for the Committee job because he had an urge for the truth and could hit hard, but had no ideological grudges.

Fulton meets Truman almost every morning, often in "Truman's Doghouse" — a small room adjoining the Senator's office. Here they go over pertinent letters, newspaper clippings, investigators' reports: here procedure and strategy — subsequently laid before the other committee members — are planned. Hard work accounts for the Committee's high average of achievement. That the Committee has never given a minority report, Truman attributes to the fact that the investigations are so completely factual

IF you ask Harry Truman's lifelong friend, Mayor Roger T. Sermon of Independence, Missouri, to tell you what the Senator was like as a boy, he'll shake his head mournfully.

"Harry just wasn't normal," he'll say. "He'd sit in the library all day and read."

That's confirmed by everybody around Independence, the town about 15 miles out of Kansas City where Truman grew up. Harry never went fishing or hunting, or splashed in the old swimming hole. He read. He read everything in the school library, then went to the public library and asked for history books.

Military campaigns and war heroes were his obsession. He devoured all he could find about every great general, and mapped out the major campaigns of all the wars of American history.

A friendly congressman agreed to appoint him to West Point, but the physical exams revealed a serious defect in one eye. However, he joined the National Guard and in 1918 went overseas with the 35th Division as a first lieutenant. He came back a major.

Truman's men say he never asked a soldier under him to go anywhere he would not go nor do anything he would not do. He was called "Accountability" Truman, because as an officer he was so strict about accounting for every item of government property under his charge. They say that when one of the field guns of the battery Truman commanded was blown to bits in the Argonne drive of September 1918 Captain Truman insisted upon carrying along some of the pieces to prove his official report about the loss.

they are bound to result in unanimous conclusions.

The Committee has power to subpoena witnesses but none to enforce action or punish wrongdoing. Its sole weapon is the facts, plus publicity, plus public opinion. Much of the Committee's most effective work, however, gets no publicity. To insure quick action on Truman facts, numerous war agencies -- among them, the War and Navy Departments, the Maritime Commission, the War Production Board -- have

representatives attached, full-time, to the Committee.

Administration conduct in the last war was the subject of no fewer than 116 Congressional investigations -- all of them made after the war. This time Congress has not waited. Its numerous investigations are going forward while it is still possible -- by bettering and speeding the war effort -- to do something about it. Nowhere is so much being done about it with such constructive results as in the Truman Committee

Every child should know a hill,
And the clean joy of running down its long slope
With the wind in his hair.
He should know a tree --
The comfort of its cool lap of shade,
And the supple strength of its arms
Balancing him between earth and sky
So he is the creature of both.
He should know bits of singing water --
The strange mysteries of its depths,
And the long sweet grasses that border it.

Every child should know some scrap
Of uninterrupted sky, to shout against;
And have one star, dependable and bright,
For wishing on.

— Edna Casler Joll in *Ladies' Home Journal*

C "Human Engineering" may help you
fit your aptitudes into the right job

What Are You Really Fitted For?

Condensed from Nation's Business

Edwin Muller

TWENTY YEARS ago it occurred to a young engineer of the General Electric Company that far too many persons are in jobs not best suited to their talents. He was appalled by the enormous waste of human material. Why couldn't human beings — like materials — be analyzed by laboratory methods? He went to work on employes of General Electric, and eventually evolved a series of aptitude tests.

Then he started his own organization, the Human Engineering Laboratory. The engineer was Johnson O'Connor. Under his direction — at laboratories in New York, Boston, Chicago and Philadelphia — more than 70,000 persons have had their aptitudes appraised. His testing staff frequently visits schools and business houses, for the usual fee of \$10 per test plus expenses.

In taking the test, you sit facing a competent young woman with a stop watch. First she hands you the "wiggly block," which is like a three-dimensional picture puzzle, a cube that has been carved into a number of irregular pieces. She lets you look at it assembled for a few moments, then scatters the pieces and tells you

to put them together — as fast as you can.

At once you fall into one of two classes of human beings. Either you reach for the pieces and slip them quickly into the right places in something over 30 seconds, or you start fumbling and try to force the pieces into place — taking as long as half an hour to get it done.

O'Connor calls the fundamental aptitude tested by the wiggly block "structural visualization," or "structure" for short. It is the most essential quality of engineers, architects, those who deal with machines. Successful engineers given the test always rate far above average. One engineering class at Stevens Institute of Technology which took this test was canvassed ten years later. Those who had been good with the wiggly block had, nearly without exception, attained well-paying positions in engineering. Among those who rated low, about the only successful members were those who had left engineering and gone into other activities.

For the next aptitude — creative imagination — the young woman gives you paper and pencil. "Sup-

pose," she says soberly, "the earth were suddenly to stop turning on its axis. What ideas does that suggest to you? Write them down as fast as you can."

You scribble furiously — or, you stare alternately at the paper and the stop watch. After five minutes your score is recorded.

Creative imagination, O'Connor says, is essential not only to writers but to salesmen, teachers, store managers, research workers — a score of others. It isn't essential — indeed may be a detriment — to foremen and accountants.

Other tests determine whether you have accounting aptitude — speed and accuracy in handling figures. Finger dexterity is measured by picking up tiny pegs, three at a time, and fitting them as quickly as possible into holes just large enough for them. To test "tweezer dexterity" you do the same sort of thing with tweezers. Oddly enough, these two aptitudes are not necessarily related.

By the end of three hours the young woman is through with you for the day. Next day you have another three-hour session. You have then been measured for 13 separate aptitudes.

Aptitudes are inherent, not acquired. In three months' practice with the little pegs you might improve your performance by about ten percent. But if you were given a different dexterity test you would revert to your old score. If you lack

the musical aptitudes — "tonal memory" and "pitch discrimination" — no amount of musical training will give them to you.

The all-important thing is to find out which aptitudes you have and what they are good for. All jobs, save those of the simplest manual nature, require more than one aptitude, but there's no advantage in having an unusually large number. Nine out of ten people have at least four aptitudes — plenty to win with if they are played right. The Laboratory has found that there are few jobs, if any, that a woman can't do as well as a man.

An unused aptitude, according to O'Connor, can do harm. A man doing a job for which he has the needed aptitudes may feel a nagging dissatisfaction because he also has another aptitude which the job doesn't use.

This fact has added importance today, when employers are losing so many men. Often the best answer is to shift jobs around, to find men with unsuspected abilities. Instead of discharging a bookkeeper who had gone sour on his job, a manufacturer of machine tools sent him to the Laboratory. The man scored high in accounting aptitude, but he also scored high in structure. The unused aptitude had rankled in him. On the Laboratory's advice he was shifted to a job in the cost accounting department, which brought him in direct contact with the tools. In the new job he was a success.

O'Connor gives positive vocational advice only when the pattern is obvious. Usually a person is shown the aptitudes he has and then makes his own decision. And the chances are that a man can get more out of the job he is in if he knows his aptitudes and makes judicious use of them.

Many men, O'Connor says, have gone into war work for which they are not well suited. Recently the head of a sales organization was offered his choice of two war jobs — one as a manufacturing executive in airplane production, the other as a public relations man in Washington. He preferred the latter, but felt that building planes was a much more direct means of helping to win the war. He had about decided on the manufacturing job when he took the test. The Laboratory's report proved to him that in manufacturing he'd just be in the way.

Many men about to be drafted take the tests to find out where they will fit among the thousand different specialist jobs in the army. Often they turn the reports over to their personnel officers, who are grateful for any help they can get in placing a man in the right branch of the service. It isn't enough to know what a man did before he got in the army. That may have no relation to what he can do best in the war.

The Laboratory encourages parents to have their children tested. O'Connor thinks it is a mistake for parents to advise their children to

postpone thinking about their careers until they grow up. He gave the tests to his own son when the boy was 11. The youngster ranked exceptionally high in structure, so O'Connor set about in every way he could to encourage him toward engineering. In particular, he provided him with a good library — one considerably beyond his years at that time. Today young O'Connor is in charge of tool design for a large aircraft concern, with 600 men under him.

Of course success in any field involves more than aptitudes. A man may be determined enough to overcome even marked deficiencies. And it is a mistake for any man to assume that aptitudes alone are enough. He must not exaggerate their importance to the neglect of knowledge and skill — the qualities that can be acquired as against the aptitudes that can't. A boy entering medical school may have tweezer dexterity, structural visualization, subjectivity — the ideal pattern for a surgeon. But unless an inward urge drives him to learn surgery's vast accumulation of facts and theory, and to translate his dexterity into its specific manual skills, he'll get nowhere in his profession.

O'Connor's formula for success is: Find out early in life your pattern of aptitudes, and what sort of work it fits you for. Then work unremittingly to acquire the particular body of knowledge and skill that goes with that pattern.



¶ The story of our greatest Indian fighter, who was also one of the red man's truest friends

Kit Carson

Condensed from
"Journey Into America"

Donald Culross Peattie

WHEN Apaches swooped down on the Forty-Niners along the Santa Fe trail, their first victims were the party of a wealthy merchant going west to trade. One boy alone escaped, and what he told in Taos sent Major Grier off at a gallop with his dragoons. For the Apaches had carried off the merchant's wife.

Among the rescuers was an undersized ranger with eyes mild as a kitten's. Speaking seldom, swearing less, he never raised his voice. Men who did not live long enough to acknowledge their mistake had sometimes taken this for effeminacy.

This wiry little man unraveled the scattered trails of the Apaches as a hound goes after a fox upwind. He was quick, yet so wary that he showed Major Grier the whole Indian camp before its sentinels spied them. Now was the moment to attack! But the Major delayed, and the dragoons were discovered. So quickly and secretly did the redskins

break camp that the soldiers never got a shot. All that was left them was the body of the merchant's wife.

In her baggage the remorseful Major found a dime thriller about a fellow named Kit Carson. They handed the mild little man his biography, but Carson shook his head. "They laid it on a little thick," said he.

For even while he lived, Kit was a legend. Yet many of the most fabulous of his escapes were true: an Apache bullet *did* pass through his hair; a bad man's rifle *was* fired so close the powder burned Kit's cheek. Ambushed by 50 Comanches, he dashed through a hail of missiles unscathed. Wounded by Blackfeet, he had to dodge from tree to tree, and that night sleep without fire in the snow, which stopped the bleeding and so saved his life.

Men said Kit's life was charmed, but his magic was simply a knowledge of Indian ways. As a guide on a pursuit of murderous Jicarillas, he told his commanding officer he calculated from sign they'd come up with the foe at two that afternoon.

Major Carleton bet a hat his guide was wrong. Yet when scouts signaled "enemy in sight" the Major consulted his timepiece. Two, to the tick! That's how a *genuine* beaver hat came all the way from the States, inscribed "At Two O'Clock. Kit Carson, from Major Carleton."

Christopher Carson, natural gentleman, fine diplomat, and the greatest of all American guides, came of simple stock, the sort that produced Lincoln and Boone. He was born in the same year and state as Lincoln — Kentucky, 1809. When one year old, Kit was taken to Missouri near where Boone was eating out his heart because he was too old to explore the Rockies. Boone had led white settlement to the Mississippi; where he left off, Carson took up, and held open for the first wagon trains the door to the mighty West. No one man did more to color our history with the excitement of stagecoaches and army posts, gold rushes and Comestogas, the golden spike and the trampling herds. But these came after Kit; his hunger, thirst and hardship made them possible.

Kit was not yet ten when a falling tree killed Pappy Carson; when he was 15, his mother apprenticed him to a saddle-maker, but he ran away to join a company of fur trappers; the hard-bitten mountain men grinned down at the sawed-off, skinny youngster, all freckles and sandy mop, toting a rusty flintlock longer than himself. The master saddler advertised for his runaway

apprentice — reward one cent. Kit was off for the West. He rode the Santa Fe trail a year and more, then tried the California haul, and killed his first redskin, with a bull's-eye to the heart. That was when he nailed his first brass tack in his gunstock. For each man killed he drove another tack. After 18 he gave up count.

When young Kit blew into Taos again, he was rich, a full-fledged mountain man, with fur collar, brass buttons, and locks of the girls of Los Angeles pueblo tied to the fringes of his leggings. His wealth lasted a week. When mule and silver-mounted saddle and spurs were gone, he joined the Rocky Mountain trappers.

For those were the glory days of the fur trade, when fashion decreed that every eastern gentleman wear a beaver hat. So for the hide of the little flat tailed wilderness engineer, men worked country a thousand miles from any army post, daring Montana Blackfeet, Utah Apaches, all the fiercest tribes of the West.

After ten years of this, Carson knew the Rockies from Montana to New Mexico. As plains and desert had made him an expert horseman, teamster, gun-mender and buffalo hunter, so the mountains and forests taught him to make snowshoes, build canoes and bullboats. He learned French as Canadian half-breeds speak it, Mexican Spanish, Arapaho, Comanche, Ute, and the universal sign language. He could idei

hoofmarks not only of his own horses but of those of many another well-known Westerner, of red men, bad men, mountain men. From a moccasin print he could tell the tribe of the Indian who passed. It was said that he could judge the sex, age, height or weight, and usually the state of mind of the maker of any footstep.

Kit soon had his own fur business. From the best trappers of his time he picked a group that became known as the "Carson Men." In a disorganized society, they formed a nucleus of rough-and-ready law and were noted for their honesty and courage. As a fighting unit far ahead of the army, they were formidable. Two hundred Blackfeet backed down when Kit entrenched his men before them. That was when the Indians began to call him "Little Chief."

Spring was on the sage when Little Chief rode down out of the Wyoming mountains and saw the Indian girl Waa-nibe, "Singing Grass," dancing the spoon dance among the mountain men. She was in her teens; there were modesty and goodness in her dark Arapaho eyes. But one of the white men tried to force her. Kit shot him down in front of the whole camp. That night Kit walked into Waa-nibe's tepee and sat beside her. She was peeling with her teeth willow rods to weave a bridal bed. Her father rose and laid his blanket ceremonially over the shoulders of his daughter and Little Chief.

Kit called her Alice, and treated her as no squaw had ever been treated before. She was loaded with presents, taken everywhere he went, mounted on a fine horse — presently with a papoose on her back. Kit named their child Adaline, the sweet. In 1839 he came back from a great buffalo hunt and found Singing Grass dying. Medicine men were beating the drum, trying by its rhythm to slow her rising pulse, but the drums of her heart flew faster and faster; she died in Kit's arms. He saw her marriage bed burned, and her dresses; her brother shot her dog and horse to accompany her on her lonely way.

But Alice Singing Grass lived not in vain. From her Kit Carson learned to respect the red brother, and understand what was honor to an Indian; he could read the stone face. His wife taught him pity for the fate of the wilderness princes who defended their lands against the inevitable march of white civilization.

Kit Carson never provoked an Indian attack, never let his men fire on squaws, never cheated a savage. The cruelties of other whites disgusted him. He was the greatest Indian diplomatist in our history, and by his understanding of the Indians saved more lives and won more territory than in all his battles with them.

Called on to guide an expedition to punish the Apaches, he found that the soldiers had captured a friendly Ute, taken his gun away and

ried him up. In the night the Ute escaped. When Kit heard of it, he saw what that would mean—a Ute-Apache axis. He took the gun, rode hard for Taos, and sent messages to the Ute chiefs to come and see him. They rode in, a hundred or two hundred miles. After he had feasted them and given them presents, he returned the gun. The soldiers had made a mistake, he said, and Uncle Sam apologized.

After Waa-nibe's death Kit took his daughter to the nuns in Missouri. On the way back he met a dashing lieutenant, one John Charles Frémont, then the newest of tenderfeet, who was starting out to explore the passes of the Rockies for his government. Carson he hired as guide, and there sprang up a friendship that never died. Poles apart, these two complemented each other perfectly. Frémont's reports made Carson famous in the East, from farm to city street. But Carson carried Frémont to fame, too, by showing him the way through the Rockies; Frémont's report on the passes made the Mormon trek possible, and opened the Overland Trail for the Forty-Niners' covered wagons.

Kit guided Frémont on his first three and greatest expeditions, over thousands of unripped miles, from water hole to water hole, through the stratagems of Indian fighting and the tricks of Spanish diplomacy, and led Frémont's guns to Sutter's Fort before ever General Kearny, officially appointed to take California,

had left Texas. Kit galloped east with news of the victory, for the White House. But in New Mexico he met Kearny, poking along with his infantry. Kearny gave the letters to another messenger to deliver, and commandeered Carson to guide him.

Nearing San Diego, Kearny advanced right into a Mexican trap, was beaten, surrounded, and cut off from water. Messenger after messenger was sent for help from the American garrison at San Diego. Not one got through. Then Kit offered to go.

All night, down with the rattlesnakes and cactus, he crawled on belly through the Mexican lines. When he stood up at dawn he found that his shoes, tied to his back, had been wrenched off in the brush. He walked barefooted day-long over the cruelest of deserts, crept all night again through another enemy ring, until he heard the challenge of the Yankee sentries. This time Kit was allowed the honor due him, and carried the news to Washington. There President Polk handed him a commission in the army. But Kearny's jealous intrigues caused Congress to refuse to confirm it. For his two years' service with Frémont, Kit Carson was not allowed one cent of pay.

Now Kit was ready to settle down. The old fur trade was going; silk hats had sprung the beaver traps. Moreover, the buffalos were vanishing, and the days of easy meat. So

Carson went into ranching, and became one of the earliest cowboys in the West. Settlers were pouring in now, and he bred horses and raised mules for them. Decades before the herders came, Kit saw the value in mutton and wool, and drove 6500 head of sheep from New Mexico through a country infested with coyotes and Indians, to California where he made a fine profit on them. The old Indian fighter was showing the way to western prosperity through the industries of peace. And a wise government now made him Indian agent at Taos.

Aged early by hardship, he found himself in failing health. Yet he stood by his Indian friends and went all the way to Washington with a delegation of Ute chiefs who wished to appeal to the President. At Fort Lyon, on the return, a doctor was called in. He shook his head; Mr. Carson might live some time -- on a diet of milksop.

Kit gave him a look, from those

mild blue eyes. Then he called in his servant from the kitchen. "Cook me some fust rate doin's," he said. "Buffalo steak, strong coffee, and a pipe of tobacco is what I need to fix me."

Inevitably, hemorrhage followed this mountain man's meal. "I'm gone!" Kit exulted. "Doctor, *compadre, adiós!*"

They buried Christopher Carson in the bleak plains cemetery of old Fort Lyon, with full military honors. Spring hadn't really got to Colorado by May 23 of 1868; at least, there weren't enough flowers to lay on his grave, so the women of the army post gave the paper posies out of their hats. Later his remains were carried to Taos, and laid in holy ground. But Kit had blessed with new security more ground than any churchyard could hold -- eight hundred thousand square miles of it, where the American wind goes whispering about him, through the piñon and the mesquite.



4-F'ers All

IN SPITE of the emphasis being put on bodily fitness for military service, it is not the thing America needs most. To develop military and naval geniuses is more important for the national security. There is no formula for this, but physical fitness is not necessarily the key. Many of the world's greatest military figures would have been rejected by the draft boards for these reasons:

George Washington, *false teeth*; Bismarck, *overweight*; Napoleon, *ulcers of the stomach*; U. S. Grant, *alcoholism*; Julius Caesar, *epilepsy*; Horatio Nelson, *one eye, one arm*; Kaiser Wilhelm, *withered arm*; Duke of Wellington, *underweight*. — Dr. Louan Cleaveland in *National Geographic*

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Uncle Sam, the Ol' Clo'es Man

Condensed from *This Week Magazine*

Richard Osk

MANY an American soldier, strolling through Casablanca or Tunis, has been surprised to pass a native wearing what looks like the coat of one of the old suits he left at home. And perhaps that's just what it is.

Every day tons of old clothes from rag collectors in every part of the country pour into Elizabeth Street on Manhattan's lower East Side to be processed and shipped abroad under the Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation program. The government ranks clothing as equal in importance to food and medical supplies, and provides precious shipping space for it.

Anything to wear, no matter how torn or frayed, is bought by the pound. Then it is cleaned and sorted for various markets. Trousers stay in the United States for sale as work pants.

The greatest volume of export trade is in suit coats which Mohammedans wear over their native *dhotis*, long cotton garments that look like old-fashioned nighties. The coats provide warmth during cold African

evenings and add a certain nattiness besides.

Coats only slightly worn and with linings intact are super de luxe and will bring \$1.50 to \$2 in the Near East, Syria, Palestine, Irak, North Africa and Egypt. The second-grade coats, with torn pockets or raveled sleeve ends, drop into the 50- and 75-cent bins. It's axiomatic in the clothing business that a man will pay a week's wages for a suit and Elizabeth Street's distant customers earn from one to three dollars a week.

Ladies' cloth coats, after minor alterations, are shipped abroad, too, and worn by East Indian and Arabian men who don't know or care that the coats were made for women. Near East women do not buy our secondhand clothes; they stick to native costumes.

Although the profit on an individual item is in pennies, the business is big. One Elizabeth Street firm employs 200 people, and did a million dollars in gross sales last year.

Foreign Relief officials say the government, too, is making a small profit on its ol' clo'es trade.

Coöperative Health Harvest

By Paul de Kruif

For approximately \$1 a week members of the Oklahoma Plan insure against illness -- and ruinous doctor bills

IN ELK CITY, Oklahoma, a short-grass town of 5000 inhabitants, hard-bitten farmers have built an 85-bed coöperative hospital -- the first in the United States. They began it in the deep depression, have had no government handout at any time, and now own it free and clear of debt. Against unpromising odds, these Oklahomans on the rim of the Dust Bowl have demonstrated that the cost of good medical care -- hard to get at any price in most rural communities -- can be brought well within the reach of the ordinary American farm family.

Diminutive spark plug of this community-health enterprise is Dr. Michael Shadid. Of Syrian birth, he migrated to America in his teens, peddled jewelry, studied medicine at Washington University in St. Louis. He pioneered as a horse-and-buggy doctor in Oklahoma, driving through dust storms to operate by candlelight. In a Model-T he skidded over red clay roads and battled snowdrifts to bring babies to Okie shack-dwellers. Loved and respected in a wide region around Elk City, Dr. Shadid by 1929 was a leading physician with an annual income of \$20,000.

For years the little doctor had been haunted by the fact that hundreds of farm families scattered throughout the Great Plains country were not getting adequate medical attention. He saw at first hand the tragedies among medically forgotten country folk: farmers dying of ruptured appendixes, their wives and children defenseless against the ravages of pneumonia, diabetes and tuberculosis. Shadid knew that the only solution to this bitter problem was prepaid group medicine, offering hospital facilities and medical treatment at a price that these none-too-prosperous farmers could afford. In the truest sense Shadid was a pioneer, for nowhere in America was there a model to guide him in his experiment.

Shadid began his project for prepaid group medicine by asking the best local doctors to join him. They turned him down -- for in the early '30's prepaid medicine practiced by groups of salaried doctors was not considered "ethical." Singlehanded, Shadid turned to the farmers -- the people who would benefit most from his plan. He called a mass meeting, and to Elk City came farmers from ten counties to hear the

crusading doctor tell them that if they all chipped in (as they had profitably done to build a coöperative cotton gin) they could guarantee for themselves and their posterity the rare blessing of good medical care.

Shadid's plan called for 2000 families to subscribe \$50 each to finance the building of the new institution. In 1930, membership pledges rolled in and soon the Hospital Association had \$10,000 in the bank. Then the financial panic and the opposition of the local physicians took effect. The doctors announced they'd never send *their* patients to the Community Hospital. In a desperate effort to save the venture, Shadid added \$10,000 of his own money to the fund. Then the Oklahoma Farmers Union helped the Hospital Association to borrow \$15,000. And at last in August 1931 the Elk City Community Hospital opened with a barbecue, attended by 3000 proud Oklahomans.

But medical care is more than bricks and mortar; funds were needed to pay the salaries of essential doctors, nurses and technicians. Again Shadid went to the farmers, stumped the surrounding counties, patiently explaining the features of the new coöperative plan. This was his gospel: A lone man can easily go broke paying for good medical care, but if a number of people make a small prepayment, the cost of illness is shared by all. Shadid's argument persuaded 300 farmers to step forward with \$25 each, and the pitch note of a new era

in medicine was heard on the Oklahoma plains.

This \$25 payment secured (and still secures) an impressive array of services for the dues-paying member and his family. All minor illnesses are treated free at the Out Patient Office of the hospital; subscribers can walk in for free treatment of colds, sore throats, digestive maladies, cuts, burns and other ailments, not requiring hospitalization. If the doctors' examination reveals a condition which should be treated surgically, the operation is performed without charge. Gall bladder, appendix and tonsils are removed; hernias are surgically repaired. The \$25 fee includes prenatal care and delivery of mothers; provides laboratory tests, fluoroscopic X-ray examinations, and radium, X-ray and diathermy treatments.

For dues-paying members, hospitalization costs are cut in half. The maximum charge for a room, meals and general nursing care is \$3 per day. Operating-room and anesthetic fees total \$10 for minor, \$20 for major operations. Medicines are furnished to dues-paying members at a 25 percent discount. House calls are made for \$1, plus 25 cents per mile one way; thus a subscriber who lives ten miles out in the prairie will pay \$3.50 to the doctor for a house call.

Dental fees are greatly reduced. A filling, for example, costs \$1, and a pair of dental plates can be had for \$25. Eye examinations are made

without charge; thus members feel free to come to the hospital's specialists in early stages of their eye troubles.

The average outlay among dues-paying families, for complete medical and hospital care, and including their \$25 yearly prepayment, amounts to \$54 per year. The average annual outlay for medical expenses per family in the United States is \$70.

Dr. Shadid early recognized that the success of his plan depended upon the skill and competence of the physicians he selected for his staff. The hospital is manned by six physicians trained in modern medicine and surgery. The staff urologist is the only specialist in this field in all western Oklahoma. The radiologist studied under the X-ray discoverer, Roentgen. The patients enjoy the advantages of his special skill in the early diagnosis of tuberculosis and stomach ulcers; cancer patients benefit by his long experience in the use of X ray and radium. An eye, ear, nose and throat specialist, a dentist, a surgeon and a specialist in internal medicine complete the hospital staff. Dr. Shadid is medical director and chief surgeon. These doctors receive salaries from \$4,000 to \$10,000; working as a team they pool their combined knowledge in the best tradition of clinical practice.

Despite the proved economic advantages of prepaid group medicine, more than half the families in the region served by Dr. Shadid's hospi-

tal cling to the old "wait-till-you're-sick" method of meeting doctor bills. When they fall ill, they are admitted, of course, to the Community Hospital, but must pay full rates for surgical operations, hospitalization, medicines and nursing. Thus a compound fracture (four weeks in hospital) will cost the nonmember \$250, while his dues paying neighbor in the next bed pays only \$80 for the same treatment. Gradually, the advantages of prepayment are winning an ever-larger percentage of the farmers in the Elk City area. Starting in 1931 with 300 families, the membership roll numbers 1600 families today.

Dr. Shadid's path has emphatically not been strewn with orchids. Medical die-hards, unwilling to accept the challenge of community medicine, have attempted to revoke the little doctor's license. When the battle was finally aired in the courts in 1941, the courtroom was jammed with Oklahoma farmers, all of whom had signed a petition declaring that their prepaid membership in the Community Hospital had not only brought good medicine to Elk City but had saved them sums ranging from \$50 to \$2000. (P.S. Dr. Shadid still has his license to practice medicine.)

Today the Elk City Community Hospital is on a sound financial footing; last year its gross income stood at \$127,000. In the past two years \$30,000 has been expended for new equipment, and it has a surplus of \$71,000. Most payments for services

are made in cash, but when an Oklahoma farmer comes to the hospital in need of medical care, and doesn't have the ready money, he is allowed to postdate his check. No one is turned away, and ten percent of the hospital's work is charitable. First and last the Hospital Association is a nonprofit association.

Already the Elk City Community Hospital has inspired similar prepaid medical care ventures in the Great Plains country. The farmers from the country surrounding Amherst, Texas -- population 750 -- have built a community hospital now successfully directed by Dr. B. O.

McDaniel, who received his group medicine training under Dr. Shadid. At Hurdner, Kansas, too, the farmers have followed Elk City's example.

Courageously, resourcefully, these Oklahomans have pioneered a way to beat our shortage of country doctors. They have proved that even a poor farm community can build its hospital, pay for it, and hire a staff of competent physicians and surgeons. For rural America, Dr. Shadid and the Oklahoma farmers have shown the way toward a new level of medical strength and vigor made possible by prepaid group practice -- the country medicine of tomorrow.

Ex-Darling Club

THE Brush Off Club, which was founded at a U. S. border base in India and is fast becoming a global affair, is composed of soldiers whose gals have thrown them over since they got into the army. Local chapters are being organized wherever our troops are stationed. Requirements for membership are: (1) She has married somebody else. (2) She is engaged or "practically engaged" to somebody else. (3) She mentions dates with other guys and doesn't start out "Dearest Darling" any more. (4) The soldier's folks have reported seeing her out with other joes.

There is also a "Pending or Prospective Membership" for the "Just Sweating Member." He doesn't know where

the hell he stands but the mail doesn't bring in sugar reports any longer. All members are eligible for the Good Hunting Committee, which convenes as often as two or three men can get leave anywhere females are in evidence. A Corresponding Secretary keeps track of new telephone numbers to exchange among members.

One new member joined the club with particularly high qualifications -- a six-page letter from his fiancée back in Texas. In the last paragraph she mentioned casually, "I was married a week ago but my husband won't mind you writing to me once in a while. He's a sailor and very broadminded."

—Adapted from Yank, *The Army Weekly*

"Better Than Six for One"

Condensed from Air Facts
Captain Thomas G. Lanphier, Jr.



WHEN we meet the Japs in the air, we win by wide margins. In four recent fights in the Solomons area, we destroyed 165 Jap planes with a loss of 25 of our own — better than six for one. The score is so lopsided that people at home wonder if the figures are not exaggerated.

They are not.

The figures err, if at all, on the conservative side. A pilot claims to have shot down a plane only when he sees it fall apart, or explode, or burn completely, or when he sees the enemy pilot jump out. To see a plane dive, smoking, is not enough; that is an old ruse and any plane will smoke when the throttle is suddenly jammed forward. Whenever possible, the pilot's claims are checked by other pilots and by ground observers; and often the latter see more planes fall than the pilots claim. After all, a pilot in a big fight is too busy to notice what becomes of the several planes that

just fade out of the picture. Often their pilots are dead in the cockpit from bullet wounds and the planes eventually crash, but at the moment there is no indication of this.

In the early days of the war, our pilots went up daily in tired old planes that could barely struggle up to the Nip's altitude. Things are different now. We have several types of good fighters, which we use at the altitudes for which they were designed to fly best, and so we can beat the Jap at any height. Our Lockheed Lightnings and Vought Corsairs can outspeed, outclimb, outshoot and fly higher than the Zero. Our Curtiss P-40 is still good at its own altitude.

All our ships are infinitely sturdier than the Japs'. A Lightning that strafed a destroyer — which blew up and sank — clipped 42 inches off its left wing on the ship's mast, then flew 300 miles back to Guadalcanal and made a normal landing. A Corsair came back from another scrap minus 44 inches of the right wing.

It gives me a cold sweat just thinking what it must be like to fly an unprotected, inflammable plane like the Zero. It is a shocking and awesome thing to see what a burst of 50-caliber tracers and incendi-

CAPTAIN Thomas G. Lanphier, Jr., flying with a squadron which has destroyed 60 Japanese planes in the Solomons area, himself has shot down seven in his 175 hours of combat flight. He wears the Distinguished Flying Cross with Silver Star and Oak Leaf Cluster, and the Navy Cross.

aries can do to one of those beautiful but fragile ships.

Next, the Jap flies by the book, and there is little in his book about teamwork. That's too bad for him, because he hasn't the imagination and ingenuity for brilliant individual performance. While the Jap bombers fly in tight, well-disciplined formations, the Zeros are all over the sky, just proceeding in the same general direction as their leader, like a swarm of bees. Each pilot has no one but himself on his mind. We, for our part, fly as a team, first, last and all the time. My primary duty if I see my wing man attacked is to help him out, and only then may I start a flight of my own. Look out for your wing man and he'll look out for you. That's our basic principle, and it is a lifesaver as we have proved time and again. Most of the "hot pilots" I have known, the spectacular individualists, are now pretty thoroughly dead. We try to use imagination and ingenuity, we spring unorthodox and audacious maneuvers when occasion offers, but we never forget to look out for each other.

Once four of our navy Grummans, heading home after a mission, out of ammunition, were jumped by 12 Zeros. The Grumman pilots stuck together, weaved back and forth across each others' tails, bluffed the Zeros out of coming too close, and landed safely. Had four Zeros been attacked by 12 Grummans, they'd

have gone four directions at once, every man for himself, and been polished off at once.

Finally, the Jap pilots we meet now, though capable, are not nearly so good as the trained veterans our men flew against at the start of the war. The average Zero pilot today is a young fellow with less than a high school education, not too much experience in his plane and even less in combat. He has neither the guile nor the flying ability of his predecessors.

The Zero pilot is brave enough, and to be feared if he has the jump on you. But fly at him head-on, and sweat out which of you is going to swerve. It will be the Jap. I have flown close to a hundred combat missions against the sons of Nippon and that stuff about his fanatic eagerness to swap his life for yours, even-trade, is eyewash.

He believes just what his leaders tell him, and they've told him we aren't born fighters — we're soft. So if we rush him, or spring something unexpected, he fumbles. Which means he's dead before he catches on, for there are only two kinds of fighter pilots — the quick and the dead.

It is our good fortune to find that the Yank is quick and the Jap is dead in considerable numbers. When the chips are down, your American youngster is rougher and tougher than any little buck-toothed son of the Emperor.

The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met

By Edwin Balmer

Editor of Redbook Magazine



MOTHER had light hair and blue eyes — large, steady, thoughtful eyes. She was young when I was a small child, and she used to study me with her clear, lovely blue eyes. I know now what she was considering.

"What can I say to my son," she was asking herself, "that will help him to understand and appreciate this world into which I have brought him?"

There was an occasion, when I was about seven: Mother had gone out and I had the house to myself for an hour. I made an ambitious structure out of tables and chairs which reached almost to the ceiling, and I was on top of it when it crashed. I was well bumped and two of the best chairs were broken.

When Mother came home she satisfied herself that I was not badly hurt and then sat quietly beside me. She uttered not a word of blame. Her gentle, steady hand clasped mine for a few moments and then she said:

"Chairs are very interesting things. At one time there wasn't a chair in the world. People sat on logs or stones or on the ground. Then some-

body chopped off the top of a log to make it more comfortable. Probably thousands of years went by before somebody thought of putting legs under a seat to make a chair. For a long, long time only the chief man in a tribe had a chair; it was hundreds of years before chairs became at all common.

"Then a few men set to work to make chairs not only comfortable but beautiful, too. Four Englishmen, who lived at about the same time, made such graceful designs that nobody has been able to improve them much since; so nearly all of the chairs we have are copies of those made more than 100 years ago."

"Our chairs are?" I asked. She had not mentioned the chairs I had smashed.

"Yes. Most of ours are copies of chairs made by a man named Hepplewhite. The other three great chair-makers were Chippendale and Sheraton and Adam."

Not long after this, I had to deal with death. Albert, a friend of my own age, a strong and active boy, had died. Mother realized that I was facing a solemn and frightening fact for the first time. Albert and I had sung together in the choir. Now I

was to sing at his funeral. Albert had always marched beside me in the processional.

In my room, I was slowly polishing my best black shoes when Mother opened the door and came in. She said not a word about Albert, but simply helped me with my stiff white collar; and then, in her quiet way, she kissed me and held me to her for a few moments. Then she left me.

At the church, I missed Albert's voice as we entered singing "Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand." I saw the coffin but couldn't believe that Albert was in it under the heap of flowers. I looked for Mother. She was up in front, and all through the service she sat straight and looked steadily at me. She let me go home alone, afterward, as usual. I was in my room, trying to unlace my shoes, when she came in.

"You will never forget Albert, will you?" she said, bending down to help me with a knot.

"Never," I said.

"So you see, Edwin, death isn't the end. Even on this earth, it's not the end."

"But I'll never see Albert again!"

"You'll remember him, though. Everyone who knew him will remember him because he was fine and courageous and kind. So he lives because he deserves to live. And you will live as long as you deserve to live, even after you may not be seen again."

With those simple words she changed my feeling about death

from a fear to a challenge -- a feeling which has endured to this day.

Mother was small, but very vigorous. She did settlement work in Chicago and served on welfare committees; she wrote stories for magazines, including *The Saturday Evening Post*; she sang and played whist well. She was a staunch church member. And she had four children.

In a day when in all America only a few hundred girls were going to college, Mother had gone to Vassar when she was scarcely 16. But her degree didn't quench her thirst for learning. "Wonder about things you see," she would say to us. "Never just look at an object. Wonder about it! Wonder who made it, and how! Above all, wonder how it might be improved. Never cease to wonder!"

"Knowledge can give power and practical advantages," she repeated often, "but it can give you something far more pleasant and enduring -- appreciation."

She was willing to deprive herself to help young people get an education. I overheard an argument, one evening, between Mother and Father on the subject of clothes, and Father, knowing that I had overheard and probably misunderstood it, later explained to me: "Your mother has not been spending enough money on herself. She's helping two young girls through college. I told her I'd give her extra money for that, but she said, then *she* wouldn't be helping them. That's your mother."

Our home was near Evanston, Illinois, and my older sister and I entered Northwestern University. My brother was in prep school and our very much younger sister was in kindergarten near home.

At breakfast one Sunday morning, after Mother had been married just 20 years, she announced that she was going to college again.

"I'll be gone only in the morning and early in the afternoon," she said, "and no one can say I'm neglecting the children when I'll be in Northwestern with half of them."

At first, I could not help resenting it. She had even registered for one course which I was taking. However, she never acted in the least like a mother in class, and she didn't look like one. Everybody liked her and she did so well that I couldn't help being proud of her. She was given a Master of Arts degree at the same commencement at which I was given an A.B.

"Since you don't mean to teach, Helen," her most outspoken friend said when congratulating her. "I really can't see the use of these two years you spent in college."

It was, at first, hard to see. But soon three of us, the oldest of her children, married, and our younger sister went to boarding school. Mother was at an age when many a woman, at a loss for something to do, fills her days with trivialities. Mother was not for an instant at a loss, nor was there anything trivial about what she undertook — the study of

the origins of religion and of moral ideas.

It was a decade of discovery and decipherment of important Egyptian and Mesopotamian writings; scholars were unearthing and publishing the first gropings of men toward God. The work fascinated Mother and she followed it, through publications, as closely as she could. She got Father interested in it, too, and when he retired from business they went together to Egypt.

"Next to the satisfaction of digging in the Valley of Kings," one of the great archeologists said to Father, "is the pleasure of finding so completely prepared an approach as your wife's."

She could have found for Father no other interest so absorbing, and it carried through the remaining years of his life. When he died, she had to sustain too soon a second blow: the death of my brother. Shortly after that, Mother went abroad alone. I didn't worry about her: I knew that wherever she went she would be studying something.

She wrote me from Oxford that she was doing special reading in the library. When she came home a year later I discovered that she had been studying the Babylonian and Sumerian backgrounds of the Bible as previously she had studied the Egyptian records. How far she had progressed in a short time I learned from one of England's greatest scholars, who sent her advance proofs of his new book and who, when he

arrived in America later, came to visit her.

She was in her 70's and the days never were long enough for her. It was inspiring to her children, her grandchildren and her friends to see how her lifelong passion for deeper meanings and truer understandings sustained her.

Recently I opened one of the

books which were on the stand beside her bed when she died. A marked passage told of Unis, an Egyptian King who lived 27 centuries before Christ.

"Ho, King Unis! Thou didst not depart dead!" this Pyramid text declares. "Thou didst depart living!"

That is the way I think of my mother.



General MacArthur's Grain of Salt

GENERAL Douglas MacArthur's communiqués from the Pacific always list some United States losses, even when there are none. His reason for doing this, he explained to Lieutenant General George C. Kenney, traces back to an experience of his Indian-fighter father, General Arthur MacArthur. The elder MacArthur had captured an Indian war party and was anxious to impress the chiefs and their braves with the strength of the white man, so that the redskins would understand the futility of their periodic raids.

"As interpreter," MacArthur tells, "Dad used Wild Bill Hickok, the famous Indian scout, to tell the chiefs of the powerful new railroad locomotives, fueled with coal and snorting flames, that could carry a thousand white braves and their ponies in one trainload. The Indians jabbered to each other and then at Hickok. 'General,' Hickok said, 'they just don't believe it.'"

"So Dad told Wild Bill to explain about the steamboat that could go faster

than any war canoe, and was bigger than a mountain. Again Hickok spoke to the stony-faced Indians. 'General,' he reported unhappily, 'they don't believe that neither.'

"Dad made one more try. 'Bill, the Indians may not understand a locomotive or a steamboat, but they beat out their signals on war drums, so they'll savvy Morse's invention of the telegraph. Explain to them that an American soldier can tap out a message and another soldier receives it instantly 50 miles away.'

"Wild Bill scuffled his feet in the prairie dust and spat explosively into a gopher hole. 'General,' he said, 'I can't tell them that because, by God, I don't believe that myself.'"

So when General Kenney protested that MacArthur's communiqué of the previous day was in error, that his fliers had plastered the Japs without losing a single plane, MacArthur told him this story and added: "I wanted somebody to believe us." — Ed Sullivan

Are You Neglecting the Wonder Bean?

Condensed from
American Miller

Leigh
Mitchell Hodges

I SAT DOWN to lunch recently in the diet kitchen of the Nutrition School at Cornell. The meal was to be an experiment, and since I'm fond of good eating I began it dubiously. But my first slice of bread and butter changed my mind.

"Fine bread!" I exclaimed.

"Part soybean flour," said Dr. Clive McCay, Cornell's distinguished food chemist. "And what you've spread as 'butter' is soyoil margarine. Now try these soybeans," he added, passing a plate of fried sprouted soybeans, nested in boiled rice.

"Excellent. Aren't they something new?"

"Over here, yes. But they've been China's mainstay for more than 5000 years. These sprouts are interesting - a fresh vegetable that can be grown in any climate at any time of year, without soil or sunlight, and in three to five days. Highly nutritious too. A pound of beans, sprouted, is an almost complete one-day ration for an active adult. Add something starchy, and something to give more of Vitamin A, and you have a *complete* ration. Now try the salad."

Chilled boiled soy-sprouts on lettuce, with chopped onion, green pepper and French dressing. For dessert, part-soy flour spice cake. The whole meal was really delicious.

"And," said McCay, "you're as well fed as if you'd had tomato juice, steak, potatoes and dessert. You've got the same essential food elements, and more of some of them at one fifth the cost."

That meal gave me something to think about, with the food problem getting ever more serious. Soybeans can be grown in your kitchen or on the back porch or the fire escape. All that's needed is a fruit jar, a little chlorinated lime such as is used for purifying drinking water, a small square of window screen or cheap cheesecloth, and dried soybeans, which are inexpensive.

You dissolve a teaspoon of the lime in a gallon of water and soak a cup (one half pint) of the beans overnight in a quart of this solution. Rinse them twice in plain water, and put in a quart jar. Then tie the screen or cloth over the top; stand the jar upside down on two small

pieces of wood, for constant drainage, and set it in a dark place or under a cardboard box.

At morning and noon fill the jar with plain water, and at night with the chlorinated water, which is used to prevent mold. Drain immediately each time, and continue the upside-down-darkness. Unless the beans are too old, or poor grade, they'll swell to four times their original size and show whitish sprouts an inch or more long in three to five days. The soysprouts should be kept in the icebox or a cool place until used.

The variety of ways in which soysprouts can be prepared makes them appeal to almost every palate. They can be boiled and served hot with a savory sauce, or served cold in green or fruit salads. You can sauté them for use as a separate vegetable; bake them in a casserole, with a little salt pork, milk, sliced onions and green peppers and bread crumbs; add them to any kind of stew, and get the same meat value with half the meat, or combine them with hash. Always serve both bean and sprout. The loosened skins may be discarded, if you place looks above health, but they don't mar the flavor and are fine roughage.

Soybeans are the most complete natural foodstuff known. One pound of soy flour contains as much protein as 31 eggs, six quarts of milk, or two pounds of boneless meat. With the growing scarcity of animal foods, soysprouts will become increasingly

important, both to meet our own continuing food needs after the war and to help the underfed or starving millions in Axis-chained countries. They can be shipped anywhere in the dry bean, which already is naturally dehydrated and has excellent keeping quality.

In Hagerstown, Maryland, where the Soya Corporation of America is milling soybean flour by a new process, I tasted the cream-colored product. It's bland and a bit nutty, without the unpleasant taste or bitterness that gave a black eye to some of the hastily processed soy foods first put on the market in this country.

Soy flour, which is being milled in many parts of the country, is making white bread and all sorts of other foods more nutritious — candy, cocoa, dehydrated soups, baby foods, mayonnaise, ice cream, cake, cookies.

I've eaten part-soy noodles and macaroni, and they're as good as any. You've probably been eating part-soy doughnuts and liking them, for many wholesale bakers have been making them for some time. And if your link sausage has shrunk less in cooking lately, that's because a small percentage of soy flour is mixed with the ground meat. Canned green soybeans are also available now.

The soybean is rich in many of the vitamins, notably B₁ and B₂. It's a good source of the reproduction E, the blood-clotting K, and the antipellagra Niacin. And while the dry bean lacks the antiscorvy C,

this is more than made up in the slender tendrils of the sprouted beans, which develop enough of this important vitamin to put them on a par with tomatoes.

McCay's announcement of this added value brought a Canadian army officer posthaste to Cornell. Thanks to soybeans, Canadian troops stationed in the Arctic now have a fresh vegetable the year round that protects against scurvy.

Soybeans are also rich in the minerals we should eat every day. They contain twice as much bone building calcium as milk, and generous amounts of phosphorus, iron, copper, magnesium, potassium and sodium.

The German scientist, Furstenberg, had a gift of prophecy in 1917, when he visioned the soybean as "the plant that is going to revolutionize the nutrition of humanity." At that time Germany was importing more of them than any other country, mostly from Manchuria.

One of Hitler's first acts after coming to power was to plan a 2,000,000 ton soybean reserve. He

also arranged for vast soy plantings in Rumania and other Balkan countries. Part of this huge reserve has been used in the making of explosives and other war chemicals. But most of it has been milled into flour which has proved invaluable in piecing out insufficient supplies of animal foods.

"The 'soy surface' has only been scratched," says Dr. Artemy Alexiev Havorth, who, under a Rockefeller grant, spent eight years in the Peking Union Medical College studying the more than 5000 different varieties of soybean which have been developed in China. "We have been neglecting a major foodstuff."

We are making up for that neglect rapidly. In 1941 we used about 50,000,000 pounds of soy products. This year the government is asking for production of *30 times as much*. Most of this vast increase will be used by our own and other United Nations armed forces, but it is safe to prophesy that soy dishes will be very much the fashion in all parts of the cot-try in the near future.



Bottle-Logical

A SOMEWHAT tipsy gentleman boarded a two story bus in Chicago and sat down near the driver. He talked and talked until the driver tactfully suggested that he go up to the top deck to enjoy the fresh air. The drunk amiably clambered upstairs. In a few minutes he was back.

"What's the matter?" asked the driver. "Didn't you like it up there?"

"Yep, nice view, nice air," answered the drunk. "But it ain't safe—no driver!"

University of Washington Columns

ers cluster about it in their off time, discussing with keen interest the role of the equipment they produce.

Other displays feature a completed instrument, around which are spread its component parts. A ribbon runs from each part to the place where it fits into the assembled instrument. On the ribbon is the name of the worker who made that part. Says a printed explanation under the case: "When Italian submarines were preying on Allied shipping in the Mediterranean, instruments like this sent the warnings that brought our African-based planes to the rescue."

Know-why is more than a technique for teaching new skills in a hurry. By taking time to explain the

why of things, Bendix instructors get the jump on problems that cause friction between workers and employers. Workers who *understand* their jobs don't get bored and spend their time griping; they don't quit or stay away from work except for the most urgent reasons.

To many trainees the factory is a strange, alarming new world. Know-why helps make it familiar and friendly, and the chance to keep on learning new things fills this new world with excitement and variety. The worker sees, in his instructor's patient explanations, evidence that the management is interested in *his* working problems, and he returns that interest with an enthusiasm which keeps war materials tumbling faster off the production line.

Caper-Cutter

I MET Dr. Clyde R. Miller of Columbia University, a man with a permanent streak of mischief, walking along lower Broadway. He asked me to go with him on an important errand. Into one of the biggest buildings in the Wall Street district he went and hastened downstairs to a restaurant that looked about the size of Madison Square Garden. Miller studied the walls and ceilings for a moment and then carefully paced off about 12 feet, stooped down and made a heavy pencil mark on the floor. With a wave of the hand he turned to me: "The new partition goes along here. That opening yonder is to

be walled up. We'll put the row of washbowls over there."

Mentime the manager had appeared and was asking: "What's this all about?"

"We just came in to see about the alterations," replied Miller matter-of-factly, as he whipped out a small tape-line and began busily measuring again.

"But what about my lease?" demanded the manager.

"I wouldn't know nothin' about no lease," said Miller. "I just follow orders and go according to blueprints." Then to me: "Start on the job Monday." And with that he stalked out.

— Fred C. Kelly

"Cut-im Grass Belong Head Belong Me!"

Condensed from Life ★ ★ ★ Francis Sill Wickware

ONE of the diverting by-products of global war is that the U. S. Army, as a matter of practical necessity, is teaching soldiers in the South Pacific to say *Cut-im grass belong head belong me!* for "I want a haircut," *Cupsie-im coffee'long cup* for "Pour the coffee," and *He got sheepy-sheep?* for "Is there any lamb?"

Part English and part Melanesian, pidgin is spoken by over a million natives, and has superseded hundreds of mutually incomprehensible dialects as the principal means of intertribal communication. It is really a new language, with a vocabulary and grammatical rules as precise as those of English, and an outsider going to live in the Southwest Pacific has to learn it the way he would any foreign tongue.

Melanesian pidgin had its start when English whalers first put into Southwest Pacific harbors back in the 18th century and the natives picked up the strange speech of their crews. Whaling men and the settlers who followed them were robust characters, and consequently pidgin is often earthy, not to say obscene, although the natives don't realize it. Another revealing thing about the

language is the almost complete lack of polite words and phrases like "Thank you," "Yes, sir," and so on. Apparently the settlers never bothered to be polite.

Pidgin today is commonly spoken even in the remote mountain villages, although two thirds of the inhabitants never have had any dealings with white men. The pidgin vocabulary of the average Melanesian is roughly equivalent to that of an alert American child of seven or eight. Verbs have no tense, person or number, and *me come* means "I come," "I came," or "I will come." To indicate the future the natives use *bimeby* (bye-and-bye) as in *bimeby me come*, while the word *finish* shows completed action -- *me come finish*, "I have come."

Many nonverbs crop up in verb forms. For instance, *all-right-im* means to "fix" or "repair," and *back-im* means to "repay." It frequently requires two verbs in pidgin to do the job of one in English. Thus "pull it down" becomes *pull-im he-come down*, and "stop the machine" is *make-im die machine*.

Another peculiarity of Melanesian pidgin is that repetition often intensifies the meaning. If you wash

your hands the word is *wash-im*, but if you have a bath it is *wash-wash*. Likewise, if you make a casual remark you *talk*, whereas if you have a long conversation you *talk-talk*. "Drunk" is, aptly, *long-long along drink*.

To ask the time in pidgin you say, *How much clock?* If it happens to be between two and three, say, the answer will be *Two-clock he-go finish, three-clock he-no come-up yet*.

Like children, the Melanesians invent simple graphic expressions for new things and ideas, rather than learn new words. A "telescope" is *bamboo belong look-look*, a "flash-light" is a *shoot-lamp*, a gun muzzle is *eye belong musket*. An accordion is

liklik bockiss (little box) *you push him he cry you pull him he cry*.

Much of the language is uncomfortably blunt. "How long is it since you bathed?" becomes *Skin belong you he stink. Callum how much day he loose 'long you wash-wash?* A pregnant woman is *dis-fellow mary* (woman) *he got bel* (belly).

Sentences seldom express more than one thought. For example, pidgin translations of the Commandments are succinct: *Keep Sunday. Hear for papa and mamma. No kill. No make bad. No thief. No lie. No want other man his mary*.

Undoubtedly U. S. slang will be broadened after the war when our soldiers come home with Melanesian pidgin on their tongues.



The New Air Force Insignia

REPRODUCED below is the new insignia for all planes of the United States Army Air Forces. This device takes the place of the former white star on a field of blue. It retains these and adds two white rectangles at right and left, with a red border enclosing the whole device.

The new insignia was developed after visibility tests by the Proving Ground Command, Army Air Forces. These tests established that our old insignia, Japan's red dot and Germany's black cross (superimposed on a wider white cross) all resolved into the form of a dot at a certain distance from the eye. The new device maintains the shape of a long narrow bar when it comes into the field of visibility -- the circular center appearing to flatten out and blend into the rectangle. Thus there can be no mistake in identity, even at great distances.



Mr. Anthony, who dusts off marital problems on the radio, got his know-how driving cabs and spending not-so-Good-Will hours in alimony jail

Self-Made Solomon

Condensed from
The Saturday Evening Post

Earl Wilson



JOHN J. ANTHONY, the silken-tongued, \$78,000-a-year conductor of radio's "Good Will Hour," was once Lester Kroll, a cabby from the Bronx. It is only ten years since he gave up hacking, and six years since he became an oracle, telling the nation's troubled how to patch up, or get rid of, their personal problems. The Sunday-night announcement that "thousands are happier and more successful today because of John J. Anthony" is familiar to everybody who has good hearing. Even more familiar is the whine of the advice seekers -- "My problem, Mr. Anthony . . ." — and the soft-toned reply of the great soul searcher himself, reeling off a quick solution to the most difficult problem with the speed of a short-order cook.

Anthony's stirring idyl, as fascinating a success story as America ever produced, began in 1935. Having discovered that pushing a cab around New York all week brought the towering profit of \$11, he had laid aside

his chauffeur's cap to become a writer on taxicab subjects. He had also abandoned the name of Lester Kroll for the pen name of Jack Anthony. But the take from writing was poor, and one day he seized a picket sign and paraded belligerently with the Writers Union, demanding that the Federal Writers' Project create more jobs. As a reward for that endeavor, he himself was taken on at \$23.80 a week. That's not enough for his tips now, but in 1935 it was just short of a windfall.

He got his radio opportunity while on WPA, and those who shrugged him off in those days are appalled now by their bad judgment. For today Anthony basks in an adulation almost as fervent as that which the Harlem angels feel for Father Divine. Ironized Yeast, appreciating this, pays \$3000 a week, plus air time, for the privilege of sponsoring his program of tears and heartaches over 65 Blue Network stations. He

must return half of this to station WMCA, his discoverer. Anthony also conducts privately the Marital Relations Institute, where he charges a minimum of \$25 for the wear and tear on his brain in trying to solve one domestic problem.

Physically, Anthony doesn't resemble a prophet. Five feet, six and a half inches tall, weighing a scant 135, he is darting-eyed, mustached and sleek-looking, with a shiny Broadway sharpness. On the air he uses a borrowed broad *a* — "Ah-h-h — I see, you're asking me to answer your question." But in excitement, he often slips back into the language of The Bronx, prolonging the hard *g*, as in "Long Guyland."

Anthony's followers don't care about his vocal versatility. To them his stern endorsement of the Golden Rule as a way of life is sufficient. And when he roars, "But my good man, you *married* this woman!" at some erring husband, or, "What? You were unfaithful?" at some wife, they are blindly devoted. No fewer than 36 babies have been named for him. Women have knitted him scarves he has never worn. He has dissuaded scores from committing suicide. A man broke into gurgling sobs on his program recently and said, "I wanted to end it all, but my wife said, 'Before you do anything drastic, go see Mr. Anthony.'"

Anthony seriously considers himself a doer of good. He resents having the program called "the show," as other radio programs are called. To

him it is "The Hour." He frequently says, "The Hour is more than a commercial venture. It is a social institution."

In rare moments of frankness Anthony admits, "I've starved — starved — to get where I am." Generally, however, he gives the impression that he was merely wafted to his present pedestal. For there are two Anthonys — the real one, who struggled upward through the tough, competitive life of New York, and the invented one, sculptured from pure imagination, who supposedly studied under Freud in Europe, and then was summoned, as a matter of course to conduct the Good Will Hour. Because a background in psychiatry seemed essential, he gave himself three university degrees. When asked what universities he had attended, he declined to designate them on the ground that he didn't want to be thought of as "an academician." Actually, Lester Kroll found high school confining and never bothered to finish.

The first, the original John J. Anthony marital problem, was his own. In 1924, when he was 23, he married Stella Lang, an attractive chorus girl. Soon thereafter he began hacking. He was a good cabbie, but hacking didn't encourage the preservation of the family unit that he now preaches on Sunday nights. His wife began separation action, charging that he wasn't supporting her and their two boys. The court ordered him to pay her \$5 a week; but he was

so allergic to alimony that his arrears reached more than \$1200, and he had to be packed off to Alimony Jail. He served one term of three months, and a shorter term. Later his wife divorced him.

Anthony made this experience a springboard to a new career. While in jail he helped form the Alimony League, composed of fellow husbands in arrears, and he also dashed off a book, *Alimony Exposed*, which he subsequently hawked from street corners. In recent years Anthony has been uncomfortable about the existence of this book, since it records that he, now the fount of all wisdom about happy marriage relations, was not entirely perfect as a husband.

Anthony had discovered that you didn't have to be a success at marriage to give advice about it. So out of the ruins of his marriage came his Marital Relations Institute. At first it barely limped along and Anthony had to take on other enterprises. He taught public speaking in some of the schools on 42nd Street not far from the flea-circus belt. He went to Albany to spellbind the legislature about some proposed alimony reforms, and got several adopted. He made a study of the world's divorce laws and read enough psychiatry to acquire a patter.

During the early '30's he spent many hours at a cafeteria in Union Square, a hangout for disputatious radicals. A gifted street orator, he often joined in the general screaming for a revolution next month at the

very latest, but he had one glaring capitalistic fault. He bragged he'd be rich some day if a radio program he had in mind could but get a trial.

His chance came when catastrophe befell A. L. Alexander's "Court of Good Will." On this program lawyers and judges gave advice on all sorts of questions. Alexander had an estimated 17,000,000 listeners. Suddenly the New York Appellate Division barred the giving of legal advice over the air. Anthony walked into Station WMCA and proposed that he, director of "the famous Marital Relations Institute," replace the judges and lawyers as advice giver. He was signed at \$50 a week on a trial basis. The Good Will Court was forgotten; "the original Good Will Hour" took over. In 1937, *True Story Magazine*, impressed with the revival-meeting, confessional flavor of the program, sponsored it at \$500, then \$750 a week. Later Ironized Yeast became the sponsor. Anthony had hit the jack pot.

The Good Will Hour is unrehearsed, with no audience save the advice seekers themselves. From the hundreds who write begging to appear, Anthony picks about 35 each week to interview in person. He avoids the "hot cases," as the unwed-mother problems are called.

Sunday afternoon the selectees troop up to WMCA. They're permitted to take a friend or relative along for moral support. Eventually a deeply serious man, whose large glasses and black mustache make him

look like Groucho Marx in a pensive moment, comes in to talk with them. This is Anthony. A skillful showman, he keeps an ear cocked for an Irish brogue, a southern accent, or a threat of tears that he can use for dramatic effect. He prepares no script. He merely packages each case in his mind.

He holds a short pep rally before the program, to calm the petitioners. He warns them not to say "damn," not to mention names, addresses or religions, and not to be too vivid in describing their marital grievances.

"If you want to say your husband beats you," he sometimes tells the women, "it doesn't matter whether he uses a horsewhip or a baseball bat. Just say he beats you."

From their reactions, Anthony decides which 20 of the 35 will appear. The dumber, less colorful and more dangerous ones will find that Anthony's time will run short just before he gets to them.

When the announcer says, "The case of Mrs. C. J.," Anthony murmurs softly, "All right, madam, your problem, please," and they're off. The initials are no guide to the petitioner's identity; they've been picked from a hat. While the petitioner is stating the problem, Anthony purses his lips and stares at the ceiling. Then he starts discussing the case and his manner is often so lofty that some listeners feel an urge to throttle him. Partly to counteract this his second wife, a former teacher of eurythmy, sits in the sponsor's box, flashing him signals or scribbling notes which she

sends to him by page boy. Sometimes she writes "Hurry," to warn him that the petitioner of the moment is boring. Anthony requests this coaching. "I want to know whether I'm on the ball," he explains.

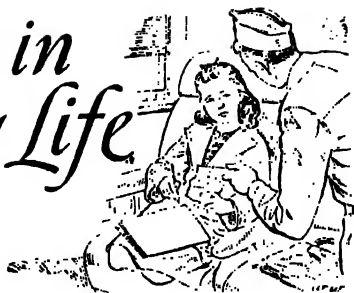
Anthony has great courage. People who are lax in their marital responsibilities he sometimes browbeats unmercifully. He infuriated romantics by telling a reformatory parolee not to marry the girl of his choice until he had lived down his past. He laughed superiorly at a girl who proposed to reform her fiancé after marriage. "No, no, my child," he said, "marriage is not a reformatory." Rarely is a problem encountered that is too big for John J. Anthony. When he does find one, he makes it an event. "Really, only God could decide that problem," he said on one occasion, "and may God be with you in forming your decision."

Anthony's success is attested by his bad reputation with radio editors, psychiatrists, sociologists and judges, who accuse him of exploiting human troubles. Only a man with enormous prestige could stir them to such censure. On the other hand, he gets jobs for the jobless and crutches for the crippled; and he holds the Award of the Year, from the Radio Listeners Foundation, Inc., of Detroit, for "unselfish service to humanity." His reply to the sociologists is that he solves cases in one twentieth the time they require. "I don't have anything against sociologists," he says. "I sympathize with them."



Drama in Everyday Life

• V •



A SOLDIER ambling down the aisle of a train eastbound from California leaned over a 12-year-old girl huddled in her seat and scribbling on the corner of the paper bag which held her lunch, dinner and breakfast. "What are you writing, little girl?" he asked.

Dignity in the set of her thin little shoulders, the girl looked up at him unsmilingly: "I am writing a poem about my mother. She died last Friday and they have her up ahead in the baggage car."

She handed him the grimy corner of the paper bag. It read:

My mother was so very nice
She heard me say my prayer
And when I woke she helped me
dress
And helped me brush my hair.
At noon when I came home from
school
She met me at the door,
And when I had finished lunch
She let me sweep the floor.
The other day she passed away
And now I'm on the train
To Michigan, my Michigan,
To go and to remain.

The soldier cleared his throat and returned the little elegy. He made his way back to his car which was

occupied by a hundred soldiers and sailors. "Listen, guys—" he began. . . .

At Chicago, surrounded by service men, the little girl was taken to the war-bond counter in the station where her admirers handed her a \$100 bond and \$20 in cash for spending money.

"What are you going to do with the extra \$20, Kathleen?" someone questioned.

"I'm going to buy a pair of galoshes," she replied in a firm voice. "When my mother went to the hospital, she told me that the next thing she was going to buy me was a pair of galoshes. I had better do it now, myself."

— Rita Fitzpatrick in *N. Y. Daily News*

A SATURDAY morning auction in the little New Hampshire village had attracted the usual crowd of natives with inquisitive children, avid-eyed women collectors in slacks and bandannas, and sharp, quiet dealers looking for a "find." Among them appeared a family so obviously poverty-stricken that it wrung my heart. The woman wore a coat of 1920 vintage, despite the warmth

of the day, and was interested in one article only — an old but well-cared-for sewing machine. Her lanky husband stood awkwardly beside her in faded blue overalls, and their five children were literally in rags, patched and repatched.

When the bidding started on the sewing machine and the crowd perceived that the couple wanted it, no one bid against the woman's timid murmur of "two dollars." She looked hopelessly at the auctioneer. His darting eyes had taken in the situation, and I really think he quickened his "going, going, gone." And what a look of happiness came over her tired face as she realized it was hers!

They strapped the sewing machine onto the ancient Ford and piled the five kids into the back seat. And as she climbed in beside her husband, I heard the woman say: "Wasn't we lucky that nobody else wanted a sewing machine this time?"

The silent conspiracy was human nature at its warmhearted best.

— Gertrude Hynes

JOE WAS a tough little warrior from Hell's Kitchen, paroled to the Boys' Club from the juvenile court. He had stolen cash from store tills, swiped a gun, taken a pot shot at a

cop, and cussed the judge who paroled him. In the Boys' Club, where I met him, Joe picked fights and tried to smash the "sissy joint."

One day the physical director was called to the telephone while refereeing a basketball game. He turned to Joe, who was watching from the sidelines. "Son," he asked, "could you take the whistle and referee for me?"

"Hell!" Joe said. "That's a cinch." And it was.

Joe had a game leg which excluded him from participating in sports. The doctor gave him a thorough examination, and said, "Joe, I think we can fix it!"

Joe said humbly, "Jeeze! Honest, Doc?"

The fact was, as the club nurse discovered from the boy's mother, Joe's badness dated from the time he broke his leg jumping on a truck. Before that he had been tops in neighborhood sports. To regain this lost leadership he stole money to treat the gang, and pulled off tough exploits to win their admiration. With his leg straightened, Joe has become a dependable member of the club and captain of his team. He has found his way back.

— Elizabeth Frazer



*A*N IRISH patriot once remarked that every man should love his native land, whether he was born there or not.

— Contributed by Charles B. Rothman

¶ If wild creatures cannot "think," what accounts for these amazing — and authentic — feats?



What Is This Wisdom of the Wild?

Condensed from The Baltimore Sunday Sun • *Alan Devoe* •

FROM my study window one afternoon last spring I saw a woodchuck slowly and clumsily climbing up our 50-foot maple tree. I rubbed my eyes — for all the textbooks say that woodchucks are ground animals. Nature, however, has a way of confounding the authorities.

Laboriously the woodchuck hitched his heavy body to the top of the tree, making hard work of it because his claws are adapted for digging, not climbing. Then, like an awkward bear, he backed slowly down. Every three or four feet he halted, and through my field glasses I saw him vigorously gash the bark of the tree with his sharp teeth. This kept up until he reached the ground, then he waddled off to resume his normal occupation of ruining my garden.

What did this extraordinary performance mean? I was witnessing, surely, some new manifestation of the ever-astonishing thing that is the wisdom of the wild. But what?

Three hours passed before the answer came. Just before dusk the

Author of "Down to Earth,"
"Lives Around Us," etc.

woodchuck appeared again at the tree and again began to climb. At each place where he had cut a gash, sweet maple sap had oozed out in a flow of nectar; and the woodchuck methodically clambered from drinking place to drinking place, lapping his fill!

Laboratory experimenters who subject animals to the problems of mazes and puzzle boxes usually conclude that animals do not think. But is their conclusion correct? Isn't there, at least, an older kind of intelligence than the intellect — intuition, subconscious insight, what the Indians called "deep-knowing"? My woodchuck confounded the "scientists."

The woodland nest in which a grouse deposits her clutch of eggs is usually a shallow depression in the ground, lined with a few dead leaves. When the mother bird is sitting she effectively conceals the eggs; but when she must be away from the nest, the dozen or so nearly white eggs are easily visible to enemies. So,

when leaving the nest, she cunningly scratches leaves and grasses over the eggs to hide them.

That is a striking enough wisdom, but a grouse in my wood lot showed her deep-knowing in a still more striking way. Whenever I came near her nest she would suddenly whirr away, yet the eggs were as thoroughly covered with leaves as though she had had an hour instead of a split second in which to conceal them before taking flight. I was bewildered.

Finally, after many hours of watching from a nearby hiding place, I found how the trick was worked.

While the grouse was sitting on her nest she picked up leaves in her beak and placed them on her back until she had spread a layer of them over herself. Then, when she was suddenly startled — as by my tossing a stone near the nest — she would start her take-off by an almost imperceptible gliding-forward movement. The dead leaves would slide down her back and settle upon the eggs, hiding them completely.

Was that calculated performance instinctive, or did it require actual thought and planning?

Instinct will not easily explain the wisdom sometimes shown even by insects — which, most scientists agree, cannot think. Consider the extraordinary report on ant behavior by Major R. W. G. Hingston, the distinguished British entomologist.

While watching a colony of ants

among the fig trees in Bagdad, he amused himself by putting down bits of food for them and observing how, when a wandering ant found one of the morsels too big to move, it would go back to the nest and dispatch a party to bring the tidbit in. This is a strange enough performance, but suddenly Major Hingston realized that he was seeing something even more remarkable: *the number of ants dispatched from the nest was proportionate to the size of the food-morsel to be brought in.* He confirmed the fact by repeated experiments.

"I cut a grasshopper into three bits," writes the major. "The second bit is twice the bulk of the first, and the third is twice as big as the second. I give each to an ant. All three ants hasten to the nest and each sends a party to its own bit. I count the number of ants dispatched: there are 28 at the smallest fragment, 44 at the next larger, and 89 at the largest piece!"

Many instances of the cunning of animals including their enemies challenge our belief that only man is capable of *thinking*. The fox, with the hounds after him, zigzags, backtracks, bounds from boulder to boulder in a shallow brook, and runs on stone walls to confuse his trail. A rabbit darts in and out, under a barbed-wire fence, and evades the pounces of a hawk. Similar cunning has been shown even by the opossum, an animal generally believed to be dim-witted.

The late naturalist, Dallas Lore

Sharp, who liked to hunt possums, kept a number of hounds about his place, and the vicinity was therefore one which a possum should have found hazardous to approach. Yet Sharp, while unbaling a corn shock close by the house one day, found a fat and drowsy possum placidly curled up inside it.

The animal had evidently been denning there for weeks. The dogs must have passed the corn shock innumerable times, sniffed around it, and gone unsuspectingly on their way. What was the answer to the riddle?

Sharp finally figured it out. The corn shock was situated, unlike any other in the field, close to an old rail fence that ran to the far boundary of the farm. One of the fence's cross-stakes slanted almost over the top of the shock. Night after night the possum had ambled along the top rail of this fence until he came abreast of the corn shock, and then, with a flying leap, entered the shock via its

top. And he had been coming out the same way. Never did he leave his track and scent on the ground near the nest, where a dog could find it.

Perhaps scientists are right in saying that wild creatures cannot think. Yet there remains an unexplained wisdom of the wild which eludes the laboratory and escapes definition. It is something that partakes of the unnamable Wisdom that everywhere pervades the universe and its workings can be as humbling as a flower or a star.

HAVE YOU ever seen an unusual example of a wild creature's "thinking"? Write your story in not more than 300 words and send it to Alan Devoe, The Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, N. Y. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned, but \$100 will be paid for any story published in The Reader's Digest.



Recipe for Serenity

❖ LILLIAN RUSSELL, when asked how she could keep her face so smooth, her spirit so quiet, in spite of all the problems of her life, replied: "I have put a sign on my mental door that reads, 'Only the serene and the lovely can enter here.' A thousand voices call me away from my resolve but I have trained myself not to hear them. I hold myself together, not by straining against the winds of life, but by always sitting calmly in the center of the storm where there is no wind."

— Margery Wilson, *The Woman You Want to Be* (Lippincott)

Three Kinds of Capitalism: Which Offers a Poor Boy the Best Chance?

By Eric Johnston

President, Chamber of Commerce of the United States

IN A recent article in The Reader's Digest * I defended and flatly advocated capitalism. I received many letters of approval. Some readers, however, wrote: "Whose capitalism? Run by whom?"

It is a sound query. From the strictly economic angle, there is capitalism everywhere. Russia has a capitalism. In Russia, as here, money is gathered into *capital funds* and then is put into *capital outlays*, such as new factories and machines. It is done by the state; it is done by force; but it is done — and on a gigantic scale.

There are the capitalisms of Italy, Germany and Spain. They are all "fascist," but they differ in the amount of power which the state wields over investments.

The capitalisms of the democracies vary, too. British capitalism differs from American. American capitalism even differs within itself. It contains a strong tendency toward an open chance for all; it also contains a tendency toward domination

This is the fifth article in a series illuminating basic economic principles applicable to the everyday work, welfare and prosperity of our citizenry.

by a few. We cannot just say: We must choose between capitalism and totalitarianism. We have to say: *We must choose among*

capitalisms.

I see three main capitalisms in the world.

There is a capitalism of the bureaucrats. I am against it in its supreme outflowering in Moscow, and in its seedling growths in Washington.

There is a capitalism of monopoly and special privilege. I am against it wherever it seeks to control, whether in Europe or America.

Then there is a *people's* capitalism. I come from it. I want to see it survive for every poor boy and girl in America after me. And not only survive, but *triumph*. Only America, I think, can light the world toward an ultimate capitalism of *everybody*.

The essence of the capitalism of the bureaucrats is that the bureaucrats take the people's money, and with it make themselves into a country's only investing and managing capitalists.

We can see this best in Russia. Every vital Russian business unit is owned by the state, but it also pays

* See "Your Stake in Capitalism," The Reader's Digest, February, '43.

taxes to the state. These taxes are so high that they often double or even quadruple the prices of the necessities of life to the consumer. They cover the ordinary expenses of government, and there are immense sums left over. Those sums become *capital* and are invested in new industrial developments *exactly as the bureaucrats please*.

More capital is then got by loans. Many Russians have savings. An unskilled Russian worker may get only 100 rubles a month, but an average assembly-line worker may get 200 and a very fast one earn 600 or more. A superintendent who devises a faster speed-up system may get 10,000; he may also receive special prizes of 50,000 or 100,000 rubles. Many Russians have enough money to start businesses of their own. But what can they do with it? They have only two choices: to spend it, or to buy government bonds and in that way lend it to the bureaucrats.

They might, for example, want to form a company to manufacture new helicopters. But the bureaucrats can say: "You're going to make electronic tubes for igniting electric furnaces. That's what Russia needs. We say so. We're going to take your taxes and your loans and put them to work on what we think is good for you, and on nothing else."

Now tune Moscow out for a moment and tune Washington in. You will hear our "government investment spenders." They say:

"American private enterprise is

withering up. You can no longer find enough places in it to invest your savings. So we are going to tax those savings out of you and put billions of dollars into government investments which *we* will choose. You don't know what to do with your extra money. We do."

In Moscow and in certain high quarters in Washington this idea is called "economic democracy." It is an idea that can be operated; Russia has proved that point. But it has nothing to do with economic *democracy*. It is just one more form of economic *domination* by a few. I am against it because I agree with old Samuel Adams of our American Revolution: "The many are wiser than the few."

And for that same American Revolutionary reason I am equally against a capitalism that permits monopolies or grants special privileges. The essence of that capitalism is that it aims at domination by private firms, already arrived, already established. We can see it at its peak in Britain.

In the prewar period, many British key industries, through their trade associations, allotted markets, regulated prices and put impediments in the way of any outsider who tried to enter the industry. This is monopolistic capitalism. The London *Economist*, one of the world's great business publications, calls it "a conspiracy of the *inefficient*."

This monopolistic capitalism has been under the ban of the law in the

United States ever since the Sherman Anti-Trust Law was enacted in 1890. But the urge to maintain some of its practices continues underground. Periodically it has been dragged into the light by court proceedings; our court records contain testimony on efforts by monopolistic business to suppress free business enterprise in this free country.

Usually the men who attempt such things have no criminal intent. And I do not speak against their bigness. Some of our biggest businesses are among our most democratic. They practice open competition and leave their industry open to all. I speak about suppression of competition. And I ask:

How can an American businessman hope to rally the American people for free enterprise against government domination when he is practicing or trying to practice domination in his own industry? Can he not see that the people will prefer domination by a government which they elect, rather than domination by private individuals whom they do not elect? Can he not see that monopolistic capitalism leads right on to the capitalism of the bureaucrats?

British businessmen are now being obliged to see it. Virtually every British plan for a "better Britain" after the war is full of proposals for more and more business controls and business operations by the government.

Russia is run by a bureaucracy in a workman's blouse. Britain, unless

the tendency is reversed, is on its way toward being run by a bureaucracy in an old school tie.

There is only one capitalism that is proof against bureaucracy: *a people's capitalism*.

A people's capitalism requires these things:

A people with savings — capital — in their pockets.

Business gates open wider and wider to all who wish to enter with their savings, their capital — even on the smallest scale.

Honest business competition to bring prices lower and lower, in order to increase the purchasing power, the savings and the capital of the people.

A people's capitalism puts the total people first. It goes beyond the dictum: "What's Good for Business Is Good for *You*." It knows an even better one: "What's Good for the People Is Good for *Business*."

A people's capitalism therefore welcomes unsubsidized agricultural cooperative societies which legitimately strive to protect adequate incomes for farmers, and labor unions which legitimately strive to protect adequate incomes for wage-workers. It is convinced that it can get richer on a prosperous people. A prosperous people are a bigger market for the products of business; a prosperous people will produce more new capital for business — and a people's capitalism forever wants more new capital and more new capitalists.

A people's capitalism believes that the broadest road toward more jobs

is more job *creators*. Toward that end, it does not reject the help of government. Some citizens say: Give us a "neutral" government which will just keep its hands off. There never was any such government. No government can be neutral toward its country's economic life; every government all the time helps *some* capitalism. Our own government has at times helped monopolistic capitalism and at other times bureaucratic capitalism.

When it prevented the western prairies from becoming an area of large feudal landed estates and (by means of the Homestead Law) made them into an area of small farms, it promoted a people's capitalism.

The government should promote *only* a people's capitalism. It can do this in many ways — but basically by giving the greatest possible encouragement to those who will provide new capital for new enterprise.

Specifically, it can revise its taxes to help new small firms get started, and help provide for expansion in old firms. At present, men with spare dollars seldom put them into new competition against established firms. The taxes they would incur are prohibitive. Dr. Sumner Slichter of Harvard University estimated that billions of dollars of savings and capital have thus been headed off from entering new American industrial developments. Our government thinks itself progressive, but on this point it is utterly reactionary. It is fortifying the old and repelling the new. It

needs to turn around and say to every investment dollar:

If you stay idle, you pay *full* taxes. On the other hand, if you venture into a new business or into an expansion of an old one, and take a chance, and thereby risk a total loss while trying to give the country a new development and a new benefit, you get a trial period of *lightened* taxes. That would be *incentive* taxation — taxation which promotes progress and a people's capitalism.

The time to do such things is *right now*. Never have we more needed a government with the spirit of the Homestead Law. On every side industrial scientists are advancing into new lands. We see them making petroleum produce new ingredients for new synthetic rubbers, new drugs, new dyes, and new plastics in combinations never before imagined. Hundreds of new businesses can arise out of by-products of coal, and out of by-products of farm and forest — 200,000,000 tons of which are available every year for transformation into thousands of plastics for thousands of uses.

Our business publications are throbbing with the promise of new chemical and metallurgical and electronic projects. These things are largely the result of venture, of experimentation, by older, established concerns. But the new products can also be developed by newcomers — men of drive and vision who are pushing up constantly in the vast energy that is America. I wish well to

my fellow businessmen who already have established businesses, but I think that they themselves will thrive better if we also have the newcomers — in multitudes.

I know that the newcomers can be summoned. The other day I talked to a young labor official. He was in uniform, and was going overseas. I said to him: "When you get back, I suppose you'll aim to be a big labor leader."

But he surprised me.

"No, no," he said. "When I get back I'll be looking for a chance to start a business of my own!"

That spirit still lives in America as nowhere else. Just give it a show! Our young men in uniform, when they get back from all over the world, will want an America that is *open*. Open to them to get jobs. Open to them to be leaders of labor. But open to them also to be employers of labor. Open to them to stake out claims on the stretching prairies of our new industrial-scientific explorations where the horizons are as broad as they ever were in pioneer Kansas and Nebraska. *Open to them to have a chance to take a chance.*

Without that spirit America ultimately will come to be just one more

modern mendicant country whose citizens must beg jobs from the powerful few at the government top or at the business top. We can have too much top. We can have too much bottom. We never can have too much *middle*.

The essence of a people's capitalism is this: it expands the middle. It draws people up into *having* dollars; then it draws them up into *risking* dollars. And it has complete confidence that it will produce jobs better than any other capitalism because it produces people — creative people — better than any other capitalism.

I separate myself wholly from those who say that our American economic system must follow along into what is called the "maturity" of the European economic systems. I say that what we need is a revived Americanism to give us a new birth of economic freedom. And that what we need is another Lincoln to hold up to those European countries which are choosing only between plutocracy and bureaucracy the example of an economy *of* the people, *by* the people, *for* the people.

That is the greatest contribution America can make to the planning of a world that is to be free.



SPEAKING of shoe rationing, the other night a guy pushed me in a doorway, pulled a gun and said, "Put up your feet!"

- Henny Youngman (*Kate Smith Hour* — CBS)

Chicken Every Sunday

My Life with Mother's Boarders



A CONDENSATION FROM THE BOOK BY

ROSEMARY TAYLOR

"*M*RS. TAYLOR writes of her life with Mother's boarders with a joyful zest that places Mother in the first rank of literary relatives," says the *New York Times Book Review*. But Father who is out for a "killing" and regards his wife's activities as "penny-ante stuff" almost steals the show at times. This deft, amusing, heart-warming chronicle of what went on in an Arizona boardinghouse where the boarders were part of the family and formed a clique for Mother's cooking and Father's tales is a book that readers will speak of with affection for a long time to come.



MOTHER had boarders long before she had us children. In fact she sneaked her first ones into the house when Father wasn't looking, soon after she was married.

Father and Mother were married in 1897. They first lived in Phoenix, Arizona, in a little brick house on Second Avenue, which they'd built with money they'd saved. It was just a cracker box of a place -- you can't save much on a school-ma'am's salary of \$75 a month and a wholesale grocery clerk's of \$100. But it had a parlor, dining room, bedroom, kitchen and two thirds of a bathroom -- the tub and basin. The other third of the plumbing was taken care of by a little house in the rear.

They had to skimp on furniture. There was a golden-oak dining-room set, a bed and a bureau, a kerosene stove and table in the kitchen, and nothing at all in the parlor. They kept the parlor shades down and took callers into the dining room.

One day Father happened to tell Mother about a salesman who had come into the store, a Stephen Kane.

"Seems like a nice fellow," said Father. "He's going to locate here and work out of Phoenix."

"Where is he staying?" asked Mother.

"At the hotel, but he has a wife and wants to find a room in a private home."

When Father came home that night, there was Steve Kane, sitting on the porch in his shirt sleeves, while Mrs. Kane bustled about in the kitchen preparing their supper.

"We feel so grateful to you for telling your wife about us," beamed Mrs. Kane, as Father gurgled something in his throat.

As soon as Father got Mother alone in the dining room, he stormed:

"Taking in roomers! People will think I can't support my wife!"

"Who cares what they think?" soothed Mother. "We'll have \$20 a month, won't we?"

"But how have you worked it? That room had no furniture."

"Oh, I've given them our room," explained Mother.

"Our room!"

"Don't worry. I've got some furniture for us."

"No privacy," mourned Father, "strangers all over the house."

"They won't bother us. They'll stay in their own room and eat in the kitchen. You won't even see them."

At this point Mrs. Kane came in and asked if she could borrow a little mustard.

"Certainly," said Mother. "Help yourself."

"Thank you," smiled Mrs. Kane, and then, putting her head around the door again, "I do think it's too mean to make your husband sleep on the floor. We should have stayed at the hotel tonight."

"Oh, he won't mind a bit," Mother answered her, trying not to see Father's expression.

Without saying a word Father rose to his feet and stalked over to the parlor and opened the door. There was nothing in the room but a mattress on the floor where Mother had made up the bed and, holding their clothes in place of a bureau, three orange boxes piled one on top of the other.

While Father stared in speechless fury, Mother babbled, "Tomorrow, the first thing, I'll go down and buy a bedstead and a bureau. Anyhow," continued Mother, as Father, still speechless, went back to the dining-room table and sat down, "it's wicked to keep that room to ourselves when we don't need it and they do. And it's wicked not to get that money, when it won't inconvenience us at all, when we won't even *see* them. . . ."

Mrs. Kane now appeared in the doorway with a platter in her hand.

"Won't you have some of our meat balls? I made too many and they're awfully good." She put some on Mother's plate and, despite Father's violent gesture of protest, on his plate, too.

"Thank you," said Mother, "and won't you have some of our salad?"

Mrs. Kane stood in the doorway tasting. "My, that's good. You'll have to give me the recipe for your dressing. Now I'll hurry and get my dishes out of the way before you come in."

Exploded Father, "This is the damndest, silliest arrangement! Two women cooking, eating at two tables, swapping food back and forth! Hell! If we're going to have them in the house, they might as well eat with us."

"I think so, too," agreed Mother.

So the next day Mother made a new arrangement whereby she charged them \$30 each for room *and* board. And after a few days Father stopped sulking, for Mother fixed up the parlor very comfortably, and the Kanes were really awfully nice. And he could see the extra money was going to come in very handy.

In fact, because of it -- and because Steve Kane kept telling him he was being wasted in office work -- Father gave up his job in the wholesale grocery store and took on the agency for Arbuckle's coffee for Arizona and New Mexico.

"I wouldn't have done it," Father

told protesting and panicky Mother, "but you've got that board money and I know we won't starve. Now I've got a chance to get ahead."

RIGHT from the first Father did well with his coffee, but he didn't have a steady income. Some months his commissions were big; some months they were small. This worried Mother, who liked to know, as she put it, "where she was at."

Having been born right after the Civil War, and brought up on a war-ruined southern plantation, Mother had a terror of not having something laid by. Whenever there was the possibility of making money, she felt she had to seize it.

The next time Father was away on an extended trip, Mother heard of another couple, the Sawyers, who were looking for a room. They were from Michigan, and Mrs. Sawyer had lost a child and was so melancholy about it that her husband had brought her out to Phoenix to see if she wouldn't pick up in the warmth and sunshine.

Mother gave the Sawyers her and Father's room, and for herself rented at a dollar a week a folding couch which she put in the dining room. Since the entrance to the bathroom was through one of the bedrooms, this meant that she'd have to wash at the sink. "But I don't know any easier way of earning \$2 a day," she told Rose Kane. And she warned the Sawyers they could stay only till Father came home.

When Father got back he raved and stormed and shouted so loud that Mother dragged him into the kitchen where the Sawyers couldn't hear.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," she scolded. "There that poor woman's lost her child and you're carrying on like this."

"I'm sorry she's lost her baby," cried Father. "But is that any reason for me to wash in the sink and sleep on a couch with my feet hanging over?"

"Why will your feet hang over?" demanded Mother.

"Because that couch is too damn short. That's a child's bed!" And Father strode into the dining room and flung himself down on the couch. Mother saw it was true. There was a foot less of couch than there was of Father.

"I'll fix it," promised Mother. "I'll put an orange box at the end, with a pillow on it. It'll be perfectly comfortable. It's just for three days. Their week is up Sunday."

But when Sunday came the Sawyers didn't want to leave. "Please let us stay on another week," Mr. Sawyer begged Mother. "My wife is so much better. She says she must stay here, she simply *must*."

At the end of the week it was just the same.

"Well," moaned Father, "I'm away a lot. At least I can be comfortable away from home."

But he couldn't stay mad. Mrs. Sawyer was so pathetic, such a thin

little thing. He joined with the others in trying to make her eat and in trying to amuse her. And Father couldn't be indifferent to all that money coming in. They now had quite a little nest egg in the bank, over which Mother gloated proudly.

Father didn't want to miss any opportunities for making money either. But unlike Mother, he was after "killings." "I can't waste time on this penny-ante stuff," he'd tell Mother.

One time when Father was in Tucson a queer feeling came over Mother--- she was always getting queer feelings of one kind and another, and usually they were right, too. So persistent was this idea that she put on her hat and went down to the bank and asked for their balance. It was something under \$9!

Yes, said the cashier, her husband had drawn out the money some time ago.

Almost beside herself, Mother got Father on the long-distance telephone an unheard-of extravagance.

Father was soothing, but vague. Yes, he'd drawn out the money. He'd be home in a week and tell her all about it.

The next day Mother got an envelope addressed in Father's handwriting; in it was a handbill, announcing an auction of lots, with band music and free lemonade. That was all.

Father arrived home one night after dinner, looking as smug as the canary-eating cat. The Kanes and

the Sawyers, sensing a domestic crisis, vanished into their rooms.

After listening to a furious lecture about taking "our" money out of the bank without consulting her, Father calmly announced that he'd bought a lot of land around the university in Tucson; about 80 acres, in fact.

"I got it cheap," explained Father, "around \$4 an acre."

"Four dollars an acre!" gasped Mother, for that meant he'd spent the entire nest egg. "What will you do with that land?"

"Didn't you read the handbill I sent you?" demanded Father.

"Of course I read it, but I don't know what it means."

"Just what it says. I cut up those acres into lots. I rented a big circus tent and a brass band. I hired an auctioneer and a lot of carriages. I got the people out there and auctioned off the lots. Gave them free lemonade, too."

"Of all the crazy schemes! Spending our money on such foolishness!" As an afterthought, "Did you sell any lots?"

Father nodded casually. "A few." Then he got up and pulled down all the shades, doing it slowly and carefully. Father knew a dramatic moment when he had one.

"Yes, I sold a few," he repeated. Then before Mother's popping eyes he began to empty his pockets, pulling out roll after roll of bills until the table was covered. Last was a canvas sack of gold and silver coins.

"Want to count it?" asked Father. "I think it amounts to \$1827. Well, what do you think now?"

Mother was so excited she couldn't talk. "I think you're wonderful," she got out finally.

A FEW DAYS later Mr. Sawyer came to Mother, his face beaming, and said they'd be leaving for Michigan the next day. Mrs. Sawyer looked radiant, too, and after dinner she took Mother into her room for a long talk.

"What do you suppose struck them?" Father asked Mother when they went to bed. "All this time they couldn't leave, just *had* to stay here, and now they're off in this awful hurry. It sure is a mystery."

"No, it isn't," said Mother. "She's going to have a baby. She told me she had to stay here until she got pregnant, that if she went away before, she knew she wouldn't get pregnant."

"(Of all the loony ideas!" snorted Father. "Couldn't she get pregnant back in Michigan? Any particular magic in this house?"

"Maybe," said Mother. "Rose Kane is going to have one."

"Oh! Well, that's fine."

"And," added Mother casually, "we are, too."

"Great jumping grasshoppers!" cried Father. "Why don't you tell a fellow?"

THE MONEY Father had made in Tucson was burning a hole in his

pocket. There were those mining claims near Globe he could pick up for a song. There was that ice plant in Nogales. And there was more land in Tucson.

But Mother, too, had her mind on real estate. (She also wanted Father's money invested in something sensible.)

"We've just *got* to buy that lot next door," she insisted.

"Why, for heaven's sake?" Father wanted to know.

"Because if we don't, Mr. Schmalz is going to buy it."

"Great jumping grasshoppers!" gasped Father.

Mr. Schmalz was the town cobbler and had 11 children, the oldest 14.

"We'll have just about enough," Mother continued, "to pay for the lot and a five-room house."

"I house?" questioned Father.

"It's no use having an empty lot; we'll have to build a house to get something out of it."

So they bought the lot and Mother drew the plans for the house, deciding to be her own contractor and hire the workmen herself.

"I watched our house being built," she replied to Father's protest. "I'm just duplicating it with one extra room. You remember how I asked all those questions. I've got all the specifications right here in my recipe book." And she brought forth the book, and there, mixed in with how to make a one-egg cake and how to roll out noodles, were the "recipes" for cement and plaster, the propor-

tions of color and oil for paint, and how many nails to put in a shingle.

Book in hand, she made her contracts with the bricklayers, the plasterers and painters, the carpenters and plumbers. Every minute she could spare, she watched the work being done. The foundation men found they couldn't skimp on cement. When the paint was stickier than she thought it ought to be, off it came and she mixed the next batch herself. She called up to the roofers, "Now you put the right number of nails in each of those shingles." And she made Father climb up on the roof and count the nails.

How the workmen must have hated her!

One day after a tour of inspection, Father came storming in. "The men say there's to be no kitchen over there. How can you sell a house without a kitchen?"

"But we're not going to sell it," soothed Mother, "we're going to rent it. Why have a parlor or a kitchen when the boys wouldn't need them anyway? We can have a kitchen later if we want. But now we'll have just bedrooms, and there can be two boys in each room. At \$7.50 a month each, that's \$15, and five times 15 is \$75."

"What boys are you talking about?" snapped Father.

"Why, Cass Casoo and Jerry Blake from the wholesale house, and their friend, Walter Hanny, and they know three others who'll come. That makes six already. They say they

won't have any trouble getting the other four."

"My God!" gasped Father. "You didn't want Schmalz and his 11 children, and now you want ten boys living next to us."

"But the boys will be gone all day."

"But they'll be there at night. Suppose they have drinking parties, bring in women. . . ."

"But I'm getting the kind of boys who won't do those things. Cass is a nice boy -- he teaches in the Sunday school -- and Jerry is nice, and they'll get their friends. It won't be a rooming house. It'll be a sort of club, the Second Avenue Club."

"What's the use of my saying anything?" groaned Father. "You'll do what you want. Rooming house! My wife running a rooming house!"

Right from the first the Second Avenue Club was a success. The boys liked the dormitory life and from next door Mother kept an eye on things and took up matters that needed to be taken up with Cass Casoo, the house president.

"Look here, Cass," she'd say, "if your friends are going to use my towels to polish their shoes, I'm not going to provide any towels. But here are some soft old rags you can use."

They were a nice group of boys, and Mother played the role of elder sister to them, having them over by twos and threes to a meal, bossing them when they needed bossing, listening to their love troubles, tell-

ing them to get haircuts, taking care of them when they were sick.

Even my coming made no difference, for as Father liked to remark, "Now if you were working in a store or going out as a dressmaker, a baby would be difficult. But you're in a business where it doesn't matter. You're a damn smart woman!"

This constant reiteration by Father of how damn smart she was irked Mother. "Sometimes I actually think you like me to work," she would pout.

"I do," Father would agree, "because you like it. When you stop liking it, you can stop doing it."

"How can I stop when I know you're going into these crazy schemes?"

"They're not crazy," Father would protest, "they're golden opportunities. It would be wicked," he'd go on, using Mother's own argument, "when I see them to let them pass by."

FATHER'S next scheme did seem pretty crazy. He bought a laundry over in Tucson.

"But do you know anything about running a laundry?" groaned Mother, when she recovered from the first shock of the news.

"No, I don't, but the same foreman — and he's a humdinger — is staying on. Instead of the former owner's getting the profits, I'll get them. And they're big — I've seen the books — they'll average \$300 a month."

"Why does anyone want to give up such a nice business?"

"Because Stacey wants to retire. He's going back east where his children are."

Mother shook her head. "There's something very, very fishy about all this," she prophesied.

And she was right.

Old Man Stacey turned out to be, in Father's words, "a damned, dirty, yellow skunk." Instead of going back east he stayed on in Tucson and started another laundry. He took with him the humdinger of a foreman, the key workers, and most of the customers.

Father moaned and groaned and paced the floor. "I haven't any business. I can't meet those payments. What am I going to do?"

"Do? I'd get out," advised Mother. "Let him have his old laundry. Take your loss, and let it be a lesson to you."

"No," Father decided, "I'm going to fight him. I'll get hold of some cash. Look, we can borrow some money on this property. . . ."

"Never!" Mother broke in. "Never, never! I'll not borrow money on these houses. They're our living. I'm not going to be on the street with two babies and no home." (The second baby was young Phillip, born shortly before Father bought the laundry. Oliver came along a few years later.)

So Father went back and forth between Phoenix and Tucson, struggling with a business he knew noth-

ing about, fighting the dirty skunk's competition as best he could. Each time he brought back a worse report. He couldn't eat, he couldn't sleep.

"You're letting that old sidewinder ruin me," he accused Mother.

"That old sidewinder may ruin you," Mother told him, "but he's not going to ruin me. I'm going to keep these houses."

Then one day Mother heard Father coming up the path whistling. Mother knew he had something to tell her. He had that look on his face. But he waited until after dinner when the boarders had gone to their rooms.

"Well, Mother," he gloated, "I think you're going to sell these houses."

"Now we've been over all that."

"Look, what have we got in them — \$4000? Now suppose we could get \$7500 for them."

"We couldn't get \$7500, and I wouldn't sell anyway."

"Ten thousand — would you take that?"

"No," said Mother. "Will you stop being silly."

"I'm not silly. Will you sell for \$12,000? Yes, or no."

"Of course I'd sell for \$12,000. Now are you finished playing your little game?"

"I'm finished," grinned Father, bringing out some papers. "I thought \$12,000 would get you. Sign here."

It was one of those fantastic real estate transactions that happened so often in the boom days of the young

West. Word had got out that a big Water Users' Building was to go up in Phoenix. There was a mad scramble to buy property around it. And Mother's houses were just half a block away.

But Mother refused to sign unless \$4000 were given to her for another house in Tucson. "And," she said, "it's going to be a big house, with lots of bedrooms — for boarders!"

As for Father — heeled with cash and righteous wrath, he wound up owning both laundries and running old sidewinder Stacey out of town.

In fact, for a while Mother really believed Father might be settling down. He talked no more of "killings" but concentrated on such problems as getting the Pullman Company to put its linen off at Tucson rather than at El Paso, and in getting more and more dirty clothes away from the washerwomen.

And then with everything looking so rosy and peaceful, Father suddenly retired and put Russ Logan, his barber, in charge.

"Your barber?" Mother gasped.

"But he's a go-getter." Father insisted. "It's going to be all right, I tell you."

Unbelievably enough, it was.

The barber got an extremely competent man from back East as the plant foreman. Russ then concentrated on his real gift, which was making friends, and where he made friends he made customers. And Father drew his check as president and never went near the place.

The truth was that Father was temperamentally unfitted for steady plugging. As Mother once said to me, "Your father gets a fire started under one pot, and as soon as that starts to boil, he takes his fire away and puts it under another."

Subdivisions, cattle ranches, hotels, theaters, mines, a bank -- oh, that disastrous bank -- oil wells -- Father was in them all. And each was going to put us on Easy Street.

But Father was always coming home crying he was going broke and for Mother to "go easy" on the groceries. And the next day borrowing \$10,000 to put in a gold mine!

No wonder Mother took in boarders.

WE NEVER had all-year boarders, and every summer when the boarders left -- being for the most part teachers or tourists -- Mother would say, "Now next fall I'm not going to have so many people." But fall would come and she'd rent the living room, then the next room. Then there would arrive unexpectedly some people who'd boarded with us before -- and how could she not take them? -- or some friends or relatives of erstwhile boarders. Or Father would be particularly needing extra money at this point. Before long the family would once more be telescoped into the one little back bedroom or out on the sleeping porch.

We were happy-go-lucky ourselves, and we made the boarders

part of the family. If we had a party, they were of course included. If we needed their rooms to dance in, down came their beds, up came their rugs. We had them painting place cards, icing cakes, beating mayonnaise, rolling up rugs, carrying borrowed furniture. When the cook left, the boarders pitched in with the dishes. Home life they paid for, and home life they got.

Mother was a terrible housekeeper. None of us put anything away until absolutely necessary, and then it was thrust hurriedly into a window seat or a closet. To this day in Mother's house you open a closet door warily, or objects fall down on your head.

Mother feared to discard anything lest she could use it later -- and usually she could. But what junk we hoarded -- broken picture frames, handleless cups, tennis shoes with the soles worn out, old magazines, broken furniture. There was half a dictionary -- one of those big ones -- that for years I tried to throw out. How Mother let the other half escape, I don't know, but she clung to this section and each of us children in turn sat on it at the table.

We had the most harum-scarum equipment -- napkins made out of old tablecloths Mother had retrieved from the laundry, dime-store silver, cracked plates. To a new boarder unfolding half a napkin or picking up a tin fork, Father's remark was always the same, "We've got nice stuff," he'd say, "but it's too good for us."

And Mother would retort, "I'm saving the silver for Rosemary" — I've been married for years now and haven't got it yet — "and you know what your laundry would do to my good napkins."

But there was nothing harum-scarum in the kitchen. No matter how good our cook, Mother was always hovering over the stove, superintending, if not doing, the actual cooking.

No dish came on the table without her tasting it, giving it some touch that made it different, exciting. Mother cooked by instinct, and it was very hard to get a recipe from her, for her system was to take a little of this and a little of that. I used to feel sorry for our servants when they tried to follow her directions.

She'd say, "Now tonight we'll have some good old Virginia spoon bread."

"What's the recipe?" the cook would ask.

"Oh, you don't need a recipe for spoon bread. Just take some corn meal. . . ."

Pressed for more definite measurements Mother would say, "Oh, quite a lot of corn meal."

Pressed still further, she'd give out, "Well, that blue bowl almost full." And then to us children, "Heavens, if you have to tell them everything, you might as well do it yourself."

On Sunday we almost always had chicken. Sunday dinner was an enor-

mous meal, and what a bustle there was about its preparation. Mother hovered over the old kitchen range and the boarders, the ones who weren't going to church, drifted in to be given various tasks — cracking walnuts, peeling grapes for the salad, slicing string beans. Mother, who was faster than any three people, usually got through what she was doing and snatched the task away with, "Oh, you're breaking those nuts to bits," or, "I said *slivers*, not big hunks." No one ever sliced string beans thin enough to suit Mother.

We always ate enough to make us groggy, but Sunday afternoons were far too nice to spend in sleeping. Father was part owner of an automobile, a Reo, a magnificent piece of mechanism which was cranked at the side. The car was used for business purposes during the week, and we and the Pryces took turns having it for pleasure on Sundays.

We always took as many boarders with us as the car would hold. Sometimes they'd say, "But aren't we intruding? Wouldn't you like to be alone sometime?"

"Alone?" asked Father. "What fun would that be?"

MOTHER, remembering the Second Avenue Club in Phoenix, had been brooding about the amount of space in back of the house. So when Father thought he ought to have a garage for his part-time car, Mother readily agreed.

As usual he left the details of build-

ing up to Mother and didn't notice a thing until the edifice was well on its way.

He came in one day with fire in his eye. "Now what are you doing? That's a house out there, not a garage."

"Half of it's a garage," Mother corrected. "The other half will be two rooms and a bath. I've already got two schoolteachers to take those rooms."

"Schoolteachers, are they?" Father perked up. "Are they good looking?"

"Quite nice-looking," Mother assured him.

What she didn't tell him was that they were middle-aged!

MOTHER had her own way of keeping her accounts. Most of her figuring was done on the backs of envelopes. Along with her receipts and bills, these were put in the drawer in the kitchen table, and there Mother studied them at her leisure.

On her bills marked "Paid" she'd make notes of the household situation at the time. For example, on the gas and electric light bill would be "Three boarders. Mrs. Yates ironed a lot." The second item accounted for the bill's size. Or the next month the explanation might be "Mr. Bloom's insomnia." When Mr. Bloom couldn't sleep at night he got up and played solitaire and turned on the electric heater to keep warm.

Mother didn't like cash around the house and was always hiding it somewhere and then when she did

need it, it was an awful panic to find it. Once when there was \$80 in the pancake-flour box — boarder money paid in cash instead of by check — the cook threw the box into the garbage can thinking it empty. Father had to go down to the city dump to retrieve it.

What cash Mother had usually came from sidelines, like Mr. Mendoza's chickens. Mr. Mendoza was a Mexican and his chickens kept getting into Mother's garden. For weeks Mother kept pleading with him to pen them up, and each time Mr. Mendoza promised that he would but he never got around to it.

Finally one morning, when the chickens appeared, Mother went into the kitchen and crumbled up some bread crusts. "Here, chickie. Here, chickie," she called. A few minutes later the chickens were all safely confined in a makeshift pen in our own back yard.

"But you can't keep the man's chickens," protested Father. "That's stealing."

"Those chickens were stealing from me, destroying my garden."

And she kept the chickens, feeding them on table scraps. Later on, when the flock increased, she began selling the extra eggs to the neighbors — including Mr. Mendoza.

The money earned by sales of eggs, flowers, milk and figs was kept in separate envelopes. When the cow needed some feed Mother took the money from the "Cow" envelope. She liked to think that the cow

bought its own hay, the figs and flowers their fertilizers. Occasionally the cow would be broke, in which case she might borrow from the figs and Mother would put into the "Fig" envelope a slip reading, "I.O.U. \$3.40. Cow."

OUR BOARDERS were not all confined to the front of the house. We had plenty in the back — who ate free. A steady stream of tramps came to the door asking for meals.

"It's your mother's fault," complained Father. "If she wouldn't feed them they wouldn't come."

"Don't talk to me," retorted Mother. "You're the one who's always passing out money to them. I make them work for what I give them."

And she did. Or at least she wouldn't feed them unless they offered to work. Often there wasn't any work to do but she wanted them to show a willingness to work. Mother placed great emphasis on willingness.

Frequently our former cooks, temporarily out of jobs, would come and stay with us for a while until they landed something else. They would sleep on a cot on the back porch, eat in the kitchen, do a little work around the house in return for the food or shelter.

The reason we had so many ex-cooks was that Mother never paid her servants enough to keep them long. "I do all the cooking," Mother would protest. "Just house cleaning

and dishwashing isn't worth a big wage." And it wasn't. But competent cooks, kept from cooking through no fault of their own, naturally went to other places where their skill was desired and paid for. Yet they all loved Mother and she had a great feeling of responsibility for them. If they were sick she took care of them as she did us children.

There was Della, for instance. Della was a scrawny old war horse, who was brown and wrinkled and had three unlovely moles on her chin. She was one of the best cooks we ever had — Mother would even let her prepare a meal by herself sometimes. Off and on Della worked for us for years, and, when she wasn't working for us, she was back-door boarding while she landed something else. Della might have been a permanent retainer except that Della had Ocky — full name, Oscar — who in Mother's estimation was the "no-'countest, laziest, good-for-nothingest male who ever walked on two legs."

Ocky was supposed to have a bad heart. Whether he had or not I don't know, and, anyway, Mother said that plenty of people with bad hearts earned a living. He was a chubby, smooth-faced little fellow, blond, not bad-looking, always a certain spruced-up look about him, his hands clean, his hair trimly cut. Quite happily he tagged after Della and let her support him.

Each time Della came back to work for us Mother would warn,

"Now I want you to understand I'm not having Ocky."

"Ocky has a job," Della would say proudly. "He's rented himself a room."

"All right. Just so he doesn't come here."

Inevitably Ocky lost his job — if he ever had one — got lonesome for Della, and at night would be sneaking into her room.

Mother always heard him. "There's that Ocky again!"

"Why do you care?" Father would ask. "What harm does he do? Why can't you put up with him?"

"It just gets my goat," said Mother, "that woman working as hard as she does and that lazy man lying in there waiting for her to bring his food."

And so Mother and Della would come to the parting of ways. Della would get another job, lose it because of Ocky, come back to us until she got the next one, and always Ocky was hovering in the background, sneaking in at night, waiting across the street for a handout.

Once Mother asked her, "Della, why *do* you hang on to such a worthless man?"

Demanded Della, "Do you think I'm beautiful?"

"Why, n-o-o, I don't."

"Of course you don't," snapped Della. "Because I'm not. I'm an ugly old bag of bones. I've only got to look in the mirror to know that. But Ocky loves me. When he's around he makes me feel like I'm the youngest, the loveliest, the most

beautiful woman in the world. That's why I hang onto him."

When Mother told this to Father he gave a gasp and said, "If Ocky makes that old battle axe feel like that, she ought to support him. He's cheap at the price."

When we didn't have a servant we children were supposed to help Mother with the housework, but she didn't want us to get the idea that we'd come down in the world.

"Ladies and gentlemen can do *anything*," she'd tell us. Mother always had something to sell, and we adored being her salesmen, for she always paid us a commission.

We had a gorgeous *Maréchal Niel* rosebush at one corner of our porch. When it was in full bloom people would stop to admire it. I used to wait on the porch, and when they did stop I'd step out brandishing a pair of scissors.

"The roses are 25 cents a dozen," I'd say. "Mother lets me keep 12½ cents, and the other 12½ cents goes into the rose envelope. Of course you can't divide a penny, so one time I get 12 cents and the next time 13. This is my time to get 13 cents."

Few people could resist me.

Once we nearly kept Father from borrowing some money by selling roses to the wrong person. We didn't know the gray-haired man with the walrus mustache was the bank president. He was just a customer to us, and we shouted at him as he drove by in his car.

"Want to buy some?" I asked.
"Twenty-five cents a dozen."

"We could sure use a little piece of money," said Phillip, exactly mimicking Father's tones.

And Oliver piped up, repeating what Father was always saying, "My daddy's broke. We gotta sell 'em because my daddy's broke."

That night when Father came home he was furious. "Mr. Fowler said I must be in bad shape if my children had to sell flowers on the street."

"All children sell things," soothed Mother, "and I'm glad he wouldn't lend you money. You're borrowing too much."

"Oh, he lent it to me finally, but he didn't want to. Why do our kids have to sell things? Why don't we give them an allowance like other children?"

"It's good for children to earn their own money. You sold plenty of things as a child."

"But I had to do it; we needed the money."

"If we don't need money, why are you borrowing it?"

Father couldn't answer that.

So THE YEARS came and went, and so did the boarders, hundreds and hundreds of them, people we kissed good-bye at the train, who came back to stay with us again and again, and who watched us grow up.

After my brothers married I lingered on the family tree. Two or three lads I'd marked out for my own had left me in the lurch.

"They aren't the ones for you," Mother tried to comfort me. "When the right one comes along you'll know it."

I didn't believe her and resigned myself to being an old maid.

Yet Cupid in the person of fat old Mr. Ferry, our current tenant, was already in the garage house.

"I've got a friend coming out to visit me," he told me one day. "He writes westerns, so he thinks he ought to see something of the West. John Winchcombe-Taylor is his name. He's an Englishman, fought in the last war. You'll like him."

I wasn't enthusiastic. I visualized him fat and middle-aged like Mr. Ferry.

I was utterly unprepared for the slim, blond man -- he looked 25, although actually he was ten years older -- Mr. Ferry introduced me to a week later. I was unprepared, too, for the sudden blinding realization that struck me with an almost physical impact, "But here he is; this is the one!"

Being English and conservative, it took him a little longer to grasp the situation. In fact it was three weeks to the day before he got around to proposing.

Mother gave a tea to announce the engagement. We decided on Mexican refreshments, especially some delicious little cakes called *pastillas*.

Unfortunately the two old Mexican women who were making the *pastillas* for us misunderstood our order and sent us 60 dozen instead

of 16. We were swamped with little cakes.

"Never mind," said Mother, "we can sell them to our friends." I'm sure Mother didn't intend it to happen that way but then the guests began to "oh" and "ah" about the cakes and ask where they could get some. So toward the end of the tea, I noticed guests going out with paper bags in their hands. There at the door was Mother greeting guests and receiving congratulations, counting out pastries and making change.

My English fiancé was appalled. Selling food to guests! It struck him as in the worst of taste, and I suppose it was. Poor John! He has never yet quite got used to the family.

AND THEN the end of the world came. Father died. Hale and hearty one day, giving his "Old Tucson" talk at the Rotary Club, and lying so still and quiet the next.

"But I was going to go first," Mother kept saying in tragic bewilderment.

But with what Father had left her and with his insurance to pay off the debts, we could see that she was going to be on that street he'd talked about all his life — Easy Street. So we decided that Mother should give up the big house, which necessitated so much work to keep up, and go into the little garage house.

A Mrs. Long rented the big house for a guest house, and for Mother there was nothing to do. She could sit and hold her hands. She began to

have sick spells, to spend half her time in bed. We saw with panic she was becoming feeble, *old*.

Mrs. Long wore a white uniform and served the guests their food on trays in their rooms. But people didn't seem happy with Mrs. Long. They would stay for a few weeks and then leave.

Mother tried to help her. "You ought to serve your people in the dining room; you ought to try to entertain them a little."

But Mrs. Long gradually got further and further behind in her rent. Finally Mother said resignedly, "Well, if I have to take it back, I have to take it back."

"Just for the summer, Mother. Next winter you can rent it again."

A week later I found Mother in the midst of carpenters and plumbers. She looked guilty.

"Mother! What *are* you doing?"

"Well, I'm turning the parlor into a bedroom, and making a bathroom out of that closet, and glassing in the front porch so that can be the parlor. And I'm dividing up the back porch. In that way I can take eight or ten people."

"Ye Gods, Mother!"

"After all, if I stay here, I'll have to have a cook, and if we're cooking for the two of us, we might as well be cooking for more."

"Of course, Mother," I said weakly. Then I watched her walk across the floor to advise with the carpenter. Her old quick step.

Why, Mother was young again!

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A Talk to Britons

A speech delivered in London before the
Association of British Chambers of Commerce by

Eric A. Johnston · President, Chamber of Commerce of the United States

I COME from the extreme Northwest of the United States — from the city of Spokane, in the state of Washington. Spokane is very remote from London. Or, to put it in a more American way, London is very remote from Spokane.

The first thing to remember in considering the United States in international affairs is the extraordinary localism on which the United States is built. We are a nation, yes; but we are a nation of ebullient localities, and of sections which have a sort of intramural patriotism of their own.

Some of my fellow citizens of Spokane are not content to call their region a region; they call it an empire. Its immense wheat fields, magnificent orchards, colossal mountains, stupendous waterfalls, gigantic forests evoke from them all the adjectives of Hollywood. To them our Northwest is something more than

An American discusses our land and our people — and how they will cooperate in the postwar world.

a geographical area. Indeed, the states of Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon would, in many parts of the world, make a quite considerable country.

All these merits of our Northwest, however, meet with good-natured derision from the citizens of Fort Worth, Texas. Fort Worth is 1500 air miles from New York. The city's motto is: "Where the West Begins." Everything between New York and Fort Worth, according to Fort Worth, is mere East. Fort Worth, too, is in an empire, the great empire of West Texas. Perhaps it was from Fort Worth the immortal Texan came who, before Pearl Harbor, remarked: "If the U. S. goes into this war, Texas will go in, too!"

This sentimental localism, which exists all over our country, is fortified by our economics and our policies. Many Americans, in addressing British audiences, stress the resemblances between the two countries. I think it wiser to begin by stressing the differences, for only by realizing those differences can we break through them and arrive at true terms of friendship.

Your financial system makes your country much more a unit than ours is. Your great banks have branches all over Britain. We have strong independent banks in all localities. London newspapers are widely read all over your country. Few Ameri-

cans outside Washington, D. C., regularly read a newspaper printed in our national capital. Even New York newspapers have mass circulation only in the metropolitan area. All your radio stations are owned and operated by one public agency, the British Broadcasting Corporation. Ours are all privately owned and hundreds of them are operated under independent local ownerships.

Your national government is completely sovereign. It can do anything. Ours cannot; it has only such powers as the people have given it. The most striking clause in our Constitution is that all *other* powers continue to reside in the states or in the people.

It is an error to describe the United States as a sovereign union of sovereign states. It is the people who are sovereign. The people of each state give to their state government what powers they please. They retain the rest. The people of all the states together give to the national government such powers as they please, and retain the rest.

This consciousness of and practice of popular sovereignty — of the power to *give* powers to government, of the power to *deny* powers to government, and above all of the power to *withdraw* powers from government — is the basic political fact of America. Add it to our sentimental localism, and to our diffusion of banking power and of the power of radio and press, and what do you get?

ERIC A. JOHNSTON is about the most dynamic spokesman the American businessman has found in many a year, and he surely is one of the most persuasive and popular. The United States Chamber of Commerce broke precedent when it elected a man only 46 years old as its president.

Not to be outdone, Mr. Johnston began to break precedents, too. He promptly called on President Roosevelt, which wasn't being done by USCC minded men that year. He also saw William Green of the AFL and Philip Murray of the CIO frequently. He believes you get further along if you talk to people.

He toured South America this spring as chairman of the U. S. Commission of Inter-American Development, and was recently invited to visit England to discuss postwar collaboration in the world of trade. Meanwhile, he has been speaking and writing, saying things that send little chills down the spines of the mossbacks, but which make a lot of sense to most everyone else, and make a lot of friends for the American way of life.

Eric Johnston is from Spokane, Washington, where he heads a successful electrical business. But he started as a newsboy, and served as a Captain or Marines in the last war — which may help explain him.

You get an American who acutely questions all centralized dominance in *any* field, and who is forever conducting crusades to break down private monopolies and public bureaucracies alike. He does not believe in irrevocably surrendered powers, either in government or in business. He regards all powers, whether political or economic, as subject to constant revision -- by himself.

Now what this American is in America, he will also be in international affairs. You do not change the spots of a leopard by putting him into a zoo. One of the most pernicious fallacies of a certain sort of world planner is his belief that if he can just put leopards, lions, antelopes and elephants into the same international cage they will immediately crossbreed into one kind of international animal.

They will not. For centuries, many countries have tried to make you less British. We have even tried to do it by marrying into Britain. But what is the result? Out of an intermarriage with an American *you today have the most British Prime Minister of your whole history!* You do not lose your spots. *Nor shall we.* Let us write that truth in the prologue of every attempt at collaboration between us.

I COMMEND three American "spots" to your attention, because they are important in international affairs.

The first is the average American's unshakable conviction that out of

many races our country has made a new race. This means that we and you ought to put a stop to all palaver about how blood is thicker than water and the fact that Shakespeare wrote *Hamlet* in the English language. We know that the Parliamentary legislation which drove the American colonists into revolt was also written in the English language. We know that for a considerable period we Americans fought our principal foreign wars and waged most of our diplomatic disputes with you.

One telling incident has to do with my own region in the United States which was once called the Oregon Territory. You claimed it because Sir Francis Drake, on one of his voyages, took a look at it. We claimed it because our Captain Gray once sailed into one of its rivers. You claimed it because the Hudson's Bay Company caught a mink in it. We claimed it because our fur trader John Jacob Astor also caught a mink in it. At length you and we agreed to a joint occupation and a joint government of it. Now note!

We and you were at that time much more of the same breed than now, yet we could not amicably operate that joint occupation and government of the Oregon Territory. It was a continuous failure and led only to additional friction.

Thereupon James K. Polk ran for President on the proposition that he would drive the British out of the

Oregon Territory by force of arms. The northern limit of the Territory was latitude 54 degrees and 40 minutes, and Mr. Polk's campaign slogan was "Fifty-four Forty or Fight." It pleased the American people more than anything out of Shakespeare.

Mr. Polk was elected, and we might have had a good war with you had he not got himself almost immediately into a war with Mexico. He decided not to fight with Mexico and the British Empire at the same time, so he compromised with you on the Oregon Territory. We took what is now our states of Oregon, Washington and Idaho; you took what is now British Columbia.

The incident illustrates two things. One is that joint occupations and joint governments of geographical areas are impractical. They cannot be operated even by you and us, still less with other peoples who are even more different. The second is that quarrels can occur between peoples whose blood has the same thickness just as readily as they can between other peoples.

Now let me make myself absolutely clear. I think that this war has taught America that "the ramparts we watch" no longer terminate at the water's edge. I am among those Americans who want intimate friendship and intense coöperation with Britain. I am among those Americans who believe that such coöperation is the world's biggest hope for a fair future. I am one of those Americans who feel that even by coöperating

we may not solve all of the world's problems, but that if we *fail* to coöperate then *none* of these problems will be solved. But I want to base that coöperation on this reality:

You are pre-eminently a people trading in all continents. Your overseas outposts give you unparalleled facilities for maritime commerce. We front on both the world's great oceans, the Atlantic and the Pacific. We stand midway between the developed European continent and the undeveloped continent of Asia. Apart, you and we can turn into bitter rivals. Together, you and we, with our manufactures and our exports and our investments, can be the world's mightiest force for lifting all regions of the world toward a higher level—not only a higher level of prosperity and material welfare but one of enlightenment and betterment.

We cannot coöperate on the basis of racial sentimentality. We do not like racialism when we see it in the Germans, and we ought not to like it in ourselves. But we can and will coöperate if we aim our coöperation at a *good* world purpose.

I come now to my second spot on the American leopard. The American, as I said, is overwhelmingly opposed to private artificial monopolies. He realizes that there must be some natural, inevitable monopolies such as telephone service; nobody wants two competing telephone companies in the same town. But where competition is natural and feasible, the

American wants it and strives vigorously to maintain it.

Virtually alone among the world's great nations, the United States has legislated emphatically and repeatedly against artificial monopoly and artificial trade practices. Our laws utterly forbid such domestic devices as the dividing of markets, the allocating of outputs, and the fixing of prices by trade groups.

No American, therefore, can intelligently and sincerely promise you coöperation in any system of world-wide cartels. Our law is unsympathetic toward it and our temperament is hostile toward it. The average American would call it economic imperialism, and he is against it.

Similarly he is against political imperialism. President Roosevelt's Good Neighbor policy toward Latin America is no mere personal whim. President Coolidge began the Good Neighbor policy by withdrawing our Marines from Santo Domingo. They were withdrawn also from Nicaragua and Haiti. We surrendered to Cuba our treaty right to intervene in Cuban affairs. We have pledged independence to the Filipinos on a definite date. We are in full retreat from the political imperialism into which we were plunged by the Spanish-American War and President McKinley, and the average American has no ambition whatsoever to return to it.

This does *not* mean that the average American wants to tell you what to do with the British Empire. Only

a tiny minority of Americans proffer you unsolicited advice on that point. Many an American reflects upon what Gibraltar and Malta have meant to our own navy and army in this war. He realizes that, if you had not possessed stations of power and sources of supply in Africa and in Asia, the forces of liberty in this world would not be standing where they now stand: on the threshold of victory. On that threshold, we of America salute you of Britain for the magnificent fight that you made, all alone, during the darkest period of the war.

The average American was entertained and delighted, even though he wasn't persuaded, by your Prime Minister's declaration that he had not taken office to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire. The average American expects Mr. Churchill to be stubborn as well as witty and eloquent; and the more stubborn he is the more the average American grins and applauds. Your Prime Minister is certainly one of the most popular British Prime Ministers that America has ever had.

Nevertheless, in spite of Mr. Churchill's popularity among us, our American anti-imperialism in the political field means exactly what our anti-imperialism in the economic field means.

Americans have no inclination to try to revise your economic or political methods in international affairs. On the other hand, they do not intend to revise theirs. They do

not intend to practice or to promote political dominance or economic dominance by people over people, anywhere. But only extreme and unrepresentative theorists in the United States want to start with a new heaven and a new earth. All other Americans want to start with things as they are and then see what coöperation is possible between Britons and Americans. This can be accomplished without injury to conscience on either side, and with benefit not only to both sides but to other peoples as well.

I think I can see a quite sure chance of coöperation of that kind in our third spot. The normal American is a natural boomer and booster; and this boosting quality can be turned in an international direction. In fact there is in America already great interest in seeing what can be done to build up the earning power and consequently the buying power of those regions of the world where today local buying power is scanty.

You cannot sell many sewing machines to Bolivian Indians, for instance, unless Bolivia has a stanch and thriving economy of its own. Hence in America today many active businessmen are considering not merely how to sell things to Bolivia but how to promote Bolivian development by Bolivian energy.

For the name Bolivia you could substitute the names of at least 30 other countries that need an inward impetus upward. And please know that I am not talking about philan-

thropy or gratuitous expenditures, either by you or by us, for brushing the teeth of so-called backward peoples. I do not want to make those peoples into wards of the great nations. I am against the arbitrary economic power which would exploit them, but I am equally against the condescending economic power which would try to pauperize them.

The undeveloped regions of the world want our American and British capital, but they want to mingle it with capital and representation of their own. Businessman after businessman in country after country, in the course of my recent South American trip, volunteered the same proposal, namely:

"We need technological advice and assistance, and new money from outside. But we have money of our own. We would like to see your money and our money operated together to lift us up from economic colonies to countries with economic independence."

I do not fear that kind of talk. I welcome it. The further a country progresses from economic backwardness to economic forwardness, the more it will buy. You are one of the most completely industrialized countries in the world, and you are our best customer. "Better and better customers all over the world"; that is the objective of the coöperation I would like to see between the business of Britain and the business of the United States.

We today have more capital than

you. But you have more knowledge of the management of capital in the mazes of international credits, currencies and exchanges. You have the greater skill; we have the greater weight. Let us pool the two — but on these terms:

The capital employed shall be *private* capital, *free* capital, *competitive* capital. In its British-American intermingling it shall include an intermingling with whatever capital may volunteer itself in the regions of new investments. And, finally, it will not recoil but rejoice on the day when every such region stands up alive and alert on its own business feet.

I BELIEVE these are premises upon which your enterprisers and ours can unite. Such a course, certainly, would be another vindication of a principle of development that is firmly rooted in the thinking of the average American businessman. He believes that everybody ought to have a good home town. For him it is no jump at all to the idea of a bigger and better Chungking, or Teheran, or any other place that could be made bigger and better, with lots of people owning their homes, buying more refrigerators

and farm tools. He understands all that in a flash.

And has this nothing to do with peace? I say it has everything to do with peace. Behind the concept of a bigger and better home town there is a vision toward a good country — and ultimately, somehow, a good world.

Therefore I make no apology for our American localism. I take pride and comfort in it, for it holds the germ of a soundly based world hope. It is close to the lives of men and women. We talk too much of *peoples*, in the mass; and not enough of *people*, who make a locality. You will never get a good world except through good localities; you will never get good localities except through good people; and you will never get peace except through a good world.

A good world, based on good localities — a healthy and prosperous whole, based on healthy and prosperous parts — this will reveal to skeptical and wearied human eyes the basic truth upon which peace must be built: the truth of the eternal sameness of human desires and aspirations. And that, after all, is the truth of man's essential brotherhood.



I COULD prove God statistically. Take the human body alone — the chance that all the functions of the individual would just happen is a statistical monstrosity.

— George Gallup

"There are two kinds of guys — bright-eyed and dull-eyed. You can teach the bright-eyed anything, no matter where they come from."



Abdul, the Egyptian, Learns Yankee Ways

BY FREDERIC SONDERN, JR.



OF A hurry call from the army, General Motors sent Eugene Triulzi about a year ago to start a training school for mechanics in Egypt. Allied motorized equipment rolling against Rommel had to be serviced; the requisite numbers of British or American mechanics were not available. It was necessary to turn 800 untrained Egyptians into good mechanics — and quickly.

Old residents told Triulzi it couldn't be done. The Oriental who is even slightly educated regards manual labor as degrading. The school would have to draw its recruits from the lowest level of the rural population, the illiterate *fellahin*.

The *fellahin*, who make up over half of Egypt's population, earn an average wage of 30 cents a day and live in fly-infested hovels. Irrigation canals serve the smaller towns and villages as communal bathroom, laundry and water supply. The resulting diseases take a staggering toll of lives every year. Malnutrition is widespread; the *fellahin* live mainly on black bread and beans. They cannot afford more. Very seldom can they look forward to anything better

than the existence to which they were born. So it was a mangy crew that Triulzi and his interpreter collected.

But in eight months the army built an Ordnance Motor Reconditioning School near Cairo, General Motors Middle East supplied the necessary equipment, and Triulzi — with four assistants — created 800 mechanics any machine shop in the United States would gladly employ.

Triulzi is a tough, chunky, little New Yorker who looks like Mayor LaGuardia. Now 39 years old, he started as a young mechanic with General Motors, worked up the hard way to become manager of Chevrolet's service stations from coast to coast.

He had never before been outside the United States but he had learned a lot about men in his years of working at the bench. There are essentially two kinds of people in the world, Triulzi says, "guys that have bright, intelligent eyes and those that have dull, sleepy ones. No matter where they come from you can teach the first kind almost anything, if you try hard enough."

ABDUL, THE EGYPTIAN, LEARNS YANKEE WAYS

He found 90 "bright-eyed guys" and went to work on them. He made them discard their filthy robes for army fatigue uniforms, which they had to keep immaculate. A bath every day was compulsory. The students had to be scrupulously shaved and had to wear shoes. The Egyptians found the regulations rather amazing, but they humored the crazy American because he paid them two and a half times as much as they could make at any other job.

Another source of wonderment was Triulzi's series of 15-minute lectures about the reasons for cleanliness, honesty, fair dealing. He told them about American home and working conditions, about the value of a good job. To men who had been used to toiling seven days a week, from sunrise to sunset, for bread and beans, these stories sounded as wonderful as the tales about princes and palaces with which the professional Arab storyteller entertains gaping street crowds.

Equally fascinating were the American tools. Egyptian tools have changed little since the days of the Pharaohs. Labor is so cheap that it is more economical to hire men to carry water in buckets than to buy a hose. Twelve men hoisting and dropping a pile hammer cost less than to use a steam engine.

Although few of the students had ever held a wrench in their hands, they showed extraordinary mechanical aptitude. Their touch with elementary tools was delicate and sure;

soon they were using complicated machinery and taking good care of it. Within eight weeks, shop crews could take down, recondition and reassemble an automobile engine in eight hours — a creditable standard in an American shop. Not a single reconditioned engine from the school failed the army's stringent tests.

"Back home, it always made me sore," Triulzi says, "to see a bunch of guys in the shop pick on some fellow because he was a Russian, or a Greek or something." Occidentals in the Middle East contemptuously call all natives "wogs." Triulzi banned the word. "Treat them like white men," he told his instructors, "and they'll act like white men — only maybe better." He enforced that dictum with his fists the one time that some Americans started picking on his men. "He really likes us," one of his graduates said to me. "He doesn't call us all 'George' the way most foreign people do; he knows our names. And we like to do good work for him."

For each class Triulzi had a graduation ceremony. Flanked by an American flag, army officers made speeches and diplomas were handed out in style. The Egyptians loved it.

Triulzi spent a lot of time getting to know the people he was teaching. He found out about their families and how they lived; he visited their homes. He discovered an intelligent people with a great sense of humor and a tremendous capacity for hard work. "All this business about the

Oriental mind is a lot of bunk," he says. "It isn't any different from yours or mine. They can learn just as well, if they're given a chance."

One of Triulzi's alumni is Abdul, a pleasant, clean-cut young man of 25. He told me about his new life in halting English: "When Mr. Triulzi found me I was a farm laborer earning eight piastres [32 cents] a day and lived in a hut with 17 of my brothers and sisters. Everybody at the school was sure that the Americans were crazy to pay us 20 piastres a day for work that we didn't even understand. We also had a day off a week and were promised vacations with pay. Who had ever heard of anything like that!

"Then, quite suddenly, we began to realize all sorts of things. This business of being clean was really very pleasant. You didn't get sores any more, and you feel better. The next thing that surprised us was that nobody pushed or kicked us, the way the foremen on the farm always did. Mr. Triulzi took me by the ear once

and put me under a shower, but he was laughing when he did it. When we made mistakes, the instructors just showed us how not to make them again. We had never been treated like that before.

"We began to understand the effect of what we were learning was going to have on our lives. We would work in a pleasant factory --- not like beasts in the field any more. We would earn enough money to have a nice place to live. For the first time, we had something to look forward to. So we worked very hard. See what has happened to me in a year. I am no dirty *fellah* any more. I am a clean and honest man. I have a pleasant wife and a decent home. I go to night school and can read and write quite well. And I am a mechanic."

There was a lot of pride in that last sentence. Abdul hesitated for a moment, and then ---

"Tell me, sir, are there many like Mr. Triulzi in America?"

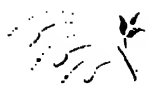
I said yes, I thought there were.



Nazi Double-Talk

THE world's gentlest bad-news breaker is easily Captain Ludwig Sertorius, German military commentator. Describing an action in Sicily he said: "The enemy's violent effort to hamper the Axis disengagement and interrupt our systematic advance to the rear was successfully repelled."

— L. H. R. in N. Y. Times Magazine



Once the monopoly of charlatans and side-show performers, hypnotism now emerges as "a shining instrument of modern psychiatry"



HYPNOTISM

Comes of Age

Condensed from *Liberty*

Lois Mattox Miller

DLAZING new trails into the hidden recesses of the mind, scientific hypnotism today is helping doctors to discover the underlying causes of many mental and physical ills, and to eliminate quirks that stand in the way of happiness and success.

Through hypnosis, alcoholics are left with an abiding distaste for liquor. Amnesia victims are being quickly lifted out of their mental fog. Somnambulists who risked their necks almost nightly now stay safely in bed.

In many cases, painters who stared helplessly at unfinished canvases, composers whose minds went blank whenever they sat down at the piano, authors who had to drive themselves to the typewriter are now tackling their jobs with a renewed creative urge.

Ever since Anton Mesmer astonished the world with his "animal magnetism" in the 18th century, hypnotism has been exploited by charlatans and side-show performers. But in the past few decades serious

research has stripped away the accumulated hokum, until at last scientific hypnotism has come of age.

There is no doubt in the minds of foremost psychiatrists that hypnotism is an effective aid in physiotherapy. In the words of Dr. Nolan D. C. Lewis, of the Neurological Institute of New York's Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, "in many large institutions where psychiatry is properly used and taught, hypnotism has been found useful in the diagnosis and cure of certain psychological disorders."

At the University of Chicago's Sprague Memorial Institute and Department of Pathology, Drs. Julian H. Lewis and Theodore R. Sarbin have been at work for over five years on their Age Regression Study of hypnotism. They have found that a person under hypnosis can readily recall from his past life incidents and attitudes which have been entirely lost to conscious recollection.

At their research laboratory, these doctors demonstrated this with the coöperation of a 19-year-old student volunteer. After explaining the purpose of the experiment, Dr. Lewis asked her to lie on a couch and fix her attention on a small overhead light.

"Now, Mary, you are going into a deep sleep. . . . You will do anything I tell you to do. . . . You will

hear only my voice -- nothing else in or out of this room. . . . Relax, relax your whole body. . . . You are drowsy and sleepy. . . ."

As the doctor repeated these phrases over and over, the girl's eyes closed.

"We are going to take you back to your twelfth birthday, Mary," Dr. Lewis began. "Now, tell us what happened today." Breathlessly, dragging in every small detail, she described the birthday party, named the children who were there, told exactly what they had eaten.

Next he took her back to her fourth birthday, then to her second, from there to her third. Her speech and facial expressions became babyish. Her father, who had been present on her second birthday, was missing from her account of the third.

"Isn't Daddy there?" asked Dr. Lewis.

Mary hesitated, and her lips tightened.

"No, Daddy is gone. An old automobile hit him."

Taking her to the age of nine, the doctor suggested a spelling test. She misspelled "laboratory" and "declaration" but spelled both words correctly later, when he got her into her teases.

Finally Dr. Lewis brought her up to her present age. "When you come out of the trance," he said, "you will remember nothing that has happened, nothing that has been said. You will be very hungry, and you

will have the feeling that there is something in your left shoe."

Mary came out of the trance cheerful. She could recall none of the incidents she had described so vividly. But presently she said, "Heavens, I'm hungry. It must be way past lunchtime." It wasn't.

She walked a few steps, stopped and began to take off her shoe. Dr. Lewis laughed and explained that the idea was a post-hypnotic suggestion. The fancied irritation vanished instantly.

It is possible to understand how the doctor, if Mary had been ill instead of normal, could have probed deeper into her recollections, working slowly and carefully back through the years. More than half the job of curing any illness with psychological roots is discovering the cause. Psychoanalysis is an effective way of uncovering underlying conditions, but its slow searchings may have to continue over many months or years. Hypnosis can often unearth the relevant facts in a few hours.

Recently, for example, Drs. Lewis and Sarbin were able in a single session to solve the puzzle of a young woman whose terrible temper was heading her toward divorce. As she was taken back, year by year, through her childhood, the doctor would ask her if she was a good girl. She answered "No!" pettishly for every year until her third, when she said, "Yes, I'm a good girl." Further questioning revealed that when she was three a baby sister had been

born. From then on she had felt neglected, and had compensated for this feeling by bad behavior which grew worse as time went on. When this was brought into the open, and rationalized by her with the help of the doctors, her entire viewpoint and personality changed.

A brilliant young scientist couldn't drink water or take a bath without developing strangling throat spasms. Hypnosis revealed that when he was very young his mother had warned him not to play near the river's edge. Foolishly he disobeyed, fell in and was almost drowned.

The doctor suggested that he would remember the whole story after he came out of the trance. He did, and when his adult mind grasped it, the throat spasms ceased.

Doctors know that what we call "hunger pangs" are caused by the rhythmic contraction and relaxing of the stomach muscles. But how much of this is caused by the physical need for food and how much by mental "appetite"?

One afternoon Drs. Lewis and Sarbin tested some students who had eaten nothing since breakfast. Each student swallowed a small balloon attached to a fine-bore rubber tube. Then she was hypnotized.

Dr. Sarbin blew gently into the tube, inflating the balloon inside the student's stomach. The other end of the tube was attached to an instrument which recorded the peaks and valleys of the stomach's contractions.

"Now," said Dr. Sarbin, "I will feed Helen here an imaginary meal."

Hypnotized, Helen was asked what she would like to eat. She chose chop suey. Dr. Sarbin put a pencil to her lips, and she began to munch. "Chew it well," he said, and her jaws worked vigorously. For dessert she requested apple pie. Meanwhile, the rhythmic peaks and valleys on the chart had gradually diminished, until the recording pen traced an even horizontal line. Without actual food, Helen's "hunger pangs" had ceased.

Varying this experiment somewhat, Drs. Lewis and Sarbin have been able to demonstrate some of the purely emotional causes of stomach trouble. The hypnotized subject is "fed" a fictitious meal and then given certain suggestive words - "mother-in-law," for instance. The researchers then take a sample of the stomach's contents and find that its acidity is abnormally high. The experiment is repeated, this time carefully omitting any reference to "mother-in-law" (or whatever the key word may be). The test now shows only normal acidity.

Latest of the Lewis-Sarbin experiments, the blood-sugar test, illustrates the effect hypnotic suggestion may have on the involuntary chemistry of the body. A hypnotized subject is told that he is eating sugar. If he had really eaten sugar, the blood would absorb it, thereby temporarily increasing the blood's sugar content. The mere suggestion of eating sugar,

however, is enough to cause the body's insulin — the substance which changes sugar to energy — to go to work on the sugar already on hand. The result is that the blood-sugar content actually is decreased.

This does not mean that hypnotism should replace insulin in the treatment of diabetes. But it does point toward some of hypnotism's unrealized potentialities.

Hypnosis has been used to treat alcoholism successfully after other "cures" had failed. The horrors of alcoholism are described to the hypnotized patient, and the suggestion is made that he has lost his craving for liquor. Then a picture is painted of a happy life filled with new interests. Patients may need further hypnotic treatments once a month for a year, until the danger of relapse is past.

The doctors who are practicing scientific hypnotism know that many other doctors still associate it with charlatantry, and that the lay public is suspicious of it. Most of these prejudices and misunderstandings can be corrected in a few words:

You cannot be hypnotized if you do not wish to be. Full coöperation is necessary. If you mistrust the operator, you simply remain wide awake.

You will always awaken of your own accord — even if the hypnotist should place you in a trance and disappear forever.

You will suffer no harmful mental or physical aftereffects. It's quite possible that hypnosis will fail to pro-

duce the desired results in your case, but you'll be no worse off for the trial.

While in a trance, you will not do or say anything which you would consider indecent or harmful.

To demonstrate this to a class of skeptical medical students, a famous neuro-psychiatrist at one of New York's large medical centers gives a revolver to a hypnotized subject, and tells the subject to shoot him. Invariably the subject tosses the gun away or awakens with a start.

This same specialist also proved how strong is the innate sense of modesty. He ordered a hypnotized woman to undress before his class. She stood up, rubbed her eyes, and came out of the trance in a rage — although she had no recollection of what had been said or why she was angry.

Certainly, hypnotism has many limitations. In a recent medical paper, Dr. Milton H. Erickson wrote: "Hypnotism is not a miracle worker, even though its results sometimes seem to be miraculous." It may not work with the same degree of effectiveness in all cases. Much seems to depend upon the individual patient. Satisfactory results have been produced only when hypnosis has been applied by an experienced psychiatrist or physician.

Yet there are enough successes to its credit for one to be able to say that hypnotism has emerged, out of the century-old shadows of disrepute, as a shining instrument of modern psychiatry.

W... d... of these three ships...
... the... to... ..
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These, too, Were Expendable

Condensed from Saturday Night,
The Canadian Weekly

George Palmer and Frederic Sondern, Jr.

ON THE EVENING last April, as the battle for Tunisia was thundering into its last phase, a signal to British naval headquarters at Sousse from Sir Andrew Cunningham, commander-in-chief of naval forces in the Mediterranean, ordered three motor torpedo boats to "carry out a slow inshore patrol off the Cape Bon peninsula in daylight," and to "open the sea lanes in that area."

It sounded crazy. MTB's operated at night. They were not expected to commit daylight suicide under Nazi shore batteries and swarms of Me-109's.

But there was good reason for the order. Allied troops were ready to open the final offensive, and it was

essential for General Eisenhower to know whether the Afrika Korps was going to stage a Dunkirk. Reconnaissance planes could get no accurate information about the superbly camouflaged landing stages which could be used for an evacuation, or the coastal gun positions which would protect them. There was no alternative but to send small boats to almost certain destruction.

All night the crews of MTB's 630, 633 and 637 labored with old pieces of bunting and red, white and black paint to produce Nazi battle ensigns. The time-honored naval ruse of a false flag was their only hope. At that, even the optimistic leader of the expedition, 26-year-old Lieutenant Stewart Gould, thought it a slim one. "Rum show, chaps," was his terse comment to his two commanders — 28-year-old Lieutenant Henry E. Butler and 35-year-old Lieutenant George Russell. Nazi spotters, he feared, would surely recognize the unmistakable lines of a British MTB.

The three tiny ships slipped out of the harbor and arrived off the German shore line exactly at daybreak.

GEORGE PALMER writes of nav-1 combat from firsthand experience. Assigned by the United Press to cover the British Mediterranean fleet, Mr. Palmer has during the past 15 months sailed in numerous Malta convoys — and was lucky enough to come through with only one torpedoing. In a commando raid on Tobruk, then 300 miles behind enemy lines, the small boat he was aboard was dive-bombed for 12 hours. He has also covered the naval bombardment of Italian shore installations.

FREDERIC SONDERN, JR., a roving editor of The Reader's Digest, has for the past few months been stationed in the Middle East.

Just half a mile away the lookout saw a powerful coast-defense battery. But the Germans on the beach only waved. On the MTB's the British white ensigns remained furled at the yardarms, ready to be broken out the moment the ships went into action. Their swastikas whipped smartly in the wind.

The ships cruised slowly past Hammamet, past Nabeul, examining each little cove. Still the Nazis waved from the beaches, while the MTB commanders charted every camouflaged gun position and tent hidden in the bushes.

They were nearing Kelibia Point, the place from which the Axis probably would launch their evacuation, and Gould had been told to find out about the capacity of the piers that were being constructed. Powerful guns frowned down on him, any one of which could have blasted his ship into eternity with one shell. But for half an hour he and his consorts cruised around, while the officers filled their notebooks, and Nazi soldiers, not more than a few hundred feet away, feverishly worked on the piers.

Around the point was the principal anchorage for German warships and supply vessels. Gould decided to have a look. The harbor was defended by batteries of six-inch guns — a fact that neither Gould nor Admiral Cunningham knew at the time. Not a shot was fired, however, as the three boats clugged quietly into the roadstead and dropped anchor. For

half an hour Gould and his officers spotted gun emplacements, radars, storage depots, ships, ammunition dumps and troop concentrations.

Only a few hundred yards away, German and Italian officers kept looking at them through field glasses. There was a bad moment when the big guns of a nearby battery began to swing in their direction. But the Nazi gunners were only testing their traverses. The grim muzzles swung right on by. German prisoners later revealed that everyone had thought the MTB's were German E-boats cleverly disguised to resemble British vessels.

Gould, his map-making finished, calmly weighed anchor and moved deeper into enemy territory. Every few minutes an enemy plane would streak over them. But the Messerschmitts, never suspecting that Allied ships would snoop around Axis harbors in broad daylight, didn't even bother to take a good look.

By 9:30 Gould was 60 miles behind the enemy's lines. He had found out everything that Admiral Cunningham wanted to know. But there was still the matter of "opening the sea lanes," that the orders called for. He was deciding how to begin, when he spied two Italian mine sweepers in a small cove. A German convoy escort ship lay nearby. Directly behind them, on shore, was an important-looking factory.

Gould signaled for battle. On three diminutive masts, the swastika disappeared and the cross of St.

George whipped out. For 20 minutes, at 300-yard range, the MTB's raked the sweepers and the escort vessel with two-pounders, pom-poms and machine guns. Those shells that missed the ships crashed into the factory behind. The Axis crews, too startled to resist, scampered overboard.

The sweepers quickly went to the bottom. By the time the larger boat had been set ablaze, Nazi pilots were running to their cockpits at nearby airbases. But Gould was on his way before they got going.

He went back the way he had come, shooting at everything that looked interesting. The two-pounder shells made little impression on the coastal airfields, though their moral effect was devastating. The German command thought that a large-scale raid was brewing, hastily ordered troops to the shore and more planes into the air.

And then, after shooting down an observation plane that probably would have caused him trouble, Gould ran into something important. Scattered along the beach were a number of huge German transport planes, remnants of the 100-plane Axis air convoy which U. S. Warhawks had sent plunging into the Mediterranean in the now famous "Palm Sunday massacre." Some had crashed but quite a few were intact. Within easy range, Gould's gunners destroyed every one.

Gould could have gone home then with honor, but just as they came

abeam of Kelibia Point, MTB 639 made a signal. "Intend to close and bombard." Butler in the 633 and Smith in the 637 stared as their leader's ship began to swing. "Lord lunatic," said one of the helmsmen, in an awed voice, "we're going to be bloody 'eroes." He was right.

About a mile off shore was a sizable enemy merchant ship, guarded by two destroyers, an umbrella of fighter planes and six-inch coastal batteries. With the signal "Full speed ahead," Gould began one of the most brazen attacks in naval history. He had worked out the tactics for such a situation with Butler and Smith the night before.

Gould's 639 headed for the destroyers, to draw their fire while 633 and 637 maneuvered into position to torpedo the freighter. It took 12 minutes to do that, and in those 12 minutes all hell broke loose.

A bare second after Gould had opened fire on the leading destroyer, with his comparatively ridiculous popguns, the Nazi warships began to blast with four-inch salvos. The six-inch shore batteries also opened up. A moment later anti-aircraft guns, their barrels depressed to sea level, joined in. Fighter planes dived in groups of twos and threes to pump cannon shells and machine gun bullets into the outrageous little ships.

The incredible happened. "Get that destroyer's bridge," yelled Gould to his gunners over the din of bullets and shrapnel beating against the armor plate of his diminutive conning

tower. And within a few minutes the destroyer began to withdraw, seriously damaged. Dodging waterspouts that threatened every few seconds to engulf it, 639 laid a smoke screen between the second destroyer and the other two MTB's, while they got set for their deadly business. Less than a thousand yards from the Nazi merchantmen, Butler sent his two tin fish plunging into the water. A moment later Smith's torpedoes were under way. There was a deafening explosion and the Nazi ship literally jumped out of the water — in bits.

"Withdraw," came a signal from 639. But Butler and Smith hesitated, for 639 was afire. On its bridge lay Gould, his right side sprayed with machine-gun bullets from face to knee. A few feet away his second in command was dead, killed instantly by a shell burst. His first lieutenant, John Hayden, was running the ship, with a bullet in his back.

Six-inch shells churned the sea as Butler and Smith came alongside

their stricken flagship, to take off Gould and his crew. "All a mo'," roared the 639's coxswain. "There's a midshipman below wot's got it." And while the rescue ships patiently waited in the inferno around them the coxswain fought his way through smoke and flame and back again. "Ere 'e is," he yelled triumphantly. The midshipman — half of his left hand blown off and his jaw shattered by bullets — managed a smile through the blood. "What about a spot of morphia, chaps?" he asked.

As the last of 639's survivors were brought aboard the other two MTB's, 40 Axis fighters struck. But they were cheated again. Dodging and weaving, their decks loaded with dead and wounded, Butler and Smith made for Sousse. Even the wounded cheered when one of the gunners sent a Focke-Wulf flaming into the sea. Then a squadron of American Warhawks roared over and cleared the sky of enemy planes.

"Pretty good show," said Gould, shortly before he died an hour later.

Bringing Up Baby

WHEN two newspaper correspondents arrived in India and announced that they had driven from a town in Burma in a jeep, the officer they reported to declared: "Why, that's impossible. There isn't any road across those jungles and hills."

"Sh-h-h! Not so loud," cautioned one of the newspapermen. "Our jeep hasn't found out about roads yet, and we don't want to spoil it!"

-- *Automotive War Production*

LIFE IN THESE UNITED STATES



BECAUSE Colin MacKenzie was an amplified echo of the independent Vermont spirit, his unyielding essence still is preserved in the town where he was lately an able lawyer and a zealous guardian of liberty -- particularly his own. Rugged of face and figure, and with a crest of flaming hair, Colin lived as he pleased and said what he thought.

There was a long hiatus between the death of his wife and Colin MacKenzie's remarriage. Some of his friends maintained that no woman with any mind of her own could mate with so headstrong a male. This theory was blasted when, suddenly, Colin married again. He took no soft and pliable maid, but chose a woman well known for her vigorous character. The widow Blanchard was, in fact, a strong-minded woman, even for Vermont. The neighbors held their breaths and waited.

Colin and his new wife dwelt together in such startling tranquillity that rumor hinted that Colin had met his match at last. But then came the affair of the gasoline stove.

Mrs. MacKenzie had announced that she intended to install one in her kitchen. She had been eloquent over its superiority, in cleanliness, economy and labor saving, to the wood burner that was her current affliction; yet months passed and

still she lacked it. Colin had expressed himself untemperedly to friends on the subject of gasoline stoves. Matrimony's insidious softening might be at work upon Colin, but the MacKenzies still cooked with wood.

And then, while her husband was away for a week, attending court, Mrs. MacKenzie bought the gasoline stove of her dream. But she did not exactly bring it into the house. Under her direction, carpenters erected a shed adjoining the kitchen porch. It was completed and the stove enshrined therein before Colin returned.

Whatever happened in the MacKenzie household immediately thereafter proceeded so quietly that no echo reached the alert ears of the neighborhood. Yet it was clear that his wife had prevailed, and she did all her cooking now on the shed-enclosed stove that was the emblem of her triumph -- until a certain Sunday morning.

It was a May Sabbath and Colin MacKenzie, home from church, sat as was his wont in his porch rocker with a cigar in his mouth and the Sunday paper spread on his knees, while his spouse prepared dinner. It may be that MacKenzie was startled by the quaking sound, like a giant's hollow cough, that suddenly invaded the house, yet passers-

by attest that when his wife ran out upon the porch, her husband was rocking and reading industriously.

"Colin," the woman cried, "the stove's blown up!"

MacKenzie turned to the financial section.

"Not surprised," he commented. "Always knew it would."

"Colin, the shed's a-fire!"

"Expected that, too," Colin told her, continuing to rock.

"Colin, what'll I do?"

"In such circumstances," her husband replied with a legal air, "it's customary to call the fire department."

His wife rushed to the telephone. While she summoned aid and a crackling sound rose from behind the kitchen; while the reek of gasoline smoke replaced the pleasant

smell of dinner cooking and a crowd gathered, Colin MacKenzie continued to smoke and rock and read the paper.

He was still so occupied when the fire engine drew up with clangor. He seemed as heedless of this tumult as of the racket in the shed where his wife, alone, fought to hold the blaze in check. Sight of so unconcerned a figure bewildered the fire chief.

"Colin," he shouted, "where's the fire?"

Colin picked up the sports section.

"You'll have to see Mis' MacKenzie about that," said he clearly. "It's *her* fire."

They lived together years thereafter in apparent amity. And until the last, Mrs. MacKenzie prepared the meals on a wood-burning stove.

—Frederic F. Van de Water

Prelude to "Victory"

ON JULY 26, 1940, the manager of the Hotel Bristol in Berlin, which in normal times is a great establishment with an international clientele, wrote to a Mr. X in Switzerland this letter recently published by *Zürich Nation*:

MY DEAR MR. X,

In reply to your letter, we shall be glad to reserve for you for ten days starting August 28 a room facing Unter den Linden.

We want to bring to your attention the fact that we are swamped by requests from our regular guests, of whom we have about 4000, for rooms facing Unter den Linden, since it is the general opinion here in Germany that the war will end soon. We have advised all those to whom we could promise rooms on Unter den Linden that during the parade of the returning troops, they will have to permit access to their room to four or five other regular guests who have had to take rooms facing the rear. We must attach this condition also to your reservation in the event that the entry of our victorious troops should occur during your visit. On other days you will be undisturbed.

(Signed) DR. BOLLEBUCK, MANAGER

Don't Shoot Your Sheriff:



Teach Him!

Good local government is the only bulwark against federal centralization -- and North Carolina has achieved it through a professor who studied law in action

By J. P. McEvoy

IS YOUR County Sheriff in jail? Mine is. Does your county know how to collect its taxes? Mine doesn't -- it is \$800,000 behind. Did the Justice of the Peace in your neighborhood ever halt a trial midway and cry out to the amazed attorneys: "For God's sake, will somebody stop and tell me what the law is supposed to be?" That has happened in my county. Legend has it the dance-hall proprietor out West used to put up a sign: "Don't shoot the Piano Player. The Poor Devil is doing his best." Today, all over the land we taxpayers might well put up such signs over the desks of our officials in City Halls, County Court Houses and State Capitols.

Or, if we feel we can no longer afford the luxury of wasteful government -- when it isn't downright stupid and corrupt -- we might do what the citizens of North Carolina are doing: invest one half cent per person annually and support a central laboratory where the techniques of clean, efficient local government can be collected, studied, and passed on to every officeholder.

Fifteen years ago Albert Coates,

Professor of Law at the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill, began to analyze his job of teaching criminal law to young lawyers. He was giving the course -- out of a casebook of Supreme Court decisions. He asked himself how many cases ever got up to the Supreme Court, discovered that the answer, over 30 years' time, was only four in every thousand.

Coates called his class together and said, in effect: "Hold everything, boys. We can't go on like this. I have been trying to teach 100 percent of a course out of four tenths of one percent of the knowledge. That difference represents the law as taught in my classroom and government as practiced in the City Halls and County Court Houses in North Carolina."

Coates found that most other colleges of the state were also teaching generalities out of sterile textbooks, and that the high school civics courses were even further removed from reality. "North Carolina was graduating every year 30,000 boys and girls who could track Caesar and Cicero around ancient Rome but

couldn't find their way around their own City Hall, County Court House or State Capitol," he said. "As a result, thousands of officials and hundreds of thousands of citizens were without adequate understanding of the workings of governmental institutions."

Coates laid aside his professorial gown and joined the first police force that would take him. He listened to complaints, went along with the cops when they made arrests, followed individual cases through the trials, and when he had thoroughly digested the procedure in that locality moved on to another.

He learned that government was practiced differently in every county, differently even in sections of the same county. He learned how inaccessible were the laws which governed procedures -- hidden in constitutional provisions and legislative enactments, tucked away in County Commissioner's regulations and municipal ordinances, smothered under decisions of the Courts and rulings of Departments.

He ferreted out some of the accumulated experiences stored in the brains of hundreds of officials and employees -- unwritten practices and techniques. "We teachers of government had been laying books end to end -- but they had been laying experiences end to end," says Coates.

Then he went back to his criminal-law class shoved the casebook into the background and called in the local law enforcement officials to help him

instruct his students and incidentally each other. More, he invited law-enforcement officers from all over the state, down to the lowliest constable, for a three-day get-together at Chapel Hill. He invited experts on scientific crime detection from the FBI and the National Police Academy. He led panel discussions in which officers on every level from township to federal swapped their hard-earned tricks of the trade.

It was the first time in the state's history that these law-enforcement officers working on the same problems with the same people in the same territory ventured out of their individual airtight compartments of authority to come together for systematic cooperation.

This three-day Institute is now a ten-day intensive training school. The FBI says that as a direct result North Carolina is the nation's outstanding example of improvement in law-enforcement processes through cooperative effort.

Coates sent out similar invitations to Clerks of the Superior Courts, to firemen, to city and county accountants. In 1931, other groups organized judges, election officials, prosecuting attorneys, city attorneys, coroners, tax officials. The following year -- May 6, 1932 -- 300 representatives of all groups of city, county, state and federal officials came together at Chapel Hill to form the Institute of Government.

Out of these meetings grew a series of guidebooks for the officials.

The books set down on paper the hitherto-unwritten lore of officialdom. As Coates puts it: "I had a mental picture of thousands of North Carolina officials, town, county and state, rotating into office every two or four years to learn the job of governing by the wasteful method of making the same mistakes at the public's expense. The outgoing officers took their experiences with them and the incoming officers in many cases were lucky to get the keys from their predecessors, much less the benefit of such education as the taxpayers had provided. Like the frog in the well, local government was continually going forward three feet and falling back two."

The first guidebook, for law-enforcement officers, included scientific aids in crime detection, a complete manual of techniques and practices, and all the relevant laws, so organized that the simplest non-legally trained official need have no further trouble. Then came books on the Sheriff's office, a similar guide for Clerks of the Superior Court, for county and city tax collectors, for election officials, and many more.

These textbooks are distributed to every official in the state -- including the 6000 who participated in these training schools -- and through the mails and over long-distance telephone comes a continuous stream of practical down-to-earth questions.

A police chief wants to know whether he may lawfully sell confiscated tax-paid liquor and turn the

proceeds over to the Town. A county commissioner asks to what extent he may financially aid local boards of such federal agencies as the Selective Service and OPA. Or a Board of County Commissioners wants an analysis of the tax systems and experience of several similar counties. Such an intelligent interest in other counties was unheard-of in the old days.

Once established, the laboratory proved its value. One tax supervisor in one year added 4000 new taxpayers and \$5,000,000 in newly discovered property to the tax books. The Institute taught his improved methods to other supervisors, who likewise added millions to the tax rolls. One city reorganized its tax collections and saved \$6500 annually. One county worked out methods by which 98 percent of its taxes were collected in the current year, as against the state-wide collection record of less than 85 percent.

How have citizens reacted? In one small community Coates invited local officials and heads of civic organizations to a joint meeting. He asked the local officials if they worked together on their problems. They said: "Certainly not -- it just isn't done."

The civic group representatives nodded "We told you so," and gloated out loud. Whereupon Coates asked them if they had ever worked together on the same civic problems, or whether the Rotary, the YMCA, the Women's Club, the Boy Scouts

and the American Legion all walked by their wild lones, like Kipling's cat. With red faces they confessed: they didn't coordinate their efforts either.

And so developed the next step in the Institute's program -- joint sessions of citizens and officials, to promote coöperation. It was impressed upon all that the Institute was non-partisan and nonpolitical -- that never would it lobby for or against anything or anybody no matter how good or how bad, either in the legislature or out of it. Its function was to find facts, distribute them, and coöordinate officials, citizens and the schools in a united program for good government. Local chairmen of both part came to the Institute at district meetings and when the \$50,000 building of the Institute of Government was dedicated they competed in tossing oratorical bouquets at the Institute and Coates.

One speaker brought out the fact that in the early years Coates had financed the Institute entirely out of his pocket -- in 15 years he put \$30,000, or half his total salary as a professor, into his project; that he and his wife worked on it days, nights, week-ends and summer vacations; that when the depression struck hardest they gave up their home and lived for three years in a rented room without the luxury of a private bath, and when they didn't have money to buy food a friend who ran a restaurant allowed them to run up \$700 in food bills.

Then a handful of North Carolina

businessmen came to Coates' aid and advanced \$10,000 a year over a five-year period. This permitted a small staff, and by the time these funds had run out -- around 1936 -- the value of the Institute's work was demonstrated to a point where counties, cities, and towns all over North Carolina were subscribing to its service -- at the rate of one half of one cent per inhabitant, bringing in between \$13,000 and \$15,000 annually. (This year the state helped by matching this sum.)

Coates got up and told them he had never been a martyr and no one was going to make him one; that no man present could have taken the same amount of money he had put in

the Institute and bought more fun and satisfaction with it; that his wife felt the same way -- especially after one co-ed who had seen her working for the Institute in the library day in and day out came up to her with this priceless tribute: "For a long time I thought you were Mr. Coates' secretary. And I felt so sorry for his wife."

When I asked Coates who could launch similar programs in other states, he replied: "Any group, any institution, any public spirited individual. The editor of a county newspaper, or the County Judge. Or the Rotary, or Lions. Or a country doctor, a banker, a writer, or a little businessman. It doesn't matter who starts it as long as the basic idea is education rather than reform. People dislike being reformed. In fact, few

reform governments get re-elected more than once. But most people like to learn — officials, voters, children, teachers — and once they learn the right way of doing something, it's no longer so easy to get away with the wrong way."

Coates added that some of the things they must learn are that our form of government, which we are fighting a war to preserve, is forever being administered by beginners who do not always have beginners' luck; that private business, operating in this fashion, would go broke before beginners learned the business, and public business likewise

may go broke before beginners learn their government.

"More than common honesty and common sense is required in public office. \$100,000 lost through honest inefficiency is as great a burden to the taxpayer as \$100,000 lost through conscious fraud. Knowledge is no guarantee of character, we are told — but neither is ignorance — and the best of governmental systems may be wrecked by men who do not understand it. And finally, as Dean Pound has warned us, we can avoid federal centralization under the conditions of today only by learning and practicing local cooperation."

Triangle at the Zoo

THE crested Sumatran hornbills in the New York Zoological Park were perfectly mated and ideally happy. For blissful hours they sat side by side on the perch, and at feeding time the male often picked out tidbits and presented them to his spouse. Their devotedness was an object lesson and an inspiration to young married couples who visited the Zoo.

Then, one day, a newcomer came into the picture — a concave-casqued hornbill from India, which the Curator of Birds installed in an empty cage next to that of the Sumatran pair.

Immediately, the Indian, a young and lusty male, began looking over at the female next door and giving her the old eye in a sly sort of way. She didn't resent it, and as time went on she sat

closer and closer to the wire screen between the cages.

One afternoon at feeding time the Indian picked a juicy grape out of his tray and shoved it through the screen. The female took it and ogled her suitor with all the coy surprise of a matron who has been presented with a pearl necklace by a gentleman friend.

A second later she was flat on the floor of the cage; over her stood her mate, with flailing wings and stabbing beak. The grape flew out of her mouth. She made no resistance, and finally her spouse backed off and stood looking at her. She got on her feet, retrieved the grape — and then did a feminine thing: she offered it to her mate.

And he, with one sardonic eye on the Indian hornbill, ate it.

— William Bridges, N. Y. Zoological Society

The Hemisphere's First Volcano Since 1759

Hell broke loose on a Mexican farm last February and is still going strong, devastating a whole countryside, driving 3000 from their homes

Condensed from The Pan American

Lois Mattox Miller

DIONISIO PULIDO, a peon who owned a little farm in the state of Michoacán, 180 miles west of Mexico City, is perhaps the only man who ever saw the actual birth of a volcano—one of Nature's most tremendous spectacles.

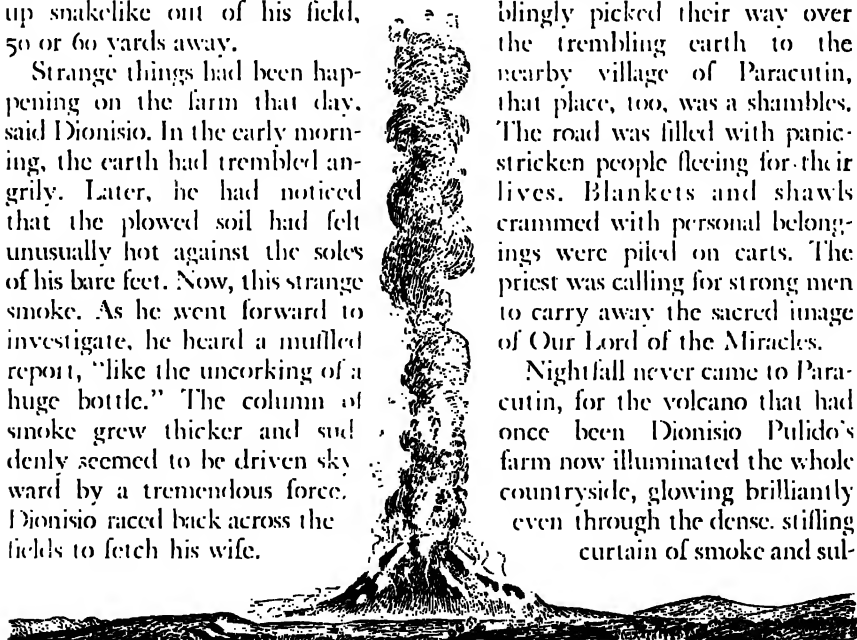
Late in the afternoon of Saturday, February 20 last, Dionisio finished plowing a field and stopped for a moment's rest. Suddenly he saw a thin column of white smoke curling up snakelike out of his field, 50 or 60 yards away.

Strange things had been happening on the farm that day, said Dionisio. In the early morning, the earth had trembled angrily. Later, he had noticed that the plowed soil had felt unusually hot against the soles of his bare feet. Now, this strange smoke. As he went forward to investigate, he heard a muffled report, "like the uncorking of a huge bottle." The column of smoke grew thicker and suddenly seemed to be driven skyward by a tremendous force. Dionisio raced back across the fields to fetch his wife.

The Pulidos never again saw their cornfield. As Dionisio excitedly urged his incredulous spouse to hurry, there was a violent earthquake; seismographs in New York, 2250 miles away, recorded it. When Dionisio picked himself out of the rubble of the hut, and looked across the fields, his cornfield was belching fire and throwing large rocks and tons of sand straight up in the air.

By the time the Pulidos had stumblingly picked their way over the trembling earth to the nearby village of Paracutin, that place, too, was a shambles. The road was filled with panic-stricken people fleeing for their lives. Blankets and shawls crammed with personal belongings were piled on carts. The priest was calling for strong men to carry away the sacred image of Our Lord of the Miracles.

Nightfall never came to Paracutin, for the volcano that had once been Dionisio Pulido's farm now illuminated the whole countryside, glowing brilliantly even through the dense, stifling curtain of smoke and sul-



phur fumes. Leaping tongues of flame were shooting into the sky and masses of stone, white-hot, were being hurled a thousand feet through the air. All the while tremendous explosions caused the ground to heave and surge. The thunderous roar was incessant, "like hundreds of cannon firing in unison," the authorities said. Clouds of fine black ashes reached roof tops in Mexico City, 180 miles away.

There was greater horror to come! On the third night the volcano cone, a huge caldron of ruby-red, belched forth its first stream of lava. Bubbling like the melted ore of a thousand smelters, it burst from the bowels of the earth and tumbled over the rim, rolling down the sides of the cone in a heavy tide 20 feet thick and 200 feet wide, gradually turning from a dazzling white to a brilliant red as it slowly traveled across the valley, sure death to everything that could not get out of its path.

Government officials, geologists, newspapermen and photographers poured into the stricken valley. They ventured out toward Dionisio's farm, over the hardening crust of lava that now covered the village of Paracutin, and approached the great curtain of fire that surrounded the cornfield inferno. There they remained for days, studying the amazing phenomenon of a new-born volcano in the Western Hemisphere — the first since 1759.

Six times since the birth of the vol-

cano there has been a slight lull in the eruptions. Each time, a tremendous explosion has followed, terrorizing anew even distant villages. The sixth time, June 10, Paracutin — as the new-born monster is called, after the dead village — blew open a new major vent several hundred feet above the original one, and started a second river of molten lava down another valley. At first it advanced 1000 feet a day; a month later it had spread so widely that the edge crept forward only ten feet a day.

The two valleys now lie buried under deep layers of lava, volcanic rocks and ashes. Paracutin Volcano towers to a height of 1200 feet above the plain and is three quarters of a mile thick at its base.

As I flew toward the volcano, I first noticed its devastating effects 75 miles away. Black ashes shroud once-green valleys and mountain-sides. Gardens and orchards have vanished. Church spires stick up, half buried under a mountain of slag. Springs have gone dry and the river Cupatitzo is now a slow-moving stream of mud.

Soon you see a gigantic column of smoke swirling straight into the sky from the crater mouth, reaching the incredible height of 20,000 feet. Every four seconds there is a new burst of smoke, tons of rocks roar skyward, and a wide stream of blazing red lava gushes upward for more than a thousand feet, to spill over the cone's edge into a molten

mass that flows down the side in two huge troughs.

Because of the intense heat and the flying red-hot particles of stone, the airplane windows are closed, but this does not shut out the stifling sulphurous smoke that soon sets you coughing. The billowing smoke, flying rocks (some bigger than the little plane), and the flaming lava make you gasp with awe and fear as the plane swoops closer.

We landed at the village of Uruapan, 20 miles from the volcano. The town is thick with volcanic dust, which turns into a sticky mess when rain falls. Roofs are sagging under the weight of the ash which accumulates faster than the villagers can remove it. Sightseers, 500 a day, crowd the place, for Paracutin Volcano is now officially a tourist zone. There is bus service to Uruapan. The last ten miles of the road have to be shoveled clear of ashes by gangs of laborers. From Uruapan, sightseers proceed by automobile or on mule-back to the limit of the official safety zone, roughly a mile from the base of the volcano.

Parangaricutiro, a village which the natives prefer to call San Juan, is at the edge of the zone. Beyond there is nothing but ash, lava, thunder, and awe. The Mexican government insists San Juan is doomed and tried to evacuate the inhabitants. Though they have to fight the ashes

day and night, shoveling and sweating, they refuse to leave. They are making more money than they ever saw before, feeding tourists, renting mules and horses to them, and acting as guides.

Not a green thing, not a blade of grass, is alive in an area of 100 square miles. Fifty miles away, tender crops wither and only the hardier growth, the trees and shrubs, still lives. The disaster has brought complete desolation to seven villages and damage to many others. Vegetation on the fertile farmlands withers and dies wherever the shifting winds spread a blanket of ashes. Birds drop lifeless from the skies. Water is scarce, for the springs have gone dry.

The Secretary of Public Welfare sent a corps of doctors, nurses and social workers to aid in the relocation of more than 8000 people from the cursed region.

The end is not yet. Paracutin Volcano shows no sign of diminishing vigor. Terrific explosions continue to hurl great quantities of red-hot rocks into the air to fall back and pile the cone higher and higher; the rate of growth shows that the amount of material being spewed from its maw is as great as ever. Lava still spurts into the sky, then falls and creeps down the mountainside. At night, the flow looks like a waterfall of fire. The Mexicans say, "Hell is still unchained."



Do Your Feelings Get You Down?

Do Doctors who know human nature?



A ROBUST WOMAN who was never without a long list of ailments sent for the doctor so often he lost patience with her. One day as she was recounting her ills he interrupted her. "Ah," he said in an admiring tone, "what splendid health you must have in order to be able to stand all these complaints!"

— Dr. George Lincoln Walton,
Why Worry? (Appleton)

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC harbors the insistent thought that he must always be perfectly well, that each of his sensations must conform to this ideal. If he can learn to ignore this thought and to concentrate his energies on other affairs; if he can learn to say, "What I am *doing* is more important than how I am *feeling*," he will have cured his hypochondria.

— *Ibid.*

I HAD a patient, a despondent maiden lady, who seemed to have lost all interest in life and was becoming a hypochondriac. Finally I hit upon a plan of having her tell me a funny story every time she came for consultation. It went hard at first, but by and by she began to enjoy it. Before she got through she was in the business of collecting stories and developed a knack for telling them. She became happy through humor.

— Dr. William S. Sadler, *Quest for Happiness* (Docket)

A CHARMING girl said to me, "You know, Doctor, I give out too much of

myself; everybody tells me so." That was just the trouble. Everybody had told her so and the suggestion had worked. It did not take her long to learn that it was not her "giving out" but the "see how much I am giving and how tired I shall be" attitude which was exhausting her. A real self-expression and the fulfillment of a real desire to give are never anything else than exhilarating.

— Dr. Josephine A. Jackson and Helen M. Salisbury, *Overcoming Our Nerves* (Appleton Century)

THIS is the philosopher William James' recipe for curing the jitters: "Square the shoulders, speak in a major key, smile and turn a compliment."

ONCE a depressed patient complained to psychiatrist Alfred Adler of all the things that, owing to a defective education, he was unable to know. "Do you notice that greengrocer's shop across the road?" Adler asked him. "I believe that the greengrocer knows more about Brussels sprouts than I do — yet you see that I remain perfectly calm!"

— Phyllis Kottner, *Alfred Adler, A Biography* (Putnam)

I WAS called to treat a patient for pain at the base of the skull. X rays showed no arthritis. He did not have diabetes. His tonsils were blameless. Still, he had his pain, so I gave him diathermy treatments. While he was taking treatments,

we became better acquainted. He had a good job, was married, and his wife's brother was living at his house. Something about the way he wrinkled his nose led me to ask, "What's the matter with your brother-in-law?"

"I feel like a heel for talking about him," my patient said, "but I can't call my soul my own when he's around. I feel like a boarder in my own home. He's helped us out a lot but still and all to me he's just a pain in the neck."

A pain in the neck! That undiagnosed pain at the base of the skull! I called up his wife and told her that if she wanted a healthy husband she would get another home for her brother. On his next visit my patient looked like a new man. "That last treatment sure fixed me up," he said. "That pain in the neck is gone." Certainly - to a new boardinghouse.

— Dr. David Harold Fink, *Release from Nervous Tension* (Simon & Schuster)

NERVOUS breakdown comes to a mind that is burdened with the strain of keeping up its disguises.

— Dr. Elizabeth Adamson, *So You're Going to a Psychiatrist* (Crowell)

As a lifelong sufferer from hysteria and nerves was leaving my office the other day, she said, "Yes, Doctor, I know that I am highly sensitive." I said, "Yes, madame, I know you are highly selfish." She said, "I said sensitive," and I replied, "I said selfish, and I mean it." She left in a huff, but came back in ten days penitent, apologized and said that she was awakening to the fact that she was a thoroughly selfish woman.

— Dr. William S. Sadler, *Business Woman: Her Personality and Health* (Follett)

THE TROUBLE with most nervous people is that they are bestowing too much thought and sympathy on themselves. They are wasting on themselves those very things the world is dying for the need of - love, pity and sympathy.

— Dr. William S. Sadler, *Quest for Happiness* (Follett)

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes once warned a hypochondriac patient found reading up on his disease: "Look out! or you'll die of a misprint some day."

— T. S.

Ultimates



THE STOOLS at the bar of the Brown Derby in Hollywood are chained to the rail at a respectable distance from each other to prevent customers from getting overamorous.

— Irving Hoffman

A MAN in boom-town Detroit mailed his soiled clothing to a Knox-ville laundry, 544 miles away, explaining in a letter that Detroit firms no longer took on new customers. The laundry was back in no time, nicely finished.

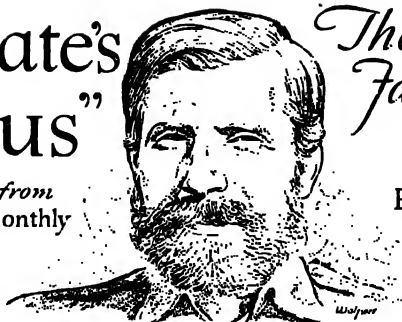
— AP



CEDRIC ADAMS, Minneapolis columnist, ran a 240-line want ad for a maid in the local *Sunday Tribune*. He got 643 calls -- 260 of them from applicants, 617 from people wanting to hire any applicants *he* didn't hire.

"Wingate's Circus"

*Condensed from
The Atlantic Monthly*



The Record of a Fantastic Raid on Burma

By Charles J. Rolo

LED BY 39-year-old Brigadier Orde Charles Wingate, eight British col-

umns secretly crossed from India through the Japanese lines into Burma recently and for three months spread confusion and panic. The Japanese buzzed about like bees out of an overturned hive, but never caught up with the raiders. Wingate's expedition wiped out Jap outposts, exploded ammunition dumps, wrecked airfields, put highways out of commission, blew up bridges and dynamited the railway.

The raiders --- Wingate named them the Chindits, after the dragons which guard Burmese temples --- penetrated 300 miles into Japanese-held territory, then made a heroic march back to India. Casualties were fewer than anyone had dared predict. It is one of the great romantic tales of this war.

The expedition accomplished important aims. It relieved pressure on the Chinese; it gathered information which enabled the RAF to make

A 39-year-old British officer, an eccentric genius, stirs up the natives, disrupts Jap communications, and sets the pattern for invasion.

devastating raids; it tied up the Japs and probably staved off an invasion of India. Above all, it

set a pattern of training and tactics for the reconquest of Burma. Gurkhas, Burmese and a regiment of city-bred Englishmen showed the Jap he no longer was master of the jungle.

Wingate's British Chindits were second-line troops --- nearly all of them married men from the North of England, aged 28 to 35. Wingate told them: "We have to imitate Tarzan." For six sweltering months in the Indian jungles he trained them in river crossing, infiltration tactics and long forced marches with heavy packs, until they were the toughest of shock troops. On returning from the raid one private remarked: "The whole job was a piece of cake compared to the training."

Officers, too, were put through an interminable course of tactical exercises, not on the conventional sand table but outdoors. In Burma, later on, these officers found that they had rehearsed every situation they met.

Field Marshal Wavell inspected the Chindits when they were about to leave India, and as a gesture of respect saluted them before they could salute him. He knew — and every man knew — that anyone who was wounded or sick would probably be left to the Japanese.

The half-mile-wide Chindwin River, boundary between British- and Jap-held territory, was the first critical lap in the advance. Reconnaissance parties reported no enemy patrols for some miles. Heavy equipment was ferried over in sampans, rubber boats and canoes; officers and men stripped and swam the swift current. The crossing continued all night, through the next day, and far into that night. Wingate tossed his helmet into the last canoe, peeled off his clothes and plunged into the swirling water.

The Chindits pushed through dense jungle, over razor-back mountains, along narrow paths flanked by precipices, then down into valleys where the elephant grass grows taller than a man. Skeletons marked the tracks over which the Allies had retreated the summer before.

Wingate mostly kept clear of beaten trails, hacking his own path through the jungle. He sent out "deception groups" to lay false trails but mainly relied on speed of movement. Jap patrols were often so close that scouts would bump into each other in the jungle. Skirmishing was almost continuous, and the Chindits killed more than 1000 Japs. But the

enemy never caught up with them in force.

Frequently the Chindits covered 30 miles a day in a temperature of 105 in the shade. Wingate saw to it that not a moment was wasted. He forbade shaving because it would mean ten minutes less sleep. He had a theory that sickness could be kept down by constant marching — and it is a fact that there was hardly a case of malaria.

At the head of each column trotted scouting dogs, trained to recognize the scent of the Japanese. The eight prongs of the expedition kept in constant touch with one another by radio, messenger dogs, carrier pigeons and strange birdcalls. Elephants, ridden by little Burmese mahouts, plodded ahead with the mortars, Bren guns, folding boats and wireless sets. Next came the horses and men; then the mules. In the rear were oxen and bullocks drawing carts loaded with machine guns, tommy guns, grenades, rifles and ammunition. Each column was a mile long. "Looks like Noah's Ark," said one Tommy as the weird assortment of animals clambered up the banks of a river. Strangely enough, the columns could not be heard 200 yards away, for the jungle deadens sound.

The Chindits had rubber-soled hockey shoes, Australian-type slouch hats, antimosquito veils and machetes. Each man entered Burma with six days' paratroop rations on his back and thereafter was supplied

from the air. All told, the expedition received 500,000 pounds of air-borne supplies.

An RAF flying officer marched with each column to select sites for dropping the supplies — rice fields, dried-up river beds, tracts of flattened elephant grass. Code messages notified the air base in Assam of the exact time and place for the next delivery. Smoke fires guided the aircraft in daytime, flares at night. The big planes would swoop as low as 150 feet to release their loads of arms, ammunition, dynamite, and ration cans containing bully beef, biscuits, dates, raisins, tea, sugar, salt and Vitamin-C tablets. The only breakage was one bottle of rum.

The RAF made a valiant attempt to give the columns any special items they requested — a life of Bernard Shaw, a bottle of Irish whisky for St. Patrick's Day, monocles, false teeth and a kilt were odd items asked for and sent. Two volunteer wireless operators came by air to replace sick comrades. One officer, his column surrounded by Japs, had the RAF drop a will for him to sign. Calcutta's leading restaurant worked all night to make 400 pounds of chocolate the troops asked for; next morning it was flown 700 miles into Burma.

The base officer in charge of supplies was a Captain Lord. One day Wingate radioed: "O! Lord, send us bread!" and got the prompt reply: "The Lord hath heard thy prayer." A few hours later 60 loaves — manna from heaven — were dropped.

A Chindit raiding party came upon the headquarters of a Jap unit, deserted except for servants busily preparing dinner. The Burmese obligingly waited on Wingate's men, who polished off every scrap of food in the camp.

The expedition penetrated within 120 miles of the Burma Road, then was ordered to return. When the columns got back to the Irrawaddy — it was a bitterly cold night with a brilliant moon — the Japs opened up with mortars and machine guns. Wingate could have forced a crossing, but it would have meant heavy losses. Standing on a sandbank in the Irrawaddy, looking like some minor prophet with his huge beard and a blanket wrapped around his shoulders, he made a split-second decision. He ordered the Chindits to break up into groups of 40 and play hide-and-seek in the jungle until they had given the Japs the slip. Within 48 hours every party had managed to cross the river safely. Then they buried their wireless sets, smashed their heavy equipment and set off on the 300-mile trek to India.

Without radios, no more air-borne supplies were possible. The Chindits first ate their bullocks and mules, and after that lived on rice, snakes, vultures, banana palms, jungle roots and grass soup. Hunted every yard of the way, they were forced to avoid the main drinking places and sometimes went for days with only a few mouthfuls of water drained out of hollow bamboos. Knowing

that their security lay in speed, Wingate drove his men without mercy.

When it was all over the expedition became affectionately known as "Wingate's Circus," "Wingate's Follies," or "Wingate's Mob." The officers were a queer bunch — tough commando types. "Mad Mike" Calvert — "Dynamite Mike" — is a booby-trap expert and a wrecker, an artist whose eyes take on a holy look as he talks of dynamiting. Still in his 20's, "Mad Mike" has served behind the enemy lines in almost every theater of war.

Monocled Major Bernard Ferguson of the Black Watch threw up a comfortable staff job for this chance to singe the Mikado's beard. "All my life I've wanted to blow up bridges," he exclaimed as he watched fragments of the Bonchaung Gorge bridge hurtle skyward. For jungle reading, Ferguson took along one of Trollope's novels. "We smoked all 600 pages," he confessed. "You see, we had plenty of tobacco but ran out of cigarette paper."

Lieutenant Geoffrey Lockett, a former Liverpool wine merchant, was known as the "toothless, kilted wonder." He had lost all his teeth, grew a waist-length beard to frighten the Japs, and insisted on fighting the whole campaign in a kilt.

One American — Flight Lieutenant James Gibson, known as "Carolina" — volunteered for the expedition. "I'm sick of shooting down Jap planes," he explained. "I want to see

the little bastards' faces when they get it."

"Wingate's Follies" included a Burmese prince; a former Oxford historian, Lieutenant William Edge, a good hand at preparing a dish of raw buffalo steak; and a commando sergeant, Robert Blain of Loch Lomond, who when the situation looked black would quip: "As my old grandmother says, these things are sent to try us."

Back in India, Wingate was greeted as "Lawrence of Burma." His fabulous guerrilla exploits had already won him the titles: "Lawrence of Judea" and "Lawrence of Ethiopia." In England today people simply call him "The New Lawrence." He actually is a blood relative of Lawrence of Arabia.

The British army seems to produce one such eccentric soldier-genius in every generation — Clive of India, "Chinese" Gordon, Lawrence of Arabia. Wingate is a "sword and Bible" general, a profound believer in prayer, a mystic given to Yoga, and a hard-bitten professional soldier who loves fighting for its own sake. He starts the day with prayer, uses Scripture passages for code. The sword, the Bible and the flair for strange races are all a part of Wingate's heritage. His father served 32 years in the Indian army, and after retiring founded a mission for the Pathans. His deeply religious mother gave him a Puritan upbringing.

Wingate has the lean face of an

intellectual, deep-set, piercing blue eyes, a thin bony nose, severe mouth and lantern jaw. His blond hair is bleaching into gray. In Burma he wore a tattered bush shirt, russet corduroy trousers and an old-fashioned scuttle-shaped sun helmet.

He has a pet theory that human beings can store up energy as a camel stores up water. In the field he can keep going for weeks on end with only a few hours of sleep but when the job is done will spend days sleeping or in dreamy contemplation. He is a fanatic about physical fitness, a nonsmoker, and believes firmly in the health-giving properties of raw onions, which he munches on the march. He massages his back with a rubber hairbrush every night.

For a man whose profession is war, Wingate's range of interests is bewildering. In the early morning he can be heard singing to himself in Arabic. He is passionately fond of music, and for hours will lie on the floor listening to symphonic records. His literary tastes extend from Shakespeare to the British comic-strip heroine "Jane," but he prefers serious reading.

He first met his beautiful wife on board a Mediterranean liner; she was 15, he was 30. "She marched up to me," he recalls, "and said: 'You're the man I'm going to marry.' It was a kind of joint commando arrangement. We both felt the same way."

Wingate talks like an encyclopedia. In the officers' mess he will hold forth on Yoga, the social habits of

the hyena, the behavior of flies when you put them under a tumbler, 18th-century painting, and how to win the war. In Ethiopia he once amazed a group of junior officers with a discourse on the technique of hyena hunting by pistol in the moonlight.

Wingate is no respecter of rank or title; his indiscretion is prodigious. He lectures superiors on their mistakes of policy and is probably the only British officer in modern times who has used the ancient prerogative of complaining in writing to the King about one of his superiors. But after provoking the wrath of a group of brass hats with his unorthodox ideas, Wingate once soberly remarked to a friend: "You know, I'm not half as crazy as people think."

In Palestine in 1938 he was awarded the D.S.O. — to which he has since added two bars — for leading the night patrols that cleared the country of Axis-subsidized Arab terrorists. In Ethiopia he won the admiration and support of the tribesmen by a series of swashbuckling commando forays against vastly superior Italian forces.

Wingate is one of the few white men in this war who have succeeded in swaying the primitive native mind. He always carries with him a duplicating machine, a loudspeaker and a unit of specially trained native propagandists. At every village in Burma and Ethiopia he paused long enough to hand out

leaflets and to broadcast a manifesto framed in simple, picturesque language. "The mysterious men who have come among you," he told the Burmese, "can summon from afar great and mysterious powers of the air, and will rid you of the fierce, scowling Japanese." The Burmese reverently named him "Lord Protector of the Pagodas." They kept mum about the movements of the Chindits and guided them over secret jungle trails. Without this coöperation the expedition would probably have been tracked down and annihilated.

The Ethiopian campaign was a typical Wingate show all the way — full of dash, surprise and successful bluff. With only 1800 Sudanese and Ethiopian *Askaris*, he stormed Italian strongholds in a series of rapierlike thrusts. Groups of fuzzy-haired Ethiopian irregulars — Win-

gate insisted they be called "Patriots" — rallied to his side. Altogether this half-pint army accounted for 40,000 Italians, killed or captured. In May 1941 he entered Addis Ababa on a white charger by the side of Haile Selassie.

Field Marshal Wavell was so impressed that he summoned Wingate to India in the autumn of 1942, raised him to the rank of Brigadier, and gave him a free hand to build up a super-commando force that would be the vanguard of reconquest of Burma.

"The Jap," says Wingate, "is no superman. His operational schemes are the product of a third-rate brain. Jungle warfare demands resourcefulness and endurance. The Jap has tremendous endurance, but he cannot solve problems he has never faced before. We have proved we can beat the Jap on his own chosen ground."

Wartime Turnabout Tales



A shoe manufacturer of Wakefield, Mass., reported that a seven-year-old boy applied for a job, explaining that he needed money to put his mother through welding school.

A YOUNG LADY was accosted at the corner of Park Avenue and Forty-eighth Street in Manhattan by a postman, fully uniformed and carrying a bag of mail, "Can you tell me where the post office is?" he asked. Manpower shorter than ever, it seems.

— *The New Yorker*



A GOVERNMENT employe finally won a raise from \$2300 to \$2400 a year, celebrated, then discovered it was all a mirage. The raise put her in a higher withholding-tax bracket, added \$96 a year in tax deductions, \$5 to her retirement-fund. Her semi-monthly pay check before the raise: \$78.24. After: \$78.20.

— Jerry Klutts in *Washington Post*

Too Early Spring

Condensed from

I'M WRITING this down because I don't ever want to forget the way it was. It doesn't seem as if I could, but older people must have forgotten or they couldn't be the way they are. And if you began to think, "Well, maybe they're right and it was that way," that would be the end of everything. So I've got to write this down. Because they smashed it forever — but it wasn't the way they said.

Mr. Grant always says in comp. class, begin at the beginning. I guess maybe that was the night I was sitting out on the point, and the canoe came along with just the Sharon kid in it. Kerry's crowd — he's a Junior at State — were all out in canoes. They had a portable with them, and the singing sounded mysterious across the water. Of course I have sense enough not to tag after Kerry. But I'd rather listen to them singing than be with our gang. Sometimes it seems to me we act like awful kids.

Anyway, she slid along in the shadow, and I knew she had no business being out alone. She's just a Sophomore in High, the same as me. So I said I'd paddle her home. It was better than sitting there by myself. She'd sneaked out to hear the sing-

ing, too. We kept to the edge, so nobody would notice us. She was a sensible kid, she didn't ask fool questions or giggle. Even when we went by Petters' Cove, which was pretty well populated. I felt funny, going by there with her. But I said, "Well, it's certainly Old Home Week," in an offhand tone, because after all you've got to be sophisticated. And she said, "People are funny," in just the right way.

Somehow I'd never noticed her before. She was a quiet kid with a small kind of face and her eyes were sort of like a kitten's. I took a shine to her after that and we talked. I hadn't thought anybody could ever feel the way I did about some things. And here was another person, even if it was a girl.

Do you know, I ran most all the way back home, around the lake. I felt swell — as if I could run forever. It was like finding something.

And yet I didn't see her again till we were both back at High. I wasn't even thinking of her when we bumped into each other, the first day of school. It was raining and she had on a green slicker and her hair was curly under her hat. We said hello and had to run. But something happened to us, I guess.

I'll say this now — it wasn't like Tot Pickens and Mabel Palmer. We didn't get sticky. It wasn't like going with a girl. There'd be days and days when we'd hardly see each other. I had basketball practice almost every afternoon. But you don't have to be always twos-ing with a person if you feel that way about them.

It was really a wonderful winter. I played every game. It was the first time a Sophomore had made the team — it was the 12 pounds I'd gained in the summer, and Kerry had helped me practice some, too. He's a natural athlete. Helen would sit in the gallery and I'd know she was there. Once in a while we'd go to the movies with the gang. But lots of the time we'd just play checkers or go over the old Latin. It wasn't easy, going over to her house, because Mr. and Mrs. Sharon quarreled. They were polite to each other in front of you, but Helen had to be fair to both of them and they were always pulling at her.

I don't know when it was that we knew we'd get married. We just started talking about it, one day, as if we always had. We knew it couldn't happen right off. We thought maybe when we were 18. That was two years, but we knew we had to be educated. We weren't mushy, either, like some people. We did kiss each other good-bye, sometimes, because that's what you do when you're in love. It was cool, the way she kissed you — it was like leaves.

And then spring came all of a sud-

den. You'd gotten used to the dry smell of the radiators for months and then, there was a day when you hated it and everybody kept asking to open the windows. Basketball's usually over when spring comes, but this year we still had St. Matthew's, the state champions, to play. Mr. Grant knew we were stale and called off practice until the day before the game.

Helen and I went to the movies five times that week, and one day Mrs. Sharon let us take her car though she knew I didn't have a license. We got stuff out of the kitchen and drove way out in the country. We found an old house, with the windows gone, and ate our stuff there. There weren't any chairs or tables but we pretended there were and we pretended that it was our house, after we were married. She'd even brought paper napkins and paper plates and we set two places on the floor.

"Well, Charles," she said, sitting there with her feet tucked under her, "I don't suppose you remember when we were both in school."

"Sure," I said — she was quicker at pretending things than I was — "I remember all right."

"It seems long ago to me — we've been married so long," she said, as if she really believed it. She looked at me.

"Would you mind turning the radio off? This modern music gets on my nerves."

"Have we got a radio?" I said.

"Of course, Chuck."

"With television?"

"Of course, Chuck."

"Gee, I'm glad," I said.

I went and turned it off.

"What kind of house have we got?"

"We have a lovely house -- radios in every room and we give lots of parties."

"Cut out the parties," I said, "I'm a homebody. Give me -- er -- my wife and my little family -- say, how many kids have we got?"

She counted on her fingers. "Seven."

"Good Lord, don't they get awfully in the way?"

Then suddenly she looked sad. "Oh, Chuck, do you suppose we ever will?"

"Why sure," I said.

"I wouldn't mind if it was only a dump. I could cook for you. I keep asking Hilda how she makes things."

I felt awfully funny. I felt as if I were going to cry.

"We'll do it," I said. "Don't you worry."

I held her for a while. It was like holding something awfully precious. It wasn't mushy or that way. I know what that's like too.

"It takes so long to get old," she whispered. "I wish we could both grow up tomorrow."

We didn't say much, driving home. We wanted to go back to the house again to celebrate if the team won the St. Matthew's game, but it was too far to walk and I didn't want to take the car again. I didn't have a

license and I thought we'd passed Miss Eagles on the way home and that worried me a little. I didn't want to do anything to get Helen in a jam with her family. That shows how careful I was of her -- or thought I was. We even took home the paper plates, so as not to litter things up.

Boy, that was a game! We finally beat them but it took an extra period to do it. Kerry had driven down from State to see the game. He's a pretty good brother. And they gave me the full school cheer with nine Peters when we tied them up. It was all like the kind of a dream you have when you can do anything. It was wonderful.

But when I got back home I felt sort of let down. I wanted to talk to someone, but Dad and Mother were at the country club. I thought I'd just walk around the block and look at Helen's house.

It was a swell night -- a lot of stars -- and I felt like a king, walking over. There was a light in her window and I whistled once, our whistle, never expecting her to hear it. She did, though, and there she was at the window, motioning that she'd come down.

She had on a yellow thing over her night clothes and she looked so pretty. You almost expected her to be carrying one of those animals that kids like -- she looked young enough.

We sat in front of the fire in the living room. Mr. and Mrs. Sharon were at the club, too, so we weren't disturbing them or anything. We

talked and then we just sat, each of us knowing the other was there. The room got quieter and quieter and I didn't feel excited or jumpy any more, just rested and happy. And then I knew by her breathing that she was asleep and I put my arm around her for just a minute. I didn't realize how tired I was myself.

We were back at the house in the country and it was our home and we ought to have been happy. But there still wasn't any glass in the windows and the wind kept blowing through them. We were both running through the house and we were cold and afraid. Then the sun rose outside the windows, burning and yellow, and so big it covered the sky. And with the sun was a horrible, weeping voice saying, "Oh, my God, my God."

I didn't know what had happened for a minute when I woke. And then I did, and it was awful. Mrs. Sharon was saying, "Oh, Helen, I trusted you . . ." And Mr. Sharon's face was horrible as he looked at his wife and said, "Bred in the bone." Then he said to Helen —

I don't want to think of what they said. I don't want to think of any of it. Everything is spoiled. Miss Eagles saw us going to that house in the country and she said horrible things. They made Helen sick and she hasn't been back to school. There isn't any way I can see her. And if I could, we'd be thinking about the things they said.

I don't know how many people at school know but Tot Pickens passed

me a note. That afternoon I caught him. I'd have broken his nose if they hadn't pulled me off. Dad talked to me and said you can't lick the whole town. Dad and Mother are for me because I'm their son, but they don't understand. They say things about Helen and that's worse.

I thought I could talk to Kerry but I can't. He looked at me such a funny way. I don't know — sort of impressed. It wasn't the way I wanted him to look.

I just go to school and back now. They want me to go with the gang, the way I did, but I can't do that. Not after Tot. It's lucky I haven't got Miss Eagles though Dad made her apologize. I couldn't recite to her. Mr. Grant asked me home one night and we had a conversation. Not about that, though I was afraid he would. He showed me his old college things and the gold football he wears on his watch chain. He's got a lot of interesting things. And then we talked about history. Why, there were kings and queens who got married younger than I Helen and me. Only now we lived longer and had a lot more to learn. So it couldn't happen now.

"It's civilization," he said, "and civilization's against nature. But I suppose we've got to have it. Only sometimes it isn't easy." Somehow that made me feel less lonely. Before that I'd been feeling that I was the only person who'd ever felt that way.

I'm going to Colorado, to a ranch.

this summer, and next year I'll go East to school. It's a boys' school, and there aren't even women teachers. Maybe, afterward, I could be a professional basketball player or something where you don't have to see women at all. Kerry says I'll get over that, but I won't.

They're going to send Helen to a

convent. Maybe they'll let me see her before she goes. I sort of wish they don't — though I want to, terribly. When her mother took her upstairs that night — she wasn't the same Helen. She looked at me as if she was afraid of me. And no matter what they do for us now, they can't fix that.

So you're going to run away? Don't try it — the Skip Tracers will get you

On the Trail of Missing Men

Condensed from *Coronet*

William A. Lydgate

A MIDDLE-AGED New York department store clerk, fed up with his marriage and his job, disappeared from home in August 1942. When the police had exhausted all leads, the wife appealed to a concern which for 20 years has devoted itself exclusively to the finding of missing persons — Skip Tracers Company, with headquarters in New York and agents all over the country.

They could uncover only two clues: the husband had an inordinate fondness for Chinese food and his wife had an idea that he might have gone to Atlanta. An investigator, with photographs of the missing man, called on every Chinese restaurant in the Georgia capital. The

manager of one place told him that a man resembling the photograph came in for dinner every Friday. The sleuth was on hand when the man, now living under an assumed name, appeared as usual. The search had taken exactly a week.

In the past 20 years Skip Tracers has tracked down scores of thousands of missing persons — lease-breakers, errant husbands, amnesia victims, bill dodgers and others who willfully disappear. The company generally locates a "skip" in from two days to three weeks, though some hunts have dragged on for more than a year.

Just now business is booming. Since Pearl Harbor, Skip Tracers has been employed by more than

1500 women seeking missing husbands because the women want the service allotments due them. Also, draftees raised by foster parents often develop a powerful urge to know who they really are before they face death.

Today the wives are also skipping out, knowing they can find work to support themselves in a new community. Women are more successful at disappearing than men. A woman can change her hair-do, alter the shape of her eyebrows, pad her bust, have her face "lifted" and in many other ways work subtle changes. A man can't do much to alter his looks.

A typical wartime case was that of a wife, aged 32, married for eight years, who disappeared from an eastern city. After two months' search the husband went to Skip Tracers. The mystery was solved in 48 hours. They learned that the missing wife wore glasses and the husband knew the name of her optician. An investigation revealed that the missing woman had sent her glasses by mail to the optician two weeks after her disappearance, with instructions to repair a broken lens and return them to a Long Island address. Skip Tracers found her there, working in a war plant.

Most people think it easy to disappear. Yet Skip Tracers are able to track down 80 percent of the people they seek. A runaway can generally be traced through unconscious habits and behavior patterns. Even when he changes his name he is likely to

follow a predictable pattern in adopting a pseudonym — often taking the maiden name of his mother or rearranging the letters in his own name.

Even if personal appearance is successfully disguised, old modes of life continue. A runaway gravitates toward the same kind of environment he left. Generally the "skips" stick to a profession in which they have some skill or training. Rarely does a runaway stockbroker become a ditch digger, or a bank clerk seek employment as a longshoreman. That is why people who think they are safe by "losing themselves" in a big city can often be traced in a few weeks' time.

One case in which a runaway was traced through her profession concerned a young couple who were injured in a railroad smashup while honeymooning. The husband was taken to one hospital, the wife to another. Upon recovering, the husband went for his bride, only to find that she had left. For 20 years he searched everywhere for her. Particularly baffling was the fact that there seemed to be no motive for the wife's disappearance.

When Skip Tracers took over, they found that previous to her marriage the woman had been a high-class seamstress in a specialty clothing firm. The best opportunities for such work lay in New York City, around Fifty-seventh Street, where smart shops cater to a custom trade. In the sewing room of one such shop

they found her. The husband was so happy to have her back he scarcely noticed that her face was a mass of red scars — her reason for running away.

If you are a runaway, the first thing the sleuths will do is hunt up your closest friend. The problem then for the sleuth is how to persuade the confidant to talk.

Take, for example, the case of Jones, who deserted his wife. He was fond of his older sister, whom the wife disliked. A Skip Tracers operator talked to the sister, but asked no direct questions concerning the runaway brother. Instead he pretended to be investigating the credit standing of an uncle. When the sister became friendly and talkative, he casually asked if other members of her family lived in the vicinity. She named an older brother nearby and said that her younger brother had moved to Chicago.

The operator, showing no apparent interest in the brothers, switched the conversation back to the uncle, and left in a few minutes. The search was narrowed to Chicago and the missing man found within a week.

Sometimes people are traced through hobbies. One elderly "skip" was trapped by his fondness for chess. The search had narrowed to Boston,

on information supplied by the old gentleman's barber, and Skip Tracers watched the papers for announcements of the next chess tournament. A sleuth was on hand at the hall and, sure enough, the old gentleman was sitting in the second row.

The founder and manager of Skip Tracers is Daniel M. Eisenberg. All of his operators are men. Women can't think quickly enough, he says, and are likely to blurt out secrets. The operators must be able to adopt any sort of dialect or brogue or accent, and often they must be able to imitate a woman's voice over the phone. The perfect Skip Tracer is inconspicuous and disarming — a person you might see a half dozen times without remembering.

Most business firms are glad to coöperate in the search for a runaway. Skip Tracers regularly sends circulars to the personnel managers of war plants with photographs of missing people. In cases where identification cannot be positively established by photographs, a Skip Tracer operator will go to the war plant and arrange to strike up a casual conversation with the suspected runaway on a bus or a trolley, or at the lunch hour. If the case is particularly hard to crack, the operator may even take a job in the same room with the person to ferret out identity.



Anger is a wind which blows out the lamp of the mind.

— Robert Inge

**Succulent, synthetic meat out
of a vat for ten cents a pound**

Condensed from *Time*

THERE'S electrifying food news from St. Louis. In an Anheuser-Busch vat, a ton of good, rich meat—nearly as succulent as sirloin steak it takes two years to raise on the hoof—is being produced every 12 hours. This synthetic meat is so easy to make that its inventors look forward to performing a modern miracle of the loaves and fishes among the foodless peoples of the world after the war.

The new product is actually a new kind of yeast, with added flavors that make it almost indistinguishable from natural foods. Yeast surpasses meat as sheer food; it is the richest known source of B vitamins and contains twice as much protein as meat.

Three years ago a British chemist, A. C. Thaysen, began to explore yeast's possibilities as a straight food. He developed a new strain with a pleasant nutty flavor that could be produced at ten cents a pound, and the British government is building a plant in Jamaica to turn out 2000 tons a year. Thaysen expected to serve his yeast in concentrated doses to supplement a poor diet. He did not conceive of it as a candidate to upset the world's food economy.

But that idea did occur to Carl Lindgren, a young research geneticist at St. Louis's Washington Uni-

versity. He thought of developing yeast in a variety of flavors resembling staple foods. By crossbreeding yeasts, he and Mrs. Lindgren finally produced some that were to the king's taste.

Place 125 pounds of this yeast in a vat containing 7000 gallons of water, a ton and a half of molasses (on whose sugar the yeast feeds) and ammonia (which provides nitrogen that the yeast converts into protein). The mixture is stirred by 1000 cubic feet of air a minute (without air the yeast would ferment the sugar). After 12 hours, the prodigiously growing yeast, having multiplied its original weight 16 times, is a ton of flavorsome food. In its uncooked form it is a dry, brownish powder with a meaty, nutty or celery flavor, depending on the variety. Anheuser-Busch has demonstrated its possibilities by serving meals including meat, soup, muffins, cheese sticks, even pie—all made from the powder.

Already Anheuser-Busch is geared to produce millions of pounds a year. The army and lend-lease are buying huge amounts of it. Since, pound for pound of protein, yeast costs only a fifth as much as meat, its enthusiasts go so far as to fancy that the world's cattle may be heading for the last roundup.

→ How a brave and determined officer on
Bataan snatched quinine for the Americas
from under the guns of the Japs

How Quinine Came Back Home

Condensed from
The American Mercury
J. Lacey Reynolds

ON EVERY tropical front malaria is our worst enemy. In the South Pacific area, for example, there are two cases of malaria to every battle casualty flown out. Even with the new synthetic anti-malarials, atabrine* and plasmochin, we need all the quinine we can get, for the army's Surgeon General estimates that each year 800,000,000 people — two out of every five persons in the world — are stricken with malaria.

When the Japanese conquest of Java cut off our supply, Vice-President Henry Wallace, as head of the Bureau of Economic Warfare, set out to get cinchona bark, the raw material of quinine, wherever he could, regardless of the expense. One of his charges against Jesse Jones is that, as chairman of the RFC, he held up for seven months the planting of cinchona trees in Costa Rica. The delay means, he says, that we shall get no quinine from them until 1946.

The story of those trees is largely the story of one man, and it begins on Bataan.

* See "Atabrine," The Reader's Digest, December, '42.

On March 4, 1942, Lieutenant Colonel Arthur F. Fischer, Military Intelligence Reserve, gravely stricken with malaria, lay in a field hospital on that besieged peninsula.

A nurse passed and he weakly grabbed at her uniform.

"More quinine, please," he mumbled.

"Sorry," she responded, "we're running low on quinine."

The tragic significance of what she said and the irony of his situation struck him. He had spent 20 years fighting apathy and bureaucratic stupidity, trying to make Washington and Manila see the importance of growing quinine under the American flag. Now he and hundreds of others were likely to die in proof that he was right.

The desperate plight of the defenders of Bataan fired his determination. He would *not* die, he grimly resolved. He directed orderlies to take him out under the trees, where for five days he fought a silent battle with the fever; on the sixth day he was able to write feebly, a few minutes at a time, a memorandum to General Wainwright.

Colonel Fischer explained that years before, as head of the Philippine Bureau of Forestry, he had experimentally planted cinchona trees on Mindanao, 600 miles to the south. If he could be sent there, he could grind the bark to powder and ship it back to Bataan, where it could be brewed into a tea that would check the ravages of malaria.

The General came to see him. "How about that quinine?" he asked.

"I don't know how much I can get," said the sick man, "but I know I can get some."

Any amount was important to Wainwright; 85 percent of the men in some of his units were ridden with fever. He promptly ordered that Colonel Fischer be flown to Mindanao. The only available plane was an asthmatic Bellanca commercial, condemned three years before. It never got above 90 miles an hour — a clay pigeon for enemy airmen. It dodged from island to island, ducking down valleys in order to keep out of sight.

Exhausted by the journey, Colonel Fischer spent the first day on Mindanao in bed. He had wasted away from 150 pounds to 96. In addition to fever, he had contracted blood poisoning in his arm, which pulsed with pain. The following day he assembled at his bedside the remnants of his old staff of foresters, men who had been his friends ever since he had come to the Philippines in 1912 fresh from the Yale School of Forestry. He outlined to them his

plans for collecting the precious cinchona bark.

Colonel Fischer's interest in quinine had first been kindled in 1921 when he and General Leonard Wood, then Governor General of the Philippines, discovered a forester in a remote station dying of malaria for want of the drug. Then, as now, quinine was difficult to obtain and expensive — completely out of reach of the natives of the East. The world's chief source of supply was Java, and the Dutch controlled it with a ruthless hand, sometimes burning the "surplus" bark to keep up the price. Fischer determined that the Philippines should have their own quinine — plenty of it, so cheap that every native could buy it.

The first problem was to obtain seed of the high-yield *Cinchona ledgeriana* that the Dutch had perfected. Seeds of this strain had originally been brought from South America to London in 1854 by Charles Ledger, a British horticulturist. From London they were taken to India and eventually to Java. There the Dutch developed a cinchona bark with the highest quinine content in the world and Java was soon producing 95 percent of the world's supply. In 1922 Fischer scouted out a Dutch planter in financial distress who secretly sold him a packet of seed for 4000 pesos. Packed in a malted-milk container, the seeds were smuggled out by a British sea captain.

Cinchona is hard to grow. Half of the precious seed was attacked by a

fungus and failed to germinate. Forest cockroaches had to be picked off the seedlings by hand. Then came an unusual drought, and the plants were kept alive only by water laboriously carried a half mile in oil drums up a 300-foot slope. Finally the water hole dried up. Fischer's appeal to the Philippine Malaria Control Board for funds to construct a small reservoir was denied — on the ground that cinchona cultivation could not be considered malaria control work!

Despite these difficulties the first bark was harvested in 1927 and proved to have a quinine content as high as the Javanese. The government was finally persuaded to establish a pilot plant in Manila for extraction of totaquina, a crude extract not as highly refined as quinine but effective, and only half as expensive.

Now the Manila plant had fallen to the Japanese, and the trees in Mindanao were all that remained of Colonel Fischer's 20 years' labor. Santos, Colonel Fischer's faithful Chinese-Filipino assistant, began bringing in bark. Fischer had located a corn grinder on a nearby farm; in this he ground and reground the bark. Then he tracked down 275 empty oil drums which, when cleaned, would do for shipping. By the end of the first week the project was spinning along.

On Easter Sunday, April 5, word came from General Wainwright that it was no longer possible to get boats into Bataan, and that Colonel Fischer

would have to extract the drug from the powdered bark and ship it in by air. Fischer had no chemists. He lacked the raw materials needed in the extraction process — sulphuric acid, lime, ether.

Then he thought of his old friend Father Flynn, a go-getting Irish priest who knew Mindanao like a prayer book. The padre placed at his disposal the parish school's chemistry laboratory and located a missionary priest who was a pharmaceutical chemist, also an American who had earned a Ph.D. in chemistry 20 years ago but hadn't touched a test tube since.

Eluding his doctors, Colonel Fischer traveled all day, worked all night. Five or six demijohns of sulphuric acid turned up in the warehouse of an abandoned mine. The hospital provided several drums of ether. Sailboats brought lime from a nearby island and some sodium hydroxide was found in a soap factory. The ingredients had to be mixed in a stainless-steel agitator. That stumped even Fischer for a while, but eventually he found one in a wrecked pineapple cannery. For mixing vats he used two bathtubs.

All this was accomplished in the four hectic days following the receipt of General Wainwright's message. Then came the tragic news that Bataan had fallen.

Fischer knew that there was no hope for the rest of the Philippines, that the Japanese would soon have Mindanao and the last cinchona trees

remaining in Allied hands. But perhaps some seed could be salvaged for planting in the Americas. Cinchona seeds will not remain viable unless packed in sealed containers under proper conditions of temperature and humidity. Fischer took two milk tins, placed the smaller one inside the larger, and between the two he stuffed dry moss to control humidity. In the inner can 2,000,000 seeds were bedded down; the outer can was sealed. The army considered his work so important that it flew Colonel Fischer to Australia on one of the last planes to get out. General MacArthur cabled Washington to be ready to take care of the seeds, and put the Colonel on the fastest ship available. From San Francisco the precious seeds were flown to Washington. They were planted under glass at the Department of Agriculture station at Glenn Dale, Maryland.

Washington assigned Colonel Fischer to work with the Board of Economic Warfare to establish cinchona plantings. After the delays of which Vice-President Wallace complained, an agreement was made with the Costa Rican government for establishment of 10,000 acres of plantations near San José, where temper-

ature, humidity and altitude duplicate conditions in Java.

By last spring, 98 percent of the seed planted in Maryland had germinated and grown to saplings eight or ten inches high, which were shipped by air to the new Costa Rican nurseries. Fischer himself arrived in Costa Rica last May, just one year after the fall of Corregidor. The Fischer seedlings will produce a small amount of quinine in 1946.

After the war the task of dosing the civilian populations will dwarf the present problem of supplying our fighting men. The demand in China alone will tax the entire world's resources. So rapid is the spread of malaria there that, as one authority said, "the Japs may soon be able to let the mosquitoes do their fighting." And in India there are an estimated 100,000,000 malaria sufferers and 3,000,000 deaths annually. Even when production of atabrine and plasmochin has been greatly expanded, large quantities of quinine will be needed for the cases which do not respond to treatment by the new synthetics.

Thanks to one heroic citizen-soldier, the American tropics may in the future help supply the world with plenty of *cheap* quinine.



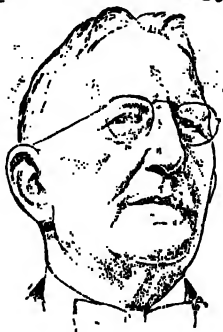
WE MUST beware of trying to build a society in which nobody counts for anything except a politician or an official, a society where enterprise gains no reward, and thrift no privileges.

— Winston Churchill

» John Klingberg's faith has brought joy
and new life to hundreds of children

The Home That Prayer Built

Condensed from The
Kiwanis Magazine



T. E. Murphy

JOHN KLINGBERG has never asked anybody for a cent, yet people have given him nearly \$2,000,000 during the last 40 years. Besides money, he receives such gifts as tons of clothing, a carload of potatoes, a fine milch cow and hay to feed her. His mail is an ever-recurring miracle of money streaming to him from the 48 states, averaging \$1000 a week.

These happenings are, in his words, "daily dealings with God." Four decades ago, when he was a poor clergyman serving a poor congregation, he resolved to found a home for orphans. Then and there he made a vow that he would never ask anybody for anything, or even tell anyone his needs, but would rely completely on prayer and faith.

He has never broken his resolve. Yet, starting penniless, he has built one of the finest homes for children in the United States. Its buildings, valued at a half million dollars, stand on a beautiful 40-acre estate on the highest hill in New Britain, Conn. And it is wholly free of debt.

The Home is not connected with any church or organization. The nearest thing to sponsorship is the friendly interest of Mr. Klingberg's fellow clergymen of the Swedish Baptist church, who long have watched this demonstration of perfect, childlike faith in prayer, and of course they spread the story.

The only literature Mr. Klingberg distributes is a simple booklet of facts acknowledging even the smallest donations. No names are ever mentioned. "We do not want to receive gifts from people motivated by self-glorification," he decided at the very beginning. So you read such items as "Friends in New Sweden and other towns in Maine have sent us again a carload of potatoes"; "three bushels of turnips and cabbages from Bristol, Conn."; "eleven aprons and four cans of soup from Alcester, S. D." With one gift came the message: "This is the money from the eggs which my hens lay on Sunday."

People are always handing Mr.

Klingberg money on the street, and every now and then he enters in the record: "Found \$5 on the floor of the office. Someone must have slipped it under the door."

There are occasional large donations. There was a gift of \$25,000, to be used "to keep the orphans warm." The head of a large bank — a man he had never seen — bequeathed Mr. Klingberg \$50,000. "I shall try to make this the best home in the country," the clergyman told the banker's son. "You've done that already," said the young man. "Dad was hard-headed; he investigated you thoroughly even though he never met you."

The first step in the founding of the Home was an impulsive one. A policeman came to the young clergyman one night and told him three tiny children, whose mother had left them, were alone and hungry in a shack at the edge of town. "I dressed the little fellows," Mr. Klingberg says, "and brought them home, where my wife received us with tears in her eyes." At the time he was earning only \$16 a week and living with his wife and their two small children in a crowded tenement. "We just prayed, and trusted in the Lord for help," he says.

The town was not long in learning that Klingberg had taken in the three waifs. There were many offers of help. A man stopped Klingberg on the street and promised him a large house, at \$10 a month. Local newspapers printed the story, and

donations of food and furniture trickled in. Other children came, too — within a year there were 18 waifs and orphans ensconced in the Klingberg home.

John Klingberg confesses he had at first his moments of doubt. But now he felt his faith completely vindicated. When friends urged him to be "practical" and solicit contributions, he responded, "If my work isn't good enough for God to support, then I'd better abandon it." And to those who told him he'd get more help if he were a little more careful about the kind of children he took in, he retorted firmly, "My home is open to children of all races and creeds, and the only test, ever, is their need."

He lived from day to day, and hand to mouth. Once when the \$10 rent fell due and he had not a penny, he walked up and down the main street, praying silently. "A stranger gave me \$5 and another \$10," he says.

One Sunday it seemed that at last the children would have to go hungry. Mr. Klingberg knelt. Up the street at a picnic ground there were sounds of singing and revelry, but resolutely he closed his ears and his eyes and began, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want."

It started to rain, a torrential downpour. A knock on the door interrupted his prayer. Two burly fellows stood there, a huge hamper between them.

"We're from the Bartenders' Un-

ion," one of them explained. "Rain broke up our picnic and we thought you could use this stuff." Flinging back the cover he disclosed huge hams, cheeses, sausages, bread and butter.

"Thank you," said Mr. Klingberg, and he added gently, "It is not entirely unexpected."

The day before Christmas, the porter in a barroom came to him with a can of dirty, tarnished pennies and explained apologetically, "These were picked up from the sawdust in front of the bar." Mrs. Klingberg washed the pennies in ammonia and they came out bright and shining, 700 of them.

Mr. Klingberg admits that in the early days people thought him "loony." "The principle of childlike trust in God is not understood by the majority of people," he says. "But after 40 years there has been no need to change the method of securing funds for the work. The Lord is just as rich today as He was in the beginning."

Mr. Klingberg knows poverty firsthand. Back in Sweden his mother carried mortar as a bricklayer's helper to support her seven fatherless children. From the time he was nine, John worked when he could, begging bread when other resources failed him. He worked in the iron mines until he was 20, then came to the United States, where he found a job in steel mills near Chicago. He left the steel mills to enter the University of Chicago, graduating with

a degree in theology — no small feat for an immigrant laborer.

Few institutions operate with such a small overhead as the Children's Home. There are only 12 paid employees, some of whom have worked there for more than 30 years. Recently Mr. Klingberg's son, Haddon, resigned his pastorate to come back to help, and with a view of eventually taking over the administration.

Just now there are 100 children at the Home. There are chores for every child over 11. Girls wash dishes and set tables; boys take care of the cows and chickens. Younger children help out by darning socks. There is no corporal punishment, but a boy may be deprived of privileges or assigned to darn stockings as punishment.

The Home takes children from anywhere, has no set formula for admissions. That is unorthodox. And Mr. Klingberg's case records aren't very professional.

"Why should they be?" said one sociologist. "That's no institution; that's John Klingberg's family. Families don't keep case records on their children."

To social workers who disapprove of dormitories for orphans, Mr. Klingberg says: "It is not the house that builds up a fine character, but the spirit within its walls. If children feel that the persons who take care of them love them and are unselfish, they feel at home in any kind of building."

In 40 years, 1100 orphans have gone forth from the Home. A good

proportion of his graduates live nearby, the girls married, the men skilled mechanics or small businessmen. A number have become missionaries. Nearly 100 are in the armed services.

Every year the alumni hold a reunion. At this year's meeting they contributed nearly \$500 toward a new building for small children. A soldier in the Solomon Islands sent a month's pay. Mr. Klingberg is prouder of his children than he is of the decoration the King of Sweden bestowed on him in 1926, and the pleasantest part of his day's work is to read their letters.

Only once has Mr. Klingberg come near to violating his vow never to solicit human aid. In answering a letter from a banker who had just sent in a contribution, he enclosed a picture of a certain boy, Frank, saying, "I thought you would like to see the kind of boy that you are helping. We are hopeful that some day he

will be able to go to college." Thus far, and no farther! By return mail came an invitation to call and bring the boy. The upshot was that Frank went to college and is now a professor of medicine.

Mr. Klingberg lives in a modest white frame dwelling on the grounds. With a nervous energy and a physique that belie his years, at 75 he goes through a staggering daily routine. Seven days a week he is up at five o'clock; he makes his last round at 11 o'clock at night.

His clear eyes and his rough-hewn countenance betoken a man who has lived a rich life emotionally. As he talked with me he looked out at the waving fields of corn, the cows browsing in the pasture. Two little girls played with dolls on the front steps. Boys at play shouted happily out back. The old gentleman's eyes glistened as he said, "We face the future with our hearts full of thanks. The blessings God has given me!"



Join the Navy and See D. C.

ARMY and navy officers assigned to Washington frequently fret over being chained to desks. They would prefer active duty. In one navy office, all the junior officers have applied for front-line assignments. Recently one of them, to his delight, was sent to a ship in the Pacific.

The day after he left, the desks of his colleagues blossomed forth with "service flags" — each with one blue star. When the captain in command asked about the flags, he was told: "Oh, those are for Lieutenant Smith, sir. He has gone off to war and we are very proud of him."

The captain, alas, didn't think it was very funny and the "service flags" forthwith disappeared.

— John F. Cramer in *Washington Daily News*

» Our magnificent opportunity — if we
CONCENTRATE at once against Germany

Smash the Luftwaffe and End the War!

By Francis Vivian Drake

Veteran fighter pilot of World War I; authoritative spokesman for Air Power in
World War II; author of "The Air Plan" and "Vertical Warfare"

THE NAZIS' loss of fighter planes on all fronts has lately been averaging a minimum of 700 to 800 per month, which is roughly equal to their rate of fighter production. If this loss rate remains constant, the Luftwaffe will be breaking even. If, on the other hand, the Allies should step up their air offensive to a point where they were destroying 1200 or more of the German fighters monthly, the Luftwaffe would literally sink out of sight within 90 days for lack of planes and pilots.

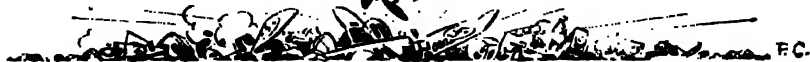
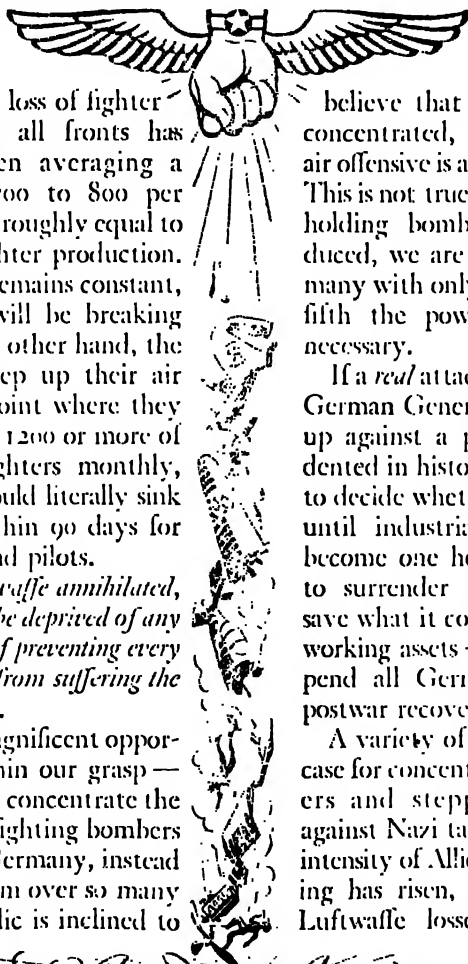
With the Luftwaffe annihilated, Germany would be deprived of any practical means of preventing every city in the Reich from suffering the fate of Hamburg.

Such is the magnificent opportunity now within our grasp — if only we would concentrate the bulk of our big fighting bombers at once against Germany, instead of scattering them over so many fronts. The public is inclined to

believe that they are already concentrated, that a decisive air offensive is already under way. This is not true. We are still withholding bombers already produced, we are still hitting Germany with only one third to one fifth the power available and necessary.

If a *real* attack were made, the German General Staff would be up against a problem unprecedented in history. It would have to decide whether to stick it out until industrial Germany had become one horrifying ruin, or to surrender immediately and save what it could of Germany's working assets — upon which depend all Germany's hopes for postwar recovery.

A variety of facts support the case for concentrating our bombers and stepping-up air war against Nazi targets *now*. As the intensity of Allied strategic bombing has risen, the *percentage* of Luftwaffe losses has *increase*!



Furthermore, Luftwaffe replacement power is being undermined by American precision bombing of Nazi aircraft production and repair centers. The commanding officer of an American bomber station in England recently estimated that our Flying Fortresses alone had "knocked out plants producing 50 to 75 percent of the FW-190 fighters." Since then, the Me-109 fighter plants at Wiener-Neustadt and Regensburg have been blasted. Imagine what might have happened during the Blitz of Britain if the Luftwaffe had extinguished even 50 percent of the Spitfire and Hurricane production!

The Luftwaffe's strength in combat planes and combat reserve is today reduced to 5000 from the 6000 peak of 1941; while its general reserve, once 3000, is known to have melted away.

No doubt about it, the Luftwaffe is in pretty bad shape; now, if ever, is our golden chance to knock it out of the skies. If our hard-pressing airmen can be reinforced at once, they will seal the fate of Germany as inevitably as they sealed the fate of North Africa and Sicily when they eradicated German air power in those theaters.

The trouble is that the British bombing offensive is still less than half the size considered necessary to make it decisive -- but their production of big bombers is not sufficient to permit any increase. In the United States we are turning out more than enough big four-engined bombers to

do the job, but these bombers are still being squandered in heroic but relatively small-scale attacks all over the map, instead of being massed for repeated and overwhelming raids on the industrial heart of our German enemy. For instance, the number of American precision bombers sent on each European mission this summer (between 200 and 300) has been only one third the number needed -- and potentially available -- both to smash ground objectives most effectively and exterminate Luftwaffe fighters in the process.

Even as it is, our Fortresses and Liberators have made the Luftwaffe pay a bitter price for every attempt to resist them. Here is their box score over Northwestern Europe alone for the first seven months of 1943:

	<i>U. S. Bombers Lost</i>	<i>Nazi Fighters Destroyed</i>
January	14	22
February	17	47
March	16	141
April	27	148
May	60	348
June	80	321
July	108	500
Total	331	1527

(This table does not include 1206 fighters "probably" destroyed or damaged, nor any shot down by the 331 bombers lost, which are believed to have accounted for at least one or two enemy planes apiece.)

As a result of their losses in the British-American bombing offensive, the Germans have been forced to switch their production priorities to fighter planes. And this is very significant because it indicates that, for

the time being at least, Germany has been obliged to abandon plans for any heavy aerial offensives. At this critical stage of the war, such a defen-

sive policy is a policy of desperation.

That is why American and British airmen are impatient to exploit their present terrific opportunity.

✱ An almost unbelievable story
of high-speed work

How the NORMANDIE Was Raised



Condensed from The New Republic • • • Bruce Bliven

BATTERED, scarred and dirty from her 18 months beneath the surface of the Hudson River, the *Normandie* is afloat once more. The hardest part of the greatest salvage job in history is over — an epic story of incredible courage and persistence against overwhelming odds. And — surprisingly enough — it has already had an important effect upon the war effort quite apart from the ship itself, for a crew of salvage men trained on the job at the *Normandie* were the ones who were pressed into service to clear the North African harbors of the wreckage of Axis vessels and so speed the invasion of Sicily.

It was on February 9, 1942, six weeks after the navy had taken her over as the U.S.S. *Lafayette*, and

started refitting her as a troopship, that fire broke out in the *Normandie's* grand lounge. Fanned by a fierce northwest wind, the flames spread quickly through the ship. The New York fire department poured thousands of tons of water into her until she became top-heavy, rolled over on her portside and sank.

It was a sorry spectacle that confronted the navy. The vast hulk, 1029 feet long and 120 feet wide, lay about half out of the water, the tide rising and falling within her as it did outside. Her bow was toward shore and the first third of the ship lay on a rocky ledge at a depth of about 65 feet. The remaining two thirds rested on mud and there was some fear that the ship would break in two where the ledge ended and the mud began.

The problem of raising the great luxury liner fascinated the public; thousands of persons wrote the navy telling how it could be done. One common suggestion was to send down thousands of crates of ping-pong balls or empty, sealed tin cans; fasten these to the ship's side and she'd come up. Other popular ideas were to freeze millions of ice cubes under water and fasten them to the side of the vessel, or to use blimps overhead with grappling hooks let down to the hull. Every mention of the *Normandie* in the press brought a new flood of letters and also clogged the telephone lines, and at one point the navy reluctantly asked the papers not to mention her.

Meanwhile the navy's board of experts and the engineers from Merritt-Chapman and Scott, one of the oldest ship-salvage companies in the world, decided that the ship could be raised by the "controlled pumping" plan. This called for making most of the hull watertight by dividing its interior into sealed compartments. Then water was to be pumped gradually out of the submerged portion and into the exposed portion, until the vessel slowly rolled back toward an even keel. Experts estimated the job would take one and a half to two years and would cost around \$6,000,000. As it turned out, the operation was finished in 18 months, and cost much less.

Was the job worth while? The question is difficult to answer because of the intangibles involved.

It is true that nobody in his senses would set out to build a troopship of that size and type. He would build instead three ships. Gigantic troopships give the high command the jitters; they carry too many men. Better to spread the risk. On the other hand, the navy figured that, considering the need for ships, it would have a hull and engines in good condition for one eighth of the \$40,000,000 they would cost today, would have a fully equipped troopship for two thirds what a new one of the same size and speed would cost. Moreover, it would use relatively little scarce materials and labor. The *Normandie*, thus, is a ship added to, not subtracted from, our production of ship plates and marine turbines.

The salvage theory was simple, but in practice the difficulties encountered were so huge that reason reels before the mere size of the job. When the ship went over, her portside was covered with scaffolding platforms which broke up like so many matchsticks. Many of these stuck in through open portholes and cargo ports at fantastic angles. Divers working under many feet of water and mud had to clear up this debris before they could start actual salvage operations. This was made doubly difficult because the Hudson River is so full of silt that a few feet below the surface a diver has to work in Stygian gloom and even an electric torch is almost useless.

Under water were 356 portholes. Many of them were open when the

ship went down; none were built to be actually watertight when submerged. They lay 60 feet below the surface, and each had to be fitted with a waterproof covering, applied in most cases from inside. By the time the divers were ready to go to work, the mud *inside* the ship was ten feet deep. The divers had to thread their way through a maze of corridors and rooms, and dig out a mass of decaying rubbish, some of which gave off poisonous gases, including deadly hydrogen sulphide. Tons of mud that had oozed in had to be moved, and then, in complete darkness, they had to fit the watertight patches over the portholes and over 16 large cargo ports, big enough in some cases to admit an automobile. Miles of bulkheads had to be built under water and embedded in cement. All openings in the intermediate deck had to be patched. All pipe lines throughout the ship — and there were thousands of them — had to be closed off.

No vessel is built strong enough to withstand such an operation as that performed on the *Normandie*. Her hull had to be strengthened. Everything above the main promenade had to be removed, including two masts, two complete decks and three funnels each big enough to accommodate both tubes of the Hudson Tunnel. All the ship's heavy machinery, which was never intended to tumble over to almost a 90-degree angle and stay there for 18 months, was made secure and treated for rust. Every

piece of machinery installed within the hull for salvage work had to be placed on platforms with a hinge at one end and pulleys at the other so that, as the ship slowly swung back to level, it could remain in operation.

During the salvage operation, 5000 tons of superstructure were taken out of the ship, along with 6000 tons of debris, 10,000 cubic yards of mud, 8000 pounds of broken glass and 100,000 tons of water.

This incredible job was in charge of the navy's supervisor of salvage but most of the work was done by Merritt-Chapman and Scott. Crews worked at top speed, with two and sometimes three shifts a day. From 600 to 800 men were continuously on the job, including 75 divers.

The men worked under great nervous strain. Every diver was in constant danger of having his air hose cut by broken glass or the hundreds of jagged steel edges. Sometimes two or three divers would have to go down just to protect the life line of one man who was working in a dangerous location.

Because of the unparalleled wartime demand for divers, there were not many available for the *Normandie* job. So the supervisor organized a divers' school on the pier alongside the ship. Here scores of green men were trained right on the job.

I was permitted to go aboard the *Normandie* the day before the actual raising operation began. To walk along the dock and see the vast gray towering 60 feet above me, to

realize she extended an equal distance below the water, and to know she soon would be righted was an impressive experience.

Impressive, too, was the enormous activity on board. Workmen hurried up and down half a dozen gangplanks which went into openings in what had once been the promenade deck. Every few minutes a diver went below to continue the work that had not stopped for 18 months. A huge half-circle of white was painted on the hull with numbers around the edge. A ten-foot red pointer indicated the exact degree to which the ship had rolled and would serve to record progress as she rolled slowly back. We entered the grand dining salon — now no

more than a huge steel box, stripped down to the final skeleton — and in it was a great pumping engine, supported on wires so that it could operate no matter what the position of the ship.

To me, the most poignant thing of the whole trip was something I saw in one of the offices on the pier — the great painted panels removed from the ship. Each panel bore the name of a French city — Toulouse, Bordeaux, Nantes, Rennes. Looking at the names of those proud cities, it suddenly seemed to me that the ship was a symbol of France herself; that she had risen from her humiliating degradation was a good omen that France too would one day rise again, proud and free.



Comedy of the Prussian Bath

AS PART of our work as prisoners of war, my friend and I were detailed for duty at the showers reserved for the Germans. A company of soldiers, admirably aligned in columns of five, came toward us. They marched almost at goose step and sang in chorus; each soldier carried a rolled towel under his left arm. Then they proceeded in single files to the shower room.

"Halt! Fall out! Undress!" came the orders, and they all started undressing. Naked bodies stood in file waiting for the noncom to bawl: "March! Under the shower! Begin washing! Wash in front! Wash in back! Rinse yourselves off! Halt!"

Then still in files, they emerged from the showers, formed in columns of five and departed, singing in chorus, almost at goose step, the little Prussian noncom in the lead.

Constantin Joffé, *We Were Free* (Smith & Durrell)

» Soldiers mentally shaken by war's ordeal are being cured and restored to duty by army psychiatrists



There Is No Such Thing as Shell Shock

By Frederick C. Painton

War correspondent for The Reader's Digest on the Mediterranean front, whence this article was radioed

AN AMERICAN infantry sergeant led his platoon up the sun-burnt slopes beyond the town of Enna in Sicily. For days he and his men had been without proper sleep or food, constantly machine-gunned, sniped at, shelled. Suddenly an Italian mortar battery on their left fired two shells. The sergeant heard them coming, yelled to his men to flop, and hurled himself flat. The shells whooped down and burst. Three of the sergeant's men were killed; he himself was tossed twice into the air by the terrific concussions.

Apparently uninjured, he got to his feet, and being a noncom with a strict sense of duty, led the survivors forward to capture the position. Later, in a quiet interlude, he suddenly stared in amazement at his right hand. It was thrust into his pocket, and he could get it out only by pulling at it with his left hand. Then it fell limply to his side. Bewildered and angry, he slapped it around. But there was no sensation. Hand and arm were paralyzed.

He did not report this for nearly a week, hoping that sensation and

movement would return. When they did not, he finally consented to be evacuated. In the hospital, examination disclosed no wound. A psychiatrist gave the sergeant pentothal sodium, a drug which produces a form of hypnosis. While under its influence the sergeant could freely move his arm, hand, fingers. He was tagged "exhaustion" and segregated for special treatment.

In World War I the sergeant would have been marked "shell-shocked" -- then a general term for the psychoneuroses caused by war -- and given practically no curative treatment. At the front it was difficult for medical officers to distinguish between victims of real neuroses and malingerers. Many men were thought to be pretending symptoms of various diseases in order to escape combat duty. They were often called "yellow" to their faces by other soldiers, which only made their condition worse. Their treatment was harsh. They were isolated, allowed no visitors and no mail; they were given tedious, annoying work and bitter medicine. It was thought they would choose a retreat to their

rather than endure such suffering. Naturally, very few recovered; their war neuroses became fixed. They were shipped back to the States by the thousands, to become public charges. The Veterans Administration neuropsychiatric hospitals were crowded with this debris of war.

Only later—much too late—was it understood that these men were genuine sufferers from the most frightful kind of injury that war can inflict.

The high percentage of war neurosis cases in World War I was ascribed for a time to the fact that our mental standards for induction into the army were too low. So, when conscription was again introduced in 1940, army examinations set high mental as well as physical standards. Yet early in the North African campaign it was evident that war neuroses—still called shell shock—were causing many casualties.

Moreover, there were proportionately just as many victims of war neuroses among college men as among those of lesser mental caliber.

This time the army medical service is determined not to send back to America thousands of young men with nervous disorders. Lieutenant Colonel Perrin H. Long, formerly of Johns Hopkins, now on the medical staff in North Africa, said to me, "The greatest achievement of medicine in North Africa is the development of a curative treatment that is redeeming war neurosis cases either for combat duty or for useful non-

combatant work in the rear. Best of all, these fellows can and will be discharged into peacetime life able to make the adjustment and do productive work. The man most responsible for the treatment that is returning soldiers to combat duty is Major Frederick Hanson."

I talked with Major Hanson, formerly in practice in Montreal—lean, young, bespectacled, very modest, and quiet until I mentioned shell shock.

"There is no such thing as shell shock," he said sharply. "That expression was used in the last war because medical people thought that the victims of war neuroses had suffered cerebral concussion from the blast of explosions. Actually there were very few cases of cerebral concussion, but the word stuck and did a lot of harm. A soldier, seeing the label 'shell shock' on his tag, thought he was insane and grew worse. Here in Africa, we tag all such cases 'exhaustion,' and that is probably the best overall description of the several types of war neurosis.

"Another thing to bear in mind is that exhaustion, or war neurosis, strikes down all kinds of soldiers. Bravery or cowardice has little to do with it. Nor does the length of time a man has been in military training. The same symptoms occur among such picked men as the pilots and crews of fighter and bomber planes.

"The most compelling cause of exhaustion is the soul-shaking struggle within a man between the desire to

do his duty and the powerful instinct to save his life. Always remember that fear is the normal response of human beings in danger of death. All soldiers go into battle in a state of anxiety. But they conquer it through will power, aided by experience.

"However, constant hard fighting and lack of regular food and sleep bring on physical exhaustion. The recurring narrow escapes from death keep a soldier's nerves keyed to the highest pitch. This anxiety is cumulative. The closer he comes to physical exhaustion, the harder it is to overcome his anxiety through will power. Finally a shell blast, or the death of a friend, forces a complete surrender of the will to the torment within. The words we hear most often from exhaustion cases are 'I took it as long as I could, but I couldn't take it any longer.'"

These victims are pitiable. In Sicily, during the hard fighting, one often saw soldiers weeping hysterically, or wandering back from the front lines like sleepwalkers. Their faces were blank or apprehensive; their eyes vacant and mouths slack; they trembled as if with cold; they walked with knees bent as if they could not support their weight. Some could not say a word, only stutter. Like frightened, inarticulate children, they started violently at the slightest noise. And they were child-like in their appeal for help.

It did not seem as if they could ever recover, yet the treatment worked wonders. They were given

sedatives to help them sleep; they were fed well, kept warm, and mentally purged of their nightmare story under the narcosis induced by pentothal sodium. The psychiatrist then explained what had happened to them and why, talked hearteningly to bolster their ego. They were put under soldier instead of patient discipline, and kept in contact with the men of their own units. Good recoveries were made within four or five weeks, sometimes even within a few days.

But one discovery was made: Of the exhaustion cases sent to base hospitals, only two percent were well enough to be returned to combat duty at the front. Major Hanson and Major Louis Tureen decided to experiment with 95 cases by treating them right at the front within sound of the guns, under frequent air raids. Of these cases, 60 were returned to combat duty at the end of four days. Of the sixty, 44 were checked after three weeks to see how they had been doing. All but five had seen hard fighting and were performing adequately. Most of them fought out the remainder of the campaign without a relapse. The 35 who had shown no signs of recovery at the end of the four days were sent to the base hospital for further treatment. There the vast majority recovered sufficiently to do noncombatant work.

Major Hanson described a typical severe anxiety case: "In the fighting near Sedjenane an infantry-

man was found wandering about after being dive-bombed and subjected to heavy mortar fire. He was speechless, trembled violently and started jerkily if you placed even a finger on any part of his body. We put him to bed, fed him heartily and gave him sedatives for sleep. At the end of two weeks he could talk — but he also laughed and yelled and shouted 'Dive bombers!' and hid under the bed. He could play the accordion, but he always played the same song, 'Maybe.' And when he played it his face became ecstatic and tears rolled down his cheeks.

"In the narcosis of pentothal sodium he relived his battle memories and talked about them. We discovered that he had gone into the battle worrying over his wife, who was pregnant. 'Maybe' was her favorite song. After treatment, he made a recovery in four weeks. He won't go back to the front, but he will do good work and no permanent mental disorder will make him a public charge after the war."

Dr. Hanson told of a milder case: "A young tank driver had been in constant fighting for many days. At the battle of Kasserine Pass the tank's sergeant, his head out of the turret, was hit in the face by an 88 shell. The headless body fell back into the tank beside the driver. The youth stopped the tank, climbed out and began to run around and around, wringing his hands. He was brought to us crying and physically worn out. We gave him sedatives and food, and

explained to him what had happened. At the end of four days he returned to his unit and fought through the rest of the campaign."

After a pause Major Hanson said, "Of course, the ideal way would be for the unit medical officers to catch these anxiety cases before they crack, as flight surgeons do in an air squadron. But with men scattered all over it is practically impossible. However, we do educate the advanced medical officers to recognize symptoms and understand the cases. As the troops become seasoned and the less strong personalities get weeded out, the number of cases grows fewer."

Sometimes, Major Hanson explained, recovery is retarded by deep melancholy. He told of a young infantry lieutenant who had been blown into the air by a bursting shell. "When we got him he was trembling violently, and all he could say was 'Who?' He recognized a brother officer but could only make signs to tell what had happened. When certain men of his company were mentioned he would groan and cover his face with his hands, then sigh and shake his head. He recognized a photograph of his wife and kept it at his bedside. We gave him the usual course of treatment but he became depressed, said he had failed, not done his duty, and could never go home and face his wife and parents.

"We have had many such. Some think they have failed their com-

rades, or that because of them some friend was killed. These are stubborn cases. Yet it is amazing how many of these youngsters hold on by sheer will power until their job is done, before they crack. There were two stretcher-bearers who had worked hard throughout the campaign. Just before its end they both carried out wounded through a rain of mortar shells. They kept going until they had their patients at the medical collection station. Then they sat down, burst into tears and went hysterical. In four days one was back on the job. The other developed a stutter and became a difficult case. Cases like that of the sergeant with the paralyzed arm are also hard to deal with.

"I think the number of depression cases, where the men feel they

have failed, shows the general high sense of duty and responsibility. There have been few cases of malingering. And there have been no real psychoses — insanity — brought on by war. Men are not driven crazy by war. The only insane soldiers are ones with a history of insanity.

"We have a big job ahead and are just making a start. But we are treating exhaustion successfully; we are rescuing men from the frightful nightmare of mental fixations. Our young men will return to their families clear-eyed, and not tottering nervous wrecks. I cannot give you any figures now. The successful cases run into hundreds, and will reach thousands. The effect of that on the future of the country, I am sure, makes this the greatest medical job before us over here."

❖ The Unarmed Forces ❖

THE EAGER docility of the wartime civilian mind was exemplified by an incident in a crowded elevator in Gimbel's, big New York department store. The operator, plainly new to the job, took on a load of passengers at the ground floor, closed the door and said in tones of authority, "Face the rear, please."

Without a moment's hesitation — and certainly without a moment's thought — all the passengers turned and faced the rear. Presented with this odd sight the operator exclaimed, "Good Lord, that can't be right! Face the front, please!" And the passengers executed another about-face.

— *The New Yorker*

AN ATLANTA woman, riding home on a bus, suddenly realized she had left a "piggy bank" at the post office while mailing letters. She hurried back and found the bank on the counter, but noticed it had become heavier.

Generous Atlantans, thinking it was there for aiding some worthy cause, had put many coins in it.

— AP

Essential Civilian Needs

Condensed from
The Baltimore Sunday Sun
Elsie McCormick

Will Be Met

BY LAST SPRING, war demands had made such inroads into essential civilian supplies that something had to be done about it. In many parts of the country such homely but necessary articles as diapers, denim work clothes and garbage cans had almost completely disappeared. Safety pins were so scarce that in some towns policemen collected them from door to door for maternity hospitals. Dairymen were killing cows because they could not get milk cans. Rope was so scarce that ranchers in Oklahoma threatened to break into a store and take a supply frozen by priority regulations.

To help the forgotten men and women on the home front, the War Production Board last April organized an Office of Civilian Requirements, and placed at its head soft-voiced but iron-willed Arthur D. Whiteside, president of Dun and Bradstreet. Under him, the OCR has fought vigorously to relieve shortages that might damage health, morale and efficiency.

The OCR can claim allotments of raw materials for making essential civilian goods, have them sent to

manufacturers, and then so earmark the goods that, except in a real emergency, not even war industries or the armed forces can take them away from the ordinary buyer. Its sphere includes practically everything except food, fuel and rubber.

One of the first emergencies faced by OCR concerned the American baby. The 1942 diaper supply had been 10,000,000 yards less than requirements and the birth rate was zooming. The looms that had made diaper cloth were busy turning out cotton bags for farm produce and army supplies, as substitutes for the burlap that could no longer be had from India. In addition, war factories were buying diapers in huge quantities for use in wiping off machines.

The OCR allocated enough looms for diaper production to bring the supply to near normal and forbade the sale of the cloth for factory rags. Meanwhile, clearing the Mediterranean sea lanes has opened the short route from India and the first shipments of an order for 850,000,000 yards of burlap are on the way.

Sixty percent of the safety-pin

supply had been taken for the hospital needs of the army and navy. In addition, the batiste once popular for infants' clothing was being used in balloons; and baby carriages were being bought up by munitions plants, where their soft springs assured the safe handling of sensitive explosives.

The OCR doubled the allotment of steel for safety pins; captured some material for baby clothes; and arranged for the manufacture of more baby carriages. Reports from the field soon indicated that the new carriage, using only six pounds of steel, was not a success. Mothers were overloading them with groceries crammed in alongside the baby, and the wooden wheels buckled. The OCR has now claimed more steel for each carriage. In addition it has provided for twins, overlooked in the original order.

The OCR is one of the few government agencies that doesn't smother its public under questionnaires dreamed up by desk men in Washington. Its field investigators talk and listen to war workers, farmers and housewives all over the country, in informal, friendly fashion. It receives hundreds of letters describing cases of individual hardship. It has 21 "listening posts" throughout the country to spot local shortages in the early stages; it then rushes the needed articles into that area.

One important thing learned by the OCR has been the disastrous

effects of irregular ice deliveries and the breakdown of mechanical refrigerators. The consequent spoilage of food — wasteful in itself — has meant more garbage, which, coupled with the scarcity of garbage cans, brought a dangerous increase in rats. Lack of spring wire led to a shortage of rat-traps.

The OCR is having refrigerator repair parts made by smaller war plants not working at capacity. Since the number of refrigerator servicemen has dropped from 16,000 to about 5300, local draft boards have been asked to defer such workers for several months. Meanwhile the electrical industry has begun a program of training new men.

The garbage cans, it turned out, were being bought by war plants to hold tools, small machine parts and greasy rags. Now plants no longer buy garbage cans on priorities, and the OCR is claiming more galvanized iron to help tide over the shortage. And the amount of steel for rat-traps has been almost doubled.

Cutting the umbrella output to 30 percent of normal resulted in illness and absenteeism among the millions of people who used to ride in cars but now often wait in the rain for buses. So the shortage of umbrellas is being relieved.

More steel wool is going to be made, too, because OCR investigators found that housewives often complained more about this shortage than any other. In homes where the kitchens serve as living rooms, rows

of gleaming pots and pans are a great source of pride. The steel wool to keep them shining will be made out of wire scrap, not needed as war material.

The fact that more silver-plated flatware is to be manufactured will be good news to restaurant owners. Purchases by the army and navy, and diversion of the industry to making everything from Ranger knives to magnesium bombs, cut the total for consumers to about one sixth of normal. The pinch was felt chiefly in factory areas where thousands of people were establishing new homes. Thefts of cutlery from restaurants became so common that some eating places were severely handicapped.

No steel has been claimed for needles. We have never made needles for hand sewing. Our entire supply came from England and Japan and we are still getting needles from both countries. The Japanese needles are reaching us from indirect sources.

The OCR has successfully avoided clothes rationing. Many textile mills are being put on a three-shift basis, and enough material for essential needs is now assured. Luxury garments will be scarcer than cheap ones. There are fewer rayon dresses because rayon makes a good parachute for fragmentation bombs or for food supplies and ammunition floated down to isolated outposts. Dresses of heavy, solid colors are being replaced by prints and pastels,

because the coal-tar derivatives from which dyes are made are in demand for TNT, synthetic rubber and aviation gasoline. There is no real scarcity of cosmetics. The OCR regards them as important morale items, and maintains their production.

By working with manufacturers and with other WPB departments to simplify styles and use substitutes, the OCR has also released large amounts of materials for the armed services. For instance, the 27,000 varieties of doorknobs and other forms of builders' hardware of pre-war days have been reduced to 3600. There are now 6000 fewer styles of incandescent lighting fixtures, and only one type of domestic gas stove. Your dentist's choice of burs for drilling teeth has been reduced from 75 to 24.

Substitutes developed by WPB's office of Production Research and Development, with the help of about 200 laboratories throughout the country, include waterproof baby pants, an efficient kitchen utensil cleanser made of bamboo and reeds, a coiled rawhide bedspring, a hairpin made of wood, and an all-clay stove.

The OCR is not trying to maintain civilians in their accustomed style. But Mr. Whiteside believes that, without things necessary to keep the home front in a state of health, efficiency and high morale, the way to victory might be seriously impeded.





Down Where the Trade Winds Blow

A selection from Bennett Cerf's department, "Trade Winds," in
The Saturday Review of Literature

BENNETT CERF could have been wholly satisfied with his place in the literary world as president of two successful book-publishing enterprises — the Modern Library and Random House. One of these sells a million copies a year of books that have already achieved world fame; the other publishes current books, not a few of which reach the best-seller lists. But Mr. Cerf is also a compiler of anthologies (his most recent one, *The Pocket Book of War Humour*) and author of a highly successful weekly column of literary news and anecdotes, from which these selections are taken.

THREE deaf gentlemen were on a train bound for London. "What station is this?" inquired the first gentleman, at a stop. "Wembly," answered the guard. "Heavens!" said the second. "I thought it was Thursday!" "So am I," exclaimed the third. "Let's all have a drink!"

AN OLD Texas drunkard saw so many pink elephants that he hired a hall and put up a sign. "25 cents to see the Zoo." A couple of customers resented the fact that they saw nothing but four bare walls, and swore out a complaint. When the sheriff came to make the arrest, the drunk hauled his jug out from under the counter. The sheriff took three snifters — and paid him \$600 for a half interest in his show!

AN OFFICER was addressing his squadron on the eve of a bombing raid on Kiska. "Men," he said, "tomorrow's stint is one of the toughest we've ever tackled. The enemy has received reinforcements. We are using our oldest

planes. There's a hell of a storm brewing. We'll be lucky if one out of four of us gets back alive. We take off at seven sharp. And if any one of you is 30 seconds late, dammit, he don't get to go!"

A YOUNGSTER was asked by his history teacher to name the principal cultural contribution of the Phoenicians. The answer, given without hesitation, was "Blinds."

MOE WENT to his friend Sam and said: "I want you to lend me \$2000." "The answer," said Sam, "is positively No." "But Sam," protested Moe, "in 1929 when Bond and Share broke from 188 to 50, who gave you \$10,000 to keep you from being wiped out?" "You did," admitted Sam. "And in 1931, when your daughter Shirley had pneumonia, who took her to Florida to recuperate?" "You did, my friend." "And in 1933, when we were fishing together, who dove into the rapids and saved you from drowning?" "You did, Moe; it

was wonderful!" "Well, then, Sam, in heaven's name, why won't you lend me \$2000?" "All the things you say are true," said Sam, nodding his head slowly. "But what have you done for me lately?"

WHILE taking his IQ test, a draftee was asked: "What does RFID stand for?" He looked blank for a moment, then visibly brightening, replied: "Ranklin Felano Doosevelt."

A MINISTER in New York phoned a minister in California. "Is this a station-to-station call?" queried the operator. "No," replied the Reverend, "it's parson-to-parson."

FETTELBAUM and Garfinkel were partners. One morning Feitelbaum said to Garfinkel: "I'm sick and tired of my name. With your permission, I'm changing it to O'Brien." Garfinkel looked thoughtful, and a few days later announced that he, too, was tired of the name he had been bearing all his life. "With your permission," he said, "I have also changed my name to O'Brien." Thereupon, the old sign was taken down and a resplendent new one, reading "O'Brien & O'Brien," was put up in its place. A few mornings later the telephone rang and a voice demanded to be connected with Mr. O'Brien. "Very good, sir," said the cheery-voiced operator, "but which Mr. O'Brien do you want: Feitelbaum or Garfinkel?"

JOE F. LEWIS once spent a night at Saratoga's old Grand Union Hotel. The railroad station was directly below, and a switching engine kept shunting cars back and forth incessantly. Finally Joe

summoned the night clerk. "Maybe you can tell me," he suggested, "what time this hotel reaches Chicago!"

A SHORT-STORY manuscript submitted to Whit Burnett at *Story Magazine* was a startling mélange of Hemingway, Dos Passos, Faulkner, Cain and Saroyan. "Tell me," asked Burnett in his letter of rejection, "was your father an anthology?"

A YOUNG LADY dreamed one night that she was walking along a strange country lane. It led up a wooded hill whose summit was crowned with a lovely little house and garden. She knocked on the door and it was opened by an old man with a long white beard. Just as she started to talk to him, she woke up. On three successive nights she had the same dream. Always she awakened just at the point where her conversation with the old man was about to begin.

Sometime later, as the young lady was motoring to a week-end party, she suddenly begged the driver to stop. There, at a turn in the highway, was the country lane of her dreams! "Wait for me a few moments," she pleaded. Her heart beating wildly, she set out up the lane. Soon she arrived at the house whose every feature was now so familiar to her. As usual, the old man responded to her knock.

"Tell me," she began, "is this little house for sale?" "Yes, it is," said the man, "but I would scarcely advise you to buy it. You see, young lady, this house is haunted!" "Haunted!" echoed the girl. "By whom?" "By you," said the old man, softly closing the door.

» An ex-promoter of alarm clocks applies his merchandising skill to oil paintings, thereby increasing the number of artists who eat



Pictures for Everybody

Condensed from *The Saturday Evening Post*

Lowell Brentano

UNTIL RECENTLY, there were only a hundred or so Americans who were regular purchasers of paintings. Straining for the patronage of this tiny market were some 30,000 artists of recognized achievement, only 500 of whom were able to earn \$5000 a year or more.

In November 1942, Art Movement, Inc., opened its doors in New York. Since then it has been turning average citizens into buyers of paintings and artists into people who eat regularly.

Chief spirit behind Art Movement, Inc., is Max M. Pochapin, who contrived the simple theory that if prices were low artists would sell more paintings. This was merely a variation of a merchandising truth that Pochapin had tested in such things as mamma dolls and alarm clocks, and had refined when he offered record albums of distinguished music to the public at retail prices of \$1.39 and \$1.69. The albums, distributed to 3400 music shops and department stores by Music Appreciation, Inc., measured the depth of

America's esthetic market by becoming sensationally big sellers.

When shellac, vital to record making, was caught by war priorities, Pochapin easily moved over to art, a field untroubled by critical materials. He wrote to everyone listed in *Who's Who in American Art* and outlined his plans. He asked artists to submit unframed pictures, which would be passed upon by a board of judges — John Sloan, dean of American painters; Walter Pach, an authority on both the classic and the modern periods; Alphaeus P. Cole, N.A., a distinguished artist; and Howard Patterson, whose work is included in many valuable collections. Pochapin emphasized the fact that, to induce sales, the artist must set a low price on his work — at a maximum, one third of the usual figure. But there could be no lowering of the quality of the work.

The low-price question agitated the art world. Wouldn't the artists participating injure their prestige with "bargains" and ruin their market. The only flaw in this argument was that nine artists out of ten hadn't made a sale in years.

The Hall of Art, at 24 West 40th Street, New York, is probably the largest art sales gallery in the world. It has none of the overpowering atmosphere of the traditional gallery. There are no heavily draped windows, no thickly carpeted interiors with the dim solemnity of a cathedral. Passers-by can press their faces against the glass and view the entire premises. Business and professional men, young lovers, mothers with babies, students, soldiers and artists walk about, examining the pictures and talking in normal tones. If someone doesn't like a painting or the way it is framed, he says so audibly. There is no need to inquire about price — every picture is plainly marked.

Taking art off its pedestal has met with remarkable success. Artists are amazed not only to see their paintings sold but at the rapidity of the transaction.

The first sale took place before the gallery was actually open for business. While the carpenters were still working on the premises, a clerk opened the front door for ventilation. A passer-by asked permission to look the place over. Half an hour later he came up to the clerk and said, "I've picked out a few things. Do you mind sending them up to me?" He had selected more than \$400 worth of paintings.

Recently an artist came in with a seascape, priced at \$250. Pochapin stood it on a chair to examine it. A customer stepped up and exclaimed,

"It's beautiful; just what I was looking for. I'll take it!"

The fact that original oils are available from \$10 to \$250 doesn't mean that the Hall of Art handles the fifth-rate work of hack painters. Already the movement represents more than 600 artists from 42 states. Nikol Schattenstein, well-known portrait painter who currently receives \$2000 per portrait, has landscapes on sale at \$100. The prices of John Sloan's paintings have ranged from \$500 to \$2000, but he has small canvases on exhibition for \$35 and up. A. G. Bogdanove, winner of nine prizes from the National Academy, who recently disposed of a painting through a conventional gallery, offers marines at \$150. These are no defeated dreamers, but men and women of established reputation who have braved the displeasure of dealers and critics in order to help their struggling colleagues by making Art Movement, Inc., a success.

Pochapin is rapidly placing the project on a national basis, with branch galleries and independent juries in the Northwest, the South and on the Pacific Coast. The branch galleries will establish fresh contacts with regional artists and serve as reservoirs to accumulate a constant supply of new paintings.

All of these outlets operate under a franchise as local representatives of Art Movement, Inc. By the end of 1943, Pochapin plans to have 100 of them scattered throughout the country.

Several dramatic incidents pointed out the necessity for an art-on-installment plan. A refugee family that had lost all its possessions saw a painting called *Grandmother* which reminded the wife of her own mother. The price, \$150, seemed a fortune, but they pleaded for a chance to pay \$10 down and \$5 weekly. A Red Cross nurse began to cry when she saw a \$75 picture of her own Montana mountains. Payday was three days off and she had only 15 cents in her pocket. Pochapin worked out an arrangement with a large New York bank. Now any reputable person

with a job who wants to buy a painting can make a personal loan from the bank at four percent interest, and the Hall of Art will endorse the purchaser's note.

Already Pochapin is looking forward to the time when Art Movement, Inc., can be turned into a non-profit institution. He realizes that the real task is to build up a prestige for American painting — to dispel the snobbish tradition that American art is inferior to European importations. It would be both pleasant and ironic if commerce should thus salvage culture.



The Withering Blight of Bureaucracy

AMAX we know manages a small factory. It seems his 16-year-old son wanted to get a job in the factory during summer vacation. Fine! said the father, who promptly boasted to his foreman about the "clip off the old block." The foreman, a cautious fellow, warned the father that, to employ the boy for a few weeks, he would have to do these things:

Apply to the city government for a special permit for the employment of a minor.

Serve formal notice on the War Manpower Commission that a job was about to be filled.

Deduct 20 percent from wages paid to the boy, for income tax purposes.

Apply, at the end of the boy's employment, to the Internal Revenue Bureau for permission to refund the 20 percent, since the boy would not be earning enough in the vacation period to make him eligible as an income tax payer.

Report the boy's earnings along with his own, at the end of the current tax year, and pay taxes on them, since the boy is a minor.

Report to the War Manpower Commission at termination of the boy's employment.

Report to the city government at termination of the boy's employment.

P.S. The boy attended summer camp.

— *Nation's Business*

Grim Lessons with a Smile

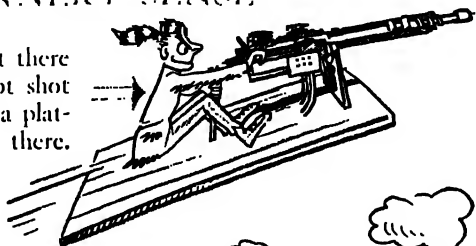
THE SENSE MANUALS," the navy calls them — brisk, pungent pamphlets for the instruction of navy fliers: "Parachute Sense," "Dunking Sense," "Gunnery Sense," "Oxygen Sense." The subjects are matters of life and death, but the approach isn't solemn-choly. The idea is to produce something the boys will *read*, and so the serious lessons are lit up with humor both in text and illustration.

"At 15,000 feet without oxygen, you react like a silly girl in a juke joint" — that's a vivid image that sticks.

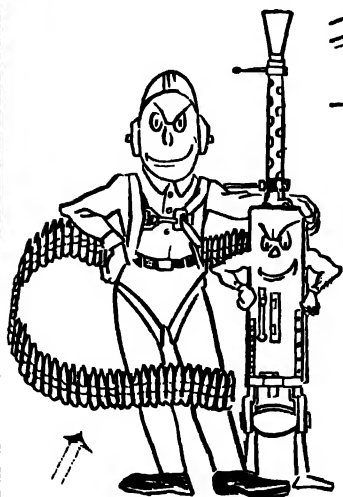
Ask who had the daring notion that military manuals need not be dull as dishwater, ask who turned these out, and you are solemnly told, "Training Division, Bureau of Aeronautics," which is anonymous for some of the country's brightest writers and illustrators, now in navy uniforms.

GUNNERY SENSE

REMEMBER you're not out there as a hot pilot but as a hot shot *gunner* — the plane is just a platform to get your guns up there.



COMPETE in games. Ball games are best for gunners, because they give you useful eye training.



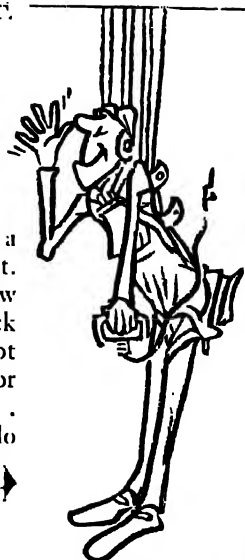
SO PRACTICE, practice, and practice; learn to be "at ease with your gun."

PARACHUTE SENSE

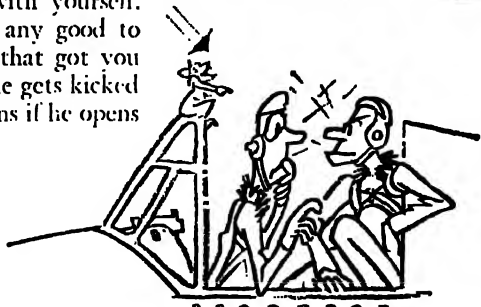
START using your oxygen when your altimeter reading says so — and don't sneer at it, "I'm a tough guy. I feel fine." Sure you feel fine. So does your drunken friend when you tell him he shouldn't drive his car.



You represent a lot of investment. So be a good fellow and don't knock yourself off by not knowing when or how to jump... or what to do afterward.



WHEN you know you gotta go --- GO! Don't engage in any fascinating debate with yourself. And it won't do any good to ask the Gremlin that got you into trouble... he gets kicked out of the Gremlins if he opens his mouth.



GET your legs out straight before you pull the rip cord. Somersaulting may be great fun, and may make you feel young again, but it also means that when you pull the rip cord the lift webs will undoubtedly come up between your knees, and you'll make your descent upside down. A very good view of the ground is at once obtained but the position is extremely uncomfortable, definitely undignified, and you may even lose things out of your pockets. And if you lose your address book, what are you going to do evenings?





KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD



Excerpts from a regular department in Collier's ■ *Freling Foster*

UNLISTED men in the United States Army, Navy and Marine Corps receive \$2 monthly additional pay upon being awarded a Medal of Honor, a Distinguished Service Medal, a Distinguished Service Cross or a Navy Cross. For being awarded a Medal of Honor, army officers receive \$10 monthly which is applied to a pension fund.

A RECENT survey made among almost 2,500,000 American soldiers to determine their food preferences revealed that the majority of them like frankfurters more than any other meat, mashed potatoes more than fried, cake more than pie, and that they prefer cocoa to coffee.

THE Army Signal Corps now has a combination weather and radio station, about the size and shape of a steamer trunk, that will broadcast reports on temperature, humidity and barometric pressure every few hours for three months when buried on the shore of an enemy country.

A NEW device automatically radios the performance of 70 different parts of a plane during a test flight to a ground machine which records the data on sound film and disks, and then makes graphs for visual study in a matter of seconds. It not only enables the ground men to warn pilots of incipient

trouble, but its records supplement those of the pilot and are not lost in case of a crack-up.

FOR ONE of the 8000 newspapers published in Soviet Russia carries crime news, comic strips, or gossip columns.

STATE income taxes are not imposed in 15 states, which contain 40 percent of the population of this country.

IN ENGLAND persons convicted of cruelty to a dog are prohibited by law from owning or having the custody of another for periods ranging from one year to life.

MORE than 90 percent of all species of flowers in the world have either an unpleasant odor or none at all.

IN A London suburb, a large factory making electrical equipment for aircraft is only 40 feet wide but seven miles long. It occupies an unused subway.

AMONG the peoples who practice polygamy, especially the Mohammedans, women sometimes ask their husbands to marry a second wife when they are overburdened with housework and child-bearing. If such a request is denied, the wife can take the matter to court and usually make her husband comply.

» How we can help medical science mobilize for the conquest of rheumatic heart disease — deadliest enemy of children

The Rheumatic Murder Mystery By Paul de Kruif

THE archkiller of our children is an insidious and baffling plague about which many parents know little or nothing. It is rheumatic fever. Its death toll nearly equals that of whooping cough, measles, scarlet fever and diphtheria combined. Its aftermath menaces later life; more than a million American adults suffer from rheumatic heart disease and the yearly deaths total 40,000. But today, at last, science brings new hope to the victims of rheumatic fever and its consequent heartwreck.

To make this hope come true, it is vitally important to spot the scourge at its first onset, which usually occurs between the ages of five and eight. The attack may be a rheumatic explosion with high fever and intense pain in the joints. But usually the disease comes on more slowly. It may begin with a low fever, with mild pains in joints and muscles. The child may lack appetite and be anemic and tired and have a slight rash, nosebleeds and little knots under his skin. He may complain of abdominal pains and show the jerky movements of St. Vitus's dance.

Whether mild or not at first, this

insidious sickness is likely to recur, again and again, damaging the heart increasingly with each new attack.

Though there is no known *cure* for rheumatic fever, Nature gives every rheumatic child a fighting chance. If parents are on the alert to seek early and expert medical care, the child may be tided over the critical years; after puberty attacks become much less frequent. Dr. T. Duckett Jones, of the House of the Good Samaritan in Boston, followed the fate of 1000 young rheumatic victims for ten years. By college age 640 of them were free of rheumatic heart disease or showed such slight traces of it that they could lead normal lives.

The majority of these rheumatic children had been given special treatment; during the months of their repeated attacks they'd been at rest in bed under care of expert nurses and doctors. A sick heart has enormous reserve power. Lighten its load and it may stage a brilliant comeback; and the X rays, electrocardiograms and laboratory tests of the skilled heart physician can tell when the danger is over. Then the victim can return to active life.

Yet despite good medical care, 242

of the 1000 rheumatic children followed by Dr. Jones were dead at the end of ten years.

Obviously rest in bed is only a passive defense against rheumatic fever. Yet doctors have been powerless to *prevent* the attacks. Research had failed to detect any microbe that could be pinned down as the assassin. But one curious fact had been known to many physicians: rheumatic fever is usually preceded by an attack of tonsillitis or mild sore throat. This vanishes. There is a "silent phase" during which the victim feels well. Then ten days or two weeks later—an explosion of rheumatic fever.

Dr. Alvin F. Coburn of New York and other experts have now proved that the hemolytic (blood-dissolving) streptococcus is the cause of the special sore throat that sets off the rheumatic fever.* This streptococcus tie-up has thrown a beam of hope into the sinister shadows of the rheumatic mystery. Streptococcus sore throats are commoner in the North than in the South; in crowded cities than in the country; in winter than in summer—the very sections and seasons in which rheumatic fever is most frequent. When physicians

took rheumatic youngsters to Puerto Rico and Miami, they avoided sore throat—and rheumatic heartwreck! Yet this was only a mockery, tantalizing the parents of rheumatic children confined in our crowded northern cities.

Then doctors turned to the new miracle-working sulfa-drugs. At Columbia University in New York City and at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore they kept a large group of endangered children, who had been attacked again and again by rheumatic fever, upon small daily doses of sulfa-drug from November till June, during the sore throat season. The results were startling. Among the New York children streptococcus sore throat—and consequent rheumatic fever—*were prevented in all but one out of 184 over a three-year test*. Without this sulfa-protection their chances of rheumatic attack were one in three. This was confirmed by the Johns Hopkins scientists. Bad news for the rheumatic terror.

There's now little question that, under expert care, sulfa-prevention will guard the threatened hearts of severely rheumatic children. Yet even this is not the final answer. To certain youngsters the sulfa-drugs are toxic. Furthermore, while they prevent streptococcus sore throat, they may be dangerous if given *during* rheumatic fever. Hawk-eyed medical watchfulness is needed.

Fortunately, another preventive drug seems to have been found. For

* A voice from the back row asks why then don't most of us suffer from rheumatic heart disease, since most of us at one time or another have streptococcus sore throat? Laboratory tests show that the rheumatic child is different from the rest of us, belonging to an unfortunate five percent of people who can't throw off the streptococcus poisons in a normal way. Rheumatic children seem to be *allergic* to the streptococcus, just as hay fever victims are to pollens.

a long time doctors have used sodium salicylate to quiet the pains of rheumatic fever, though they acknowledged that this drug was not a cure. But four years ago English physicians began giving sodium salicylate to rheumatic children *the moment they developed their streptococcus sore throats*; they kept up this safe daily dosing during those weeks of the "silent phase" before the rheumatic attack itself developed. Encouraged by good news of these preventive tests from England, Dr. Alvin F. Coburn has now given still bigger doses of salicylate to 47 rheumatic children, beginning at the instant they reported their sore throats and keeping it up daily for four weeks after. Over a two-year test just completed, only one of those 47 youngsters developed rheumatic fever. During that same two years 57 out of 139 youngsters with rheumatic histories who were not given this drug came down with the post-sore throat rheumatic attack. So salicylate may turn out to be a powerful saver of hearts if parents will promptly report even the mildest sore throats of their rheumatic children to the doctor.

But neither the sulfa nor salicylate treatments strike at the root of the rheumatic murder mystery. What science wants to know is *why* children get rheumatic fever, and why some are more susceptible than others. Heredity plays a part, but there is something more. The heart-wrecker hits city poor children far

more often than city rich children — or than *any* children, rich or poor, in the country. There must be some clue in this fact.

And today our death fighters think they have found it. In a girls' private school on New York's East Side there was not a single case of rheumatic fever among 500 girls for six years, though streptococcus sore throat hit them often. All around that school in the tenements, rheumatic fever was prevalent. A scientific breakdown of the living conditions of the two groups of children showed just one significant difference — diet!

The diets of the private-school girls had an excess of proteins and all known vitamins. Among the tenement children who were most susceptible to repeated attacks of rheumatic fever, the diets were terribly lacking in proteins and Vitamin A. Now Drs. Alvin F. Coburn and Lucile V. Moore, who hit on this clue, carried their sleuthing one step further.

Rheumatic fever is uncommon among well-off children, yet it does strike some exceptional ones after streptococcus sore throat. Digging back into the personal histories of 14 of these well-off but rheumatic youngsters our detectives found that all but one had been a serious "feeding problem" from babyhood; that they'd eaten mighty little protein — especially eggs. Also, Dr. Don Carlos Peete of Kansas City, Kansas, studied 75 rheumatic victims, most of

them from very poor homes. But the home living conditions of a certain few of these sufferers were excellent, *except that their diets were deficient in meat, eggs, milk and butter.*

Plainly, this question challenged our researchers: Can diet strengthen rheumatic children so that they can laugh off the streptococcus sore throat danger?

In 1940 Dr. Coburn took up the challenge. He simply added four eggs daily to the diets of rheumatic girls living in the Pelham Home because of repeated attacks of rheumatic heart disease. Over a two-year test, though many of them suffered streptococcus sore throat, none of them suffered renewed attacks of rheumatic fever.

Though all this is still definitely experimental, it begins to seem that we're near a zero hour in the fight against rheumatic fever. It is urgent that we all should join it. Rheumatic

heart disease now kills one out of every eight children and young grownups who die from disease. Isn't that serious enough to call for regular and thorough medical examinations of all school children, with heart experts coöperating? Then, with parents, school teachers and public health workers informed and alert, every community could keep a rheumatic register where every threatened child was listed.

And, with all rheumatic children under medical care, our doctors could really put to wholesale test the four promising weapons we have found: bed rest for active rheumatic fever; sulfa-prevention of sore throat for desperately endangered children; salicylate to prevent rheumatic recurrence after sore throat; and, finally, good diet that may build resistance and wipe out the fundamental, hidden susceptibility to the rheumatic terror.



Riley: His Mark

RILEY'S squad had been on outpost for a week and our mission was to contact him. Suddenly we came upon a village of a dozen mud and grass huts. At the head of a pack of howling dogs a G-stringed native came out to meet us. He addressed us with: "Spare a dime for a cup of coffee?"

You can expect anything in the jungle; so I asked, "Where are you from?"

"Hitch-hiked from Boston to see a ball game."

That was all the English he had. I knew I'd soon find Riley.

— Contributed by Lt. A. J. Fosseen

» No more job training "by guess and by God"

Show How: *A Revolution in Management*

By Stuart Chase

IN THE September issue of *The Reader's Digest*, Stuart Chase described the nation-wide program for teaching foremen and supervisors in war plants how to get along with the men under them. Now Mr. Chase tells about the amazingly simple but effective methods by which foremen are trained in Job Instruction. Letters from workers on *What's Wrong With Management?* (page 103 of this issue) show that incompetent foremen are the workers' chief headache. Here is striking evidence that top management in industry can do — and is doing — something about it.

Do you ever try to teach a simple manual operation to anyone — a child, a worker, a servant, your wife? Perhaps you *told* them how to do it and wondered why they didn't get it. Or you may have *shown* them how and still they failed. There is, however, a sure-fire method — and it is playing an increasingly important part in the great record of American industry at war.

If "sure-fire method" sounds extravagant, consider these results:

It used to take three weeks to teach a man to grind quartz crystals for lenses. Now it takes three days.

It used to take five days for a new employe to learn how to inspect hand grenades. Now he can learn in one day.

A green inspector for a certain kind of textile could not be given full responsibility till he had been at his job a month. Now he is ready after one day's instruction.

Up to the war, most shop training was haphazard. Eventually new men learned, but with plenty of breakage, cuss words and accidents. When war broke out, such slipshod methods were intolerable — too many Americans had to learn things fast. Thousands of supervisors were promoted from the bench; thousands of the men and women under them had never worked before. Now, with industry close to top speed, about a million workers a month have to find their way around a new job. The war might have been lost while they floundered in the school of hard knocks.

The War Manpower Commission set up a Training Within Industry branch to deal with the immense and urgent problem. Four top-drawer executives borrowed from industry were placed in charge. Their first task was to work out a simple, standard procedure for supervisors to use in passing their know-how along to the new man.

The original draft was worked out by a well-known industrial engineer. It was tried out in a few picked plants. When the "bugs" had been eliminated, it was offered to war industry — and snapped up. Almost 725,000 supervisors have already been given Job Instruction Training, as this method is called — which means that upward of seven million workers have learned their new jobs efficiently, instead of by guess and by God.

Here we are in a factory conference room. There are ten supervisors around the big table, with the trainer at its head. First, to put the group at ease, the trainer tells them to take off their coats and smoke if they want to. Next he disarms suspicion by saying:

"I'm not here to tell you how to run your particular job. What we shall discuss at these sessions is *How to teach a man to do any job correctly and quickly*.

"For instance, take the job of learning to tie the 'underwriters' knot.' It is one of the first things an electrician must learn. I'm going to start by telling one of you how to tie it. Who'll volunteer?"

A serious-minded foreman raises his hand. "Fine, Tom," says the trainer. "Now listen carefully.

"Take a piece of ordinary twisted lamp cord. Hold it vertically with your left hand, between thumb and first finger, six inches from the end. Untwist the loose ends, forming a V. Straighten the ends between thumb

and first finger of the right hand. Take the right-hand loose end with the right hand, making a clockwise loop . . ."

But already the intelligent look has drained out of Tom's face. "I couldn't tie it to save my life," he says. "I lost track about the third sentence."

The trainer smiles. "I don't blame you. Telling, alone, is not good instruction. Thousands of workers are being *told* what to do this very minute, all over the country, but how many of them really understand?

"Now who wants to be *shown* how to tie the underwriters' knot? All right, Joe, step up here facing me. Now I'm not going to say a word. Watch carefully."

Joe, a heavy-set supervisor, watches the process as if his life depended on it. Then he starts bravely to do it himself, but presently works the cord into a veritable cat's cradle.

The trainer smiles again. "I never yet had anybody do it right the first time. Showing, alone, is no better than telling. Most showing is done backward anyhow. Joe was facing me, so that all my right-handed motions looked left-handed to him.

"People *can* learn through telling or showing, but it takes a long while. Now there is another method that works quickly and every time. It represents 25 years of test and experience in the most progressive plants of this country. Who will volunteer to learn to tie an underwriters' knot so that he'll never for-

get it? All right, Harry, come right up here."

This time the trainer begins with a short explanation of the purpose of the knot.

"Suppose," he says, "you are going to assemble lighting fixtures for one of the army camps. This knot relieves the strain on the fixtures. If it isn't tied right, the whole place may burn up. All right, you take a cord and follow along with me."

Now the trainer both tells and shows, but he does far more. He makes Harry *use his own hands*, and get the whole process into his nervous system. Harry quickly masters the knot. After tying it successfully half a dozen times, he is asked to demonstrate it to the trainer. This is most important. If he can do the job and explain it back to his boss, he has really learned.

While Harry is rehearsing his new knowledge for Tom's benefit, I am reminded of a trick which used to save me hundreds of miles in the old driving days. When I stop the car and ask how to get to Blotz Center, I don't step on the gas as soon as I hear "Take next right, then left at second traffic light, then swing around rotary. . . ." No, sir. I sit still and say to my informant: "Would you mind correcting me as I repeat your instructions?" The number of times I have had the instructions balled up passes belief. But after I have repeated them once correctly, I get to Blotz Center on the nose.

The human nervous system re-

fuses to learn much if you stuff a lot of things into it. It learns better if you let in a few things, and then act them over, or repeat them in your own words. Job Instruction Training is based solidly on this psychological principle. The Old Guard foreman who dumped a new worker down at a machine and told him to "watch what the other fellow does" no doubt wondered why new workers were all so stupid. If he had only known, they were no stupider than a plate of steel if you try to pour water through it, or a tree planted with its roots in the air.

In many cases, J.I.T. has entirely eliminated "machine fear," once a common disease with new employees. The new system makes the worker feel important, captures his interest at once, and causes him to be curious about his work. He knows exactly his job's relation to other processes in the department, to the final product, and to the war. In one department of a certain munitions plant, 28 foremen, applying J.I.T., have taught 118 new workers 24 different kinds of jobs. As a result, the saving of man-hours during the learning period alone runs from 20 to 80 percent.

One company lost all its truck drivers to the army. The management decided to employ 100 women to man its fleet. You know how women are — or are supposed to be — behind a steering wheel. So just to be on the safe side the whole brigade was put through J.I.T. All the steps of driving a truck were

broken down, analyzed and fed into the girls' nervous systems on the underwriters' knot principle. Now the trucks are driven more safely and competently than ever before.

A striking case is that of a company whose first-aid department was nearly swamped with minor accidents. Analysis showed that most of the accidents were cuts on the hands of machine operators in one department. The whole crew was then retrained from the beginning by the J.I.T. method. The accident curve took such a nose dive that the first-aid ward took a rest.

The general superintendent of a great aircraft plant says: "We would have been sunk without J.I.T. The average instruction time per job has been reduced from six months to between two and three weeks."

These results seem magical and

often they are. But the magic fades out pretty quickly unless top management is really sold and follows up the original conferences with a continuing program.

Though Job Instruction Training was designed for war plants, it is now being used to train workers in hospitals, railroads, bus lines, taxi services, pipe lines, air lines, garages. The Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minnesota, has grabbed it. A copper company in Mexico no longer has to import workers from the United States to operate its great electric shovels; Mexican Indians learn the job readily through J.I.T.

These are only a few of the wide applications of this sure-fire system. Some day — who knows — it might even turn up in the Pentagon Building in Washington, to teach people how to find their way around.

Chance of a Lifetime

A WOMAN who had been bitten by a dog was advised by her physician to write her last wishes, as she might soon succumb to hydrophobia. She spent so long with pencil and paper that the doctor finally asked whether it wasn't getting to be a pretty lengthy will.

"Will!" she snorted. "Nothing of the kind. I'm writing a list of the people I'm going to bite."

— Contributed by Joseph W. Cochran

Afterthought

IT HAPPENED in a maternity hospital. A nervous husband paced before the admission desk waiting to register his wife for immediate entrance. He fumbled and fidgeted. Finally he turned to the mother-to-be and asked earnestly: "Darling, are you sure you want to go through with this?"

— Caravan

Drama in Everyday Life

By Edwin Balmer • Editor of Redbook Magazine

DURING the jazz age, when morals were lax and it was smart to be cynical, an attractive, eager young couple — one of the many who had married hastily during the last war — became our neighbors on the Lake Michigan shore north of Chicago.

Until then the married life of Clara and Fred, as I shall call them, had consisted of short, overemotional interludes, an ecstatic week or two together, between long months of separation under strain and tension. Now, like many of their generation, they had to settle down to dull routine, and close, continual association with each other in unexciting circumstances.

On the evening of the Tuesday after Labor Day, 1919, they were quarreling. They had begun to wrangle and bicker months before. Although still in love, their marriage was in danger. They had agreed that it was stupid and Victorian to go out together always. So tonight friend Charlie was calling for Clara; and Fred was to go out with a girl named Elaine.

The young couple had emptied a shakerful of cocktails while waiting for Charlie to call for Clara. Fred sarcastically repeated a crack about Charlie which he'd heard that day.

The bickering began again. On this particular evening they were not yet at the breaking point, but they seemed certainly headed for Reno.

The shriek of the locomotive whistle which interrupted their wrangling was no ordinary blast. Suddenly, wildly, it burst, and as suddenly and frighteningly ceased. What had happened on the railroad tracks a mile away, neither Clara nor Fred could hear.

ANOTHER young couple were going out that evening. Their names were William and Mary; and these were their real names; and their last name was Tanner.

They had been married longer than Fred and Clara, and whatever small difficulties had developed between them had long ago cleared away. William and Mary Tanner were much in love with each other.

After dinner they had started to walk to a movie. At a railroad crossing Mary's right foot slipped and wedged itself between the rail and the guard board so that she could not free it nor could she pull her foot out of the shoe. An express train was approaching.

They had had plenty of time to cross, but now, struggling with the shoe, they had only seconds left.

The engineer was not able to see them until they suddenly appeared on the track in front of him. He grabbed the whistle cord, slammed shut his throttle and set the brakes. There were two figures at first, then three; for John Miller, the flagman at the crossing, rushed to help Mary.

Will Tanner knelt and tried frantically to unlace his wife's shoe; but there wasn't time. Then he and the flagman pulled to get Mary free, as the train roared on toward them.

"It's hopeless!" the flagman screamed. "You can't save her!"

Mary knew it, too, and she cried out to her husband, "Leave me! Will, leave me!" She tried to push him away from her.

Will Tanner still had one second in which to choose. It was impossible to save Mary, but he could still save himself. Above the thunder of the oncoming train the flagman heard what Will Tanner said: "I stay with you, Mary!"

It would be false to say that the sound of that whistle stopped Fred and Clara's quarrel; but what happened halted those who a little later wanted to use the railroad crossing. Charlie was one of these. He did not attempt to drive on to Clara's house by another road; he drove back home and phoned.

Fred answered and said, "I suppose you want Clara."

"No. You'll do," Charlie replied in strange, subdued tones. "I'm not coming for her, Fred. You tell her."

When Fred asked what was the matter, Charlie seemed unable to tell him. "You know the Tanners?" he asked.

"Tanners? Tanners?" Fred had to think. "Oh, yes. Pretty quiet sort, aren't they?"

"Yes. . . . Quiet sort," Charlie managed to say, and then hung up.

Shortly afterward, neighbors dropped in at Fred's and brought word of the tragedy.

. . . "The husband could have gotten away. But he wouldn't go. He put his arms about his wife deliberately, held her, and the flagman heard him say, 'I stay with you, Mary!' They clung there together - the headlight in their faces. He wouldn't leave her."

A great act weighs lesser actions in the balance against it, and makes pitilessly clear how seriously they are found wanting. Will Tanner declared by his death an ideal that others were denying; and he cast at cynics and cheaters a challenge they could not ignore. "Have I made any man care so much for me?" each girl who heard the story might have asked herself. And it demanded of the men: "What have you learned of love if you fail to find in yourself the feeling that made him do that?"

I am sure that the change which came over Clara and Fred was built upon that night. Change came to others, too, as they began to suspect, through what Will Tanner did, that there were, in married love, depths they had yet to explore.



Argentina's Amazing Newspaper

Condensed from Editor & Publisher

George Kent

9. Further, the Commission is aware that the Government of India has been making efforts to reduce the per capita daily food consumption and advertising of processed and soft drinks, especially in the school and college areas.

La Prensa, of Buenos Aires, regards itself not merely as a newspaper but as an institution with a solemn duty to do everything in its power to help the people of Argentina.

If you are ill you can be treated at *La Prensa's* clinic by the country's ablest physicians—and pay nothing. *La Prensa* dentists will pull, fill or bridge your teeth, again at no cost. If you are in legal trouble *La Prensa* lawyers will advise you and, if you are poor, fight your case. These services are not tricks to build up circulation. Everyone is welcome, whether he buys the paper or not.

If you are a farmer *La Prensa* will analyze your soil or tell you what to do for an ailing animal. If your children have musical ability *La Prensa's* conservatory of music will teach them gratis, and if they are highly

gifted will finance their further study abroad. *La Prensa* also runs a public library, a lecture hall free to virtually any group that wishes to use it, and a laboratory to which any shopper can send a product for analysis.

All these activities are incidental to publishing one of the world's truly great newspapers. The founder of *La Prensa* was the late José Clemente Paz. The first issue, appearing in 1860, laid down its guiding principles: Truth; Honor; Freedom; Progress; Civilization.

The newspaper grew steadily in size and importance. When immigrants began pouring into Argentina to work in the wheat fields, *La Prensa* offered itself as a mailing address. To this day many persons use it as their general-delivery window.

The newspaper further endeared itself to new settlers by publishing local news from their native towns in Europe. When the immigrants became citizens with property and businesses of their own they turned to *La Prensa* when they had something to offer the public. It became the market place where anything could

be bought or sold, where a man could find a job and an employer could find help. Thousands of humble two-line and three-line want ads became *La Prensa's* chief income; in time they made it rich. Behind this strong rampart of little people it is today the wealthiest newspaper in the world.

La Prensa editorials are prepared with all the care of a lawyer presenting a case to the Supreme Court; but they're tough, fighting editorials. There's a saying in Buenos Aires that when *La Prensa* attacks, governments fall. In large measure this is true, although the process sometimes takes time. A case in point is the recent Castillo regime, which *La Prensa* steadfastly opposed.

At one time or another, attempting to influence its policies, governments, large corporations, special interests have wheedled and tried bribery and resorted to force — to no avail. Nazi groups not long ago tossed bombs through its iron gates. Machine guns have rattled slugs through the windows. Once an organized mob became so threatening that the publishers charged the patio with electricity and flooded it with water, so that anyone setting foot inside would be severely shocked. There's a *salle d'armes* in the building where editors perfect themselves in the use of the *épée* and saber. Ezequiel Paz, the present director, is himself a crack shot.

The newspaper goes to great extremes to keep clear of outside influence. Not a penny of its vast funds

is invested in commercial or industrial securities. Don Ezequiel accepts no invitations to political or diplomatic gatherings, lest he incur obligations hampering the paper's freedom. *La Prensa* will accept no government advertising. It takes no electioneering ads, on the ground that the practice favors the candidate with the fattest purse.

Typical of the paper's integrity is this story: *La Prensa* published an editorial criticizing a large corporation. The following day the firm tried to insert a two-page ad replying to the attack. The director rejected the ad, saying courteously: "If you wish to reply, prepare a statement and we will print it as news."

Even those who hate *La Prensa* respect it. This attitude helps explain the reluctance of the authorities to impose censorship on it. The late Castillo regime suppressed several newspapers; but *La Prensa*, lambasting the government harder than any of the others, was left strictly alone.

La Prensa ordinarily publishes more foreign news than any other newspaper in the world. When other papers in Buenos Aires were carrying pages on the boxer Firpo, who defeated Willard and then lost to Dempsey, *La Prensa* dismissed him with an occasional paragraph or two. On the other hand, the paper brought in the Capablanca-Lasker championship chess match from Havana, move by move, at \$1.50 a word. It spent \$10,000 to have the entire 30,000-

word Dawes Plan report on German reparations cabled to Buenos Aires, probably the longest story ever wired to a newspaper.

It was an alert *Prensa* editor who asked the United Press in Berlin to interview a certain obscure German mathematician. The man was Albert Einstein, and *La Prensa* thus was responsible for focusing world attention on his theory of relativity.

La Prensa's zeal for foreign news had important results. During the last war its news came almost entirely from Havas, the French news service. Havas irritated *La Prensa* by its failure to give the German viewpoint, even refusing to transmit the enemy's communiqués. But the moment war was over, *La Prensa* prevailed upon the United Press to cover the world with correspondents who would go directly to the sources for their news.

Then a relatively small news service, the United Press tripled and quadrupled its foreign staff and news began to pour over the cables. *La Prensa* was paying the cost. For a time these dispatches, arriving in New York, were relayed to Argentina with hardly a glance. Gradually New York editors began to take an interest in them and to put an occasional dispatch on the domestic wires. Our newspapers asked for more: after a while they were publishing most of the reports that formerly went to *La Prensa* alone. The Associated Press, serving *La Prensa's* rival, *La Nación*, also ex-

panded its foreign service. If people in the United States now read more foreign news than others do, it is partly because *La Prensa* started the expansion.

La Prensa editors sit on hand-tooled leather chairs in hushed offices and until recently wrote their material in longhand. Except for the stutter of teletypes, the quiet of the central newsroom is in striking contrast to the bustle of a newspaper office in the United States. Yet when a big story breaks, *La Prensa* editors spring to life. One of them sent airplanes which obtained the first photographs of the battle with the *Grif Spee*. When Sir Ernest Shackleton, Antarctic explorer, was lost, *La Prensa* organized an expedition to speed to his rescue. On election day the reporters become watchers at the polls, as a guarantee of the honesty of the vote casting.

When the story is of world importance, a siren atop the building lets go in a deafening howl. It brings people running from stores and offices to the sedate bulletin board on the ground floor. They come in numbers sufficient to stop traffic on Buenos Aires' broad Avenida de Mayo.

In other Buenos Aires newspapers you will find plenty of smash headlines, stories reported in all their gruesome and succulent detail, but *La Prensa* goes its sedate way. Except for a box on the front page, containing only headlines, the first five to eight pages of the newspaper are

solid with want ads. The news columns follow, but you will find no headline taller than half an inch. No signature appears above any news dispatch. Divorces are reported without elaboration. Suicides are set down as simple deaths. Even murders have been reported as a death under distressing circumstances.

The same delicacy carries over in the advertising department, where the publishers hesitated about accepting a Wrigley advertisement because they did not like the idea of introducing the chewing-gum habit to Argentina.

When the author of *La Prensa's* comic strip, Don Fulgencio, lent his character to advertise a brand of coffee, *La Prensa* not only rejected the ad but threw the strip out of the paper. The strip was Argentina's favorite. Imagine a U. S. newspaper eliminating Superman or Blondie for like reason!

Toward employees, *La Prensa* exercises a benevolent and patriarchal interest. When a man gets too old he stops working but goes right on drawing full pay. Only three persons have ever been fired. Once a want-ad clerk was short in his accounts; *La Prensa* simply transferred him to another department in which he did not handle cash.

The present director, Don Ezequiel, was born a few years after the paper was founded. In the lean early days he worked in the composing room, setting type and cranking the old flatbed press. Later he

concentrated on editorial matters.

When the present home of *La Prensa* was built, it was the most magnificent structure in the city, for the founder considered journalism the highest type of public service and thought that the paper should have a home worthy of its importance. Once when a representative of the Vatican, visiting *La Prensa*, remarked: "This seems rather luxurious for a newspaper," Don José replied blandly, "Isn't St. Peter's in Rome somewhat luxurious?"

The old man trained his son well. Each year he would go off to Europe, leaving the young man in charge, in the belief that the only way to learn to do a job was to do it. Don Ezequiel, now 72 years old, is a tall, well-groomed man extremely spry for his years. He has followed his father's custom of visiting Europe each year, leaving his nephew, Dr. Gainza Paz, in full charge.

Neither Don José nor Don Ezequiel ever visited the United States. But recently Dr. Gainza Paz, now co-director of *La Prensa*, came—and promised he would return with his family for a prolonged visit. This is significant, for *La Prensa* has not always been a friend of the United States. Its owners have often disagreed with Washington policy. Some of the most scathing anti-United States editorials ever published have appeared in its columns.

In recent years, however, *La Prensa* has consistently supported the cause of hemisphere solidarity, at-

tacked the Axis. *La Prensa* has a reputation of having shaped most of the foreign policies of Argentina. Until now, the pro-Axis forces have had their way despite the paper's edi-

torials, but the struggle is not yet over and *La Prensa* has developed a sympathy for the United States and the Allied cause that in time must swing the nation to our side.

Sister to a Regiment in the Pacific



Condensed from Harper's Bazaar:

This means to an American girl, Phyls Rebel, was captured by the United personnel at ITO to — some sense in Australia. Attached was a character in it in part. We are on — some a character which was all — what is, and some of it even — and here's a story of it. It is about a girl.

THEY call her "Rebel," her name is Phyl and she hails from Virginia, but we nicknamed her "Merrylegs" because she's got the best-looking pair of legs that ever came out of the States and those legs are always flying around on errands for soldiers lucky enough to be among her "Wolves" — her name for all GI's.

It's impossible to believe that one American girl could so change an army group. From the first day she arrived the entire atmosphere changed around what had been a rather drab but well-meaming club. Her merry laugh and her teasing cheer every-

one. Rebel can spot a lonesome or blue GI anywhere; right away she pulls some new trick to snap the worst case back to laughter. She can make a stranger feel the most welcome man around. American soldiers love to tease and Phyl can take it with the best. Her replies delight the boys so homesick for the snappy comebacks typical of American girls.

It's a pleasure to watch her in action — coming into the lounge one day and sighting a pretty dull-looking bunch of soldiers she just started walking around on everybody's toes until the whole place was in an uproar.

Her lemon pies alone would have made Merrylegs famous! Men had heard of Phyl and her pies long before furloughs introduced them. A certain bomber flies several hundred miles out of the way to pick up pies promised by Phyl to certain jungle fighters when they left her vicinity. You have to be one of the gang that has descended on the Red Cross

Club for Rebel's midnight snack before bumping back to camp really to appreciate how this gal knows her Wolves. Her coffee is the best anywhere, and leave it to her to teach Filipino cooks to make cheeseburgers!

She's perpetual motion — one moment sewing buttons on a shirt for some six-footer, the next wrapping a picture for some GI to mail. She may be digging out a splinter; writing a letter to a worried mother saying that she has seen Grant and that he looks like a million dollars; admiring the picture of a newly arrived son; finding a Coca-Cola she has hidden for Johnny because he's had bad news from home; settling an argument at a checkerboard; rumpling a head as she darts to the phone — and yet she is never too busy to stop and talk to anyone who seems to need it. Her apron strings are continually being untied by some soldier, and we live on teasing her

about her southern drawl and battling about the War between the States.

She's as gracious to the lowly private as she is to the commanding officer and they all vie for her respect. She can be a merry cutup or as dignified as a matron at a tea table. Tall and slender with sparkling blue eyes, she always looks as cool and refreshing as a whiff of lavender no matter what the temperature. One morning we were to leave on a mission at 5:30 and there was Phyl with a fresh flower in her hair scrambling our eggs.

Try and describe her — you can't; she's a composite picture of sis, sweetheart, mother, nurse, cook, housekeeper and perfect hostess. As an American girl in a foreign country we are so proud of her that we want others to share our appreciation of one Phyllis Pedigo, of Covington, Virginia, in the good old U.S.A.

Foreign Correspondents

THE Railway Express in Fort Worth, Texas, received a V-mail letter from Corporal C. V. Schaffer in North Africa, anent a package being held for him: "It is impossible, of course, for me to call for the package. Please open it. If it's cake, eat it; if it's smokes, smoke it; but if it's a blonde, send her collect and I will pay all charges."

— Fort Worth Star Telegram

» A SERGEANT, ever-mindful of the censor, stopped in the middle of a letter to his wife to interpolate: "Lieutenant Leslie, this is my wife. Honey, this is Lieutenant Leslie, the censor."

Then he started a new sentence, and as an afterthought added: "Crowded in here, isn't it, honey?"

— *Prairie Farmer*

Washington *Plans Italy's Economic Future*

Condensed from *The American Mercury*

Kingsbury Smith

IF AMERICA's financial and technical plans for the postwar treatment of Italy prevail, that country will be offered bright prospects of a better future. But the Italian state will be expected to readjust to a considerable extent its economic life in order to fit into the pattern of a sane society of nations.

Italy must agree to regulate its production and export in accordance with the decisions of a supreme United Nations economic planning council. She must, for example, abandon the policy of trying to become self-sufficient in the production of wheat. Mussolini's effort to achieve this objective was designed chiefly to strengthen Italy's war potential. It is impractical for the Italians to try to produce all the wheat they need. They will be asked to concentrate on products for which their internal economy is best suited, such

as specialized manufactured articles, including silk, rayon and cotton goods.

In the heavier industries, they will be requested to devote their attention to luxury liners, automobiles and certain highly specialized types of engines. In the agricultural line, olive oil, wine and dairy products will be recommended as practical fields of endeavor. The American planners also believe there is a place in world shipping for an Italian merchant marine, particularly in the Mediterranean, on the South American and, to a more limited extent, the North American run. Tourist traffic is considered an important item in Italian economy which can be developed.

Italy will be assisted in developing along these economic lines and given an opportunity to sell her goods abroad.

Raw materials, such as oil, coal, cotton, rubber, iron and tin, will be made available to Italy from a United Nations pool --- *not necessarily according to her ability to pay but according to the reasonable needs of her peaceful economy*. This is one of the most revolutionary ideas that the American planners have in mind

KINGSBURY SMITH, of International News Service and former chief of its London bureau, has covered Washington for the past three years. He has received the National Headliners Club Award for outstanding Washington reportorial work. Previous articles in this series, based upon close association with the men shaping postwar policies, were "The American Plan For a Re-organized World" (January, '43) and "Our Plan for Postwar Germany" (May, '43).

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for helping the smaller nations of the world. It is designed to fulfill the Atlantic Charter pledge that all nations shall enjoy equal access to raw materials. It is also intended to avert the danger of future wars being precipitated by nations lacking in natural resources.

The raw-material producing countries of the United Nations will contribute a certain percentage of their surplus stocks to the pool. Italy will be expected to buy the raw materials required, but *if she needs more than she can pay for, they will be made available to her from the pool.* She may be called upon to compensate

the contributing powers, or the United Nations as a whole, in other than direct financial ways: for example, by agreeing to reduce her production of wheat or other products considered impracticable for her. Thus, intangible benefits will be considered in calculating Italy's economic relations with the other nations.

The cost to the contributing United Nations will be regarded both as an insurance payment on world peace and as a capital investment in an enterprise designed to develop world-wide economic prosperity.



They Got Rhythm!



Downs the company street in the Fiji Islands swings a squad of Negro GI's, a private first class sounding off in the cadence of Duke Ellington:

Pfc., rhythmically: "You shoulda stayed home but . . ."

Squad: "You *left* — you *left*."

Pfc.: "You hada good gal but you *left* . . ."

Squad (now on the right foot): "*Right!*"

It's time for evening chow but these soldiers look as though they could go on marching forever. Then the pfc. yells:

"Squad halt! Slide it!" In four movements, distinct yet merged into one, the GI's come down to Order Arms.

"Cross yer right eye!" Up go the rifles to Right Shoulder Arms.

"Cross yer left eye!" The pieces move to Left Shoulder Arms.

"Cross yer chest!" Port Arms.

"Peep in it!" They snap to Inspection Arms.

"Big Man coming!" They close their bolts and Present Arms.

"Big Man gone!" They return to Order Arms.

"Get off it!" They stand at ease.

This new nomenclature is said to have won many adherents, even in the ranks of sergeants. There are some who see the day when the War Department will have to scrap FM 22-5, Infantry Drill Regulations, for the seed has taken root.

There they go again. "Get on it!" snaps the pfc. His squad is still at attention. "Kick off!" They swing down the street to the rhythm of his cadence: "You hada good gal but you *left* . . ."

— Corporal George Norford in *Yank*, The Army Weekly

► A skilled engineer, a good family man, and a peaceful chap, he's one of our most useful citizens

How Doth the Busy Beaver —

Condensed from Collier's

Bill Cunningham



NATURE forgot to teach the beaver how to fight. Although he is big enough, armed with strong teeth and sharp claws, his disposition is so angelic that it never dawns upon him to battle it out with predators as they stalk him ashore or power-dive at him from the air. So he has to work; that's why he builds dams.

An average beaver is two and a half feet long, a foot high and weighs 50 pounds. His back feet are webbed like a duck's; his forefeet are little hands like a monkey's. His broad, scaly tail, ten inches in length and half as wide, is used as a rudder when swimming, a brace when sitting or standing, and as a means of transmitting bad news. When a beaver scents danger he spansks the water with that tail; on still days the ringing spat can be heard a quarter of a mile, and every beaver within earshot disappears.

Surprise a beaver on shore and he'll run for his pond. He can dive and swim like a loon. By closing his nostrils, relaxing his muscles and dropping his heartbeat from 100 to 50, he can sink like a flatiron and

stay down 15 minutes. If you keep him under much longer, however, he'll drown.

It's the icebound northern winter that makes a beaver build a dam. Winter means no open water to plunge into for refuge; the snow is hard to track through in the search for bark to eat. So the beaver builds a dam, thereby creating a personal pond, in whose mud bottom he can anchor a winter's supply of eating timber, and on which he can build an impregnable family mansion.

First, he spots a forest plentifully populated with soft-barked trees — poplar, alder, willow and swamp ash — the bark of which forms his major diet. There must be a stream running through the place; he doesn't care how large or how small.

If the stream has a current the canny little engineer cuts a tree and floats it down until it jams near the point at which he plans to build. If it's a sluggish stream he may start his logging operations downstream and tow his foundation up.

Once set, the tree catches silt and driftwood, and the beaver furiously lugs in material from the sidelines —

mud, sticks, stones, grass — which he works into the mass. Mud, the major ingredient, is carried in his hands, and during minute-long dives to the bottom he works it into place with his hands and the sides of his face.

He starts in the middle and builds toward either shore. A dam may be ten feet long or 1000. There's a 900-footer in Alaska, another almost as long in Yellowstone Park; there's one 400 feet long in Wisconsin.

Colonies are small. While several beavers may work at one time, they seem to pay no attention to one another. They do their work preferably on clear moonlit nights, almost never laboring in the daytime except in an emergency such as a break in the dam.

As the dam goes up, each beaver couple begins to construct a house. This lodge may be affixed to the dam, to the shore or to an island in the pond. Its foundation is sticks, stones and twigs, so woven that it can't dissolve or collapse.

Once the dam is completed and the water level established, the residence is topped with a domelike room provided with a dry wooden floor that the water doesn't quite reach. This room is usually four to eight feet in diameter and three or four feet high. There are two entrances, through the floor and under the water. One of these is primarily for pulling in timber, the other is for family use. The spare hatch is convenient if submersible enemies enter to pay an unexpected call.

The top of the lodge, of heavily woven thatch, is not completed until freezing weather sets in. Then the beavers plaster it thickly with mud, which freezes into an armor plate often ten inches thick. Nothing that prowls has the strength in its claws to tear through that roof. It takes a pair of beavers about six months to build a lodge at leisure, but if rushed by threat of freezing weather they can do the job in 30 days.

In the meantime, a winter's supply of edible timber has been felled upstream, ferried to the dam, and anchored butt-first in the mud. Come ice and sleet and cold and snow, when anybody gets hungry the old gentleman merely dives down to the larder and returns with a sapling. They eat the bark only. The naked sticks are tossed out for use later in repairing the dam or the home.

Make a break in a beaver dam, and the reaction is prompt. Suddenly a brown head breaks through the water near a lodge, and the beaver swims unerringly to the point of trouble. Surveying the break thoughtfully, he slides down into the hole and goes to work.

The lodge is allowed to go more or less to rack and ruin in the summer. The mud melts and the rains wash it loose. But when the nights grow chill and the leaves begin to turn to scarlet and shimmering gold, the family reassembles at the old homestead and gets busy repairing the leaks and sealing it tight again.

The beaver's logging operations

are as amazing as his carpentry and engineering. Standing on hind feet, he eats around a tree until what are going to be the stump and the falling tree look like smooth, tapering spikes balanced point upon point. The wind or the law of gravity finally brings the tree crashing. While beavers usually work on saplings, they frequently fell trees 18 inches thick. Only one beaver works on a tree. He cuts with long, curved teeth covered in front with almost unbreakable enamel. These teeth grow constantly, and he has to keep sawing and wearing them down.

Contrary to legend, a beaver cannot drop a tree in any desired direction. In fact, a toppling tree often traps him or even kills him. His hope, of course, is that it will fall into the water. If it doesn't, he cuts it into smaller pieces and rolls or drags these into the drink. If his pond is old and the shores are pretty well cleaned, he'll dig canals back into the forest and float his timber out.

Surprisingly easy to trap because of his trusting disposition, and possessed of soft but durable brown fur once used exclusively in male millinery but now a favorite with the ladies, the beaver was almost slaughtered from the face of the earth. Conservationists went to his rescue just in time, and he came bouncing back.

In 1920 three pairs were loosed in the woods of Palisades Interstate Park at Bear Mountain, New York,

on the west bank of the Hudson River, some 40 miles from New York City. A survey 15 years later revealed that these six had become approximately 1000, that they had spread over 160 square miles, had built more than 100 dams, that several had crossed the Hudson, and that one pair of rugged pioneers had migrated to the Catskill Mountains 75 miles northward.

Today there are probably 500,000 beavers in New York State. Maine has 200,000. The real headquarters of beaver life, however, has always been in the upper reaches of the Mississippi.

Trapping now is usually done under state supervision. When the state game commissioner declares open season on him, trappers, paying a fee for the privilege, arrive from all directions. The state officially tags each skin. In Maine last year 7249 were taken. The pelts are worth about \$25 apiece.

A few years ago the Department of the Interior officially recognized the beaver as an agent of progress by capturing large numbers of his tribe and scattering them widely for the purpose of assisting human operatives in sundry projects ranging from erosion control to the better housing of trout.

Nature taught the beaver to work hard, stay at home, and keep the peace. There may not be much color in that type of living, but its aspirin content is low.



TALKING POINTS

Our Amazing Blitz Buggy

From Liberty

Joseph W. Frazer

After the Civil War it was "Forty acres and a mule." This time, why not 40 acres and a jeep? The U. S. Department of Agriculture put a jeep through still farm tests. The jeep plowed an acre of cotton bottom land with a 16-inch plow in 1.72 hours using 2.32 gallons of gasoline. It pulled 1,500 pounds without wheel slippage.

It hauled a three-horse drill over a 20-acre field with ten gallons of gasoline, a half gallon to the acre. In previous years this job had required a heavy tractor and the gasoline consumption was 3.3 gallons to the acre.

During the day the jeep can plow the fields, furnish power for milking and, in general, take the strain off the farmer's back. At night the family can ride into town to see a movie.

The jeep should be excellent on ranches, where it can take out across the pasture, go blithely over rocks and brush and climb hills almost anywhere a horse can go.

Rural Free Delivery mail carriers have been trying to buy jeeps. Garage owners want jeeps for tow cars, and railroads seek them as vehicles for track-maintenance workers. It doesn't take much imagination to see how this vehicle could be utilized in fighting forest fires in the great Northwest, or for insect control in swamp and bog areas. It proved very useful on the Alcan Highway job.

Six months after Pearl Harbor the word jeep found its way into the American dictionary, and I'll bet it's there to stay! — *Liberty*, June 10, '43

Private Pete Learns to Read

From Liberty

Benjamin Fine

IT MAY BE hard to believe, but the army has had to reject more than 750,000 men because they were unable to read and write — 50 divisions of able-bodied men! To salvage this manpower, the army has now turned schoolmaster. It is calling these men up on a trial basis. If at the end of 13 weeks of instruction they can pass fourth-grade tests, they are inducted. This war's experience teaches that any man with less education is a hindrance. So far 95 percent of illiterates pass; the army estimates 200,000 will thus learn to read this year.

The illiterates were mostly farmers and coal miners in civil life, but a typical class at Fort Lee, Va., includes an elephant man from the circus, a factory hand, a transcontinental truck driver (he always carried a helper to read signs), a barber, a professional ball player. Some of the boys have never seen the gadgets of civilization. Many must be taught how to hold a pencil.

They have to be taught to use the telephone. The Soldier's Reader is the first book they have seen except the Bible.

Reading lessons deal with army life - - "There is work in camp. The work is hard. Hard work makes a good soldier." And for more advanced lessons - - "Who likes the wise guy? He doesn't make a good friend. The wise guy always complains when there is work to do. Sometimes he is called a Gold Brick. Don't be a wise guy."

A comic strip character, Private Pete, doesn't know too much about army ways or modern living. The student soldiers identify themselves with Pete and eagerly follow his amusing adventures.

Eight hours a day, these husky men concentrate on books for the first time in their lives. Beads of sweat drip from them as they try awkwardly to trace the letters of the alphabet. But at the end, when they make the grade, are they proud! Their first letter home obviously is one of the high points of their whole lives.

— *Liberty*, August 28, '43

To Uncle Sam, with Love

From Collier's

Amy Porter

» EACH MORNING the mail baskets in the Treasury in Washington overflow with outright gifts for Uncle Sam. Jeeps, guns, airplanes pile in by the dozens, conveyed in the form of checks.

The gift movement is spontaneous. The government has done nothing to promote it. Yet in five months, four million dollars poured in.

A veteran sends his \$80 compensation check. . . . "Use this for a Garand rifle, please," he writes. The Women's International Bowling Congress sends \$100,000 for a bomber; the Boys' Clubs of America send \$1400, collected a penny at a time, for a jeep.

Money is used exactly as the donors specify.

Besides money, thousands of articles are sent — 60 bushels of beans, a grand piano, a Rolls-Royce, a typewriter, a wedding ring, six barrels of whisky, a diamond bracelet.

Most givers like to buy a specific thing. They like to think of "our" ambulance at work in Africa, or that "my" rifle may fire the shot that ends the war. "Could our ambulance carry a plate with the words 'In memory of Lt. Thomas Vincent Stillwell?'" a man and his wife asked, enclosing a check for \$1543.25. (The answer was yes.) The Army Air Corps accepted a machine gun in honor of William R. Blair III, killed in action. "We believe some of your fliers will want to take a few shots for Bill," his parents said.

The Building Trades Council in Chicago raised \$100,000 for a bomber, the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen bought a \$50,000 P-40 and christened it *Iron Horse*. Employees at many plants give a day's pay a month.

Two "Government Girl" planes, one army, one navy, were given by 157,000 government workers through a *Washington Post* campaign.

"Enemy aliens" send money regularly. The fighter plane *Loyalty* was given by 1600 recent refugees.

Every gift, even a penny, is acknowledged, and donors of more than \$5 receive engraved citations.

— *Collier's*, July 17, '43

Boomtime for Bootleggers

From *Cosmopolitan*

Harry T. Brundidge

THE MOONSHINERS, bootleggers and their motley mob are back, also the speakeasies, bottle joints and key clubs. Worse, around the seaports and the training centers, the bootleggers

are peddling skull-popping Scotch and gabble gin to our armed forces.

Gangs of moonshiners are making huge quantities of illicit 200-proof alcohol. Other mobs through fraud or bribery are diverting denatured alcohol from industry and "cleaning" it by simple processes. The hooch compounded from either kind of alcohol can be bought in plain bottles, or under the counterfeited label of any national brand of rye, bourbon, Scotch or gin. The stuff sells for less than the tax on honest liquor, which in New York State, for example, is at the record high of \$22.50 a case for 100-proof whisky.

The evil is back because of high taxes and because not a drop of liquor has been made since October 8, 1942, when the distilleries completely converted to production of alcohol for war uses — smokeless powder, synthetic rubber, drugs and medical supplies. Foreseeing a shortage, smart operators cornered available supplies. An old bootlegger back in the business told me the other day, "It won't be long before the legitimate dealers will be selling packaged hooch — or going out of business." All the trimmings of Prohibition days are just around the corner.

— *Cosmopolitan*, September, '43

Newsbreaks and Wisecracks

Excerpts from
THE
NEW YORKER

UNDRESS rather than overdress for any occasion. You're less conspicuous.

— *Troy (N. Y.) Times Record*

Not in *our* circles you're not.

PFC DOWD enlisted in the papa-troops in July 1942, but was later transferred to the air corps as a mechanic.

— *Bridgewater (Mass.) Independent*

No aptitude?

PREPARATIONS of savory, tempting meals for the soldiers will consume about

1,000,000 pounds of spices this year. That's the report of Mary I. Barber, fool consultant in the office of the Quartermaster General in Washington.

— *Washington Post*

Let's not call names in these critical times!

MR. AND MRS. Graham A. Johnson announce the birth of a son, Lee Huntington, August 25, in St. Raphael's Hospital. This is their child.

— *New Haven Journal-Courier*

Did we say anything?

The army's Special Service Division helps the combat soldier fill his idle hours

FUN Behind the Front

Condensed from The American Legion Magazine
with additions by cable from the author

Frederick C. Painton

DURING the early fighting in North Africa I saw a soldier start to light a fire with the tattered remnants of a month-old newspaper. He was nearly mobbed. "Hey!" yelled one of his buddies. "There's 50 men haven't read that yet!"

Things are better now — thanks to the army's Special Service Division, whose task is to fight the soldier's worst enemy, boredom. When our troops landed in Sicily they began within a few days to get news from home, received by radio and rebroadcast, or distributed on mimeographed sheets right up to the firing line.

Not far behind the line there were movies for troops at rest, and "day rooms" where they could procure sim-

ple comforts. They weren't "rooms" at all; things were moving too fast for that. The outfit was set up in the shade of a convenient tree, and all around you'd see soldiers sprawled on the grass, absorbed in magazines and paper-covered books.

A Special Service officer, trained in the Division's school at Lexington, Virginia, which graduates a class of 400 every four weeks, is assigned to each regiment. He sees to it that every soldier in the front-line area receives free each week cigarettes, matches, candy, soap and a copy of *Stars and Stripes*, official newspaper of the North African theater.

As soon as possible, Special Service supplies its A-kit: footballs, baseballs, bats, gloves, badminton sets and volley balls. Every company in North Africa and Sicily now has an A-kit. During the hot fighting around El Guettar, you could see stretcher-bearers playing catch or batting out flies within range of enemy guns. A group of artillerymen played softball to a score of 6-6 in the last inning, with two men out, when the siren shrilled and some-

FREDERICK C. PAINTON has been in North Africa on special assignment for The Reader's Digest ever since the first troopships landed. In this account of the army's effort to relieve boredom and homesickness close to the front lines, Mr. Painton has the advantage of drawing upon his own experiences in World War I — when he was first a doughboy, then a casualty in hospital, and finally one of the staff of the soldiers' own paper, *Stars and Stripes*.

body yelled, "Messerschmitts!" The players dived for slit trenches. The planes came screaming down, tossed their bombs and zoomed off. Hardly had the smoke died away when the batter was back at the plate, yelling, "Put it over and I'll give it a ride." On his face was the sheer bliss of doing a beloved, familiar thing.

The second basic unit of Special Service is the B-kit: books, victrola, radio and small games like cards, chess and checkers. Also paper and envelopes, pens and pencils. As soon as an outfit goes into a rest area, a house is requisitioned or a tent set up where a man can sit on a chair, lean on a table, write letters, play games and read — forget, for a while, his foxhole and pup tent.

Hundreds of thousands of magazines and paper-backed books are found in the day rooms and bivouacs organized since the Tunisian campaign drew to a close. A package of assorted magazines to appeal to all reading tastes is sent periodically to every group of 100 men through the Army Library Service.

Another kit supplies sufficient musical instruments to organize a dance band but because of transportation problems no such unit has reached Africa. However, Special Service combed the cities and bought up every old piano it could get. And when combat troops are resting near a

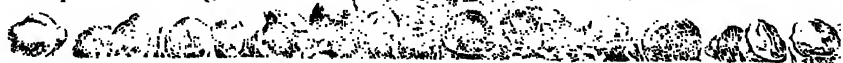
sizable town the Red Cross arranges for girls for dances. A special theatrical kit is getting a tryout: It consists of make-up, costumes and a few basic revue scripts. Special Service officers with theater training help produce local talent shows. Two of these, *Strictly GI* and *The Yardbird Revue*, were so popular that they were taken on tour.

In June, movie performances were given at 700 places in North Africa to an attendance of 2,251,695. There were shows as close as 25 miles to the firing line, and shows in Sicily soon after the invasion began — full-length feature pictures such as *Mrs. Miniver*, *Pride of the Yankees* and *Yankee Doodle Dandy*, to mention three which the troops cheered noisily.

Radios are everywhere. They stimulate gangs unloading ships, they entertain front-line units. Five radio stations supply day and evening programs of music and news. Thirty commercial radio shows and ten soldier radio shows are recorded in the States and flown here weekly.

In the last war it was not unusual for wounded soldiers to go without pay or mail for four and five months. Now Special Service is on the job.

Here are excerpts from a memorandum given to each patient: "On duty in this hospital are American personnel who have been up front, been wounded —



they know the ropes and are here to help you in the following ways: (a) A supply room has been established, where you can draw necessary clothing which you have lost. (b) Post Exchange supplies will be distributed to you free at regular intervals. (c) You can draw 100 francs a week while you are in the hospital. (d) If you desire to invest your pay in money orders or bonds, they can be obtained from our personnel. (e) Any letters you write will be censored and mailed for you. (f) As soon as possible we will get mail for you from home."

Hospital patients have priorities on books, radios and comfort articles. Movies are shown in the hospitals twice a week.

The army has set up three convalescent homes in North Africa, each of which accommodates 1000 men. The first one established is typical. It is at "Palm Beach," a palm-fringed resort town on the Mediterranean. Here soldiers spend as much as a month before going back to the front. The officers in charge have themselves been wounded and understand the psychology of wounded men.

There are organized outdoor games and swimming. Two Red Cross field workers -- and pretty! -- organize games, movies and radio programs. Patients who are able do light work,

such as gardening or grading a baseball diamond.

The Red Cross is an able handmaid to the Special Service. It gets cigarettes, soap, towels and candy from the Special Service and goes looking around for smaller units that do not come in contact with Special Service officers. It drives clubmobiles to air bases and serves hot doughnuts to fighter pilots and bomber crews returning from tough missions.

At major bases the Red Cross clubhouse is a meeting place for thousands of soldiers. In one Algiers club alone, 1800 soldiers a day come to see the movies, or for the nightly dance with WACS, or for the daily variety show, or just for American coffee and hamburgers.

But the greatest thing the Red Cross does for the soldier is to act as his liaison with home. Hundreds of soldiers left the United States knowing their wives to be with child, and anxious for news. The Red Cross keeps in touch with the wives by cable and notifies the men when the great event takes place. When one private's mother died, he worried over the care of his two young sisters and brother. The Red Cross arranged for the children's adoption and he went back to the front knowing his little family had been held together.

Brigadier General Ben Sawbridge,

whose "baby" Special Service is, says, "Every phase of our program is now in full operation in the Mediterranean area except the educational angle, and this is beginning. There

are thousands of soldiers who want to utilize spare time to prepare themselves to achieve their peacetime ambitions. I intend to see that they get that chance."



Many a Way to Fight a War

THE LEAVES of the *kiri* tree (the paulownia), something like our catalpa, figure in Japanese mythology: if they fall prematurely they portend death. The OWI dug up this fact, and American bombers dropped simulated *kiri* leaves on the Japanese at Attu. Leaflets are also designed to appeal to the poetic side of the Japanese and to their devotion to the Emperor. One says: "Before spring comes again the bombs of America will fall like paulownia leaves, bringing misfortune and bad omen. The fall of one such leaf is a portent of the annihilation of the militarists." Another, shaped like a tung leaf, quotes a poem written by the Emperor: "Beautiful are the days of peace."—Adapted from N. Y. *Herald Tribune* and Thomas M. Johnson in *Ithaca Journal*

NEW YORK merchants were flabbergasted to get orders via the OWI for tons of long winter underwear, layettes and sweaters to be shipped to the Arabs. Winter nights are cold in North Africa. Each garment was tagged with a disk bearing the American flag and a message in French and Arabic: "By courtesy of the American government and the American people."

—Drew Pearson

AMERICAN ingenuity of a high order went into the designing of compact, lightweight printing devices to help underground movements wage their propaganda war in Europe. How the machines get into the right hands is a well-guarded secret.

An aluminum printing press weighing 23½ pounds in its suitcase container can be set up in four minutes and taken apart as quickly to be spirited away to a new hide-out. An amateur can operate it and turn out 1200 copies of a news leaflet in an hour. A typesetting outfit offering aluminum type in several languages weighs only 25 pounds. A mimeograph machine that can be set up in one minute and make 700 copies an hour fits into a shoebox-size container, complete with paper, ink and stencils.

Sewing kits, soap, and packets of tea, bouillon and chocolate bars are being dropped by parachute, smuggled past Nazi barriers, and, in neutral countries, distributed openly as tangible evidence that the United States is rich and generous. Even enemy countries get some of these gifts, on each of which is an American flag and a friendly greeting or a picture symbolizing our armed might.

—Adapted from *AI*

What's Wrong with Management?

"MANAGEMENT neglects its most valuable human contact with the worker — the foreman. It takes great pains with its magazine, personnel counselors, patriotic posters and entertainments," a California worker writes. "But one intelligent straw boss can do more to cut wastage, absenteeism and quitings than a boatload of poster artists."

This is one of the worker's most serious complaints. Hundreds of letters replying to The Reader's Digest query, "What's Wrong with Management?" insist that the greatest source of friction, inefficiency, waste and bad feeling is the lack of capable foremen. The workers recognize management's difficult problem, trying to pick foremen in a hurry for expanded war plants, but they believe, even so, better foremen could be found if management took the matter as seriously as it should.

The complaints against foremen are of favoritism, petty tyranny, petty graft — but above all, of incompetence. The typical worker respects competence and is contemptuous of incompetence. And too often the only representative of management he ever meets is both technically and psychologically incompetent to be a leader.

"Why not schools to train foremen?" scores of letters ask. "There should be courses in the psychology of leadership." [See page 17, September Reader's Digest and page 79 of this issue.]

Curiously enough, many of the most interesting letters come from Pennsylvania and New Jersey but other complaints cover all sections of the country and all types of industry.

Pennsylvania

If my company spent a little money, energy and time in developing qualified foremen, gang bosses and leadermen, profits would increase. To me, the foreman is the company. Most of the 3000 employes at this plant will tell you there are mighty few qualified foremen. They lack fundamental understanding of the psychology of men, lack training

for interpreting company policies, rely on authority rather than reason.

Pennsylvania

Our open-hearth department runs 110 to 140 degrees all summer long. Now and then a man must go outside and cool off. Outside, he must sit or lie on the ground, with no shelter of any kind from the hot sun.

We have no cafeteria, so it is necessary to carry a lunch. We must keep our lunches off the ground, or the rats will eat them. If we keep them in or on top of our lockers, the heat spoils the sandwiches so that they are unfit to eat. Many a day the men are compelled to throw away their lunches and go hungry till quitting time.

As shop steward I asked the company to build a shelter out of old lumber, on the order of a park pavilion, with shelves for our lunches. The company agreed it was a bad condition, and told me to go to the superintendent of open hearth.

He asked me if I intended to bring my family and picnic in my pavilion and whether I wanted a floor show and dance orchestra. He said, "Don't you know this is a steel mill?" All this in front of his office force. It made me very angry, and I replied, "No, I didn't. I thought it was a sweatshop."

Men will only take so much bullying, and they start to get mad. We cannot fight between ourselves and hope to win the war also.

Editorial Note: The above complaint was made on May 3. On June 30 this worker wrote again, as follows:

The company has just started our pavilion, June 28, after almost two months. We have just come through 16 of the hottest days on record. On June 21, the company presented a new labor schedule whereby we would be compelled to work seven consecutive days before we had a day off, no double time for the seventh day. On the 22nd absenteeism started and increased till June 27 when 35 percent of the crew failed to report. The following morning a crew of carpenters came and started work on our pavilion.

Don't you see that all this trouble would have been saved if the company had been willing to cooperate? Don't get me wrong, I have worked for this company ten years. I am not a sentimentalist nor a crank, but just a hard-working American citizen.

Pennsylvania

Lou, before the emergency, was making 60 cents an hour. He is making three times that today. He's the foreman. His qualifications for the job - he hasn't any.

Lou controls all overtime and Sunday work. Each week, Lou has many hours overtime, Sunday finds him busy - doing nothing. Regardless of how pressing the job is, Lou will never touch a wrench.

Lou will gladly accept coffee, potatoes, butter, meat from his men. He is very subtle, he never comes out and asks. He will complain about not being able to get this or that, and behold, some youngster will fill the order.

There are periodical raises due to all workers providing the straw boss recommends them - but if you are not on the right side of Lou's ledger you might as well join the navy.

New Jersey

Ours is a typical war plant, bursting its executive breeches with too speedy growth.

Our night super is the straw-boss type. He prefers to chase around the locker rooms trying to find men loafing. One of his favorite pastimes is to call loudly for the men to hurry out of the toilet booths. It always annoyed him that he is too short to look over the

doors of the booths, so one night he instructed the maintenance crew to remove all the locks from the doors. This bad management resulted in (1) six cases sent to first aid with heads badly banged by the swinging doors, (2) men up in arms over this invasion of their privacy, (3) production lost while the matter was argued all over the floor, (4) the locks back on the doors next day.

Pennsylvania

WE FELLOWS down in the yards are building ships in spite of unions, poor management and hot air. Our immediate contact with management is the leader. Phooey! Out of all my shipyard mechanic friends, only one has confidence in and respect for his leader. Here is Bill, 22 years' experience, working under a leader who can't solve the simplest arithmetical problem of his trade. Bill is a wizard at trade arithmetic and a good man with tools. For four weeks Bill sat, going crazy waiting for materials that had been sent to the wrong section of the yard. His leader would not let him take a day off or give him another job.

We want to know how management picks the leaders. For heaven's sake, give us competent leaders who at least know the bow from the stern.

New Jersey

IN OUR large aircraft plant with 12,000 workers, it is the foreman who destroys all that top management strives to maintain. I have seen jealous foremen pigeonhole able workers or have them transferred for fear the worker would get ahead too fast in the department. Other foremen with excellent

job skill lack an understanding of how to get along with people. These little Adolfs do not realize that we are working and fighting to preserve democracy in *all* walks of life.

Michigan

MANAGEMENT holds blindly to the theory, "We've got to back our foremen up." The idea seems to be that to ever admit a man selected by management could be wrong would lose the respect of people. Most of management's "problems" with labor have for their inception some trivial misunderstanding which should have been instantly smoothed out by the minor authority. The whole flaw in management's policy lies in their failure to pick men with the ability to understand the human element. Then, to add insult to injury, they back him up, regardless.

California

FOREMEN are jealous of one another. Each wants as many men as he can get. He thinks the more men he bosses the more prestige with the management. Many times I have volunteered to put in some of my idle time in another department, only to be rebuked by my foreman. This gripes a man with three boys in the service and wanting to do his part, too.

New Jersey

FOREMEN and leadmen fight among themselves almost continuously concerning the way to do a job. Management's friends and relatives are advanced to positions beyond their ability. In one case a man was advanced to a foreman's

position while another, an associate engineer, was left his subordinate. The engineer is asked many times a week to solve engineering problems that the new foreman is not able to do.

Washington

THE greatest contribution to low efficiency in this aircraft plant is the lack of method in selecting supervisory personnel. Friendship or politics is the measure most adhered to, thus promoting to foreman men with mediocre technical knowledge and no experience in management personnel. Such a man is given control of the advancement of all employes under him. The foreman fills out the quarterly efficiency reports. This enables him to keep down any man whose ability might jeopardize him.

California

I WORK in a West Coast shipyard. Sometimes I wonder if I am helping

the Allies or the Axis. I haven't done a good day's work since I arrived here. Our leaders do not find out how many men it should take to do a certain job. When electric chain hoists were installed in our plate shop, reducing the work by half, the foreman still kept the same number of men, and no questions were asked by management. Naturally the men had nothing to do half the time.

Nebraska

THE management in this airplane company allows foremen to be chosen not by merit but by friends on the inside. The supervisor of detail dispatch, some 800 employes, was a furnace repairman before the war. He is good -- at waving his hands and shouting. He has a friend on the inside. The inspection supervisor is a 23-year-old youth who took a course to learn the job. No previous experience, but he has a friend. Our head foreman on final assembly was a taxi driver. He too has a friend.

Personal "Glimpses"

» ATTENDING a church bazaar, Abraham Lincoln tendered a \$20 bill to pay for a bunch of violets. The lady at the booth, making no attempt to return any change, gushed, "Oh thank you, Mr. President."

Lincoln reached down from his great height, and gently touched the lady on the wrist, saying, "And what do you call this?"

"Why, Mr. President, that is my wrist. What did you think it was?"

"Well," drawled Lincoln, "I thought it might be your ankle. Everything is so high around here." — Contributed by Ethwell Eddy Hanson

» JOHN DREW had shaved off his mustache to play a part and his appearance was greatly changed. Shortly afterward he met Max Beerbohm in the lobby of a London theater and could not recall who Beerbohm was. Beerbohm's memory was better.

"Oh, Mr. Drew," he said, "I'm afraid you don't know me without your mustache."

— *Everybody's Magazine*

The Best Years of One's Life

WALTER B. PITKIN, former professor of journalism at Columbia University, is the author of the best-seller *Life Begins at Forty*. But his hobby is human nature. On a leisurely tour of the country last year he asked a variety of people what they considered their best years. Below are three of the most interesting answers.

Said the Butter-and-Egg Widow: » THE BEST YEARS of my life came after what seemed at first a tragedy from which I could never recover. I had been a Dresden China Doll sort of wife. I'd grown up in too much luxury. I knew nothing. And so it happened that my husband ran our home, as well as his own successful business, while I accepted soft, sweet irresponsibility.

Then one day his partner looted the firm and fled. A month later my husband's overstrained heart gave way. And I, ignorant heir to his wholesale butter-and-egg business, walked into his empty office and began to learn hing.

Friends begged me to sell out for whatever I could get. I was warned that I'd end in bankruptcy. But some invisible force drove me on. I stuck. I studied. I visited bankers and wholesalers and customers, eagerly learning. Every night I fell into bed exhausted. But the Dresden China Doll had come to life at last.

After a year I was still horribly in debt. I had lost half the old customers. But I felt at home in the business.

Three years later I was on my feet, sure of myself. I was making almost as much as my husband had earned. Pretty good for an ex-China Doll. More old customers had come back. I ate better, slept better, and joked oftener, than ever before.

I was 39 years old then. Now I'm turning 50. And I'm still in the Best Years of My Life -- the years that have brought out the very best in me.

Said the Florist's Wife: » MINE began when our youngest child married, and my husband and I found ourselves alone for the first time in 29 years. We had raised four children while running a small florist shop and greenhouse near Boston. We had worked hard, with only a few, short vacations. We had a few thousand dollars laid away. So when a buyer appeared and offered us a fair price for our business, we impulsively sold it.

We'd always dreamed of seeing the world, the faraway places and people

we had read about. So now we invested all we had in bonds which yielded us \$32 a week. Not enough to carry us around the world in the royal suite, but enough to start us on our way, with the understanding that we'd work whenever we had to.

We also agreed never to hurry. We would shun American hotels and really get to know the people of other lands.

We went first to Havana and worked there for four months. Then on to Rio, Montevideo, Buenos Aires. We taught English. We became caretakers of a great mansion. We served as guides to tourists. We even opened a hot-dog stand.

So far we've lived in 19 countries. The war has temporarily interrupted us, but when it's over, we'll be off again to renew old friendships all over the world. We're more than Americans now — we're world citizens. And we have a sense of power that amazes us; for we know that we can land on our feet anywhere. And think of it! We're both in our 60's!

Said the U. S. Senators » Mine were the years that began after my father was killed in a factory explosion. My mother was left with nothing but memories. Our home was mortgaged to the hilt, and we had barely enough cash for the next month's food. So at 14 I left school to peddle newspapers.

I knew less of the world than did most boys of my age. The plunge was ice water. For a time the family almost starved on the seven or eight dollars a week I earned.

But thanks to an old friend of my father's, I got a corner near the City Hall and sold noon editions to aldermen and eminent lawyers. It wasn't long before the Mayor took to chatting with me. Then an alderman befriended me and later helped me buy a newsstand in the financial district. Soon I was on speaking terms with half the prominent politicians and businessmen around town.

I had my share of troubles with racketeers and petty thieves; but these were offset by my rich experiences with people. Without these I would never have risen to the U. S. Senate. I learned that every meeting with a stranger is a stone cast upon a quiet pool. It starts ripples of influence which widen to the furthest shores.

I developed the habit of studying all the local news and chatting with people about it. My stand became a sort of cracker barrel after the fashion of the old country store. Bankers halted on their way to directors' meetings, to trade news and views with me. Once a big newspaper wrote me up as the newsie who ran a clearinghouse of public opinion. And a few days later the Mayor appointed me to a responsible position. From then on my political career moved steadily forward.

» One of the world's most powerful men, Ibn Saud, and his desert kingdom are almost unknown to the rest of the world.

Arabia's Self-Made King

Condensed from *Life* ■ Noel F. Busch



LAST AUTUMN Abdul Aziz Ibn Saud, King of Saudi Arabia, was making his annual pilgrimage to Mecca when his Packard sedan blew out a tire. His Majesty sat down in the sand while the tire was being fixed. A shepherd on a camel rode up and asked whether the King had gone by. Ibn Saud, unrecognized, asked why the shepherd wished to know.

"I heard that he was on his way to Mecca," the shepherd explained, "and want to see if he will give me some money so I can make the pilgrimage too."

Opening the bag of gold pieces which he keeps about him for emergencies, the King fished out a handful. The shepherd stared at them, then looked at the King.

NOEL F. BUSCH, one of the senior editors of *Life*, reports here upon a recent visit to Saudi Arabia as a guest of its King, Ibn Saud. No non-Moslem journalist had ever before been officially permitted to visit the desert capital at Riad. Even accredited diplomats are expected to stay 600 miles away, at Jeddah on the Red Sea. The author, wearing Arab costume, spent five days in and around Riad, housed in the palace of the Crown Prince.

"Thanks, Abdul Aziz," he said. "I did not recognize your face but I know you by your generosity."

Such an encounter is typical not only of the King but also of his country. Since Arabia has no cinema or popular press, Ibn Saud's face is not familiar to his subjects. Yet in calling the King by his first name the shepherd was behaving conventionally.

Ibn Saud has no need for the elaborate façade of ceremony which in constitutional monarchies disguises the absence of real authority. He is an absolute monarch, the most important one now alive, combining the functions of president, chief justice, prime minister, secretary of the treasury, archbishop, generalissimo, petty magistrate and ward leader. Accessible to practically everyone, he receives large numbers of his subjects every day in the throne room of his palace at Riad.

In appearance the throne room compares favorably with that of old King Cole in the familiar paint-

ings, except that on the table beside the King are a telephone and an electric buzzer. In an alcove to His Majesty's right where they can chat among themselves but still be within earshot in case he needs them, sit most of the important courtiers and some of the King's older sons. At 63 Ibn Saud walks a little slowly, partly because of old sword and bullet wounds, yet he gives the impression of being younger than his years. This is due in part to his deep voice, responsive manner and quick, expressive gestures. It is also perhaps due to the fact that he belongs to a younger world.

Rated on a scale of accomplishment -- that of assembling the biggest Arabian kingdom since the time of Mohammed, 1300 years ago -- Ibn Saud ranks with the major figures of his time. Top personage in the Arab world, his possession of the holy cities of Mecca and Medina makes him not only No. 1 among the 30,000,000 Arabs of the Near East, but also No. 1 among the 220,000,000 Moslems scattered throughout the world.

For all practical purposes, Saudi Arabia is a closed country to the Christian world. Fewer than a hundred Europeans or Americans have visited its desert fortresses in modern times. Yet Arabia's location, commanding two of the three available routes to the Near East, makes it an essential factor in United Nations plans for supplying Russia and India as well as the Near East.

Furthermore, both the Persian Gulf island of Bahrein and the nearby Arabian mainland at Dhahran are major filling stations for oil for United Nations forces.

In World War II, as in World War I, which preceded his possession of the Holy Cities, Ibn Saud has preserved a benevolent neutrality. This was fortunate for the British. If before the war Ibn Saud had fallen in with the Axis, which spared no effort to persuade him to do so, it might have proved difficult, if not impossible, to eject the Italians from Ethiopia and Eritrea. If Ibn Saud had wavered a year ago, the pro-Axis revolt in Iraq, which later turned out to be the preface to Iraq's entry into the war on the United Nations side, might have had very different consequences.

Ibn Saud's faith in and support of the United Nations took courage as well as perspicacity when Rommel was in the suburbs of Alexandria nearly a year ago. It has turned out well for all concerned. Currently he is enjoying not only the gratitude of the U. S. and England, tangibly expressed in shipments of gold, grain and lend-lease vehicles, but also of his own subjects who, in return for the power accorded him, expect their King to show almost infallible judgment, and to enjoy the fruits of it.

Arabia under Ibn Saud has not yet approximated the prosperity or cultural development of other nations. His subjects are not impressed with

material blessings, the airplane, for example. Not long ago a flier, spying one of the few gas pumps in the desert, came down to refuel. The Bedouin who filled his tank merely reported later that one of the cars that had stopped that day had driven off through the air instead of along the ground.

Recognizing Ibn Saud's increased eminence, our State Department accredited Alexander Kirk, Minister to Egypt, as Minister also to Saudi Arabia; and last year Kirk made his first official visit, by plane from Cairo. An engineer from California Arabian Standard Oil marked out landing lanes on the desert, not far from Riad, and sat down beside a field radio to guide the pilot in.

A crowd of Bedouins gathered, one of whom asked what the little box was saying. 'That in about an hour and a half a large bird would descend from the sky, carrying men,' was the reply. When the plane appeared, the engineer expected the Bedouin to regard radio and airplane as a sort of double miracle. Instead the Bedouin remarked critically that the bird was ten minutes early.

Ibn Saud is a self-made man on a heroic scale. In 1880, when he was born, Arabia was nominally part of the Turkish Empire. Actually the great square desert was walled away from the whole world like a parchment page sealed in a continental cornerstone. On the bright, windy plains of Arabia, and in the dark alleys of its walled towns, warriors

fought their secret wars, using swords or lances and shouting battle cries which Europe had not heard since the Crusades.

In one of these wars, Ibn Saud's great-great-great-grandfather conquered most of the peninsula. By 1880 the first Saud's holdings had been whittled down to nothing, chiefly by a family named Rashid. Before he was ten, Ibn Saud saw his whole clan driven into impoverished exile. Ibn Saud was reared with the idea that it was his destiny to reconquer all the territory once held by his forefathers.

He took the first step when he was 21 — carrying out an incredibly bold ten-man seizure of Riad, which for the next 15 years he held against all attempts by the Rashids to eject him. During World War I, in which the Rashids sided with the Turks, their rule was finally ended and in 1921 Ibn Saud took the remnants of the family captive. An extravagant believer in the Arab principle of generosity toward a defeated rival, he moved them into his own capital, where they are still living. Rashid princes go to the same school as Ibn Saud's own sons and race their horses against young Sauds. However, while Sauds may marry Rashid girls, Rashids may not marry Saud girls.

Arabia has three main areas. Ibn Saud's conquest of Rashid had given him control of the central one, called Nejd, as far back as 1901. He still had to take the remaining two: Hasa on the east coast (from the Turks, in

1914) and Hejaz on the west coast (from the King of the Hejaz, in 1926). His conquest of Hejaz, the Holy Land of the Moslems along the central Red Sea coast, completed his restoration of the old Saud kingdom. Proclaimed King of Saudi Arabia, Ibn Saud made his entry into the Holy City of Mecca in appropriately humble style, wearing pilgrim dress which consists of a pair of towels.

First of the Western innovations introduced by Ibn Saud was the automobile. While the rest of the population of Arabia, which has never been counted but may be more than four million, still do not own more than a few hundred cars, the King now has a thousand or more. When setting off for Mecca with his sizable family, as the King devoutly does each year, he employs a convoy of perhaps 500 vehicles, including trucks and station wagons containing servants, guards, cooks, tent pitchers, mechanics, spare parts, and the flocks of sheep and chickens which will be consumed en route.

Entertaining as many as 250,000 Moslem pilgrims to Mecca each year is one of the kingdom's chief functions and sources of revenue. In the old days, when they were regarded as fair game for robbers, these visitors could not even make the last 50 mile lap from Jedda to Mecca without an armed escort. According to custom, an Arab who needed something badly was entitled to take it away from someone else who, owing to God's mercy, had a lot. The

King restored the pilgrimage to its original prestige by eradicating raids, and as a further incentive to good behavior revived the old Koranic penalties for theft and murder — amputation and beheading.

Of the King's total revenue, the pilgrimage, the British government and the California Arabian Standard Oil Company each supplies about a third. Since the pilgrimage has been seriously diminished during the war, the deficit, if any, is made up by the other two. In handling his funds, the King gets along without a budget or even a Federal Reserve system. Since the national food of Arabia is rice and the national drink coffee, both of which have to be imported, the chief problem at present is to increase the nation's agricultural resources. Last winter a U. S. Department of State mission, headed by K. S. Twitchell, a native of St. Albans, Vt., who is one of the ablest U. S. experts on Arabia, made a 10,000-mile tour of the country to explore possibilities. Meanwhile, the King's finance minister is carrying out large-scale investigations on a reclamation project not far from Riad, where natural wells make it possible to irrigate 2500 acres or so of highly fertile soil which produces wheat and garden vegetables.

Improved communications inside his realm have enabled Ibn Saud to spread his reforms and make them effective. By radio and wireless telephone systems, he informs himself, through his sheiks, about goings on

inside his country to a degree inconceivable to citizens of nations where the government is less personalized. While Bedouins with their flocks may roam at will, other travelers require the King's express consent. Their progress is then reported to him from place to place.

Running a country like Arabia as though it were a fruit stand makes considerable demands on the King's time. After reading the Koran for an hour before dawn and attending morning prayers at daybreak, the King takes a bath, sprinkles himself liberally with essence of roses, of which, like most noble Arabians, he is inordinately fond, and has his morning tea and coffee. After breakfast he goes to court and summons his ministers, one by one, to find out what has happened since the day before. These matters may concern anything from the report of an insurrection among the northern tribes to that of a car stuck in the mud on the way to Riad.

Attached to the court now are three interpreters who tune in on foreign news broadcasts and translate them to the King at regular intervals during the day. Himself a military expert of wide firsthand experience, the King probably knows more about the progress of the war than most officials in Washington. He rather expects it to end next year in an Allied victory.

Arabs reckon time from sunrise instead of midnight. By three o'clock, or four hours after waking up, the

King is usually through with his most pressing administrative functions and ready for another drop of tea and coffee. Arab coffee, highly spiced and unsweetened, is poured, a teaspoonful at a time, into cups shaped like finger bowls and the size of sherry glasses. The tea, sweetened beforehand, is drunk from longer glasses as a chaser. By the time the King has poured his last drop of coffee on the rug to show that he is finished, the visitors' court is ready.

At noon prayers, which he attends in public, the King often preaches a short sermon on a text from the Koran. One of his most effective sermons concerned a somewhat obscure passage in which the Prophet observes that some men may go to purgatory for their good deeds while others may reach Heaven for their bad ones. "What the Prophet means," the King explained, "is that while good men may be tempted to the sin of pride, bad ones are at least exposed to the virtue of repentance."

Like most visitors to any capital, his guests are in search of favors; and each one has prepared a memorandum indicating what the favors are. Tabulated by the sheiks in the order of their importance, these memoranda are presented to the King after lunch and he decides upon each case. Toward the end of the afternoon, His Majesty's visitors wait to thank him for his largess or to ask for more.

The King sees th

leaves Riad without an appropriate present. For celebrated foreigners or important sheiks he has watches, cloaks and gold pieces. For poorer visitors he runs a kind of gigantic soup kitchen, where any Bedouin can get a meal by asking for it.

While obeying the Koran's restrictions as to marriage, the King has also obeyed its more generous provisions for divorce. Thus, while he has never had more than four wives at any given time, the King has had between 100 to 200 wives in the course of his adult lifetime. Many of his divorced wives still live in the women's quarters adjoining the King's courtroom. Wives, divorcees and concubines get along well together.

Current estimates which place the number of living princes born in wedlock at 31 are probably wildly conservative. Saud, the Crown Prince, is Governor of Riad and one of his father's most trusted younger executives. Feisal, the King's second son, acts as Minister for Foreign Affairs and spends some of his time in Jeddah, the Red Sea port which is the only town in Arabia where Europeans are permitted to reside.

Always a staunch supporter of the British, Ibn Saud is at least equally partial to Americans, who are his partners in the only two foreign companies operating in Arabia. One of these is the Saudi Arabian Mining Syndicate, engaged in gold production in luggings that have been worked since the time of Christ.

Far surpassing any other major

business concern in Arabia is, of course, the California Arabian Standard Oil Company whose activities would be quite impressive even in a community like California, let alone in Arabia where liquid wealth is customarily represented by a few cups of camel's milk. Its presence in Arabia is welcome for many reasons in addition to financial ones. Its machine shops at Dhahran make handy repair bases for the King's automobiles. Its engineers also help out with the reclamation project at El Kharj and in many other ways. Shallow water wells have been Arabia's chief problem since the dawn of history. Wells are of course child's play for the oil drillers for whom sinking them has now become a routine chore, charged off to good relations with the landlord.

In its dealings with His Majesty, California Arabian has, like the mining syndicate, done the U. S. Government a valuable good turn. Indeed, the cordiality that exists between the King and the United Nations is, to some degree, merely a projection of the friendliness between the King and their representatives.

Ibn Saud's most engaging quality is a kingly belief in eventual righteousness. It did not surprise him greatly when Allah, who sent Arabia its ancient rains, provided also its new oil. Nor will it surprise him greatly if God presently provides also not merely victory but even the bright and honest world that should go with it.

I. **BIRTH CONTROL** *A Catholic View*

EXCERPTS from a letter by, and published with permission of, the Rev. Edgar Schmiedeler, Director of Family Life Bureau of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, Washington, D. C., protesting the publication of "A Birth-Control Pioneer Among Migrants" (July Reader's Digest).

ARE YOU utterly unaware, sir, that thinking people have for some years past been dreadfully worried about our country's low birth rate? Have you no conception of the shocking havoc that has been wrought by the moral pest of birth control in our midst? Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that you are promoting a cause that threatens the whole Western World and has become a decided menace to the future leadership of the white race.

Let me call your attention to a few facts directly related to the subject in question:

In the United States at large, 42 percent of the married women have no children whatever or only one child.

In the United States at large, approximately only one third of the married women have a sufficient number of children to keep the population of the country even at a stationary level.

In the United States at large the urban birth rate has fallen so shockingly low that all American cities of 100,000 and over would, in three generations or 100 years, fall to one third their present size, if left with-

out accessions to their populations from outside.

The professional classes in American cities are reproducing themselves by only 60 percent.

In many local areas conditions are even far worse. Note, for instance, the city of Chicago. More than half its families have no children whatever -- to be exact, 534,125 out of its 842,578 families are without a single child of their own. And there are many American cities that have even a worse birth rate than Chicago.

The one large group of people that remains least affected by the scourge of artificial birth control is our rural population. Were it not for them America would already be headed down the speedy slopes of decline. Your article describing Nurse Delp's activities is aimed directly at them. Even without your article the rural birth rate is now dropping much more rapidly than that of the city. Organized birth control has been feverishly carrying on its destructive work in the American countryside for some years past.

Prime Minister Winston Churchill, in a world broadcast on March 21, 1942, said: "One of the most somber anxieties which beset those

who look ahead is a dwindling birth rate in 30 years. Unless present trends alter, a smaller working and fighting population will have to support and protect nearly as many old people. In 50 years the position will be still worse. If this country is to keep its high place in the leadership of the world and to survive as a great power that can hold its own against external pressure, our people must be encouraged by every means to have larger families."

President Theodore Roosevelt said: "The severest of all condemnations should be that visited upon willful sterility. The first essential in any civilization is that the man and woman should be the father and mother of healthy children so that the race will increase and not decrease."

The Census Bureau, in its statement on January 31, 1941, declares: "If the present birth and death rates continue, the non-white population of this country will, in the long run, *increase* at the rate of about seven percent per generation, while the white population (including the Mexicans) will *decrease* at the rate of about five percent per generation."

In view of the facts cited, is it too much to say, sir, that you have done a distinct and dreadful disservice to your country? And yet you dare put on the cover of that destructive July issue the picture of two American flags. What a hollow mockery!

Speaking of birth control some time ago, the able editor of the At-

lanta *Constitution* stated: "We must attack the real problem and not seek to solve it by a subterfuge." Excellent advice! But Miss Delp is doing just the contrary. She does not mention the economic injustices that are so basic in the agricultural workers' problem. She merely adds another evil. She teaches them to sear their bodies and souls by an unnatural practice.

Do you really believe, sir, that a people can beat the law of nature? Do you really think that a people can use the sharp tools of modern science to strike at the wellsprings of its life and not suffer untold damage, even avoid self destruction? Japanese birth control devices in the homes of America can be more destructive than Japanese bombers over Pearl Harbor. Bombs destroy. Birth control not only destroys but poisons. It is like a malignant cancer, eating its way through the whole body social, debilitating it, enervating it, destroying its very fiber.

Surely you cannot be unaware that artificial birth control is but one of a number of symptoms of the moral decay of the nation, one of many forms of uncontrol, all closely linked together. Break down the moral code in regard to sex in one field and the way is paved for infractions in other fields. Teach the cheap filching of pleasure that is birth control and, rest assured, other cheap means of stealing pleasure and shirking burdens will be investigated.

Loosen one thread in the moral

fabric and the whole garment speedily disintegrates. Reject a part of the sex code and there is no logical stopping place. Teach artificial birth control and, have no doubt about it, you will have an increase in the hideous practice of murdering the unborn child. Have birth control and you will have sterilization, one of the means of birth control. Have these things and you will multiply divorce, for they strike at the powerful bond of the family, the child.

And so it goes on. In truth, matters have already gone incredibly far in this country. We now have 1,000,000 murders of unborn children in a period of less than two full years, and a million divorces in a period of less than four years. Do you really wish to make the situation worse? You are doing so by printing such an article.

Then there is the sex craze that has reached a new high among our young people. Vast numbers of them are entrapped in a veritable cesspool of vice. We dare say the dreadful

tales of their mounting sex crimes, of the illegitimacy and abortion on the part of the girlhood of the nation, have not entirely escaped you. Possibly you have even seen the statistics of the FBI, showing that, comparing 1942 with the three preceding years, arrests of females under 21 years of age increased 64.8 percent for prostitution and 104.7 percent for sex offenses. Evidently, sir, it is time for cleaning our Stygian stables, not for making them worse by the spreading of birth-control information to young and old through the pages of popular publications.

Why not face the plain facts, sir — open-mindedly? Why use your publication to stir up further in these dreadful days the putrid cesspool that so much of American family life has become, when there is so much good it could do? Why not put it to work cleaning our American Stygian stables — so largely the result of a quarter century of birth control which can only be heartily condemned?

II. **BIRTH CONTROL** *Public Opinion Surveys*

More American women believe that parenthood should be voluntary and planned than at any time in the country's history, a poll in the August issue of *Fortune Magazine* indicates.

In one of a series of questions on topical subjects, *Fortune* asked

women between the ages of 20 and 35 across the country, "Do you believe that knowledge about birth control should, or should not, be made available to all married women?" Of the women interviewed 84.9 percent answered affirmatively to the question, ten percent said the

information should not be made available, and some five percent replied, "Don't know."

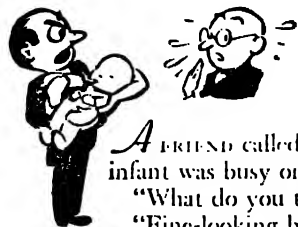
The Planned Parenthood Federation of America, which has maintained a record of all previous public-opinion polls on birth control, states that the current *Fortune* poll marks the highest response thus far registered in favor of planned babies. The *Fortune* poll showed that women in three categories voted "yes" to the question, as follows: Catholic Women, 69 percent; Grammar School Graduates, 70.2 percent; and College Graduates, 92.6 percent.

The last nation-wide poll on a birth-control subject was taken by the American Institute of Public Opinion (Gallup Poll) in 1940 on the question: "Would you approve of having government health clinics furnish birth-control information to married people who want it?" Of the men and women queried 77 percent said "yes." In seven states, at the present time, child-spacing services for married couples who need it have been made part of the maternal-care program of such government clinics.

In 1938, the *Ladies' Home Journal* asked its women readers to answer the question: "Do you believe in birth control?" Of the thousands responding 79 percent said "yes," including 51 percent of the Catholic women.

In an earlier poll, *Fortune Magazine* in 1936 reported a public-opinion test among a cross section of the adult population on the question: "Do you believe in the teaching and practice of birth control?" In that poll, 63 percent of those questioned responded "yes," including 42.8 percent of Catholics.

Commenting on the 84.9 percent vote for birth control in the new *Fortune* analysis, Dr. J. H. J. Upham, president of the Planned Parenthood Federation, and former president of the American Medical Association, declared: "This is a good omen for postwar America. If the poll is an indicator of what will soon be a reality, then increasing numbers of the new generation will be healthier, happier children because they were born to parents who wanted them and were physically prepared to have them."



"No Vacancy"

A FRIEND called on a New Dealer, new father of a boy. The infant was busy on a bottle.

"What do you think of him?" asked papa.

"Fine-looking boy. Might grow up to be President."

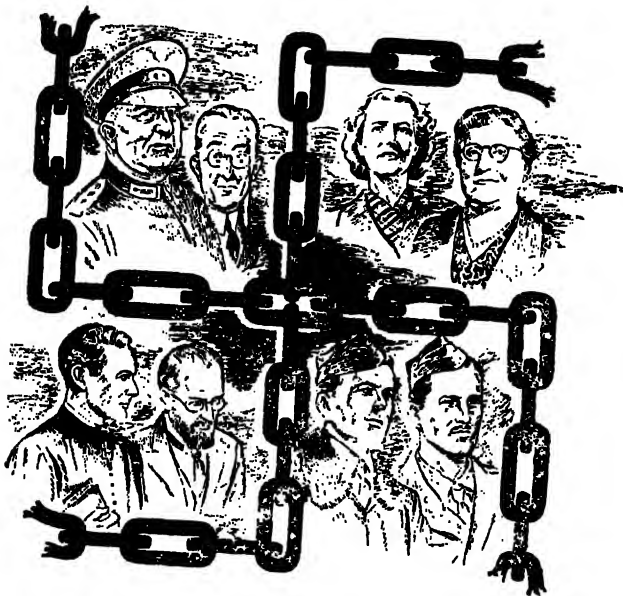
The New Deal father reared back.

"Why? What's the matter with Roosevelt?"

- Drew Pearson

PARIS- UNDERGROUND

BOOK SECTION



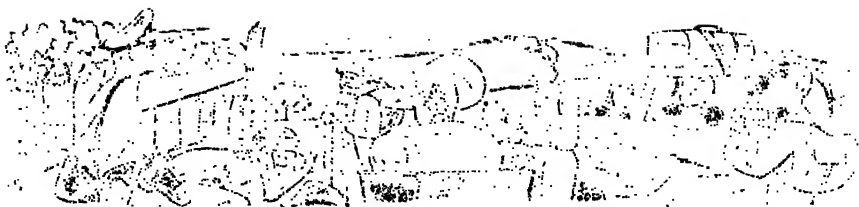
A condensation from the book by

Etta Shiber

WRITES Dorothy Canfield: "This absorbing record of the experiences of two women vs. the Gestapo, and of the moving heroism of millions of little people in France, is not only literally, factually true, it sounds true. The author just sets down what happened, with a singularly honest absence of any effort to dramatize the facts or to make herself out a heroine. But she is a heroine — of hair-raising adventures. No American should miss this astonishing story of bravery, daring, and self-sacrifice. No American can forget it."

The basic facts in this book, the publishers state, are a matter of record. Names and some details not known to the Gestapo have been changed or omitted, for obvious reasons.

Paris-Underground is a selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club for October.



PARIS-UNDERGROUND

I SAID no good-bye to Europe. I was below decks when the ship began to move. Her engines must have been running for some time before I became conscious of their muffled pulsing. I hurried up on deck. In the evening haze, the coast of Portugal was already out of sight, and the great ship moved alone in a blaze of brilliance, the black letters on her white hull lit up by powerful reflectors: "Diplomat — *Drottningholm* — Diplomat."

I was on my way home after serving more than a year in a Nazi prison. Somewhere in the United States a cell door had swung open for a German prisoner, for whom I had been exchanged.

At Lisbon, United States Consul Wiley had told me the exchanged prisoner was Johanna Hoffmann, the hairdresser of the German liner *Bremen*, convicted in 1938 of being a member of a dangerous German spy ring operating in the United States.

Was my release really worth such a price?

An official of the American Consulate of Lisbon answered that question for me. "My dear Mrs. Shiber,"

he said, "the State Department knows very well what you did in Paris. Suppose the British in the last war had had a chance to exchange Edith Cavell? You, after all, are the Edith Cavell of this war."

I couldn't let that pass unchallenged. "No," I said. "I'm not, but perhaps my dear friend Kitty was. Whatever merit there was in what we did belongs to her. I only followed where she led. And she alone has paid the price. She is still in the hands of the Gestapo, if she is alive; or dead, if the sentence passed on her has been carried out. Yes, Kitty Beaurepos may well have been the Edith Cavell of this war."

I MET Kitty in 1925, on one of my annual trips to Paris. The daughter of a London banker, she had married a French wine merchant, Henri Beaurepos, from whom she was separated, though on a thoroughly friendly basis. Kitty was financially independent, but to keep herself occupied she ran a small dress shop in the rue Rodier. It was there I met her, and a deep friendship developed between us.

In 1933, when my brother Irving died suddenly in Paris, Kitty saw me through the terrible emergency and even made the arrangements for his burial in Père Lachaise cemetery. Three years later, at the death of my husband, she cabled me to come to live with her in Paris. I was lost without my menfolk to look after me, and cabled, gratefully, "Coming."

We settled down together in her comfortable modern apartment, sharing a pleasant existence for which our moderate means sufficed.

The end of our ivory tower existence came one day before the Nazis entered Paris -- June 13, 1940. Secure in the belief that the French would, as Premier Paul Reynaud had said, defend Paris building by building, we had ignored persistent rumors and growing panic. But on that day, when repeated phone calls to our friends brought no response, we woke up to the realization that all had fled.

"I'll call the American Embassy," I said, still disbelieving. "They'll tell me if the Germans are going to besiege Paris."

A startled voice answered me: "Are you still in town? Don't you know that the government has moved to Tours? The Germans will be in Paris in a matter of hours!"

In a sort of blind frenzy we packed what we could into our car and fled.

But we had delayed too long. Route Nationale No. 20, which connects Paris with the south of France, was too narrow to hold the stream of

frightened humanity which tried to flow along it to safety. In autos, on foot, on bicycles, thousands of refugees blocked the road ahead of us for 200 miles, almost unmoving. Next morning we were still on the outskirts of the city, and learned that the Germans were already in Paris.

"The next time we come to a crossroad," Kitty said suddenly, "I'm going to get off this accursed highway and try to cut through the country by the back roads."

The first crossroad was not much more than a dirt path winding between plowed fields. But it was dry and hard, and we were able to make 40 miles an hour.

And then the blow came. Ahead of us, the road filled with automobiles -- coming toward us! As the first cars reached us, people shouted: "Turn back! Turn back! The Germans are behind us!"

It was dark when we neared the highway again. We were about 100 yards away when we heard a faint hum which rose to a fierce crescendo over our heads. With a jerk, Kitty stopped the car.

We could see the black hulk of the airplane against the dark sky, and the flame spitting from the nozzles of its machine guns as it poured death into the trapped ranks below.

In seconds, the highway was emptied. Terror-stricken drivers turned their cars off the road into trees, into ditches. Some overturned and their occupants squirmed out and ran. Only a few cars remained in the

road, the figures in them motionless. They had not joined the mad rush to get off the road, because they were dead.

When the plane had passed out of hearing, men and women began to creep cautiously out of the ditches. Some stood aimlessly in the fields. They had been going somewhere, running from a danger behind them. But now the danger had caught up to them, and they stood trapped, with nowhere to go, nothing to do. We were trapped with them.

In the darkness the noise of many motors was heard, and with a rush, the German army was upon us.

First came motorcycle troops, speeding southward through the dark with complete assurance that the planes ahead of them would have swept the road clear. Light armored cars followed, then tanks burst upon us, rumbling down the main highway, from the crossroads, through the fields. They seemed to be everywhere, to possess the whole earth. Every 200 yards, unfolding in a regular pattern behind the moving army, a motorcyclist stopped and took charge of the civilians.

The one nearest us came up and said, in excellent French, "You will go back to Paris."

"But," Kitty pleaded, "we want to go to Nice."

The German's words were polite, but there was a sneer on his lips. "That, *Madame*, is the way we are going. You will go back to Paris."

We turned our car into the high-

way. Hours later, we stopped at a roadside inn, exhausted, ready to drop; but the innkeeper, standing in the doorway, motioned us away. "I have nothing to give you. A million people have been through here in the last two days."

"A cup of tea will do," Kitty said, turning her most winsome smile on him. And she marched in and sat down.

It worked. The innkeeper locked the door and produced not only tea, but also a small piece of salami and a little cheese.

"You are English?" he asked, with interest. "Then you can do something for me. I have someone here who speaks only English. Please tell him I shall get into trouble if he stays. . . . I am very sorry." And from an inner room he led in a tall young man, wearing a leather coat over his gray-blue RAF uniform.

The boy's name was William Gray, he told us. A pilot caught at Dunkirk, he had been unable to get to the evacuating ships. "If you will please ask this chap to get me some civilian clothes, I'll be able to take care of myself," he explained apologetically.

Kitty translated.

"*Quelle folie!*" the innkeeper exclaimed. "If he is in civilian clothes, the Germans will shoot him as a spy. In uniform he'd be treated as a prisoner of war."

Gray sat still for a moment. Then with an embarrassed smile, he rose.

"I'd better get out of here and not

involve anyone," he said. "Will you please ask the innkeeper how much I owe?"

I pressed Kitty's arm. "Don't let him go," I whispered. "Have you noticed — he looks exactly like poor Irving when he was 20." Kitty had known my brother well. "Our car is just outside," I begged. "We could put him in the luggage compartment."

The luggage compartment of Kitty's car didn't open from the outside, but into the interior, behind the back seats. Even if we were stopped by the Germans they'd hardly look for anyone there.

Kitty beamed on me. "I say, Mr. Gray," she said. "We want to talk to you."

And there we were, two middle-aged respectable ladies in enemy territory, with an English pilot on our hands, embarked on an adventure which even a few hours ago would have seemed fantastic.

IT TOOK US all night to reach Paris. With a constriction of the heart I saw the Eiffel Tower again, for at its top the Nazi swastika now flew. We circled the Arc and stopped in front of number 2, rue Balny d'Avricourt — home!

"Do --- I get out first?" I gulped. I sensed imaginary Nazis everywhere, waiting to pounce upon me.

"Wait!" Kitty whispered tensely.

A German military guard came marching down the street, surrounding a French soldier. When they had

disappeared around the corner, Kitty turned toward the luggage compartment. "Mr. Gray!"

"Yes," came his muffled voice.

"We're going to get out now. Button your leather coat over your uniform, and follow us. Act naturally and don't hesitate. Here we go!"

There was no one in the hall, and the self-service elevator was, for once, empty and waiting on the ground floor. We hurried into the apartment. I threw myself against the door and pushed the safety bolt. For a moment my legs seemed too weak to support my weight.

"I shouldn't have let you take so much risk on my account," William Gray said. "I didn't realize . . ." He looked younger than ever in his concern.

"Now, listen to me, young man," Kitty said firmly. "We're all in this together. What we have to do is figure how to get out of it." And with that she swept off to her room to tidy up, humming the gay little melody which always came into her head when she felt particularly pleased with herself.

It was easy enough for Kitty to say that we must find a way out of our predicament, but where could we turn for help? The only one who shared our secret was our Breton maid, Margot, who we knew would not betray us. The Gestapo was conducting its search for hidden soldiers with characteristic thoroughness, shutting off the exits to whole city blocks at a time, and then methodi-

cally going through them, house by house. We expected daily that they would get around to us.

We lived for a week in an atmosphere of constant terror. William was inconsolable because he was causing us so much worry. Once we caught him tiptoeing out the door, dressed to leave. Kitty pulled him back and called him an ungrateful brat. But she smiled broadly at him, and there was nothing William could do but give in.

If he had gone, we wouldn't have had any peace of mind for the rest of our lives. The Germans were now shooting as spies all the British soldiers they caught.

KITTY was late for supper one night, and I knew at once when she breezed in that she had good news. "Etta!" she burst out, "do you remember Chancel?"

I remembered him well. We had worked with him at the Foyer du Soldat — the French equivalent of the USO — before our attempt to get out of Paris.

"I ran into him on the subway," Kitty said. "I trust him, and think he can help us. We're seeing him tomorrow afternoon."

We sat together in the living room after supper, drinking the last of our treasured coffee, talking of that interview next day which we hoped would end our troubles. For the first time, I saw a smile on William's face.

And then the doorbell rang.

Today, that strident peal is months behind me, but I feel again the chill which seized my whole body. I can still see the frightened face of Margot as she slipped into the room and closed the door.

"The Germans are here."

Kitty was the first to recover. "Soldiers?"

"No, civilians."

"The Gestapo!" Kitty gasped.

In the silence, I could hear her breathing. Then she swung to me. "Take Bill to your room. Try to hide him." She cast a swift glance around the room. "Take the third cup with you. Hurry!"

As we went out, she lifted her voice in a tone indicating impatience with a frightened servant: "Don't be silly, Margot. Don't keep the gentlemen waiting."

William sat on the edge of the sofa in my room, his head bent forward, his hands clenched. I wondered if he were praying. It seemed to me that the police, on the other side of the door, must be able to hear the beating of my heart.

In my terrified confusion, two familiar objects suddenly took on clarity — the photographs on my dresser of my husband and my brother. I could hear the very tones of their voices within me, as I had heard them so often when they were alive. "Well, Etta, you've got yourself into a pretty mess. But don't lose your head. We'll fix everything."

And suddenly I understood how my brother really could help. I

started to the sofa, grasped William by the arm. "Quick! Take your clothes off and get into bed. Pretend you're ill."

Together we pulled off his outer clothing as I whispered my plan. He was in bed in a matter of seconds. I tied a towel around his head — just in time. For at that moment I heard Kitty calling:

"Tita, where are you? This gentleman wants to see your room."

It seemed to me that the piercing glance of the Gestapo agent bored right through me. Behind him were two other plain-clothes men, and Madame Beugler, our concierge. From her belligerent mien it was easy to see they would get no help from her.

"This is my dear American friend, Mrs. Shiber," Kitty said. "She finds herself an unwitting victim of the war — far from home, like yourself."

I steeled myself to be natural. "You'll have to excuse the appearance of my room. My brother is in bed with intestinal flu — there's so much of it in town now. I hope you won't have to disturb him." I didn't dare look at Kitty for fear I'd betray myself.

"His papers, please," the Gestapo man said curtly.

I opened the drawer in my bureau and took out Irving's red wallet, with his American passport and identity card. I blessed myself now that I had kept them.

The Gestapo official flipped hastily through the pages of the passport, came to the picture of my brother,

and flashed a swift glance at the man in the bed. William made a realistic invalid with the towel about his head, and his unshaven face added years to his appearance.

The policeman examined the identity card more closely. "Why hasn't this card been renewed?" he asked.

"We had intended to return to America long ago, if his health had been better. Under the circumstances it seemed hardly worth while."

I knew that unrenewed identity cards were not unusual, and so, apparently, did the German. He asked for my papers, checked them, and I left the bedroom with a frigid word of thanks. I breathed again.

But back in the living room, the Gestapo officer asked Madame Beugler for the list of tenants. He looked through it carefully. "I do not find the name of Madame's brother," he said.

My knees weakened again, but Kitty said calmly, "Irving isn't a regular tenant, of course. He has only been here since he needed someone to take care of him."

Mme. Beugler rose nobly to the occasion. "I'm sorry, sir," she said. "*Je suis idiote* — I forgot about the gentleman. He never asked me for a certificate of domicile, so he isn't on my list."

The Nazi sat down at the table slowly, took out his fountain pen. What did he intend to write, I wondered? A warrant for our arrest? But he took the list of tenants and

added to it in his own writing the name of my brother Irving!

As the door closed behind the policemen, Kitty sprang to it and pushed the bolt. We looked into each other's eyes in silence. Both of us knew that if the Gestapo checked our statements against French public records we would stand convicted of harboring the enemy in our apartment and supplying him with the papers of a dead man.

In the doorway of my room appeared a pale-faced unshaven young man in his underwear, a towel tied around his head.

"What happened?" asked William Gray.

And with that we went off into peals of hysterical laughter.

THE NEXT afternoon, we went to see Chancel. Kitty opened the conversation cautiously. He sensed the general trend of her talk, and interrupted her with a smile.

"*Ma chère madame*," he said, "I didn't change my politics when the Germans came in. Exactly what sort of a scrape have you got into?"

Kitty gulped. "We're hiding an English pilot in our apartment." And she told him the whole story, including last night's visit from the Gestapo.

M. Chancel whistled. "Well! That's quite an exploit for two ladies who certainly wouldn't be taken by anyone for adventuresses. It's a pity you didn't come to me at once. You

would have saved yourselves a great deal of worry."

Chancel, it seemed, belonged to an underground group which helped soldiers escape into unoccupied territory. The organization had a house on the Left Bank, where refugees could stay until traveling passes could be secured for them. Then they were sent by train to other friends who owned an estate on the frontier. From there they crossed over into unoccupied France.

"But if your boy doesn't speak French," Chancel said, "he can't travel safely by train."

"I'll take him to the frontier estate in the car," Kitty said.

"That's not so easy now. You can't buy gasoline, you know."

Chancel suddenly slapped his hand down hard on the table. "I have it! The Foyer du Soldat is still operating, under the Germans. Offer your services again, and you can put the Red Cross emblem on your car and be allowed 10 gallons of gasoline a week. Besides, you'll have an excuse for moving about the country, visiting hospitals and prison camps."

The actual escape of William Gray was so uneventful as to be almost disappointing.

We secured our identification papers from the Foyer du Soldat and began visiting hospitals in the Paris region. Chancel procured a travel permit for William, and when everything was ready we stowed him once more in the baggage compartment. We had parcels and gifts from the

Foyer du Soldat for a number of military hospitals, but our first stop was at the small town on the demarcation line, where we found Chancel's friends without trouble.

A week later, Margot rushed into the living room waving a postcard. William had sent a cautious message telling us that he had been promised he might soon "visit his parents." I knew that meant England, and I was so happy that I would almost have been willing to start a similar process all over again.

Yet when Kitty suggested something of the sort, I was terrified. She had come across what seemed to her a very interesting advertisement in *Paris-Soir*. The "Missing Persons" column was now the most widely read part of the paper in France — hardly anyone was without a friend or relative who had disappeared in the war. *Paris-Soir*, a pro-German paper since the Nazis had come in, published several hundred such advertisements daily. This one seemed different.

Jonathan Burke is looking for his friends and acquaintances. Address Military Hospital, Doullens (Somme).

"That's an English name," Kitty said thoughtfully. "Who ever heard of a Frenchman named Jonathan? I'm going to write to him."

"Kitty!" I said, alarmed. "You aren't trying to hunt up more English soldiers, are you?"

"No-o. But if I run across any, the least I can do is get them to Chancel."

"You aren't deceiving me in the least," I retorted.

A few days later she brought me a note, written in English and signed with Jonathan Burke's name: "It will be wonderful to have someone to talk to . . . I shall look forward to your visit."

"The Foyer du Soldat expects us to take packages to soldiers," she said, cycling me eagerly.

"All right," I said. "When shall we go? I'm going, too, you know, to keep you out of trouble."

We set out for Doullens early the next morning, with our customary packages of food and cigarettes for the soldiers. Kitty also carried a box wrapped in brown paper, about which she was noncommittal.

"Just something I want to leave at the Foyer on the way back."

The military hospital at Doullens was still operated by its French staff, though under the control of the Germans. Two German guards, standing stiffly at either side of the gate, appeared not to notice us. Inside, the place was dark, filthy, and infested with vermin.

We wandered through the hospital, talking with the soldiers, keeping an eye out for Jonathan Burke. In the garden we noticed an English officer, sitting by himself on a bench. His RAF uniform was crumpled and faded, and he wore a bandage over his right eye. As we approached, he seemed suddenly to come to life.

"I hoped you would come," he said. "But I didn't dare count on it."

"You're a countryman of mine," Kitty answered. "It's disgusting that you must stay in this filthy place."

"Maybe it seems so to you," he replied in a low voice, "but I'm stalling for time. I'm perfectly fit to leave, and when they discover that, they'll send me to prison. There's hardly any guard here, and I might be able to escape. But there's little chance of escaping from prison."

Kitty paced a few nervous steps from the bench, then turned back.

"Would you like me to take you to Paris?" she almost whispered.

Burke clutched at her hand. "How, Mrs. Beaurepos? Oh, God . . . I know you *want* to help — but what can a woman do? You're just licked before you start." He pressed trembling fingers over his bandage.

Kitty said softly, "You are mistaken, Mr. Burke. We can get you to Paris, and then into unoccupied France — and we will."

The cold terror which had left me with the safe departure of William Gray flooded me again.

Kitty produced the mysterious brown paper parcel she had brought from Paris. "Here's a pair of overalls," she said. "Our car is parked on the other side of that low wall, where all those bushes are. Behind the back seat is the opening to the luggage compartment. Get in — it's roomy enough — close it behind you, and wait."

She looked at me. I suppose she expected a protest, but what could

I say with Burke beside us, visibly vibrating with hope?

The hardest thing I ever did in my life was to walk back through the wards, talking with patients as if nothing had happened. In the corridor, a blonde young man who seemed to have been waiting for us limped toward us.

"I'm Lawrence Meehan — I saw you with Burke. Please — get me out, too." He was trembling all over and looked very ill.

"You have a fever," I said.

"No — it's only my leg wound. It's nearly healed. I'll be all right if I can get out of here."

"Look," Kitty said. "We can take only one at a time in our car. If the Germans don't catch us, we'll come back for you." She strode off without a backward look, and I scurried after her like a scared kitten.

At the gate, Kitty said loudly, "Wait here. I'll drive the car around."

I stood riveted with terror, watching her stop the car in front of the two German sentries. "What time do you open the gates for visitors in the morning?" she asked in German.

One of them told her.

"We may have to make several trips here," she said coolly. "Have a cigarette?" He accepted one, and struck a light for hers.

"*Danke schön*," she said, and started the car.

I was about to upbraid her, when she spoke quietly, without looking toward me. "I wanted him to see there was no one in the car but us."

"Kitty, you're a wonder! But suppose he had asked us to open the luggage compartment?"

"I locked it. And I would have told him I'd left the key in Paris."

With Burke safely in our apartment, Kitty and I felt like tried and triumphant conspirators, but he was pale and perspiration was streaming down his face.

"You're both wonderful," he said. "I wish other English soldiers could have my luck. There are supposed to be about 10,000 of them, trapped after Dunkirk, hiding like beasts in the woods and caves of northern France. They are without food and arms. The Germans have organized a special armed motorcycle unit to track them down. There's no way of saving them."

For a while we sat in gloomy silence. After dinner, when Burke had gone to bed, Kitty turned to me with a look of determination.

"Etta, you will have to go back to America. I can't simply sit here while this cruel manhunt is going on -- I've got to help my countrymen escape. But I have no right to involve you." For a moment I couldn't speak. Kitty went on: "I'm not brave, Etta. I'm afraid to die. But no one who knows how to help these men has the right to abandon them. If I knew the Germans would shoot me, I would still try to save these English lads."

"I won't leave you, Kitty," I said finally. "If you have to save soldiers, I have to help you."

OUR MAIN problem was to get in touch with the soldiers. We finally decided to use the "Missing Persons" column, just as Burke had done. Kitty went out early next morning to insert an advertisement in *Paris-Soir*:

William Gray is looking for his friends and relatives. Address Café Moderne, rue Rodier, Paris.

We didn't dare, of course, use either of our names, or our address. But William Gray was safely out of German territory. And Kitty knew the proprietor of the Café Moderne, M. Durand, a loyal Frenchman who promised to deliver secretly to us any mail which arrived for William Gray.

Just as we were starting for the Left Bank house with Burke, Chancel arrived with bad news. One of the group had turned traitor, and on the night before, the Left Bank house had been raided by the Gestapo. The Nazis also knew about the frontier estate.

"Then they'll be here any minute!" I gasped.

"Oh, no!" Chancel answered. "You're all right. The traitor knew only a few of us. Our friend at the Préfecture -- the one who fixes up the exit visas for us -- is trusted completely by the Germans, and he knows everything they know. They've never heard of you."

Our accomplice in the Préfecture had warned our friends, and fortunately everybody had got away

from the two houses in time, but the escape route was no good any more. Chancel himself was headed for the unoccupied zone. "I shall stay there long enough to grow a beard," he said, "and organize a group to take care of the men we smuggle across the line. I'll get in touch with you when I come back."

He took his leave, and with him went the slight courage his presence had given us. We could hear Lieutenant Burke pacing back and forth in the bedroom. His safety was our chief immediate problem.

"There's only one thing to do, Etta," Kitty said. "Tomorrow we must find some French peasant living on the border who'll agree to smuggle Burke across." Then she interrupted herself. "We can't do it tomorrow! We have to get Lawrence Meehan."

"Kitty! You aren't going to bring him here now!"

She looked at me in surprise. "Not bring him here? But we promised."

OUR SECOND trip to Doullens was a quick one. Meehan was in bed, looking very ill. His eyes lighted up, but he was clever enough to make no sign of recognition. Kitty stopped at the bed next to his, then steered me out into the corridor. As we passed the hospital office, the door swung open and a French major barred our way.

"I am Major Thibaud, in charge here. I believe you ladies have honored us with a previous visit," he

said slowly. Then, abruptly, "Will you kindly tell me where Lieutenant Burke is?"

My heart leapt into my throat, but Kitty said calmly, "You must be a mind reader. We have just been through the wards looking for him."

Major Thibaud scrutinized Kitty carefully. Then he stepped back through the door, saying, "Kindly come into my office." Inside, he motioned us to be seated. Then he paced back and forth slowly. The silence and the tension were unbearable. Finally he stopped before us.

"I have of course made a careful investigation. You, Mme. Beaurepos, are British-born. It therefore does not surprise me that after your visit one of the very few English prisoners here should escape. I am not a fool, Mme. Beaurepos. That you helped Lieutenant Burke to escape is obvious. It is my duty to hand you over to the German authorities. I am a soldier. It is my habit to obey orders."

He paused for another instant. My heart was beating madly.

"But I am not only a soldier, ladies," he said slowly. "I am a Frenchman. That is why I have not yet reported the disappearance of Lieutenant Burke." His tone suddenly became sharp, as though he were issuing an order.

"You ladies must leave this hospital at once, and not return. I must ask your formal promise that you will not repeat your act. Such repetition would very probably be fatal to

yourselves. And I advise you to forget this conversation. I am quite sure that I shan't remember it myself."

I sat bolt upright in my chair, thunderstruck at the unexpectedness of this development. Kitty rose.

"Thank you, Major," she said, holding out her hand. "I am very happy to meet a real Frenchman."

Major Thibaud took her hand. "You will pardon me," he said drily, "if I take the precaution of escorting you to your car."

We were several kilometers outside Doullens before I could find my voice. "We'll just have to forget about poor Meehan," I remarked. "We surely can't go back."

Kitty smiled. "I slipped Meehan a note when we were standing at the bed next to his," she said. "He's in the luggage compartment."

The expression on my face was too much for her. She started laughing so hard that she had to stop the car. I couldn't help joining in. And there we sat, by the roadside, two women roaring with laughter in a country where laughter had become rare.

AT THE APARTMENT, Meehan had a great difficulty in getting out of the car. He hobbled into the building, leaning heavily on us.

"Everything all right?" Burke called out, coming from the bedroom. Meehan dropped heavily to the floor and lay there, unmoving.

Burke bent over him with an exclamation. "His wound has reopened!"

Sure enough, one leg of Meehan's

trousers was soaked with blood. Great drops dripped to the floor.

"Phone for a doctor!" Kitty ordered. Then: "No! We can't tell a doctor. Get some towels —"

The doorbell pealed, loudly and insistently.

We stood as though turned into statues. The bell rang again.

"It's no use," said Kitty hopelessly. "We can't hide this. Edda, answer the door."

Never in my life have I performed any task with such reluctance — but our fears were unfounded. Henri Beaurepos, Kitty's husband, entered. He invariably called on Kitty when he was in Paris. This time his visit was providential, for after his first astonishment had passed, he took complete charge. He phoned a doctor whom he knew could be trusted completely. The doctor arrived in five minutes. In fifteen, Meehan was bandaged and in bed, but the doctor shook his head dubiously over his condition. "He has a bad infection," he said. "But I'll do what I can."

When the doctor had gone, Henri solved the rest of our problem for us. "My friend Tissier at Libourne has vineyards which stretch across the line. He can pass your boys across. There's a slight charge, though — 50 francs a head — tips to German sergeants." He grinned. "It seems that the Herrenvolk like to make a little small change now and then.

"I know a man at the Préfecture, too," he went on, "who'll give us

passes in French names for your English friends. You needn't worry — they'll be all right."

I could see tears of joy in Kitty's eyes. A few hours ago we had thought our situation was hopeless.

NEXT MORNING, Emile, Durand's boy, brought us letters addressed to William Gray, Café Moderne. Kitty tore one open. It contained no message, only an address:

B. W. Stowe
12, rue de la Gare, Reims

"That looks suspicious to me," I said.

"Oh dear," Kitty said to Burke. "Etta is going to see the fine hand of the Gestapo behind every one of these letters."

The next letter was in French:

DEAR SIR:

I am the parish priest of Conchy-sur-Conche, and I am writing you at the request of a few of my parishioners who seem to recognize an old friend in you. According to them, I can approach you with confidence on a matter very important to my congregation.

Our church building is in need of urgent repairs, otherwise this beautiful product of the art of the Middle Ages will undoubtedly collapse — a catastrophe which may be expected any day — and irreparable, irreplaceable values would be lost. I have already secured the permission of the Church and the local authorities for this restoration project.

I beg you, my dear sir, to inform

me immediately when and where we can meet to discuss the broadening of our collection campaign.

Asking God's blessing upon you, I am,

Yours very faithfully,
Father Christian Ravier

"Just an appeal for funds," I said. "Etta!" Kitty almost screamed. "It was addressed to William Gray, in answer to our advertisement! It's written so we'll understand, and no one else. Listen: 'A few of my parishioners seem to recognize an old friend in you.' He must be in touch with some of the men in William Gray's unit. 'According to them I can approach you with confidence.' 'A catastrophe may be expected any day' — in other words, his 'congregation' may be discovered and arrested."

We all agreed that the letter seemed genuine, and Kitty checked on Father Christian Ravier at the office of the Bishop of Paris. She reasoned correctly that he must actually have a fund for the restoration of his church, so that in case of investigation his "collection" letters would seem innocent. She came back jubilant, and we set out immediately to see Father Christian.

From his letter I had expected a saintly old man, complete with long white beard. Instead, he turned out to be young, bright-eyed and energetic, I judged no more than 28.

He suggested that we talk in the rectory behind the church and led us through the garden into a small

low-ceilinged room. He told us there were at least 1000 English soldiers hiding in the Conchy-sur-Conche forests, and that he maintained regular contact with them.

"But I don't think they can remain hidden very much longer. They are so starved, so exhausted. My congregation gives all the food and clothing they can spare, but we are so closely rationed that even if they gave all, it would not be enough. I can get identity cards and escort them to Paris a few at a time, if you can take care of them from then on. Can you do that?"

"We certainly can," said Kitty. And she told him of our escape route from Paris, which could start operating in about a week.

The young priest closed his eyes for a moment. "You are like an answer to my prayers."

LAWRENCE MEEHAN had responded amazingly to the doctor's treatment, and would soon be strong enough to travel. We anticipated sending him off with Burke. Henri's friend at the Préfecture had secured for us a large number of blank permits, on which we could fill in names and details. But one morning the newspapers announced that the death penalty would be imposed on any persons found aiding English soldiers to escape.

"I must go to Libourne and see Tissier at once," Kitty said. "I'm afraid this order will frighten him out of helping us."

Since we already had passes for our two refugees, however, she decided to take them with her. She returned full of praise for M. Tissier.

"Burke and Meehan are safely over the border," she said. "M. Tissier is a wonderful old chap. When I mentioned the death decree to him, he just spat 'I went through the 1914-1918 war,' he said. 'I might have been killed a thousand times. Now another war has passed over my head, and I'm still safe. I figure I'm that much ahead of the game already, and I can't lose.'"

Kitty wrote at once to Father Christian, telling him that everything was ready to begin his collection campaign, and in a few days he arrived at the apartment with four boys. Provided with traveling permits, they took the evening train for Libourne.

Tissier was to notify us of their safe arrival, but two days passed without word from him, and we had begun to fear that something had happened to them, when Tissier himself turned up.

"You ladies made a bad mistake," he informed us bluntly. "In the future, you must not let those boys travel without a quick-witted escort who can answer questions for them—in French."

The English boys, it developed, had escaped arrest only by a miracle. French gendarmes, checking the passengers on the train, had discovered that they all had official permits, but were unable to speak French. If the

French passengers in the compartment had not protested indignantly, the gendarmes would have taken the boys off the train. It had been a close call.

"What on earth can we do?" sighed Kitty. "I've no idea where to find escorts for them."

M. Tissier hadn't been gone half an hour before Margot announced another visitor — a M. Corbier.

"I don't know him," Kitty said distrustfully. "What does he want?"

Margot didn't answer, for M. Corbier simply opened the door and walked in. He looked like a French doctor — black, uneven beard, thick-rimmed spectacles. We stared at him.

"My dear ladies," he said, "I'm happy to see you don't recognize me."

Kitty and I shouted almost in unison: "Chancel!"

Chancel was now working for a new organization whose object was to smuggle to England any Frenchmen who wanted to fight with de Gaulle. He had come to ask us to work with him, and when Kitty explained our problem, he saw at once how he could fit his plans to ours.

"Nothing is easier," he said.

"Whenever you have Englishmen to send, let me know, and I'll provide the same number of French boys on their way to join de Gaulle."

"God must have sent you to us once again," Kitty said to him.

Kitty's remark stuck in my mind. It was true that we had experienced miraculous luck again and again.

Was it all luck, or was it the guiding hand of Providence?

We now had a route of escape not simply to the unoccupied zone, but all the way to England!

By November, we had sent out over 100 Englishmen, accompanied by an equal number of Frenchmen. The process operated with clockwork precision. We became so used to it that we hardly ever thought of the danger. But realization of it was not far away.

BY OCTOBER our wholesale traffic in escapes had run us into financial difficulties. Traveling expenses, including the 50 francs per head for getting the men across the border, amounted to a substantial sum; but even more expensive was feeding them while they were in Paris. We had only three food cards in the household, and as we often found it impossible to obtain even the amounts of food we were legally entitled to buy, we had to resort to the Black Market, paying from 10 to 20 times the legal rate fixed by the authorities. Any protest at the high prices would have meant cutting off the only available source of surplus food.

Kitty knew some well-to-do families in the Free Zone who would be glad to help; but she couldn't, of course, write to them; she would have to go to see them.

"How long must you be gone?" I asked. I tried to mask with a smile the fear I felt at being left alone.

"Two weeks — possibly three.

"Don't worry, Etta . . . if anything happens, you can always go to Chancel."

Father Christian sent me three parties during the first week of Kitty's absence, and three times I handed them over to Chancel's escorts. Hardly half an hour after the third group had been started on their way, Emile, the boy from Durand's café, came to the door and asked for Kitty. "M. Durand says there is a Mr. Stowe in the café who wants to talk to her, Madame."

"Mr. Stowe" was the name which had been signed to one of the letters we had received from the advertisement in *Paris-Soir*.

For a moment I sat paralyzed. How did this man know Kitty's name? Our advertisement had mentioned only William Gray.

I must escape! Perhaps I could still get to the unoccupied zone, out of danger. But then Kitty would return and find me gone. I began to grow calmer. After all, we had avoided dangers before.

I went to a small restaurant a block away from the Café Moderne, and told Emile to tell M. Durand to slip out to meet me.

M. Durand came at once.

"Did you give our address to this Mr. Stowe?" I asked.

"Of course not," he answered. "Mme. Kitty told me not to give the address to anyone. The man asked for William Gray. I sent Emile around to you." I breathed again. "You may be sure, Madame, I am

not so stupid as I look. I told him I didn't know any William Gray. I suggested that he wait, and if William Gray came in to ask for mail, I would introduce them."

"What do you think of him, M. Durand?"

"Well . . . his French wasn't bad — not, perhaps, quite like an Englishman's French. He said he was afraid to speak English, though his voice was so low no one could possibly —" He stopped suddenly, his mouth ajar. "*Diable! Que je suis stupide!*" He lit a cigarette while he was talking. It was the kind they issue to German soldiers."

I grasped his hand across the table. "Sit tight, M. Durand. Your Mr. Stowe is a Gestapo man."

His face turned white. "What shall I do? What will happen to me?"

"I have traveling permits," I said. "You could go to the station now and take a train to the unoccupied zone."

"No," he moaned. "My wife — my children — all I have is here." His face clouded as though he were grappling with a difficult idea, then it spread into a broad smile. "There is a way out — a beautiful way. I am going to phone Gestapo headquarters that there is a suspicious Englishman in my café. Then they cannot possibly suspect me."

Hardly had he left the table, when I was seized with fear that we had made a mistake. Suppose Mr. Stowe really were an English soldier? I walked to the café and sat down on

the terrace. I had to see what happened, to reassure myself if I could.

A German official car drove up and three men jumped out. They went into the café and in a moment came out with another man, whom two of them were holding by the arms. My heart sank. Apparently we had been wrong.

But as they stepped into the dusk of the street, they all broke out into boisterous laughter. They climbed into the car, and "Mr. Stowe," still laughing, courteously offered the others cigarettes from a package which I was quite sure now was German military issue.

It was a few days later that Durand burst into the apartment, a newspaper in his hand, and rage in his face. "Have you gone crazy?" he shouted.

I read the advertisement on which he was holding a trembling finger.

William Gray (formerly of Dunkirk) is looking for his friends. Address: Café Moderne, rue Rodier, Paris.

"M. Durand," I said, "we did not place this advertisement. We gave no orders that ours should be repeated."

He looked at me uncertainly. "Then, who did, Madame?"

"The Gestapo," I said. I was sure of it. "They wanted to see whom you would come to when you saw it."

"*Mon Dieu!*" Durand was stricken. "What have I done? What can I do now?"

"Nothing," I said. "If they have followed you, the damage is done.

You are a good Frenchman, M. Durand. If William Gray does receive any mail, I'm sure you will see it isn't delivered to the Gestapo."

MY HEART was in my mouth all day. That night I went through the apartment, closet by closet, drawer by drawer, leaving nothing unburned that might be incriminating. I was eating my breakfast the next morning when the doorbell rang.

Two men stood in the hall.

"Where is Mme. Beaurepos?"

"At Tours," I said. I knew I mustn't admit she had left the occupied zone.

"When will she be back?"

"Why are you asking me these questions?"

He produced a badge. "German Secret Police."

Somehow the scene was anticlimax. For five months I had lived in dread of this moment. And now that it had come, I was calm and cool. The event was so much less spectacular than I had expected—simply two men in civilian clothes, with brief cases, standing politely at my door, like salesmen.

The Gestapo men assumed I did not understand German. "The Englishwoman's gotten out," one of them said. "Don't leave the place, and be sure to answer the phone." He turned to me, switching back to French. "You're coming with me. Pack a bag, and be sure to put some warm clothing in."

I went into my room and began to put things in a suitcase. I was trying desperately, as I dawdled with my packing, to think of some way of leaving a warning behind me. Father Christian was due to arrive at noon. Chancel was likely to drop in at any time.

As we started slowly downward in the elevator, I hoped that we might meet the concierge in the hall, but she was nowhere in sight.

At Gestapo headquarters I was escorted into a room where two Germans sat at desks. One was in uniform — Captain Pietsch, I learned later. The other, Dr. Hager, was a mousy little man in civilian clothes who looked like a schoolmaster and spoke English in a low, almost caressing voice.

"Mrs. Shiber," he said persuasively, "we do not want to be obliged to imprison a citizen of your great country. If you are a sensible woman, you will simply tell us candidly everything that happened. We know most of it anyway. We know that Mme. Beurepos was carrying on her activities under cover of her work for the Foyer du Soldat, smuggling English soldiers across the frontier. All we want from you is some of the details of the case, for the record. Who knows, you might produce some extenuating circumstances which would help your friend."

The panic which had on many occasions gripped me merely at the thought of being arrested was surprisingly absent now, and I found I

was thinking rapidly and easily. The raid on our apartment and my questioning, I suspected, were not necessarily evidence that the Germans had information, but that they wanted to get it. And my reaction was to deny everything. Certainly if I confessed, we were lost. I remained silent, staring across the table. Dr. Hager continued, a little impatiently: "Come, come, Mrs. Shiber, let's get this over with. On what date did Mme. Beurepos first send English soldiers across the demarcation line?"

"I'm sorry," I said firmly, "but I know nothing whatsoever about any such activity on the part of Mme. Beurepos."

Captain Pietsch turned to Dr. Hager and whispered — loudly enough for me to hear: "Go ahead and try your humane methods, if you want to. But when you find you aren't getting anywhere with your sentimental nonsense, I'll guarantee to make her talk." And he got up and left the room.

On the opposite wall was an electric clock. Father Christian would soon be at the apartment. He would ring the bell, and shout joyfully, as was his custom: "I have a few hungry boys with me. May I bring them in to lunch?"

And, too late, he would notice that an unknown man had opened the door.

Dr. Hager alternately wheedled and threatened me. Now he looked like a bad-tempered schoolmaster, angry because his pupils had out-

smarted him. I began to regain courage.

It was just after 12 o'clock when the phone rang. Dr. Hager picked it up, listened for an instant, gazed triumphantly at me.

"Bring him here at once," he said, and then hastily corrected himself: "No, you may have other visitors. I'll send someone over."

Turning toward me with a self-satisfied smile, he said: "Have you ever noticed, Mrs. Shiber, that when a string of pearls breaks and one of them drops off, the others invariably follow?"

When Father Christian was led into the room he said, "How do you do, Mrs. Shiber?"

"Then you recognize her, do you?" Hager said.

"Of course," Father Christian said. "I was trying to call on Mme. Beaucemps, who is helping with the restoration of my church, and was arrested," he said. "I have no idea what this is all about."

That was all I needed to know. He had denied everything also. In the hours that followed, we were plied with question after question, sometimes separately, sometimes together. They tried to get us to contradict each other; but fortunately we both stuck to the simplest version of our relationship, indicated by Father Christian's opening remark. They gave up at six o'clock. Dr. Hager summoned the policeman and said: "The woman will remain under investigation."

FOR TWO WEEKS I was inmate No. 1876 in the German military prison of the rue du Cherche-Midi. The cell I shared with three other women prisoners contained four filthy cots, jammed so closely together that it was impossible to walk around. The air was thick with the nauseating odor from the tin canister which was our one bit of sanitary equipment. As we were not permitted to lie down before seven o'clock each night, and no diversions such as knitting or letter-writing were allowed, there was nothing to do except sit stiffly on the edge of our cot all day. Meals were a welcome interruption: ersatz coffee, "soup" with a bit of vegetable, ersatz meat (two thin rubbery slices), a small portion of dark bread. We consumed all of this unappetizing fare, but it didn't dull the edge of our hunger.

Twice during the next two weeks I was summoned to Dr. Hager's office and bombarded with hundreds of questions and accusations which I continued to deny. Then, to my amazement, on December 14, Dr. Hager told me affably that I was to be released.

Dazed and suspicious, I expected another Nazi trick. But I received my stamped release papers and walked out of the prison into the free air of the rue du Cherche-Midi.

Mme. Beugler, when I knocked at the door of her *loge*, appeared not to recognize me. Then the tears came into her eyes. "*Mon Dieu*, what have they done to you, Mrs. Shiber?"

Neither Kitty nor Chancel, Mme. Beugler said, had come back to the apartment. She had not seen Henri Beurepos. He must be safely back in unoccupied territory. From behind the door of her *loge*, she had watched the Gestapo arrest Father Christian. He had had no boys with him. Margot had been arrested, but the police had released her, and she had gone back to her family in Brittany.

Alone in my apartment, I walked from room to room, turned the lights off and on, tried the hot water faucet, making sure I was to have the luxury of hot water again.

Then the doorbell rang, and there in the entry stood Dr. Hager. He had, he said in his softest voice, dropped in to see that his men had left the apartment in order. He inspected every room, every closet, even looking into the icebox. In a little while he left, advising me sympathetically to go back to America. "And persuade your friend, Mme. Beurepos, to go with you. We have broken up her organization, and the case is closed. But we might have to be more severe if she remained here and committed a second offense."

So my freedom was only an illusion. They had released me as bait, to lead them to Kitty.

Everywhere I went, during the next few days, I was aware of the shadow behind me, dogging my footsteps, turning the corners that I turned. And then one day Chancel

came out of a subway entrance and moved toward me.

My first reaction was joy. "So he is still free!" And then, "I mustn't show I know him." My shadow from the Gestapo was only a short distance behind. Chancel saw me, and smiled. I looked at him coldly, with no sign of recognition. As I passed, I whispered sharply, "Don't recognize me. I am being followed."

I hurried on to the corner and then glanced back over my shoulder. My shadow was nowhere to be seen, but a little crowd had gathered by the subway exit, and I heard a police whistle blowing.

That night the Gestapo came again to my apartment and arrested me, "for questioning." Once again at Gestapo headquarters I faced the ironic Dr. Hager.

"Well, the comedy is over," he said. "We got M. Corbier this afternoon, thanks to you, Frau Shiber. And Mme. Beurepos was arrested in Bordeaux, two hours ago."

He had not mentioned Chancel's real name — I noted that with relief — but when he said that Kitty had been arrested, the thought of Chancel was driven from my head. So they had her at last!

MY EXAMINATION this time was very different from the others. A clerk was called in to take down everything I said. This was to be my official deposition for the court records. I continued to deny everything. When the typed dep-

osition was finally brought in for me to sign, I read it carefully — ten long single-spaced pages — fearing a trick, but everything in it was exactly what I had said. I signed my name to the bottom of each sheet.

A guard was called in to take me back to the Cherche-Midi prison. As I left, Dr. Hager addressed me cruelly: "It will be two or three months before your case comes up for trial, Mrs. Shiber. That isn't very long. Therefore I advise you to start preparing yourself. For the crime which you have committed, it is mandatory for the court to impose the death sentence. Good-bye, Mrs. Shiber." And he bowed me out with a tooth-baring smile.

MY FIRST tidings about Kitty were provided unintentionally by the prison authorities themselves during the second month of my imprisonment. One night the guard gave us our evening coffee and bread, but instead of handing over our daily ration of fat he passed us a mimeographed notice:

Prisoners will be deprived of their daily ration of fat today as punishment for the attempted escape of an Englishwoman, French by marriage, charged with helping English soldiers to escape from France. Her effort was foiled, and she has been sentenced to 30 days' solitary confinement. Prisoners are warned that further escape efforts will be more severely punished.

I had no doubt that the guilty

one was my indomitable Kitty! How often I had seen her moving about a room, throwing open one window after another, saying: "The air is so close, I feel as though I were in prison!" Kitty, who loved air and freedom. I learned later that before the month was up she collapsed and was taken to the prison hospital.

Shortly after, I was called to the warden's office, where I found Dr. Hager waiting for me.

"I have come to give you a last warning," he said. He handed me a document 15 pages long. "Would you like to see Mme. Beaurepos' confession?"

I leafed through it. Each paragraph began with the words, "I confess . . ." and it seemed to contain a fairly complete account of our activities. I was thunderstruck. How could Kitty have done such a thing?

"Well, you see," said Dr. Hager, triumphantly. "Now how about your confession?" I remained silent. "Come, come, Mrs. Shiber, this is ridiculous! You will provoke the anger of the court. I am acting only in your own interest."

Dr. Hager would have done better if he had omitted that last sentence. I said simply: "I have nothing to add to my original deposition." I was led back to my cell.

AT EIGHT o'clock on the morning of March 7, the guard ordered me to accompany him for trial. At the head of the staircase he jerked open

a cell door, and called: "Number 2017 — for trial!" Kitty appeared in the door.

My heart bounded in my chest. Her face was pale, and there were deep shadows under her eyes; but she did not seem broken either in body or spirit. She looked at me with the shadow of a smile, and said softly, "Hello, Etta."

"Silence!" the guard roared. "Prisoners must not talk."

A green-painted convict transport van stood at the curb. The guard opened the door and we got in. The door was locked behind us, and with a lurch the van started.

The moment we were alone, Kitty looked at me reproachfully. "How could you, Etta? How could you have had the weakness to tell everything to those people?"

"I . . . ?" I stammered, completely taken aback.

"They must have terrorized you, Etta. But you should have been firm. I ought to be angry, God knows . . ."

"Kitty," I exclaimed, "I swear to you that I have always denied everything."

"But, I saw your confession with my own eyes. It was a ten-page deposition, signed by you. I recognized your handwriting."

"I made a ten-page deposition," I said, "and I signed it, but it was a denial, not a confession. If you saw anything else, it was a forgery."

"My God!" said Kitty. "I believed in it — and I *did* confess. I was

the one who gave us away!" Kitty moaned. "And I accused you!" I put my arm around her shoulder.

"It wasn't your fault, Kitty."

Kitty shook her head slowly. "We're lost, Etta, lost . . ."

The van jolted to a stop. Kitty threw her head up proudly, and smoothed her dress.

"Heads up, Etta!" she said. "Don't let these Germans see we're afraid of them!"

In the center of the courtroom was a long table, covered with thick bundles of documents. There were high-backed chairs for the judges, and facing them, a long bench for the defendants. Kitty and I were seated there, and a moment later Monsieur Tissier and Father Christian joined us. Chancel was the last to arrive. He greeted us with a slight nod, as though we were strangers.

I watched the door anxiously, expecting to see Monsieur Durand enter at any moment. But no one else appeared.

"Frau Kitty Beaurepos," the presiding justice called.

Kitty stepped before the long table.

The first questions put to her were the usual formal ones: name, address, age, place of birth, nationality, religion, and so forth. Then the judge stated: "You are charged with having conspired with Mme. Shiber, Monsieur Christian Ravier, Monsieur Tissier and Monsieur Corbier for the purpose of smuggling English soldiers out of the country."

"That is inexact," said Kitty, in a clear voice.

"Indeed!" said the judge sarcastically. "That is very curious, since I have your signed confession before me."

"I am not retracting my confession," Kitty said steadily, "but these others were not involved in my activities."

"Frau Shiber, who occupied the same apartment with you, must have been singularly obtuse."

"Nevertheless," Kitty insisted, "she knew nothing."

"And Monsieur Tissier? I note that you used his estate to cross the boundary line."

"We did not ask his permission," Kitty said. "We picked his estate because of its position. Then we simply crossed it. That was all."

"Better and better," said the judge, sarcastically. "Now, Monsieur Ravier. What interesting excuse have you prepared for him?"

"I used him as a cloak for my travels," Kitty said. "He thought I was helping him collect funds for the restoration of his church."

I listened to Kitty with mingled admiration and pity. It was splendid of her to try to save the rest of us, but her story was pitifully thin.

"Well, we have one left," the judge said. "What about Monsieur Corbier?"

"I do not know Monsieur Corbier," Kitty answered quietly. She, too, had noticed their failure to identify Chancel.

"You are very noble," the judge said, "but, of course, childish and clumsy. You made a confession, and you have just stated that you do not retract it. That is all we need hear from you." He made a gesture of dismissal.

"Frau Etta Shiber!"

I took my place before the table, and went through the preliminary questions.

"You know the charges against you," the judge said. "Are you guilty?"

"I am innocent," I said.

The judge turned his cold steely eyes on me for a minute, without moving or speaking. Then suddenly he thumped his fist on the table before him so hard that the piles of papers jumped from the wood.

"Nonsense," he roared. "How dare you claim to be innocent! The apartment where you lived was constantly filled with escaping soldiers. You were second in command of this band of criminals! You are guilty, Frau Shiber! The court will take note of your attitude!"

He had roared all this out in a single breath, in a paroxysm of fury. I stood transfixed, hypnotized by his gaze and his words.

"If that is all you came to tell us today," the judge ended, "you might as well take your seat."

I stumbled back to the bench. If I had had any hope after Kitty's testimony, it had disappeared now. This court was not going to worry about proof.

Monsieur Tissier moved up to the long table.

"I notice that you signed your deposition with a cross," the judge said. "Is it possible that you can't write your own name?"

"No," said Tissier calmly, "I cannot."

"Well, well!" said the judge. "In this country which prides itself on its literacy, a man who has been elected mayor of his community three times can't even read and write!"

"I did not say I do not know how to read and write," Tissier said. He extended his right arm. "I cannot hold a pen because a German bullet tore my hand on the Marne in 1914."

The judge, his face reddening, hastily put the next question. Tissier admitted that he had allowed anyone who wanted to do so to cross his estate, because, he said, he did not admit the right of foreigners to make regulations binding Frenchmen in France.

Father Christian followed Tissier. I wish I had a stenographic record of his testimony. As nearly as I can remember, he said:

"France is still at war with Germany. The generals surrendered to you, but the people did not. How many are you in France? A million? There are 40 million against you!"

"I am a priest, but in this war I have been a soldier, and a soldier who has not surrendered. For I was fighting for more than a military decision

between two powers. I was fighting for justice. I do not expect to find that justice in this court. But I know that, in the end, divine justice will prevail; and the verdict of God will be pronounced against you, who presume to judge us."

Last to be called was Chancel, and once more he was addressed as Corbier. He was accused of being one of us, although the only evidence against him was a picture postcard found in his apartment, a caricature of the Führer, with "*Vive la France!* . . . *A bas les Boches!*" written on it.

Then the prosecutor, mingling correct details with pure imagination, asked that we be sentenced in the name of Hitler.

The lawyers for the defense were allowed to speak, and the judge announced that he and his associates would retire to discuss the verdict. Just as they rose to leave the room, Dr. Hager rushed in, out of breath and excited. He conferred with the judge, pulling out papers from a folder.

The judge rapped with his gavel. "The trial is reopened," he said. "New evidence has been discovered. M. Chancel, stand up!"

I had to admire Chancel's presence of mind. He remained motionless at this unexpected pronouncing of his name. But the rest of us were trapped. All our heads swung toward him.

"Dear me, Herr Chancel," the judge said. "I see that if you have forgotten your name, your friends have not. You might as well abandon

the comedy, Herr Chancel — or Herr Corbier, if you prefer. It seems that you were incautious enough to leave your genuine papers, together with some in the name of Corbier, with one of your friends, who has had the misfortune to be apprehended. Would you like to modify your statement that you don't know the defendants and had nothing to do with their activities?"

"If you are so well informed already," said Chancel, "it seems unnecessary that I should add anything."

The judge scowled. "It is a matter of indifference to this court whether you admit or continue to deny your obvious connection with this criminal conspiracy."

The prosecutor rose. "I should like to include the name of Herr Chancel among those for whom the death penalty is demanded."

"The alteration is noted," said the judge.

Chancel, ignoring the proceedings, turned to us. "Permit me to apologize for my tardiness in greeting you. I know you all understood why."

It was two o'clock when the doors opened and the judges filed ceremoniously back into the courtroom. The presiding judge pronounced sentence: for Kitty, death; for Father Christian, death; for Chancel, five years at hard labor; for Tissier, four years at hard labor; for myself, three years at hard labor.

The horror I felt must have been apparent in my face. Although my

sentence was lightest of all, I couldn't face the thought of three more years of that terrible prison. Then I remembered the judgment just passed on Kitty and Father Christian — death — from which, so far as I can learn, neither was able to escape.

Kitty caught me by the arm. "Don't cry, Etta. Don't let these Germans see us lose our dignity." I squeezed her hand hard, and choked down my sobs. Kitty, condemned to die, was consoling me!

Once more we were locked into the prison van together. Both of us realized that this would probably be the last time we would ever see each other. I broke down, and laying my head on Kitty's chest, wept bitterly. Kitty smoothed my hair.

"I should have made you go home when there was still time," she said. "Don't worry about me. There was a time when I was terrified at the thought of death; but I have become accustomed to that thought now. Millions will have died before this war is over, and one more death will make little difference — especially when you remember that I was not the one who failed, but who succeeded, who won a 150-to-1 victory against the Germans. Promise me that you will never think of me sadly, Etta. Remember only the strong young boys with the brave hearts whom we sent home again. I have given England back 150 lives for the one she is losing now."

The van came to a clanking stop. We had reached the prison.



BETTER MANAGEMENT, *Please, Mr. President!*

"Of all that is wrong with the President's administrators, there is nothing that better administration by the President could not remedy."

IF OUR fighting men at the front were led with such confusion as we are led at home, we would lose this war. If we go on being led this way, the war is sure to be prolonged — and we may lose the peace.

Even in the best of times our government, like any other vast organism, is never wholly free from administrative ills. In times like these there are bound to be more of them. Since almost everything impinges on almost everything else, it is inevitable that many agencies should become involved in almost every problem. Yet not only has the present Administration unnecessarily multiplied the number of its agencies, it has — and this is even more serious — failed in the task of coördinating them.

The only cure for the dread disease of mismanagement is good management. This, in either government or business, requires neither magic nor supermen. It requires merely the



By
Wendell L. Willkie

application of those simple principles of administration which thousands of Americans use effectively every day.

In any good organization the number of men who report directly and constantly to the chief executive should be limited. They should be as few as possible; their responsibilities should be clearly defined; and their authority should flow in direct lines. The good manager does not give two men the same job or overlapping parts of the same job.

These simple rules are violated in Washington every hour of every day.

No less than 14 agencies have a hand in the wartime problem of labor relations.

At latest count there were 49 federal corporations and credit agencies in the wartime business of lending government funds.

Here are some — not all, but some — of the agencies which have

fingers in the government's war management of the one item of sugar: FDA, CCC, FPA, OEW, OPA, WPB, WSA, OLLA, the Department of Interior, the Department of State.

Recently the need arose for day nurseries for the children of mothers in industry. A single organization could have done the job. The government created five.

There is only one person who can correct this government mismanagement. That person is the President himself. Of all that is wrong with the President's administrators, there is nothing that better administration by the President could not remedy.

For every job but his own, the President can call on the best managers in this nation of good managers. But it is the first principle of good management to let the managers manage. Every man worth his executive salt wants adequate authority, clear-cut and definite. When he has it he knows where he stands. His subordinates know where he stands. He needs, then, to be nobody's "yes man." He is under no necessity to run to the big boss with his fears and hurts. He can do his job. He can see to it that those who are under him do their jobs.

Moreover, the competent man, when he is given proper authority, inevitably becomes more competent. Leaders are not just born. They grow with the exercise of responsibility. The enterprise in which they are engaged benefits by their growth.

There are many competent men in our government. But they are frustrated by bad management. They are not given clear-cut, outright authority which permits them to be as good as they are capable of being.

When uncertainty is thus fastened on the man who is, ostensibly, at the head of his agency, it soon pervades the whole organization. Nobody is sure of anybody's status. The place becomes a jumble of hesitancy, confusion and wirepulling.

This situation prevails throughout the government because the President is zealous for the accumulation of power and loath to disburse it. When, in the exercise of its usually ill-defined powers, an agency blunders, it is not then streamlined and given more clear-cut authority which might prevent such blundering in the future. Oftener than not it is broken up altogether, or else a new agency, representing largely a mere shift of personnel, is superimposed and instructed to carry on until, exercising its equally ill-defined powers, it also blunders.

Individuals who try to use initiative in Washington and step out on their own are not encouraged. Oftener than not they are slapped down. Many of those who get along best and stay longest with this Administration are men who, being subordinates, succumb to the subordinate mentality.

Better administration, at the top, would restore the President to the Presidency. The Presidency of the

United States is not a small-claims court. It is the executive instrument of the will and aspirations of the American people. No President should want to be less than that. None can successfully be more. The country was never in greater need of a President who — eschewing petty occupations and the lure of little powers — would stand forth to speak and act not only from his heart to the people but for the people out of what is in their hearts.

Instead, the President's desk is cluttered and his mind distracted by his concern with the wheels within wheels, the foremen and the sub-foremen of our gigantic federal machine. He is his own supervisor and trouble shooter. Broken parts are brought to him for patching and he undertakes to patch them. Bruised feelings are brought for his treatment and he sets about anointing them.

No man could do all these things well. No President should try. We are witness, now, to the disturbing, fateful consequences of such an attempt. With every Washington shake-up we have said: "This is it.

Now we are going places." But, after more than two years, the edge of our expectancy has worn off and our patience has begun to run out.

The American people are under no illusions as to the size and grimness of their job. There is no tendency among them to quail before it. There is eagerness to get on with it and to see it all the way through. But every American — with his own boy or his neighbor's boy in battle — wants a U. S. on the home front to match the U. S. on the war front. He believes that we have the brains, determination and fortitude to be that good. He knows that the home-front U. S. is not that good. For the floundering on the home front he blames our leadership.

That leadership cannot improve until the Presidential desk is swept of trivia and the Presidential mind cleared of second-rate concerns. When that happens, the President's good administrators can begin to produce good administration. And the President will be free to be, in fact, the Executor of the power and purpose of the nation.

A CURRENT YARN among troop-carrier pilots concerns the commander of a British native company who asked for volunteers. "All those who wish to jump from 500 feet report at Headquarters in one hour," he said. The entire company reported, but a spokesman made a unique request: "We will be glad to jump, sir, if you will make it 300 feet." The commander replied incredulously: "But man, don't you know a parachute jump from 300 feet might mean suicide?" This time the spokesman looked astonished. "What?" he demanded. "Do you mean we get parachutes?"

— *The Stars and Stripes*

The Greatest Swindle in History

Condensed from "Lessons of My Life"

Robert Gilbert Vansittart

NOTHING like the German Reparations swindle which followed the first World War has ever been perpetrated in history. The story throws a high light upon the extent to which the world had grown used to letting itself be deceived by German propaganda. For not only did Germany persuade a gullible world that she was unable to pay for war damages; she even posed as a martyr with a grievance, almost with a halo.

It is true that in the years immediately following the war Germany underwent considerable sufferings; but their cause was not Reparations; it was a *gratuitously made and completely lost* war. Moreover, her initial suffering was not long enduring; and before Reparations were finally abolished she was certainly not suffering more but, in many respects, less than her victims.

Here are the five broad points of this strange episode: (1) Germany wantonly savaged the world. (2) The

harm done was irreparable. (3) Germany made no honest attempt to repair it. (4) Instead, she resorted to amazing evasions. (5) These shifts were crowned by the complete triumph of fraud and ill-faith.

The Allies made the first mistake; in trying to force the Germans to make good as much as possible of their devastation, they fixed the German Reparations payment too high. Not too high for justice — the figure actually fixed, 6600 million pounds sterling, was only a quarter of what the war had cost the Allies — but for practical purposes. This error was far-reaching because it gave German propaganda a grand opening.

Still, a workable compromise might have been found had the German nation ever known the slightest remorse for the horror and suffering it had inflicted upon the world, or felt the least desire to make amends. On the contrary, the German people felt only an itch to bilk their victorious victims. They were determined to pay as little and protest as much as possible. They admitted no sins, and murdered the few of their own citizens who tried to remind them of ugly and inconvenient facts.

THE Rt. Hon. Lord Vansittart, whose entire career has been in the British diplomatic service, was Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs from 1930 to 1938.

The immediate problem confronting the Germans, then, was how best to deceive. They set about it with method. They saw, long before Hitler, that great lies are more easily believed than little ones. They pretended to be paying a great deal more than was actually the case, and they whined loudly and continually. This required only an assumption of unlimited credulity on the part of the swindled — which, indeed, is the basis of all really great swindles.

The total the Germans actually paid was estimated by the Reparations Commission at 1038 million pounds sterling, spread over many years. Of this only 253 millions were cash payments; the balance was represented by payments in kind. It should be noted that the restoration of northern France alone cost 830 millions sterling, which, of course, had to be paid for mainly by France. Unhappy Poland got not a penny. The mockery of "Reparations" is clear when it is realized that Belgium and other devastated territories had also to be restored out of the meager amends made by Germany.

Germany, in fact, did not carry out any notable portion of the Reparations to which she pledged herself in the Treaty of Versailles. She deliberately intended that her victims should weaken themselves by paying for the damage themselves, while she remained as strong as possible to prepare for the war of

revenge she was already planning. She pretended to be crippled by the magnitude of her amends. But in perfecting her arrangements for her second crime — the present war — she spent, on her own showing, 8000 million pounds sterling — eight times as much as she spent on Reparations for the first!

The German game was to swell their fictitious sacrifices to impossibly large dimensions. It was easy. They simply reckoned as Reparations everything they had lost. For example, they claimed credit as "Reparations" for the shipping they had lost *during* the war. They included their own fleet, which they scuttled at Scapa Flow, charging us 67 million pounds for that item.

Or look at the case of the Saar coal mines, which the Allies took from Germany to compensate for the Germans' wanton flooding of the French coal mines — a dirty trick indulged in to paralyze French competition. In 1913 the German Finance Minister had valued these Saar mines at 300 million gold marks, but when it came to Reparations the Germans had the audacity to value them at 1028 million gold marks.

Did they get away with it? They got away with a great deal more, for in 1935 they got back the whole Saar state property, of which the mines were only a part, for 140 million gold marks. Why this charity to tricksters? Because for 15 years the world had heard about "the poor Germans."

There is no end to the Reparations farce. Among other amazing things that Germany included as part of her Reparations payments were: the value of German colonies, the cost of German disarmament, the destruction of German fortresses, the transformation of German industry from war to peace production. These were not Reparations at all; they were simply the inevitable losses of a beaten aggressor. Yet the world always listened to the German version and believed that she was ruined. Such was the power of German propaganda.

Let us look a little more closely at this Germany "ruined" by the Reparations that she did not pay and never meant to pay. Did the dupes ever pause to think that the inflation of 1923 practically wiped out Germany's internal debt, while Great Britain carried one of 7000 million pounds and France of 250,000 million francs? Did they ever realize that between 1924 and 1939 the German national income was 50 percent higher, sometimes nearly 75 percent higher, than in the years just before the last war? In these years of "want" the individual German was thus earning more than he did in the palmy days of peace under Kaiser Wilhelm II.

By 1925 the German national income was already 60 percent higher than before the war, and the government was able to grant huge subsidies to industry, which embarked on a great program of modernization

and replacement. Five years later Germany's exports surpassed those of the English for the first time, and she began boastfully displaying to visitors her new magnificent buildings, motor roads, ships and factories.

"Ruined" Germany was in fact prospering and spending, while the victors were vainly dunning her for diminishing contributions toward the reconstruction of the areas she had devastated. Soon they were actually lending to the debtor money to pay with. Germany beat all records in borrowing. She received 1500 million pounds in loans and credits from her former enemies, six times as much as the Reparations she paid in cash.

By 1929 Germany had paid 132 million pounds in cash in ten years of bickering — less than 60 percent of the war indemnity paid by France to Germany within two years after 1871.

There was a sigh of relief when Reparations came to an end. If they had gone on much longer the victors might have been paying Germany, who was getting very uppish. Yet such is the force of German propaganda that the world was persuaded that the *whole* Treaty of Versailles was indefensible, and that Reparations had left the "ruined" Germany no alternative but to throw herself into the arms of Hitler. Few recall that Reparations had been canceled a year before Hitler came into power.

The best brains in Germany had seen that, if Germany could only

borrow *enough* in the United States, she would get an army of American investors interested in her fate, and that they would ultimately assist her to cancel Reparations in order to save their own stakes.

Some of the first loans were made to the big German armament firms -- ten million dollars to Krupp, 12 million dollars to Thyssen. These good Germans had not killed enough good Europeans, so they were provided with more sinews of war.

The next trap was the cry that "commercial" debts could be saved only if Reparations were canceled -- in which the United States had no interest. All power of forming independent judgment had been beaten down by the sheer din and reiteration of German propaganda. The Huns were amazed by their success; the Great German Swindle had been a walkover. Instead of being angry, the world was asking to be fooled again. So the Germans, having recovered their breath, bilked the "commercial" creditors, too, and pocketed another 1000 million pounds. Thus they were rearmed to start their next war.

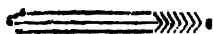
The incredible story cannot be concluded without mentioning the present war, in which the Swindler State imposed on the nations that she conquered an *annual* contribution of 1000 million pounds in cash. This is four times as much, in one year, as

the total amount of Reparations that Germany had paid in cash in a dozen years after the last war. I say nothing of the wholesale official plunder and private looting in the overrun countries, of endless processions of motor lorries and railway cars full of looted goods and materials.

Can we prevent the Germans from deceiving mankind again? We won't if we believe in the old fallacy of the "good Germans." "Good Germans" were in power after the last war, and they tied up at once with the militarists and heavy industrialists who were to provide the rearmament and the next war.

In our midst a number of people are already organizing sympathy for postwar Germany. One of their inspired cries is that "this time there must be no reparations." In a little while we shall be told there must be no restoration either. Germans and Germanophiles will be suggesting that Germany should be allowed to keep at least part of her spoils.

If you accept their doctrine, Germany has won the war. I insist not only that aggression must not pay -- as it did last time -- but that, on the contrary, it must be paid for. Germany must be thoroughly de-looted as well as disarmed. Last time the suffering was largely sham, nothing compared with that of other people. Let us not be fooled again.



Life is simplified and the joys of gardening enhanced for this family

"Now That We Have the Freezing Outfit—"

Condensed from The Christian Science Monitor

Katherine Ames Taylor

AFTER the war it will be only a matter of time until "complete with freezing unit" will rate with "all modern conveniences" in describing a home or an apartment. This is not romantic prediction. I've just been down in the basement looking over the larder in our walk-in freezer. We've had the freezer almost two years, and we wouldn't think of being without it; yet I recall how I shuddered when the Experimenter in our family first suggested it.

"If we had a place to keep the stuff, we could grow twice as much food in the garden, and it would be twice as much fun," he said. He had always garnered vegetables and fruit the way squirrels gather nuts — always far more than the family could eat. He would tote heaping baskets fresh from the garden into the kitchen 20 minutes before mealtime, and ask hungrily, "How'd you like some nice string beans and carrots for dinner?" In the old days, I would have to throw away much good provender, because we simply couldn't eat fast enough to keep ahead of the garden.

Now I no longer worry about sur-

pluses. I take the stuff as fast as he can harvest it — and freeze it. In our locker we have green beans, peas, corn, zucchini, fruits and berries. The cool room, maintained just above freezing temperature, we store squash, cabbage, apples, citrus fruit, honey, cheese, ham. We don't waste anything that is edible.

As for the work involved, freezing food is the simplest method of preserving it.

I prepare the vegetables as I would for immediate cooking; instead of going into the cooker, they go into cartons to be hustled into the quick freezer. Fruits and berries are sprinkled with sugar before we pack them away. By this process it is only about 20 minutes from garden, orchard or berry patch to quick freezer.

Though this simple method is highly unorthodox, according to the books (which warn that vegetables must be scalded first), the proof of the freezing is in the eating. The vegetables thus packed taste much better than those that were scalded. Months after freezing they are quite as palatable as when fresh from the garden.

The reason for steaming is to

guard against decay or botulism. Our vegetables reach the freezing unit quickly, and when removed they go into the kettle frozen solid, so there isn't a chance of spoilage.

It is a poor week when I fail to discover some new use for the freezer. Once, caught with more freshly squeezed orange juice than we wanted, I parked it in the locker. A week later I transferred it to the kitchen refrigerator. When the pale yellow cake of ice thawed to juice, it was as sweet as though just squeezed. Since then we have kept orange, lemon and tomato juices in ice form, as well as the juices of berries, peaches and apricots.

Having once read how the Alaskan sourdoughs buried their bread in the snow and kept it fresh all winter, I buried a loaf in the freezer. When I brought it forth several weeks later, it thawed out as light and fresh as when it came out of the oven. Now we cache an emergency supply of bread, cake and cookies in the freezer against the week-end when offspring drop in on furlough with a gang. We're fortified also with frozen milk, butter and meat.

I buy meat when I can get it and we use it when we want it. Recently a neighbor brought us an extra salmon he had caught; instead of eating salmon until we grew scales, we froze it, sliced off steaks as we wanted them. Another neighbor shared his bag of wild ducks, and we froze them until the day came when I wanted to splurge with a party. After

the war, many households with freezing units will buy meat wholesale at country abattoirs and store it for months.

It is just as easy to fill a three-gallon kettle with soup bones or soup meat, and simmer a month's supply of stock, as to make one helping of soup in a saucepan. I freeze either the concentrated stock or the finished soup with the vegetables. That done, it is only a ten-minute trick to chip off a block of iced soup and bring it to a boil.

When I grind beef for hamburgers, I make a few extra patties, wrap them in oil paper and freeze them, ready for the broiler if unexpected customers turn up at mealtime. And it's always a blessing to have ready-cooked food in the freezer when you roll in a few minutes ahead of your star boarders, so I cook in quantities on the days I am home, store the provender in the freezer, bring it out as we need it.

Our complete freezing outfit is in three units. The quick freezer is a small cabinet resembling those behind soda fountains. In its three frosty holes, covered with heavy insulated lids, the temperature can be reduced to ten degrees below zero by a small built-in compressor not unlike those in large electric refrigerators. Some of our neighbors have five-, eight- and ten-hole cabinets, which they use for storage as well as quick freezing. But after we freeze our meats, vegetables or fruits, we transfer them to the zero room, one

of two heavily insulated closets in the built-in locker. This room is like an ice cave. The coils, which serve as shelves, are coated thickly with frost; icicles and frozen snow hang from the ceiling and from the pipes that feed the coils. The North Pole atmosphere is created by a larger compressor in the garage 20 feet away. Everything in the zero room is frozen solid, and it is so cold that you bundle up and don mittens before taking stock of the larder.

The other closet in the locker is the cool room, in which a 40-degree temperature is maintained by an electric fan blowing through a cooler. In it we store cheese, ham, honey, fresh fruits and vegetables, anything to be kept cool but not frozen.

People ask if the freezing outfit isn't costly to operate. The electricity it uses is negligible. The original installation *was* expensive — \$1600. But our outfit is unusually elaborate. After the war, we are told, converted war plants will turn out prefabricated freezing units for perhaps a third of the price we paid for ours.

Another stock question is, what happens if the electricity goes off in a storm? We've already been through that. Nothing happens. It would take several days to thaw out the icy zero room.

In the days to come there will be

compact freezing units for apartments, medium-sized units for the town house, large ones for people who live in the country. Installing and maintaining them will mean profitable work for many men, and fabricating the materials will employ as many more people. When a family gets a freezing outfit, it gets a new mode of living. For months I haven't had to sit down on Saturday morning and figure out week-end menus. The quick-freeze owner can buy supplies from wayside stands in the country and from markets, to last for weeks and perhaps months.

Quick freezing adds immeasurably to the joy of raising one's vegetables, fruits and berries, and will enhance the value of small places in the country. It will create a larger demand for many agricultural products, and tend to stabilize prices.

Many nostalgic books have been written about the good old days when the family cellar was bursting with bins of apples and potatoes, jars of fruit, vegetables and jellies, smoked hams and bacon hanging from the rafters, turnips and rutabagas buried in the cold ground. After the war, we're going back to that kind of hospitable living — right in town. We won't have the bins and barrels of our grandfathers, but we'll have something better — a freezing outfit in every home.



The great use of life is to spend it for something that will outlast it.

— William James

✻ Invention and enterprise offer unbounded opportunity for the future, and refute defeatist talk about a "mature economy"

We're Not Washed Up



By Eric A. Johnston

President, Chamber of Commerce of the United States

JUST AS there are fashions in hats and jewelry, there are fashions in ideas. At this moment the prevailing fashion in pessimism is called "Maturism." This means that the United States is trapped in what is called a "mature economy." Our system of doing business is through, outmoded, washed up. It has finished growing. It is "ripe on the bough" and ready to fall on the ground.

These opinions are held by some men who are in policy-making positions. They believe opportunity for the private citizen to invest in new businesses, or in expanding old ones, and thus creating jobs, is over. Therefore, when the war ends we should not waste time patching up the existing "matured" system. We should have a new one in which business would be owned by private enterprise, but the government would supply industry with funds obtained by public debt, and would plan for

industry and manage the carrying out of these plans.

The theorists who cooked up Maturism argue as follows: In the past America grew because we had a frontier which offered opportunity for expansion; because our population was growing rapidly; and because science was producing great new inventions which created almost unlimited opportunities for business and industry. Now, they contend, the frontier has vanished, our population growth is slowing down, and there are in sight no important new inventions such as the railroad or the automobile, which produced wide changes and expansion in industry.

Has the frontier actually vanished?

In the early days the Census Bureau drew a line from north to south and called it the "Frontier." All the territory to the east of it was settled by more than two persons to the square mile; that to the west was settled with two or fewer per square mile. Finally the entire country had more than two inhabitants per square mile, hence the frontier no longer meant anything. That was in 1890

Previous articles by Eric A. Johnston in The Reader's Digest: "Your Stake in Capitalism," February, '43; "Three Kinds of Capitalism," September, '43; "A Talk to Britons," October, '43.

— 53 years ago — yet in the years since, then our nation has seen the most amazing growth in its history! Now, because “the frontier has vanished,” we are supposed to be stopped in our tracks.

The thing that made the frontier important was the vast stretches of cheap land and undeveloped natural resources beyond the line. But those vast stretches of cheap land are still there, and so are most of the undeveloped resources. In the heart of that wide expanse beyond the old frontier are 11 states — Nevada, Wyoming, Arizona, Idaho, New Mexico, Utah, Montana, North Dakota, South Dakota, Colorado and Oregon — comprising an area of 1,109,000 square miles.

That region is about the size of India, where 385,000,000 people live, or of Western Europe, where 265,000,000 people live. That frontier empire of ours has only 6,400,000 population. These European states average 376 persons to the square mile; our frontier states average 5.8.

True, there is plenty of desert land in these states, but there are also great untouched tracts of fertile soil where wheat, corn, timber, fruit, and almost every growing thing could be raised in quantities sufficient to feed the whole country. Montana has potential water power of 3,700,000 horsepower, only a sixth of which has been tapped. New Mexico has 1,200,000,000 tons of undeveloped coal lands. In this region

are deposits of nearly all the metals, and of numerous metal alloys.

This great undeveloped empire is not *necessary* for our future growth and expansion. Apart from it, we have nearly 2,000,000 square miles of land containing only about 80 persons to the square mile. Yet the defeatists insist that one reason we cannot grow any more is because we have no place in which to grow!

The Maturism pessimists point out that our population growth has slowed down to a snail's pace, and that consequently there is no expansion possible for our housing and other industries. Our population growth rate has been declining for 80 years. It reached its peak in 1860, when the increase for the preceding decade was 35.6 percent; it declined gradually until 1930, when the ten-year growth was 16.1 percent. But all the time population growth rate was declining, *our industrial production and our income per person were rising.*

In the period 1880 to 1930 our population growth rate was more than cut in half, yet our per capita income rose from \$424 to \$1655 — nearly 400 percent. What counts is not huge population but a nation's *well-being per capita*. Russia as a whole is immensely wealthier than Switzerland, but the per capita income of the average Swiss is several times that of the average Russian.

If we are sunk because of lack of population growth, what chance is there for any other country in the world? The nations of Europe which

in normal times enjoy the highest income per person are Norway, Sweden, Holland, Belgium and Switzerland. Their rate of population growth is very small.

The whole population argument is a mere bugaboo. When those millions poured in here from Europe they were poor and illiterate and had low standards of living. They developed into producers and consumers on high levels and became an asset to America. Well, we still have in this country tens of millions of people, sunken in poverty, who can also be developed and made into national assets, who will demand houses and food and clothes and luxuries on a greater scale just as the immigrants did.

The third argument of the Maturism theorists is that science has lost its imagination, and there is in sight no great invention which will create vast opportunities for industry and for employment. This sort of pessimism is not new. About 140 years ago a young English clergyman named Malthus found that, under conditions in his day, population was increasing swiftly while food supply was increasing very slowly. He leaped to the conclusion that an overcrowded world would soon be stricken by famine. But Malthus' dark prophecy didn't work out. Food actually increased faster than population.

The same gloomy viewpoint of the future has popped up at intervals. Here are samples:

1839 — *Congressman Rankin, Mississippi*: "Our system is finished. Monopoly swallows all. Opportunity has already disappeared from among us."

1844 — *Commissioner of Patents*: "We see the arrival of that period when human improvement is at an end."

1875 — *Commissioner of the Interior*: "New materials and new inventions have now transformed our society into its final phase — for scientific invention can take us only a little way further."

1885 — *Commissioner of Labor*: "New processes of manufacture will continue . . . but will not afford a remunerative employment for the vast amounts of capital which have been created during that period."

This defeatist outlook about science is an arrogant assumption, for one must pretend to know a great deal when he says science is finished. This assumption that no important inventions are in sight is, in fact, the notion of only a handful of economists — many of them merely amateurs — and some young lawyers now in positions of power. Their contention is not supported by a single scientist. However, let us consider the claim, even though it reveals ignorance of the whole history of invention.

Invention and scientific discovery are quite unpredictable. Here is one instance. When Edison invented the incandescent lamp it had a glow at

the base of the filament, which burned out filaments; therefore the life of a bulb was short. "The Edison effect," as it was called, was regarded as a nuisance; electrical researchers set to work to get rid of it. The by-product of that research was radio, and the entire electronics industry.

When Malthus said man would starve he thought he knew there was no way to produce enough food for the world's population. A half-century ago the problem of getting enough fertilizers — especially nitrogen — became acute. A Norwegian physicist, interested in the content of the sun's corona, made an experiment in which he put an electric arc in the center of a magnetic field. Had you asked him then: "Dr. Birkeland, what do you predict will happen?" he would have said: "If it turns out right I will get an imitation of the sun's corona." He set off the spark and produced a lot of gas that drove him from the room.

He summoned a distinguished chemist, Dr. Eyde, who took one smell of the gas and exclaimed: "Great Lord! You have a fortune; you have solved the problem of the century!" Birkeland had produced nitric acid out of the air. His discovery led to the Birkeland-Eyde process for the fixation of nitrogen from the atmosphere. From it came a fertilizer industry which can turn out inexhaustible supplies. That seems to settle Malthus.

As fast as such things were done, however, they were pronounced fin-

ished by the know-it-alls. In 1900 it was "authoritatively" said the Edison electric lamp had reached its highest perfection because carbon filament could be developed no further and tungsten could never be drawn fine enough! In 1896, flying in heavier-than-air machines was declared to be impossible. Yet we had already perfected the machine that would make flying possible — the electrically ignited combustion gas engine.

Science has barely tapped its immense possibilities. When we had only a handful of research scientists in a few ill-equipped laboratories we produced what is the great world of technology of today. Now, with a thousand magnificently equipped laboratories and 15,000 scientists working in the fascinating quest of the illimitable unknown, it is folly to say science and technology have matured.

Though we cannot predict new inventions, we can state facts about old ones. In the '20's our prosperity came from three old industries — building, electricity and the automobile. Building led in amount of new investment. Next was electricity, an industry which had begun but 50 years before. Many persons thought that the automobile had reached its peak, but its real effect did not come until in the early '20's. It was indirect, and it subtly changed our civilization. Suburbs spread out around cities; new houses, schools, movie houses, stores were built. Fill-

ing and service stations by the thousands sprang up all over the nation. Vast highway systems were built. Buses replaced trolleys. The gasoline industry, and a thousand others catering to the special needs of the automobile world, came into being.

We say the automobile did this. But what made these amazing cars, always costing fewer dollars, possible? The popular observer never sees that it was hundreds of other inventions in other industries — new steels, new methods of producing gasoline and cheaper methods in mass production.

In 1920 it was said that the steel industry was an old one — all built up. Twenty years ago there were four or five kinds of steel; today there are hundreds. Almost the entire steel producing plant that existed when the last war ended has been dismantled or abandoned; new mills and machines involving vast investment have been built in its place.

The natural gas industry flamed up like a meteor just before the depression. Why? Because a great engineering laboratory discovered a method of making big pipes, 20 inches in diameter and 60 feet long, by means of an electric welding process, at a cost low enough to make long-distance piping of gas profitable.

Ahead lie illimitable possibilities now for three old industries. After the last war glamorous predictions were made for the future of the prefabricated house. None materialized,

because the manufactured house requires materials that did not exist. Today the new plastics industry has produced those materials.

When the war ends we shall see a big market for a new kind of house at prices lower than ever known before.

No man can envision what the airplane will do. So much has been written about it, it need be only mentioned here. Its effect will, beyond a doubt, be at least as great as that of the automobile.

There is another new development of great promise. The buying power of the world has always been situated largely in the cold countries. Why? Heat is enervating, but so is cold. The stove, however, is a successful defense against cold, whereas hot countries have never had a similar defense against heat. What will happen if we can sell to the people in the hot countries a machine that will provide them with a benign temperature? May it not release their energies magically? If it does, it will raise their whole standard of living, to their and our mutual benefit.

Such a machine is here. It is in use in almost all our theaters, most of our hotels, and many of our homes. Like the automobile in its early days it is still expensive, but perhaps mass production can place it within the reach of millions. Distinguished engineers believe that from this one device the greatest of all upsurges in industrial expansion will probably come.

Our economic system is not dying of old age. It is dying from its chains — the restraints, restrictions and exactions that are fastened on it by some trade associations, some labor unions and some governmental units: Trade associations and cartel combinations that seek to create monopolistic conditions, hold prices up, and keep production down. Labor unions which overstep their function of insuring decent wages and hours, and seek to increase labor costs through unreasonable restrictions on output, resistance to productive new devices, and a score of other destructive regulations. Governments — federal, state and city — that load every kind of business with unnecessary regulations, that

strangle enterprise and then lie in wait for the successful man in order to confiscate the profits he may make from an investment in which he has risked a fortune.

In a complicated society, I recognize that government must make and enforce rules and regulations. But we must have the maximum freedom of enterprise and the minimum of government controls consistent with a modern industrial civilization.

Our system suffers not from lack of opportunity, but from the bureaucrat and the tax collector. There is but one salvation for our crippled Giant. Unbind him! Strike the chains from his limbs, and then behold him labor!

Clowning the Act

THE famous actor, Sothorn, passing an ironmonger's, and seeing a mooney-looking young man behind the counter, entered and said: "Have you got the second edition of Macaulay's *History of England*?"

"No, sir, this is an ironmonger's."

"Oh, never mind about the fly-leaf, that does not matter."

"Yes, but we don't sell books here."

"Oh, wrap it up in anything. The sort of thing you would give your own mother, you know."

"I tell you we don't sell books," and here the man shouted into Sothorn's ear. "*No books. Ironmonger's.*"

"Thank you very much, I'll wait," and with a bland smile, Sothorn sat down. The shopman rushed into the inner office. Presently he returned with the proprietor.

"What do you want?" asked the latter sternly.

"I want a small file — about so long," replied Sothorn quietly.

"Certainly, sir," said the proprietor, giving his assistant a mingled look of indignation and contempt.

— *Quotable Anecdotes* collected by D. B. Knox (Dutton)

» The great lady of the theater has scored a great triumph not only upon the stage but in the art of living



Ethel
Barrymore

QUEEN ONCE MORE



Condensed from *Cosmopolitan* • Adela Rogers St. Johns

NOT LONG AGO Ethel Barrymore and I were both house guests in a Washington home. One evening the group included a former Cabinet member, a governor, and a young and slightly nervous marine. When the night grew late, Miss Barrymore rose and said she was going to bed. She had reached the door when the young marine sprang to his feet and followed her. In a voice that shook a little he said, "Miss Barrymore, I'm just a private in the Marines and you're the greatest actress in the world. But — could I kiss you good night?"

Ethel turned in the doorway. She opened her arms, took the boy into them and kissed him. Then she held him away, looked into his scarlet young face for a long moment, said, "God bless you," and went away.

That's all there was, there wasn't any more; and I suppose any of us would have done the same. Yet I saw tears in everybody's eyes.

Because, you see, none of us except Ethel Barrymore could have done it that way. None of us could have put into that long look the whole story of all the Marine Corps means to America, so that behind the boy you saw Wake Island and Guadalcanal, and were conscious of her salute to this boy who would soon be fighting for us too. None of us could have put into "God bless you" the stream of golden benediction which he could carry with him into foxholes and onto battlefields. Nor could any of us have made that swift and graceful exit.

Yet it was all natural, simple; she felt those things. Her sincerity was obvious and very touching; it made you poignantly aware that she has two sons in uniform.

Somebody once said, "An actress is just a little more than a woman." It isn't always true, but it is true of Ethel Barrymore now. Yet Ethel Barrymore, the woman, and Ethel

Barrymore, the actress, have fused into one, so that those who see her in the theater receive the fire of her victorious womanhood and those who know her offstage see realities glow under the magnetism and power of her technique as an actress, which has become second nature to her.

Perhaps that's why Ethel Barrymore, in her 60's, after some dark years, is once more queen of the American stage. I have seen *The Corn Is Green* three times, and in the last act of that play about the coal miners in Wales, I feel that she does a scene never topped by any American actress.

Her face has been molded by the years, its beauty has been wrought by the years. Proud, almost arrogant, the way she holds her head; but it doesn't shock you as arrogance so often does, because you can see so plainly that it is an unbowed head and that often enough life has attempted to beat it down. The brow is broad and serene, but I would paint in the lines that are there because the serenity behind them now is triumph over tragedy and failures. You suddenly realize that growing older is no longer frightening, it is a magnificent business: the temptations and fevers of youth have gone and left the truth to be lived.

There is magic in her voice, and you think of her amazing heritage: Her grandmother, that incredible Louisa Lane, star of the theater for

75 years no less. Her father, Maurice Barrymore, the handsomest man who ever trod the boards in New York, so oldtimers tell you, and a dashing and daring wit to boot. The suave John Drew, genius of the art of true comedy, and Georgie Drew his sister, mother of Ethel and John and Lionel.

Ethel was born in her grandmother's house in Philadelphia. "Mama always had to go back to Grandma's house because Grandma wouldn't let us be born anywhere else," she says. She attended the Convent of Notre Dame, where she decided to be a musician — but Grandmother Louisa Lane wouldn't have that; there would be no abdications in her Royal Family, and at 14 Ethel was in her grandmother's company playing Shakespeare. At 20 she was a Frohman star in *Captain Jinks*. I remember her so well in that, the tall, beautiful, arrogant girl with the sensitive smile, the never-equalled husky voice, the inimitable walk — though every girl in America tried hard enough to imitate it.

She was the most courted girl in America — and what suitors she had! I remember headline rumors of her engagement to Sir Gerald du Maurier, to the Duke of Manchester, the Earl of Ava, Laurence Irving, Anthony Hope. At one time it was whispered that she was being pursued by the young hero of England, just escaped from Pretoria in the Boer War, Captain Winston Church-

ill. That friendship has gone on ever since. And the correspondence to keep it alive.

Russell Colt was a great catch when she married him over 30 years ago. He had prestige, position, money, and in his dark exciting way he was very handsome. They lived together a good many years, during the great successes of *Alice Sit-by-the-Fire*, *Déclassée*, *Mid-Channel*, and *The Twelve-Pound Look* (written for her by Sir James Barrie). It was a marriage of great love but never a happy one. It ended in a tragic divorce.

Dark years came. Years of failure, of sheer disaster, when everything she did went wrong. Like all the Barrymores, she had no sense of any kind about money, which should grow on trees. Her plays failed. There were suits for bills, bitter humiliations in ridiculous stories in the newspapers, the tragedy of Jack's marriages, and Lionel's ill health — and her own.

She went into exile, like many a queen before her. And came back. Came back to greater triumph than she had ever known, as the old lady in *Whiteoaks*, as the schoolteacher of *The Corn Is Green*, until now she sits once more firmly upon her throne.

There is something very heartening about the most sensational comeback the stage has ever seen, made at an age when so many women give up and make no further effort. There is something that gives you a lump in your throat when you see the crowds

packing into her theater in every city in America and standing up at the end to cheer her glorious art.

I asked her if she could give me the reason for it all, the simplest rule of her own philosophy worked out through such a life.

"I'm not much good at that," Ethel Barrymore said, almost shyly. "But I'll try. You must learn above all not to waste your soul and energy and brain and strength upon all the little things. It takes a long time to learn that, because gnats are annoying."

"You must learn day by day, year by year, to broaden your horizon. The more things you love, the more you are interested in, the more you enjoy, the more you are indignant about — the more you have left when anything happens."

She was silent a moment and I knew she had forgotten me altogether.

"I suppose the greatest thing in the world is loving people and — and wanting to destroy the sin but not the sinner. And not to forget that when life knocks you to your knees, which it always does and always will — well, that's the best position in which to pray, isn't it? On your knees. That's where I learned."

Then, being Ethel Barrymore, she twinkled suddenly and said, "You grow up the day you have your first real laugh — at yourself. Sometimes it takes a while, but you have to keep trying."

Tornado in a Box



Breath-taking possibilities of the gas turbine — the first really new kind of power plant in half a century

Condensed from
Science News Letter

J. D. Ratcliff

UNPUBLICIZED because so much of the work is veiled in wartime secrecy, a new kind of engine, the gas turbine, has been developed. The simplest, most compact engine ever invented, and one of the most economical, it is already in use in scores of industrial plants.

The steam engine, the steam turbine, the gasoline engine, the Diesel, — successively each new means of converting fuel into moving power has created new industries and revolutionized old ones. The gas turbine seems certain to do the same.

The principle of the gas turbine is simple; it is essentially a windmill. When a stream of air blows against the blades of a windmill, the fan wheel turns and gives power to pump water or grind corn. Put the windmill wheel inside a steel cylinder and blow steam from a boiler against its blades, and you have the steam turbine, which drives the generators in most electric power plants and powers most of the world's fast ships. The gas turbine cuts out a big and expensive step: its wheel is spun by the direct blast of the burning fuel, thus doing away with the elaborate steam boiler apparatus.

The entire gas turbine unit is almost as simple as the principle it uses. Fuel — which may be oil, natural gas, by-product gas — is blown by compressed air through a burner, much like your domestic oil burner. The compressed air and the combustion gases, expanding mightily in the intense heat, spin the windmill. The power of the spinning shaft can either be harnessed direct to machinery or used to generate electricity.

The turbine blades, of course, are not crude windmill sails, but thousands of fins made with jeweler's precision out of alloys so expensive they might almost be called semiprecious metals. The compressor fins are shaped like miniature airplane propeller blades; turbine fins are different in design but equally refined. Blades of both are set at the two ends of the same shaft.

This is not an inventor's dream, or something in blueprint stage. The gas turbine has arrived. *Business Week* recently reported there are 27 gas turbine units in the United States "which can be mentioned under wartime censorship," many more which cannot. Most of them produce not less than 2000 horsepower, or 1500

kilowatts. Among the corporations putting hard cash into the development of the new engine are Allis-Chalmers, Westinghouse, General Electric, De Laval and, pioneer of all, the Brown Boveri Company of Switzerland.

Future possibilities are exciting. The gas turbine may revolutionize aviation by making really big planes possible. A 2000-horsepower gasoline engine for aviation — biggest yet built — has 14 separate cylinders and thousands of moving parts, with all the mechanical complications and lubrication problems that implies. Designers think this about the limit in aviation gasoline engines. But gas turbine units of 5000 horsepower are in operation and blueprints are ready for units of 10,000 horsepower or more. No plane powered with a gas turbine engine is known to exist but, before censorship clamped down, Swiss manufacturers had submitted a design for an aviation turbine engine to both Germany and Great Britain.

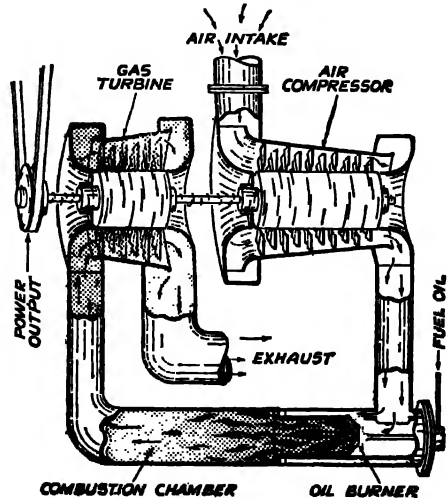
A power plant for ships which drastically reduces weight, eliminates the fresh-water problem (five pounds of water for every pound of coal) and does away with the vast bulk of steam boilers opens a new horizon for ship designers. A Liberty ship could carry 1000 tons more cargo if gas turbine-powered. By packing more power into hulls of their present size, destroyers driven by gas turbines would be

faster than anything now on the seas.

Weight, bulk and water problems are important in locomotives too. A gas turbine railroad locomotive in use in Switzerland has proved efficient and economical. The streamliner *City of Denver* is drawn by a four-car Diesel power plant. Any one of the four cars would be big enough to contain a gas turbine unit of equal power.

A gas turbine the size of a shoe box would be big enough to drive an automobile. In the present state of development, however, only big turbines, much too big for automobiles, are practical.

No single inventor's name is linked with the new engine. It is the sum of the contributions of many men, working in the laboratories of great corporations — notably those of Brown Boveri.



As early as 1791, engineers toyed with the idea of a turbine spun by flaming gases. But early models used up practically all their power just in feeding themselves — that is, in driving the air compressor. In 1926, Dr. Aurel Stodola of Switzerland, pioneer turbine expert, proved mathematically that this must always be so unless some wizard produced a far better air compressor. Ten years later, he himself ran the efficiency tests on the first successful experimental model.

In those intervening years two seemingly unrelated industries had made key discoveries. Metallurgists had developed alloys to withstand the heat and corrosion of flaming gases. Aviation research, working out the most efficient contours for airplane wings and propellers, had discovered principles which made it possible for some of Dr. Stodola's pupils to design efficient compressor blades.

The Diesel is acknowledged the world's most efficient power plant. The challenger of the champion weighs about half as much as a Diesel of the same power, and is much smaller; it costs less than half as much to build, burns fuel half as expensive. The turbine has, in effect, one moving part instead of the Diesel's hundreds, and maintenance is correspondingly simple. It has no need for a cooling system or for an elaborate and expensive starter. It has no need for the complicated electrical ignition system of the gasoline

engine and, because it has no pistons and valves jerking up and down, it is remarkably free of vibration.

A well-designed Diesel power plant is more efficient than present gas turbines; it delivers more of the heat value of the fuel as usable power. Even so, the gas turbine competes economically, because its first cost is so much less and because it burns the very cheapest oil.

Manufacturers assert that in new models they can guarantee efficiency equal to that of the Diesel plant. Turbines now installed are operating at temperatures of 1000-1200 degrees. New ones can be built to run at 1500 degrees or more, and higher temperatures give startling gains in efficiency. The problem has been to get metals which would stand the terrific heat. Dr. Sanford A. Moss's turbo-supercharger,* which enables American planes to fly seven miles above the earth, is a turbine operated by the exhaust of the airplane engine, and its blades have to stand temperatures as high as 1800 degrees. Designers learned much from the research on this supercharger, even though it did not completely solve their problem. Its metals will not stand the terrific heat for more than a few hours at a time, whereas the gas turbine in an industrial plant or a ship must be able to operate for weeks without a shutdown.

How the solution was found is still a secret. But of all the new products

* See "The Sky's No Limit for Dr. Moss," *The Reader's Digest*, September, '41.

and new processes on which our scientists, engineers and industrialists are working in wartime, none holds more exciting promise for the post-war world than the revolutionary, yet tested and proved, gas turbine — the first really new kind of power

plant in half a century. No one who looked at the gasoline engine when it was new foretold the automobile and the airplane. No one who looks at the gas turbine today can foretell its possibilities. They may be equally breath-taking.

» A woman and a little boy adrift in a lifeboat



Which Was the Rescuer?

By *Margaret Lee Runbeck*

Author of "Our Miss Boo"

IF YOU saw her, an unusually pretty girl, on a college campus or looking wistfully into a shop-window at a silly hat, you'd think to yourself, "There goes somebody's protected young daughter; probably has no idea there's a war on."

But you'd be wrong. For only a few months ago that young woman was in a lifeboat drifting on a hot tropical sea, with everything she knew and loved lost behind her forever.

Ann Martin's physical life is all she has left. She's teaching school in the daytime and studying engineering at night, and her one idea is to be able to help toward victory.

She has told me a lot about herself. But about one thing she cannot speak, and I cannot inquire. I know

only that her young doctor husband died suddenly in India, leaving her a widow there.

After her bereavement she didn't care much whether she lived or died, but she decided to return to her old home in America. She started from Bombay on a small ship bound for Rio de Janeiro. There was only a handful of passengers. At Capetown they picked up two British missionary families who had been working in Africa. There were several children in the group. Though they seemed friendly people, Ann was too heart-broken to accept their companionship. A little seven-year-old named Tommy used to come past her deck chair and look at her and smile, but she couldn't smile back.

Because it was her duty, she at-

tended the daily lifeboat drills, and in the lineup little Tommy always managed to stand beside her.

"I'm going to America," he said to her the first day. And the next day he said, with excited eyes, "I've got an American flag in my suitcase!" Each time, Ann made some indifferent comment, but the little boy wasn't discouraged.

"We're the only Americans on this ship," he said the third day. "I've asked *everybody*, and you and I are the only ones."

Plainly he regarded this as a wonderful bond between them. But Ann says that she was so unhappy that she couldn't forget her sorrow even enough to be pleasant to a lonely little boy.

One day Tommy said, "My mother and father were Americans. They're dead now, so I'm an orphan. That's why I'm going to America. People take good care of orphans in America." After that Ann couldn't ignore him any more. She began answering his questions, and then told him stories about what it means to be a little boy growing up in America.

"Every day he'd come down to my cabin and we would set my traveling alarm clock for seven o'clock," she told me. "When the alarm went off, I was to tell him a bedtime story about the United States. It was the high point of the day for him and, although I didn't quite admit it to myself, it was for me too."

After they had been out of Cape-town about ten days, the ship was torpedoed. The submarine struck without warning at about quarter of seven one hot evening. The ship buckled in the middle, and several of the lifeboats were splintered into uselessness. Ann managed to get into a boat, but just as the sailors began to lower it she heard the shrill tinkle of the alarm clock in her cabin nearby.

"I've got to get out . . . I've got to find Tommy!" she cried. "Just go on, if you can't wait for me!" They tried to hold her in the boat, but she scrambled over the rail on to the tilting deck and ran from one end to the other of the ship, sobbing and terror-stricken, looking for her small compatriot. When she found him, he was huddled beside the dead body of the missionary with whom he had been traveling. The child, stunned into white-faced silence, clutched her hand.

She led him back to the rail, but her lifeboat had gone. Another, slightly damaged, was being launched, and the seamen pulled the woman and the child into it. There was no other woman in the boat, and it was so crowded that seven men had to perch precariously on the gunwales.

"I thought the best thing would be for me to slip over the side and disappear into the water," she says. "I hadn't much to live for. Then I looked at Tommy, crouched on the bottom of the boat like a terrified little bird. The horror I knew must

be in my eyes was reflected in his. But he came up to me and clung close.

"A shell from the German submarine struck the ship and in a few seconds it sank. Tommy and I were trembling; I knew I ought to say something to reassure him, but I was too terrified to speak. Then I realized that he was trying to hide my face against his little shoulder so I wouldn't see that the ship was gone. Young as he was, he was trying to protect me from being afraid!

" 'Don't be scared, Mrs. Martin,' he said."

Mrs. Martin forgot her own terror, and remembered only that here was a child who needed a woman to look after him. She talked to him in as calm a voice as possible.

"We're having an adventure, Tommy . . . we're in a shipwreck. What a story that's going to make for you to tell those new friends you're going to find in America, and your own children, some day. Think how proud they'll be of you!"

And so, throughout the ghastly ordeal of 24 days adrift in the sharks' pastures of the South Atlantic, Ann Martin kept a tiny circle of sanity and safety around the little boy.

When one of the seamen went mad from thirst and tried to kill himself, when another committed suicide by jumping overboard, the woman and the child fled into the refuge of their stories about America.

After the meager rations had been nearly exhausted, and the men were often delirious with the sun and the hunger, Ann and Tommy stayed sane by playing word games. They imagined a house, and furnished every room; they read the books on their imaginary bookshelves — *Robinson Crusoe*, *Treasure Island*, and even the girls' books which Ann had read as a child. Tommy taught her the words of hymns, and she taught him songs, poems and riddles. The woman and the child pulled each other through.

The lifeboat, battered and sun-blistered, came in finally, by crude navigation and good luck, to Trinidad in the West Indies.

It would be difficult to say whether it was the woman who saved the child, or the child who saved the woman. For it is one of the unexpected miracles of living that when we protect another we often save ourselves.

Diffident He.



ORLIN T. GREENE, pharmacist's mate, received a citation for bravery which read that he volunteered to rescue and did rescue a wounded marine officer during the Solomons campaign, in the face of "heavy Jap machine-gun fire and with complete disregard for his own safety."

When questioned about this, Greene replied: "I don't think I really volunteered, though I may have coughed a little." — AP

How Eisenhower Does His Job



general, he says, but
it commanders are

By Frederick C. Painton

War Co. it for The Reader's
Digest in North Africa

WHEN Dwight David Eisenhower was made a four-star general last February and placed in supreme command of Allied Forces, sea, air and land, in Northwest Africa, most Americans apparently thought the appointment was a kind of honor, in proper recognition of America's war effort. Few realized then that on the broad shoulders of this Texas-born, Kansas-raised officer had been loaded the most vital problem of the war: how to make the Allies fight as allies. How to coordinate the American and English and French fighting forces so that they would punch with a solid right hook and not a series of jabs.

In World War I it took three and a half bloody years and the blunt threat of complete defeat to obtain the appointment of Marshal Ferdinand Foch as Allied supreme commander. We recognized the neces-

sity of unified command much earlier this time; but it was one thing to acknowledge a principle, another to get a workable organization in spite of nationalism, differing military systems and varied equipment.

How could experienced Allied generals, admirals, commanders of the air fleets be brought to subordinate their individualities and temperaments, and stand harnessed to a single chariot? Military chieftains by training and inclination are leaders, accustomed to great and final power, and they guard that authority carefully.

We correspondents in North Africa wondered then how ruddy faced, bald Ike Eisenhower could take such outstanding leaders as Sir Harold Alexander, rated one of England's great generals; Sir Bernard Montgomery, "Monty" of the Eighth Army; and Admiral Sir Andrew Browne Cunningham, commanding the British Mediterranean Fleet, and mold them into a team under him. Save for the North African landings Eisenhower in all of his 52 years had never commanded a major battle. Yet he was placed over military

leaders with great reputations earned in combat.

The outcome depended on Eisenhower's organizing ability, his diplomacy and tact, and, above all else, on his basic character. He had shown in London, as commander of the European Theater, a vast amount of tact, patient understanding, and a blunt, level-eyed honesty that the English admired. His blue eyes are warm and friendly, and he has a broad, easy grin that is full of charm.

Ever since he left West Point in 1915 he had been known for a vast capacity for work, a remarkable memory, and exceptional ability to organize. At 28, in the last war, he won the Distinguished Service Medal for "unusual zeal and marked administrative ability." With these tools, he went to work.

I was present at the press conference when Eisenhower made his first announcement as supreme commander.

He said, "The British have given their best, their stars, and I'm honored. We've got some stars of our own. But they're all working together to beat the Axis. And I mean *together*. Men are going to forget their nationality in getting the job done."

He declared a few days later: ". . . All officers must be made to understand that in unwarranted criticism of any Ally we are simply playing into the hands of the Axis. In the case of an American officer, he will

be subject to the direst punishment I can inflict administratively."

When he says such things, his face is as bleak as a desolate moor, his eyes are glacially blue, and you feel the steely quality of a tough mind.

Out of his night-and-day planning came a multi-decker sandwich of Allied officers. Admiral Cunningham was boss of the Mediterranean, but Vice-Admiral Henry K. Hewitt of our navy was deputy. Air Marshal Tedder became strategical adviser, but our "Tooe" Spaatz was tactical leader and Major General Jimmy Doolittle headed the bombers. General Alexander was Deputy Allied Commander and field army group commander. Under Alexander, his armies were commanded by our General Clark and by Montgomery, the British hero; the British General Anderson and our General Patton.

This pattern goes through Allied Force Headquarters. In every section of AFHQ, from Major General to subaltern, each American officer has his British opposite number sitting across the desk. Either one may be the section chief. Every paper, every fact, every request coming to that desk is seen and weighed by both officers. These men eat together, sleep together, work 16 and 18 hours a day side by side. Americans use English slang; British officers are heard to say, "Okay. Now you're cooking with gas."

The most amazing section of this monumental Allied layer cake was the supply division (G-4). From the

United States to North Africa is 4000 miles, from Algiers to England is 1900 miles; yet every bullet, every ounce of food, every button for a tunic had to be ferried over those sea routes. Nor was that all. From Casablanca to Tunisia is as far as from Halifax, Nova Scotia, to Miami, Florida. There are only a single track railroad and a painfully small skein of roads. Yet every ton of fighting material had to be transported to the front over this route. For every division --- and there were more than a dozen divisions --- 65,000 pounds of food had to reach the front line every 24 hours. The 2000 vehicles of one division hauling supplies needed 50,000 gallons of gasoline a day. More than 2,000,000 vehicles were checked past one point on a main supply highway in 90 days. The titanic job got done --- and well. Somehow British Tommies always got enough Enfield rifle bullets and Yanks had their Garand slugs.

Since it was at the same time doing staff work for the fighting that was going on and planning for greater armies and greater operations to come, Eisenhower's Allied Force Staff grew out of all proportion to the immediate troops in Tunisia. AFHQ had some 1200 officers and 16,000 enlisted men. It requisitioned 1500 separate buildings in Algiers. At the time when the Tunisian campaign was bogged down in winter's mud, a newspaper wag looked at this colossus and said, "Never did so many lead so few who did so little."

There was one supreme test for this layer-cake composition --- the amphibious invasion of Sicily.

The experts will tell you that an invasion by sea is the most delicate and dangerous operation in the book of war, and depends for success on surprise and split-second coordination. This was to be the greatest overseas armada in the history of the world, more than a half million men and some 3000 invasion craft. Scores of British and American warships must guard the vessels. Thousands of airplanes must furnish an umbrella, blast enemy positions, bomb his rear areas. Thousands of dough boys and Tommies must be landed at the precise beach so there could be no fatal confusion in the predawn blackness. American and British paratroopers must drop out of the darkness on the precise spot to seize precious airfields.

The combat order to accomplish all this ran to 100,000 words and scores of annexes and maps, and covered hundreds of pages.

Directing all this, making final decisions, coordinating and timing like a skillful watchmaker, was Ike Eisenhower.

Because he had welded English and American staff officers into a superb mechanism the landing went off like clockwork. And despite the sharp fighting at Gela the attack was a surprise. Ike's overjoyed grin and his exclamation, "By golly, we surprised them!" were something to remember.

Ike refers to himself as the "chairman of the board"; sometimes says he is a desk or "papers" general. Working from dawn far into the night, he deals with operations scheduled months ahead. Yet he keeps abreast of daily developments. For instance, in the Tunisian campaign it was at Ike's suggestion that four American divisions moved secretly from the south end of the line around Gafsa to the north at Beja and Mateur. Some 50,000 men and 10,000 vehicles had to cross the British First Army's supply roads; they did it without interrupting for one instant the flow of supplies to the hard-fighting Tommies. It was an amazing feat. The sudden discovery of the Americans in the north was a stunning blow to the Germans; it was one of the moves that beat von

One characteristic of Ike's has won him the hearts and loyalty of all his Allied staff: he never passes the buck. In February when Americans took their sharpest defeat from Rommel near Faid Pass, complaints were made that British and American units were inextricably scrambled. American tank units spoke bitterly of being mishandled by British seniors who didn't know American methods. The same went for Tommies supported by American artillery.

Ike called in the correspondents.

"Any blame for the mixing up of units belongs to me," he said quietly. "We saw a chance to grab all of Tunisia before the Germans could

reinforce. We threw up every combat unit we had, regardless. It was a long gamble, but we almost got away with it. After you mix up units, even on a good gamble like that, it takes time to sort them out."

When General Giraud was rescued from France he came to Africa believing he would be Allied Generalissimo. It bespeaks Ike's tact that Giraud quietly accepted a subordinate position. When the crisis between De Gaulle and Giraud reached its height, the Allied troops and equipment to conquer Sicily were actually on the move. The conquest could not succeed if there was any interruption on Eisenhower's supply line from Casablanca to Tunis. Giraud was guarding this life line with 60,000 French troops.

The Germans tried hard to destroy these communications. Giraud's guards caught Germans disguised as Arabs, carrying explosives and wire. I saw three such agents captured not far from Tebessa, and others at Gafsa. German paratroopers were dropped with the mission of breaking the rail line, and to the French fell the tough job of rounding them up. They did their job well.

At this critical juncture De Gaulle formally demanded that all officers with the slightest taint of Vichy be purged immediately from the French troops. This meant confusion and at least temporary inefficiency. De Gaulle's strength in 1940 when France fell was his steel will to fight on, his refusal of all compromise.

That quality, splendid then, made him unable now to compromise. He finally withdrew his demands — under Allied pressure, it was charged, and the blame fell on Eisenhower.

A few days later we went to Headquarters. We came away with this impression: at the critical instant of leaping overseas on the first attack on Europe no commander could permit his rear areas to be torn up and his supply lines endangered. Other men might do the sentry job just as well as Giraud's officers, but the present system was working, and this was not the moment to change. As military men, both Giraud and De Gaulle could see this. They did.

At times, Ike, walking with his swift forward plunge, explodes out of his office and takes off to see the front for himself. Then his face is lit with a joyful grin. You can almost feel his mind stretching in happiness at these too brief interludes. Three days after the Sicilian landing he dashed ashore to welcome the Canadian troops, now for the first time under his command.

In his relations with the press Eisenhower revealed the same friendliness and blunt honesty that made it possible for him to create the Allied Force Command.

"I'll coöperate with you fellows and I want you to coöperate with me," he often said. And he meant just that. One correspondent was sent home for violation of censorship. He had written a most flatter-

ing article about Eisenhower. But to Eisenhower that made no difference; his mouth flattens grimly and his eyes blaze when security is involved. That one soldier's life should be jeopardized by leakage of information is something he will not tolerate.

He detests "speculation" stories in which the correspondent attempts to forecast possible military moves. He has said, if the guess prove correct then the enemy is warned; if it prove wrong then the correspondent appears stupid. He cites the case of a reporter who broadcast a likely move by General Alexander, then retreated down the Malayan peninsula. The guess was correct; the Japanese, forewarned, exacted a bitter cost.

Yet on June 10 Eisenhower stunned us in the middle of a routine press conference by saying that his next move would be the conquest of Sicily, and he'd start in about 30 days. He put his trust in us to keep the secret. Eventually he went out of his way to give praise for the way the secret had been kept.

He stays in the background. It was always "Allied Force Headquarters," and not "Eisenhower's Headquarters." He constantly threw the limelight and praise on what he calls his "A-star team."

"The job is hard and thankless," he said to his staff, "but we're proving the one main fact — the Allies *can* fight together under a single command and as one nation."

The danger of overweight and the remedy
demonstrated by experiments at the
University of Michigan Medical School

Only One Way to Get Thin

Condensed from The Rotarian . . . *Blake Clark*

EVERY DAY, millions of Americans swallow thyroid pills, drink grape juice and take laxative salts, soak themselves with "magic cremes," sweat in salt baths, and even maul themselves with hard rubber rollers in efforts to reduce waistlines and erase second chins.

There is sound reason for worrying about overweight. It is a serious hazard to health and to life itself. Among men 20 percent too heavy, mortality is about one third higher than the average. Fifty percent overweight brings double mortality.

According to scientific research, the cause of overweight is simple: *the only reason people are fat is that they overeat.* This was proved by the most carefully controlled experiments ever made in weight reduction. They were conducted by Dr. Louis Harry Newburgh, of the University of Michigan Medical School, who included in his tests overweight persons suffering from every ailment popularly believed to be the cause of obesity.

Doctor Newburgh's patients stayed in the University Hospital, where conditions could be kept constant.

By tests he established each patient's normal food requirements, then he controlled the amount of food each consumed, weighing every gram. Everything was analyzed—a test slice of bread being taken from the middle of every loaf, a sample of cheese from the center of each five-pound head, a portion of milk from every bottle.

If Dr. Newburgh's tests showed that a man ordinarily used up 3500 calories a day, this patient was put on a diet of, say, 800 calories. Hence he was forced to feed on the fuel stored within him.

By seeing to it that each person ate less than he used up, Dr. Newburgh reduced every one regardless of his supposed type of obesity. He even predicted the weight each patient would reach in 60 days, in every case accurately to within one pound.

One mistaken explanation for excess weight is that "it runs in the family." But Dr. Newburgh's work shows that it is overeating, not heredity, that is the cause. A study of the food habits of 142 fat boys and girls from two to 13 years old showed

The portly man of 50 should not look at these tables and say, "I need my extra poundage to go with my extra years," for his ideal weight at 50 is the same as at 30.

If you are definitely overweight but not excessively so here is the best way to reduce: Cut down on fats and fat-producing foods. Eat one pat of butter and one slice of bread instead of two. Give up mayonnaise and rich sauces. Switch to boiled or poached eggs and avoid the fat that frying or scrambling adds to them. Drink skimmed instead of whole milk. Eat cottage cheese instead of whole cheese. Eat more green foods and more shellfish, which are almost devoid of fat. You can lose some weight by cutting out liquor; an ounce of whisky converts to as much fat as a slice of bread does.

If you are 50 or more pounds over-

weight, ask a doctor or dietitian to chart for you a 600- or 800-calorie diet containing all the necessary proteins, vitamins and minerals, which will keep up your strength and reduce you three to five pounds a week. Don't be discouraged if you fail to lose weight the first week. Water accumulates in the body during the first few days of dieting and often causes a small rise in weight.

Dr. Newburgh disapproves of "wonder" diets which guarantee to remove nine pounds in nine days, and which advise people to eat carbohydrates at one meal, proteins at another, and live like a king.

The simple truth is that anyone can reduce by cutting his intake of calories below his daily expenditure of calories, taking care to include in his diet a full supply of minerals, vitamins and proteins.



Go Ahead and Holler!

THERE are a number of alarming things about the domestic scene but the bellyaching of the wartime public is not one, and a principle ought to be made absolutely clear: The public is not required to rejoice over being denied gasoline but only to refrain from using it. It is not obliged to feel a sacrificial ecstasy when it is denied shoes or beefsteak; the obligation is of a different order—it is to go without them.

Loud outcries of annoyance are an invigorating psychological release and a sign that the war has got home to people. There would be reason for concern if the public were *not* bellyaching. Apathetic acceptance of deprivation would signify a state of mind truly dangerous, and exultation over pain is a characteristic which we find ominous in other peoples. As for morale, we may be sure the American people have it so long as they are complaining loudly. Finally, it is cheap to remind the public that when it eats bread without butter it is suffering less than the soldier with a bomb fragment through his lungs. The public knows that quite well: the soldier is its son.

— Bernard De Voto in *Harper's*



When you hear "Silent Night" at Christmastime, remember this true story of how the lovely song was born 125 years ago; and of how four children started it on its way around the world

"Song from Heaven"

A condensation from the book "Silent Night" by *Hertha Pauli*

Viennese writer; author of "Alfred Nobel: Dynamite King — Architect of Peace"

ON THE 24th of December, 1818, in Hallein, an age-old village in the Austrian Alps, Father Joseph Mohr sat alone in his study, reading the Bible. All through the valley the children were filled with excitement, for it was Holy Eve, and they could stay up for Midnight Mass. On their way down the open, frozen trails they carried rush lights, so that from the village the valley looked like a huge Christmas tree with a hundred moving candles.

The young priest had no eyes for the valley that was so festively lighted. With open Bible, he sat at his oaken study table working on a sermon for the midnight service. He read again the story of the shepherds in the fields to whom the angel came and said: "Unto you is born this day in the City of David a Saviour . . ."

Just as Father Mohr read this passage a knock sounded at his door. He admitted a peasant woman wrapped in a coarse shawl who told him of a child born earlier that day to a poor

charcoal-maker's wife living on one of the highest alps in his parish. The parents had sent her to ask the priest to come and bless the infant, that it might live and prosper.

Father Mohr was strangely moved on his visit to the poorly lighted ramshackle hut where the young mother lay on the crude bed smiling happily, with her baby asleep in her arms. The scene certainly did not resemble the manger in the City of David, yet the last words he had read in his Bible suddenly seemed to be addressed to him. When he returned to the valley, he saw that the dark slopes were alight with the torches of the mountaineers on their way to church, and from all the villages far and near bells began to ring.

To Father Mohr a true Christmas miracle had come to pass. Sitting in his study after the midnight service he tried to put down on paper what had happened to him. The words kept turning into verse, and when dawn broke Father Mohr had writ-

ten a poem. And on Christmas Day his friend, Franz Xaver Gruber, music teacher in the village school, composed music to fit the verses.

Village children heard the priest and the teacher singing. The church organ was out of order, so the pair were using what they had — two voices and a guitar, which Franz Gruber played. "After all," Gruber said, "the Lord can hear us without an organ."

They did not know that this anniversary of Christ's birthday was also the birthday of a great Christmas hymn that would be known in all lands where there is a Christmas, and that four little children would one day start it on its way to fame.

OF ALL the youngsters in the Zillertal valley in the Austrian Tyrol, the ones with the most beautiful voices were the four Strasser children, Caroline, Joseph, Andreas and little Amalie, who was called Maly, and was so young that she couldn't pronounce the words correctly. "Those Strassers," the townspeople used to say, "sing just like the nightingales."

Like the nightingales, too, every spring the four children traveled northward to Leipzig, in the kingdom of Saxony, the site of the great annual Trade Fair. For their parents were glovemakers, and it was the children's chore to display and sell the soft chamois gloves that were sought far and wide.

Leipzig, at Fair time, was an exciting city and the youngsters from

the Zillertal at times felt lost in the bright and curious crowd. But they did just what they did at home when their spirits needed lifting — they sang together. The song they sang most, because it was their favorite, was "Song from Heaven."

Karl Mauracher, far-famed Zillertal organ builder, had taught the children the song. Once he had been called to a neighborhood village to repair an organ, and when his work was done he had asked the organist to try it out. The organist was Franz Gruber and somehow he slipped into the Christmas melody he had composed for Father Mohr.

"I never heard that song before," the organ builder said, with awe in his voice. "Would you mind if I took it with me? Folks back where I live would appreciate it." Gruber had offered to write it down, but Mauracher told him not to bother — he had hundreds of songs in his head and one more would make no difference.

The song quickly became popular in his valley, and was called "Song from Heaven." The organ builder didn't realize that he had brought back a truly valuable gift from two unknown composers to the entire world.

The children found the song's charm worked in the busy city; passers-by stopped to listen and were enchanted by the beautiful, melodious tune. One day an elderly gentleman, who introduced himself as Mr. Pohlenz, Director General of Music in the kingdom of Saxony, gave

hem tickets to one of the concerts that he conducted regularly in the Gewandhaus — the ancient guild house of the drapers of Leipzig. The youngsters were delighted.

When they entered the brilliantly lighted auditorium filled with silk-hatted gentlemen and ladies in rustling gowns, they felt timid and were glad to be led to inconspicuous seats beneath the platform. They were all rapt and glowing at the concert's end, when the shock came. For Mr. Mohlenz rose to announce that there were four children present, with the finest voices he had heard in years. They might be persuaded to treat Their Royal Majesties, the King and Queen of Saxony, who were present, and the audience to some of their lovely Tyrolean airs.

The announcement took the youngsters' breath away, and their faces flamed as people began to applaud. "Let's just shut our eyes and pretend we're singing at home," Mary whispered to the others.

Their first song was "Song from Heaven," and when they had finished it there was a moment of almost reverent quiet before applause broke loose. They sang all the songs they knew, and when they knew no more, they sang "Song from Heaven" again.

The audience was still shouting for more when a gentleman in uniform came up on the platform and said that Their Majesties desired to receive the singers.

"That was very pretty indeed,"

the King said after the children had been introduced. "We've never heard that Christmas song before. What is it?"

"It is a Tyrolean folk song, Your Highness," said Joseph.

"Won't you come to the castle and sing it on Christmas?" the Queen asked. "Our children will love it."

So it happened that on Holy Eve of the year 1832, in the Royal Saxon Court Chapel in Pleissenburg Castle, the Strasser children sang at the end of the Christmas services:

Silent night, holy night —
All is calm, all is bright,
Round yon Virgin, Mother and Child;
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace —
Sleep in heavenly peace.

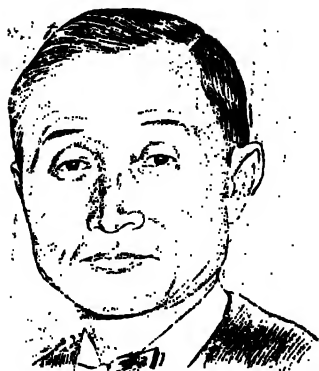
And on that Christmas Eve the song bid the children farewell, to spread quietly around the world.

FOR YEARS, on each Holy Eve, "Silent Night" was sung in the village ofallein, in the house where Gruber lived and died, by a choir accompanied by Gruber's grandson, who used his grandfather's original guitar in the accompaniment. Later this yearly performance was carried round the world by radio — until a day in 1938 when the land of Austria was wiped off the map and the little song of peace became "undesirable."

But the great land of music from which it hails knows no frontiers. And the "Song from Heaven," like the Christmas message itself, still rings for all men of good will.

JIMMY YEN:

China's Teacher Extraordinary



GENERALISSIMO Chiang Kai shek called Jimmy Yen to the capital a few years ago. He had heard about the miracle of Ting Hsien where Yen had turned a mud village into the world's first successful laboratory of mass education and social reconstruction, with some 400,000 illiterate peasants as his willing collaborators and guinea pigs. The Generalissimo and Jimmy talked for three days, and each morning Madame Chiang said to Jimmy: "The Generalissimo was too excited to sleep last night."

And small wonder — for Jimmy Yen is one of the world's most exciting men, China's greatest living teacher and probably the most dynamic educator of our generation.

In the middle of the bombing of Chungking the Generalissimo, keenly alive to the part mass education

Condensed from
"Freedom from Ignorance"

J. P. McEvoy

would play in China's future, insisted that whatever else was stopped the building of Jimmy Yen's National College for Training Administrative and Technical Personnel must go on. He gave Jimmy the equivalent of a million dollars, saying: "I am sorry I can't give you more, but when better times come I will. I will back your movement to the utmost."

For a hundred generations the ancestors of Y. C. James Yen have been scholars and teachers. Jimmy himself is the fused product of three educations — three great teachers — Confucius, Christ and the "coolie." He grew up in the classical tradition. He sat at his father's feet, studying out loud, with his hair done up in six little pigtales — and by the time he was ten years old he had memorized the Four Books and the Five Classics, countless poems, essays and commentaries, topped off by the liquid lines of Li Po. The Western equivalent would be something like your

"Freedom from Ignorance — A Practical Manual for Mass Education,"
by Y. C. James Yen and J. P. McEvoy, will be published by
Simon and Schuster, Inc., Rockefeller Center, N. Y. C.

ten year-old coming home one day and reciting all the books of the Old and New Testaments, with a few plays of Shakespeare thrown in.

Then Jimmy, still a child, went to the mission School of Western Learning and was introduced to science, geography, history, English and Christianity. He took first prize in the entrance examination for the University of Hong Kong, but it didn't do him any good for he wasn't a British subject — his first realistic lesson in Western education.

He finally came to America and went to Yale, where he supplemented a scholarship by singing hymns in the choir. Graduated in 1918, he sailed to the Western Front to help the Army YMCA War Council supervise 200,000 Chinese laborers, imported by the Allies to dig trenches, build roads and work in factories behind the lines. Jimmy was assigned to sell things in the canteen at Boulogne and interpret for the 5000 coolies there. One day one of them begged Jimmy to write a letter for him to his wife. The next day this coolie shyly appeared with three friends who also wanted letters written home. Soon Jimmy was writing scores of letters a day. Also, every night he read the news aloud to the camp.

One night he had an earth-shaking idea — why not try to teach these laborers to write their own letters and read their own news? "Analyzing the coolies' letters," says Jimmy, "I found that a basic Chinese vo-

cabulary of about a thousand characters was sufficient for their simple needs. I called a mass meeting and told them I was going to teach them how to write. Of course they didn't believe me. So complex and difficult is our written language, with more than 40,000 characters, that never in Chinese history had peasants, who are 85 percent of the population, been taught to read and write.

"But I insisted. I wouldn't charge them anything. Who would volunteer? Finally, out of the 5000 present, 40 daring souls volunteered — one ten-millionth of China's population.

"But a thousand li begins with one step.' And so, for four months we devoted an hour each night to the job. When final examinations came, each coolie wrote a letter home and then stood in front of the whole camp and proudly read aloud the news I had written on a blackboard. The others looked at each other in amazement, as though seeing a miracle. And they were."

Jimmy Yen's next group of volunteers was only a little larger — the suspicion of the peasants has deep roots — but seeing was believing and eventually the whole camp signed up. Then Major Cole, who headed the YMCA work, dropped in one night. He heard a subdued uproar going on all over the camp. "It is only my students," said Jimmy, "studying their characters out loud. That's the way classical scholars have done it for centuries and my laborers are not going to be outdone." The

Major went through the camp to see this strange sight. 'He was in tears when he came back,' says Jimmy. 'The pathetic eagerness of those coolies for knowledge touched his heart. He asked if I could do this for all the camps and I said, 'If it will work for 5000 laborers, why shouldn't it work for 200,000?' "

So Jimmy went to Paris, called in the 80 Chinese university men who were acting as volunteer workers in the other camps, and passed on to them his technique. They scattered over France, started teaching the Thousand Characters — and the miracle repeated itself, over and over.

The coolies had learned to read, but there was nothing to read — nothing had ever been written in the Thousand Characters! So Jimmy started the *Chinese Laborers' Weekly*. By now the Peace Conference had started, and every day he explained in simple language what was happening. As a result, Jimmy's student laborers knew almost as much about the Versailles Treaty as the scholars and diplomats back home in China.

"This made a tremendous impression on me," says Jimmy. "It was the beginning of my idea for political education for the masses. These 200,000 represented a fair cross-section of China's 400,000,000. Imagine what it meant to realize they were educable — no one before had suspected it. I had to go to France to learn about my own country — that we were a republic without citizens — and I had to learn from the coolies

how to create citizens through education. 'Coo-lie' literally means 'bitter strength.' Now I knew I must dedicate my life to teaching my people, for only education would make their lot less bitter, their latent power more strong."

Jimmy selected Changsha in Central China as his base of operations. He has a great sense of the dramatic, and he organized his campaign with all the skill of a community chest drive and the hurrah of an Elks' convention. Posters covered the walls: a blind man holding out a letter to an illiterate farmer, with the text, "The farmer, too, is blind because he cannot read." There were parades and speeches. Stores, private homes, pleasure pavilions and temples were turned into People's Schools, where even the farmers studied an hour before dawn. He divided the city into sections, the students into recruiting teams, and he trained all those who could read and write into such fanatic teachers that, out of 1,400 peasants in the first class, 665 passed the examination. They mastered their first reader so quickly that Jimmy was caught flat-footed halfway through writing their second one.

With the assistants he trained in this campaign, Jimmy ran similar drives in other Chinese cities — all wildly successful. From each of these centers spread other centers, and Provincial Mass Education Associations sprang up all over China, finally heading up into a national as-

sociation with headquarters at Peking and an annual budget of — hold your breath! — 3600 Chinese dollars a year, or about \$1000 in American money! As executive director, Jimmy was paid about \$50 (American) a month. There was also a half-time clerk, who with Jimmy constituted the entire national headquarters staff of the movement.

In 1938 Jimmy returned to this country to receive an honorary degree from Yale. He remained to raise a half million dollars from American businessmen, who could never decide whether they had succumbed to Jimmy's Confucian charm or his Christian zeal. Henry Ford gave him \$10,000, saying: "I like your idea. You go about the mass education of people the way I go about the mass production of cars." Jimmy remembered this later when critics taunted him with the deliberate pace of his progress. "If it is taking you seven years to do your job in one district," they would say, "and there are 1900 such districts in China, you have a 13,000-year program." "Not at all," Jimmy would reply. "It took Henry Ford a long time to perfect his first model, but when he got the model right he turned them out by the million."

Now Jimmy went back to China, armed with money and two fundamental, revolutionary concepts. First, if you have an educational theory, test it — not in the classroom with selected groups but in living communities under everyday

conditions. Second, multiply your experiment by personal endeavor, don't just write books about it. To-day, after 20 years of mass education in China, no one connected with the movement has yet written a book about it — everyone is too busy.

In Peking Jimmy organized a mass exodus of scholars and professors — experts in education, economics, government, agriculture, public health — an exodus out of the city back to the country, out of the classroom back to the people. He took them from the proud city of Peking to a humble mud village in Ting Hsien, and there the great scholars, with all their foreign degrees, moved into mud huts and lived with the farmers as friends.

Then Jimmy learned a new lesson — that teaching coolies how to read and write was child's play compared to re-educating Ph.D.'s to step down to the level of mass comprehension. He quoted Saint Paul: "Except ye utter words that are easy to be understood, how shall it be known what is spoken?"

A Ph.D. from Cornell volunteered to develop a chicken brooder for the peasants. The old way was to build a little mud house with one small door for the chickens. They could all get in, but only the hardy came out. The Ph.D. designed an excellent brooder, with tin ventilators, wire screens, automatic gadgets.

"It's beautiful," said Jimmy, "but no good for the farmers of Ting Hsien. Where would they get the

ventilators? Let's try again." I saw the dramatic exhibit of this professor's successive tries — ten in all. The ninth one was made exactly along the scientific lines of the first — and of mud, except that it had a wire screen in front for ventilation. But the Chinese peasant could get no wire screen, even if he could afford it. So the tenth — the successful example of the re-education of a Ph.D. — was a mud chicken brooder with a screen made of twigs.

Doctors graduated from Johns Hopkins were re-educated in practical public health methods by peasants who had never heard of public health. Each village in the Hsien, or district, selected its own health worker from the graduates of the People's Schools. He was given an intensive ten-day training for his duties, which included keeping one sanitary well, administering 16 simple medicines from the community Health Chest bought by the village, giving vaccinations, and so on. And he collected the vital statistics — births and deaths. The census taken by government officials had been highly inaccurate, for the peasants had learned from bitter experience that such information was used either for conscription or taxation. Now a neighbor they knew and trusted was doing the service.

This village health worker took care of all the simple ailments, passing the others to the Sub-Hsien Health Center where there was a B-grade doctor. Cases that were be-

yond his experience were passed on to the Hsien Health Center, staffed by a small group of competent doctors and nurses. The village health worker was paid nothing, but he gained big face in the village, and on Chinese New Year's was presented with small gifts, to the accompaniment of speeches and firecrackers. This ingenious system wiped out trachoma, smallpox and a number of other preventable diseases in Ting Hsien in less than two years, at a total annual cost of less than ten cents per person.

Simple? Deceptively so, for under it all is the same fundamental concept which makes radio quiz shows so successful — "audience participation." Doing all this for themselves, the people develop coöperation — an indispensable training for economic development and for later political education. In the schools the older children learned five characters and then each child went out and taught a class of smaller children the same characters. Even at that level you could begin to discern the born teachers and leaders — and you could start developing them.

"We started out to make the people literate," Jimmy says. "But what good is that if they remain poverty-stricken? So we had to teach them how to be better farmers, breed better animals, grow better crops. Then we found that what they gained as better farmers they lost by being poor businessmen. So we had to teach them how to market. The

Dean of the College of Commerce in Peking resigned, moved into a mud hut, and spent three years developing a simple and foolproof system of accounting that our peasants could use. When the farmers learned to be better businessmen the economic level of the whole Hsien was raised dramatically. In cotton alone, production increased from \$120,000 in 1932 to \$1,800,000 in 1937 -- the year the Japs poured in."

By that time there were 80,000 graduates of the People's Schools, and hundreds of village coöperatives all welded together into one huge Hsien coöperative. From all over China visitors poured in to see and study this experimental center. Many of them went home to start others like it -- some 800, altogether.

When Hankow became China's *de facto* capital in 1938, the Generalissimo appointed General Chang Chi-chung, brilliant defender of Shanghai in 1937, governor of Hunan Province to organize resistance there against the Japanese. General Chang had seen what the Mass Education Movement could do to teach coöperation -- and he invited Jimmy to help organize the entire province of 30,000,000 people on the Ting Hsien model.

Here was the challenge for which Jimmy had been waiting. He took a trained team into the province, mobilized 30,000 helpers, including 5000 refugee scholars, professors and primary school teachers. He organized classes to train new magistrates

and the heads of the five principal bureaus of his new Hsien system -- civil affairs, finance, education, health and economics -- and out of these 30,000 leaders he trained administrative and technical teams of officials to take over the government of the Hsiens and Sub-Hsiens. Officers coming back from the front gave credit for their victories to this effective coöperation of the new local governments, trained personnel and inspired populace.

Meanwhile, Ting Hsien itself was organizing to hold the first local democratic elections in the history of China, when the Japanese invaded the province. Mass Education headquarters fled into Hunan, and later -- when the Japanese pursued -- into Szechwan. And back in Ting Hsien the mass-educated population furnished a thrilling example of guerilla resistance. The mud village changed hands seven times, and of the 472 villages in the Hsien -- each with its People's School -- only 30, those along the railroad, now remain in the hands of the harassed Japanese.

Today the Ting Hsien public health program has been adopted for the entire country and, on the recommendation of the Generalissimo himself, the New Hsien Government System is the pattern for the reconstruction of all China. Since the war started, 27,000,000 Chinese have been taught to read and write, and Jimmy believes that it is entirely feasible to wipe out illiteracy within the next ten years.

Many other organizations, of course, are doing dynamic jobs all over China in public health, mass education and coöperatives. And Jimmy Yen would be the first to acknowledge his debt to the pioneering work of former Ambassador Hu Shih and other great scholars who defied the age-old tradition of writing only in classical Chinese and fathered a literary renaissance based on writing books in colloquial *Pai-Hua*, the language of the people. But it was Jimmy who demonstrated how *Pai-Hua* could be used to educate the masses and make possible the fulfillment of Sun Yat-Sen's vision of a literate, democratic China.

In May of this year, a distinguished audience of scholars gathered in New York's Carnegie Hall on the 400th anniversary of Copernicus and there paid honor to the ten outstanding modern revolutionaries of our time. Among these were Einstein, Disney, Ford — and Jimmy Yen. Jimmy had been selected unanimously by the committee but no one knew where he was until ten days before the celebration, when he turned up in Washington on a global mission to study at firsthand the postwar reconstruction plans for the world.

Just as his plan is deceptively simple, so is Jimmy Yen himself. Slight, graceful, delicate — physically he is like his own native bamboo, for in matters of small importance he bends to the breeze and "conquers by yielding." But when he is aroused with the passion of his mission he has a magnetic power of speech and his black eyes flash fire like an Old Testament prophet. "Two thirds of the people of the world are in the coolie class," he says, and his voice is the voice of Isaiah. "No nation can rise higher than its masses, and until these masses, the world's richest undeveloped resource, are developed through education — until the people are taught to participate themselves in their own reconstruction — world leaders can cry peace! peace! but there will be no peace.

"Mass education will make every man a complete man, and when he has reached that stage he is the brother of every other man. I humbly believe the world needs this education for world democracy, for peace. Then not only can we have the Four Freedoms, but the Fifth Freedom — the greatest of all, without which we cannot have the other four — Freedom from Ignorance."



Jim was writing a letter to his mother. "The food in this camp is absolute poison," he complained. And then he added, "and such small portions."

— Scott Field Broadcaster

A plate-by-plate account of clam bake à la Rhode Island

New England Orgy

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post

T. E. Murphy

WALKING along the sandy shores of Narragansett Bay one day, a hungry pioneer saw a group of friendly Indians squatting on their heels around a mound covered by an old blanket, from the edges of which issued wisps of pungent, appetite-provoking steam. As he approached, the Indians grunted an invitation and cast aside the blanket. There on a bed of steaming seaweed nestled piles of clams, ears of corn, potatoes and, peeping from their wrappings of leaves, white flakes of fish.

As legend goes, the hearty pioneer let loose a piercing yell, tore off his jacket, loosened his belt, rolled up his sleeves and waded in. Several hours later, men from the colony found him lying on his back in the warm white sand, a cherubic smile on his face. Then and there was born the first Rhode Island clam-bake master, now a recognized profession in Rhode Island, with trade secrets handed down from generation to generation. Today, each of the great bake masters is willing to swear on a stack of Bibles that he is a

direct descendant of that early gourmet who ate with the Indians.

The Rhode Island clam bake is prepared today just about as it was hundreds of years ago. It is constructed with an antique cunning and eaten in an air that is laden with the salt ocean spray or the scent of the pine grove.

Pavilions of the big commercial bakes are scattered all along Rhode Island's ragged seashore, but the largest is at Crescent Park. Here, Bill Crowell, dean of Rhode Island bake masters, has baked for as many as 5000 diners on one sunny Sunday.

Private bakes, sponsored by political parties, police and fire departments, sporting and fraternal organizations, are sometimes served at the big commercial places, but usually a well known bake master is hired and he serves it at any desired spot in the state.

Any bake master will tell you that you can't have a real clam bake unless you use Rhode Island clams. The Rhode Island clam is as different from other varieties as champagne from seltzer water. It is small,

delicate, genteel, refined. The shell, so fragile that it can be crushed between the fingers, is filled with an ambrosial nectar. The snout is long, meaty and tender.

After the clams have been dug and washed, they are sorted over carefully and divided into two piles — one for clam chowder and one for the bake. And now we come to a very delicate question: clam chowder. Nearly every legislature in New England has heard some stentorian-voiced politician air his views on the subject. Harsh words have been spoken; friendships have been broken on the question: tomato or cream?

The Rhode Island masters use neither. Clam broth, the ground meat of clams, potatoes, onions, and fried fat salt pork are the ingredients. Those chowder makers who add tomatoes — or even canned tomato soup — are looked upon with rage and scorn by the old-timers. The Maine folks who add cream or milk are regarded somewhat more tolerantly with the attitude of "Well, if they don't know any better!"

At the commercial bakes, your first course consists of chowder and clam cakes. The reasoning is simple. The more chowder and clam cakes you eat, the less room you have for the more expensive ingredients. But at the private bakes the chowder and clam cakes are served at noon and the bake is served about four hours later.

The stage upon which the bake master practices his art is a base of

concrete or concrete and stone. The base Lewell Whitman uses down at Maple Root is 30 feet long and eight feet wide. On this are placed two and a half cords of wood in six-foot lengths laid crisscross, and two wagonloads of stones about bucket-size. There is a layer of wood, then a layer of stones, then a layer of wood, and so on. The entire structure is doused with kerosene and set afire. When the wood has burned away and the stones are white-hot, the ashes are raked out and the stones are pushed around to cover the base. A few red embers are left "to make more flavor."

Moist pungent rockweed, freshly gathered from the ocean, is quickly blanketed over the hot stones. On this steaming bed bushels and bushels of clams are spread in a thick layer. Over the clams are piled sweet and white potatoes in their jackets, tiny white bockwurst, fillets of fish, cloth bags filled with savory stuffing, onions and corn with a thin jacket of husk left on. By now the rockweed is sizzling on the hot stones.

When all the food is laid, a huge canvas tarpaulin, or "sail," is placed over all to keep in the steam and heat. Some bake masters seal the edges of their sails with moist earth. From wet rockweed, scorching against the hot rocks, salty steam wafts upward through the clams. The clams open their shells and the juice trickles down through the seaweed to the hot rocks. Steam from the juice pushes up through the

potatoes and other ingredients to the corn on top. Each food retains its own flavor, but takes on some of the commingled flavor of everything. The result is soul-satisfying.

It may be his 500th bake, but the bake master inevitably wears the worried look of an obstetrician awaiting a difficult case. He glances nervously at his watch and tries futilely to engage in small talk. Occasionally the canvas will rise and fall as if breathing. That means there is too much steam pressure and the food will be overdone.

"She's ablowin'," the bake master says, and his assistants lift one corner of the sail and let out steam until he tells them to seal it up again. It is his judgment against the world.

When the sail is removed, after about an hour and 15 minutes, there is an involuntary "Ah-h-h" from hungry watchers. A cloud of vapor, laden with an inimitable aroma, is wafted to their nostrils.

At this point the watchers scurry to the long tables on which waiters have placed stacks of fresh home-baked white bread and round slices of brown bread, and great platters of sliced tomatoes, cucumbers and onions. At each plate there is a small pitcher of drawn butter.

Men roll up their sleeves and loosen their belts. Napkins are tucked into collars. Then come the waiters or waitresses. They never walk but rush down the long corridors of uncarpeted earth as if they were the bringers of good tidings.

Each diner gets his clams in a well-chipped enameled pan of about a quart capacity — and there is always at least one refill within easy reach.

If it is your first bake, you wait for a moment to see how the situation is handled. The man at your right is working with machinelike precision. His every move spells "veteran." Deftly he removes the meat from the shell, grasps it at the base of the snout, rolls off the thin covering as though it were a loose glove, and dunks it into the butter. As the right hand lifts the clam to the mouth, the left hand reaches for another clam.

After you have eaten a few of the clams, you are tempted to stay with them. But there's always a friendly neighbor to whisper, "Easy, bub; there's other things coming."

Another rush of waiters bears down on you with huge platters of fish and bockwurst, corn and potatoes and stuffing. The potatoes are neither baked nor boiled. They have been permeated by savory steam from the dripping clams and ocean-drenched seaweed. They literally melt in your mouth.

The corn of the clambake is unlike any other you have ever eaten. It is lush and succulent, and after it has been well doused in melted butter and salted slightly, your teeth merely touch the tiny kernels coaxingly, and they leave the cob and come to you almost with an intake of breath.

There is no schedule, no routine. Each man eats all he wants and what he wants, and there is never a lack. Someone is always pushing more food at you from the front or from the sides or over your shoulder. Conversation is virtually at a standstill until satiation is reached.

A pallid aftermath, a sort of tapering off after the main frenzy, comes with the thick slices of watermelon, the heavy mugs of steaming coffee. Satisfied diners wipe their chins and beam on their neighbors. Men light up cigars and pipes, and women powder their noses and sigh contentedly, and say they don't know what ever came over them. They never ate so much in their lives; must be the salt air or the smell of the pines, they say.

After a while, a big fellow with a cigar wanders over to where the bake master and his assistants are

dunking a few clams for themselves. "Nice bake, Bill," the big fellow says. "Clams never tasted better."

Bill, with a buttered clam dangling between his thumb and finger, says genially, "Thanks, Senator; had pretty good luck today."

Luck! Old Bill's been making bakes for more years than the senator has lived, and never lost one of them. It isn't luck, and Bill knows it. It is having a father or an uncle who trained you in boyhood; who impressed upon you the importance of white-hot rocks, fresh seaweed, and sweet Rhode Island clams. And plenty of fresh sea air; a soft ocean breeze blowing to whip up the white caps down there, and the appetite too. And the seagulls wheeling overhead and the far-off blare of a buoy; white clouds scudding across the sky and the cool shade of trees inshore.



Past Perfect

A MEMBER of an old Boston family, now 80, still lives on Beacon Hill and carries on the family traditions. Last winter she entertained a guest from the Middle West to whom she presented her small but select circle of friends. Shortly before leaving, the guest remarked, "Emily, your friends are wonderful women, but tell me, where *do* they get their hats?"

"Oh, my dear," the Bostonian said with pained surprise, "we don't *get* our hats. We *have* our hats."

— Mrs. Paul W. Alexander

ON A BUS in Lynchburg, Virginia, two women were talking about the war. Suddenly, one of them raised her voice and said, "I mean *this* war, not the Civil War."

— Pauline Kline

» How 22 Americans helped the
people of Tunisia help themselves

TUNISIAN REHEARSAL FOR WORLD RELIEF



Condensed from Survey Midmonthly

Kingsbury Smith

BEHIND the Allied armies as they moved across Tunisia came a little band of 22 American civilians, bringing food, clothing and other needed supplies to the civil population. These 22 men, representing the U. S. Office of Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation Operations, were offering aid to the war-stricken people almost before the guns had ceased firing. Once, indeed, a supply truck carrying Fred K. Hochler, head of the mission, was bombed and Hochler lost his suitcase containing all his clothing and personal possessions.

The occupation of North Africa was OFRRO's first opportunity to test its long-considered plans for bringing help to the peoples of the Axis-oppressed countries. The mission found that because of the swiftness of Allied victories, devastation and suffering were on a relatively small scale. Many of the Tunisians had money with which to pay for goods. In other cases, supplies were charged off under lend-lease to the local French authorities. There was little outright American charity.

Needs varied from place to place.

In the city of Tunis, where there was a food shortage, the Jews were most in need of help, since the Germans had requisitioned their buildings, stolen their stoves, ice-boxes, bedding and furniture, and collected from them a fine of 20,000,000 francs.

Herbert H. Lehman, New York's former governor and the head of OFRRO, had laid down the principle that his job was to help people to help themselves. Accordingly, the relief staff immediately sought the cooperation of local leaders in Tunis. Through the president of the Jewish community, the Sheik of the Medinah and representatives of the French public welfare organizations, arrangements were made to get food and clothing to the needy, and to begin the difficult task of returning people to their homes and normal occupations.

Arabs, Jews, French and Italians volunteered their services. Supplies of sugar, flour, rice, tea and clothing were moved in by military trucks and from transports in the harbor. Relief markets were established, operated mostly by local volunteers

under American supervision. The opening of each market was occasion for a celebration, with Allied flags flying, and signs announcing "*Marchandise des Alliés.*" Each head of a family whose need because of war damage was certified by local authorities, bought his ration card, then went down the line receiving food, soap and clothing.

In the Tunisian villages, clothing was of greater interest than food. Many people were half naked because supplies had been unavailable for months. Most of the clothing provided the Tunisians was second-hand; a dress cost from \$1 to \$2, pants or coat 50 cents or \$1.*

Within a few weeks OFRRO's relief markets had served 100,000 people at 30 different centers in Tunisia -- and all under the supervision of only 22 men. For several months more the relief unit distributed free milk to thousands of undernourished children. General distribution has now been discontinued, but 60,000 sick children still draw their daily milk ration.

OFRRO offered actual cash only to European political prisoners released from internment. Even this was not government money, but funds collected by private groups in the United States and Great Britain. These prisoners -- Jews who had fled from Nazi territory or Spanish Republican soldiers who had fled Spain -- were, of course, penniless,

and the agents arranged to give each man a suit of clothes and 200 francs. But many of them refused the money, saying, "All we want is work." Most of them found work quickly, some with the British Pioneer Corps, others in the Spanish or Jewish communities. Those too badly crippled to work, the relief staff placed in a land camp at Fouke Marine. This camp is well on the way to becoming self-supporting. The cripples are raising vegetables, chickens, rabbits and ducks, and making grass sandals for which there is a ready market.

Public health officers with the relief unit established sanitary regulations to prevent epidemics. Agricultural experts made a careful survey of rural Tunisia, and discovered that prospects for this year's harvest were good. The Germans had not had time to damage the crops appreciably. With the restoration of transportation facilities, and some additional supplies of farm machinery and seeds, the country will probably produce surplus grain for export this year.

Though conditions were mild compared with those which relief agents will face in parts of Europe, Tunisia was a valuable rehearsal for the big job ahead. Our men learned that the American standard of living at its lowest is paradisiacal compared to that in many other lands, and that in quick relief work we must take into consideration local standards, not our own. The staff also discov-

* See "Uncle Sam, the Ol' Clo'es Man," The Reader's Digest, September, '43

ered that the Tunisians resented any suggestion of that all too common American failing — the Santa Claus complex.

Our government expects to spend hundreds of millions of dollars to help feed, clothe, house and rehabilitate great areas of the world. But this is not wholly a humanitarian gesture; we frankly expect this investment to pay dividends.

As word spreads of America's readiness to bring help to the war-stricken areas it will encourage the people of the conquered countries, and eventually even those of the enemy countries, to welcome and cooperate with our armies. The Sicilians, for example, made our invasion easier by their friendly attitude. The war is costing American taxpayers about a billion dollars every three days. Should America's relief program shorten the conflict by even a week or two, the savings in dollars, not to mention human lives, would be enormous.

Another main objective of the program is to avert economic chaos in the liberated countries. Immediate help may mean the difference between anarchy bred of desperation, and a well-ordered rebuilding of international trade. Any program that helps prevent the breakdown of Europe, which might lead to another world-wide depression, would be cheap at any imaginable price.

True, our investment may for a short time be enormous. We shall have to aid the various countries

with money, food, clothing, building supplies, and industrial and agricultural machinery.

OFRRO is already building up stock piles of clothing for 10,000,000 people, at a cost of \$54,000,000. In so doing, it is trying to avoid the use of materials we ourselves need. Osnaburg, similar to flour sacking, of which there is a surplus, will be dyed attractively and made into dresses and blouses for warm climates. Canvas and duck will be used for shoes, men's trousers and work clothing. Aralac, a casein product with many of the properties of wool, will be turned into clothing for northern peoples. Not one hook, snap or metal fastener will be used. The clothing will be only an emergency, basic wardrobe, but it will be comfortable and practical.

Similar plans for providing food and the other necessities are under way. Experience has shown the relief agents that once people are enabled to plant and harvest a crop, the peak of relief operations has been passed, and people can begin to help themselves.

Raw materials are to be made available according to need, rather than according to ability to pay — one of OFRRO's most revolutionary ideas. But we shall demand payment whenever it is possible. Where payment of money is out of the question, we shall expect compensation in the form of trade arrangements, reduction of tariffs, and the like. We intend to keep a dollar and cents

record of the aid we render, although we will not mortgage the future of the war-wrecked countries by attempting to enforce payment of huge war debts. A prosperous customer is better than an impoverished debtor, in any business.

The American government also recognizes the fact that no one nation can restore the world from its resources alone. The State Department has proposed the establishment of a United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration. A draft agreement was submitted to 43 other nations, revised to meet certain objections from some of the smaller powers and finally approved. The first conference of the UNRRA will be held early in November in this country.

The agreement provides for a director-general, a council made up of representatives of all member governments, and a central committee consisting of representatives of the four major powers, which will direct the carrying out of the council's plans.

Each member government will be required to pledge contributions "within the limits of its available resources." For example, at least 50 percent, perhaps more, of the total cereals required for European relief

can readily come from areas outside the United States. A start has been made with the international agreement whereby Canada, the United Kingdom, Australia and Argentina, as well as the United States, have undertaken to contribute large quantities of wheat. To fulfill the Atlantic Charter pledge that all nations shall enjoy equal access to raw materials, the United Nations will contribute a certain percentage of their surplus stocks of oil, coal, cotton, rubber, iron and tin to a pool. Nations lacking these resources will receive them from the pool, paying what they can, but receiving, as a temporary pump-priming measure, what they need.

The agreement provides that any direct financial commitments made by this government shall be in accordance with usual Congressional procedure.

We can maintain our system of free enterprise, it is argued, only in a cooperating society of nations which will enable us to be both free from the burden of war and enterprising in world trade. The price we pay to help bind up the wounds of war, and prevent world chaos, will be a gilt-edged investment in preserving and furthering our kind of world.

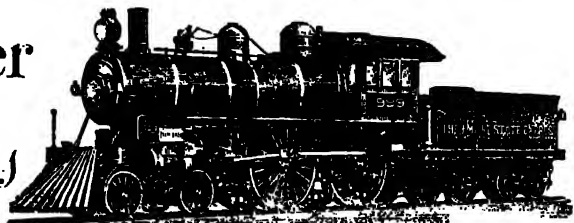


WE MUST not try to manipulate life; rather we must find out what life demands of us, and train ourselves to fulfill these demands. It is a long and humble business.

—Phyllis Bottome, *Survival* (Little, Brown)

★ *Old 999 which did better than 100 miles an hour back in 1893*

Trailblazer for Streamliners



Condensed from *Coronet* • William F. McDermott

ON THE bright spring afternoon in 1893, Charley Hogan, crack engineer of the New York Central's *Empire State Express*, "took off the bridle" of Engine 999 to see what she could do. And 999 hung up a world's speed record that lasted 41 years, until the advent of streamlined Diesel-engined trains.

In those days, the railroads were competing with each other in building choice equipment for display at the approaching Columbian Exposition at Chicago. The New York Central boys, who in 1891 had broken U. S. and British speed records with a 52½-miles-per-hour run between New York and Buffalo, went into a huddle. Their secret goal was to astound the world with a speed of 100 miles an hour.

The job was turned over to Bill Buchanan, veteran superintendent of motive power. He made some radical experiments. Engine 999 had special seven-foot-high drivers, too big to pull heavy loads, but useful in getting up speed. She was also the first locomotive to have brakes on

the front trucks, and she had a newly patented Buchanan firebox. When she rolled out of the West Albany yards under her own steam she was a thing of shining beauty: all her bands and pipes and trimmings glistened with polish; the cab was brightly painted; and across the tender in gold-leaf letters two and one half feet high was emblazoned: "THE EMPIRE STATE EXPRESS."

Meantime, the maintenance department was getting ready for the great test, smoothing off rough spots in the track, laying more ballast and testing switches. The tunnel under Sing Sing prison, on the main line north of New York, was deepened a foot to accommodate 999's height.

After the Central's new pet had been babied through preliminary tests at 80 miles an hour, President Webb called in three veteran engineers. He asked each one if he felt he could make a record-breaking run. Two hesitated. The third, Charley Hogan, an old-timer who had bucked everything from snow to Indians, replied instantly, "I can do it!" He was assigned the job.

The test was to take place on the division between Syracuse and Buffalo. The train carried four coaches, with many railroad celebrities on board—and three men with stop watches to check each other on time records.

Hogan rolled along at a casual 80-miles-an-hour, slowing down for curves, until he had passed Rochester and reached Batavia. Here began 36 miles of straightaway track. A few miles ran slightly upgrade, then there was a stretch of 14 miles on a dead level.

Out onto the 14-mile stretch the glistening train swung like a bird in flight. Charley opened the throttle a bit and 909 leaped ahead. Ninety miles an hour for one mile, the stop-watchers clicked in unison; another mile at 95; another at 97; and finally, as fields and farmhouses slipped by in a blur, the magic, longed-for, dreamed-of 100-miles-an-hour mile was ripped off.

But Charley and his indomitable fireman, Al Elliott, didn't know it. All the engine crew did know was that 909 still had more speed left in her. Al Elliott stepped up the dizzy rhythm of feeding fuel to the monster. Another notch went the throttle, then the last one. And 909 rose to the occasion. Faster and faster raced those greatest drivewheels in

the world. Spectators couldn't count the coaches — they could barely glimpse them.

Would she hold the track? Charley Hogan's intuition told him she would. Back in the coaches, the passengers' hearts were pounding.

After the slowdown and the triumphant arrival in Buffalo, carefully checked figures told the amazing truth. They had ridden, for the first time in the history of the world, at the dizzy pace of $112\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour!

Charley Hogan took his famous 909 and the *Empire State Express* to bask in the admiration of millions at the Chicago World's Fair. At the Chicago Century of Progress Exposition in 1933 and 1934, Engineer Hogan and the old engine were featured in the big railroad exhibit. They drew such crowds that New York planned to play them up in its World's Fair in 1939 and 1940. The famous locomotive was there, but without its engineer. Hogan had got the forward signal and had gone into the "clear" — passing away just before he was 90.

Today famous Old 909 rests at ease in quarters at West Albany. It is kept in the pink of condition and is ready — just in case — to do its bit any time by hauling four coaches at 70 miles an hour or better.

As FOR what you're calling hard luck — well, we made New England out of it. That and codfish. — Stephen Vincent Benét, *All That Money Can Buy* (RKO)

They're in the Army Now

» ALONG with a crowd of soldiers I was making my way through a station in Chicago; we moved slowly, for hundreds of relatives and friends were jammed at the gates. A clean-cut young soldier in front of me called out suddenly, "Hi, Mom, how are you?" In response, a well-dressed woman cried in the same spirit, "Hi there, son," and she promptly gave him a vigorous bear-hug. Then I heard her whisper, with a far-away look in her eyes, "I wish you were!"

And the soldier, as he moved on, said, "So do I, lady!"

—Contributed by Morris N. Kertzer

» A LAD of 23 made so good at the Officer Candidate School at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, that he was retained as an instructor at the Field Artillery School. The lowest ranking officer taking his course was a major. The day of his first class, the new lieutenant stood outside the door a few minutes, gulped thrice and entered. Striding briskly to the platform he said in a loud, clear voice: "I suppose there are at least 10,000 officers in the United States Army who know more about this subject than I do." He paused. Then: "But I see none of them here today, so I shall go right ahead and speak freely."

From that moment the kid had the majors, colonels and brigadiers right in his pocket.

—W. D. in *Collier's*

» ONE Sunday evening three American soldiers were strolling through a village "somewhere in the Pacific."



Atop a native chapel, an old train bell clanged a summons to vespers. Then strains of a song caused the Americans to prick up their ears and break into a run for the chapel. Inside they beheld an unforgettable spectacle. From a platform, a 20-year-old staff sergeant, flushed and triumphant, was leading the dusky congregation through the grand finale, the natives singing shrilly and swaying with the music: "*Hail to thee, our Alma Mater, Hail, oh hail, Cornell!*"

—Contributed by Corporal J. P. Rich

» WHEN an officer of a naval hospital in California found many beds empty in a ward supposed to house marines and sailors back from the Pacific war zone, an orderly explained: "The men are accustomed to sleeping on the ground and they didn't rest well on mattresses. They're under the beds, sir."

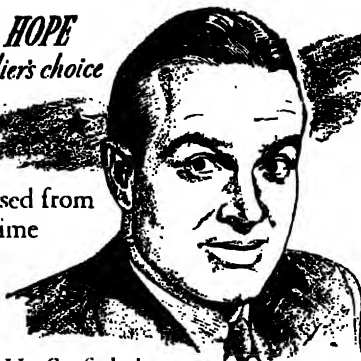
—Rennie Taylor in *Minneapolis Tribune*

» CAMP HOLABIRD in Baltimore is across the highway from a General Motors plant. One day at lunch time the company's steps were generously sprinkled with girl workers when a top sergeant left camp with a detail of a hundred men. Down the highway they came: "One — two — three — four!" As the front rank neared the steps the top-kick turned smartly to face his charges and barked, "Eyes Right!" When the last of the detail had passed and every man had had his look, the order came, "Front!" and the army carried on in its usual business manner.

—Contributed by Charles A. Velte

BOB HOPE
the soldier's choice

Condensed from
Time



Where There's Hope There's Life

So U. S. fighting men, Bob Hope has become a legend. The legend sprang up swiftly, telepathically, among our men in Britain this summer, traveling faster than even whirlwind Hope himself, then flew ahead of him to North Africa and Sicily, growing larger as it went. Like most legends, it represents measurable qualities in a kind of mystical blend. Hope was funny, treating hordes of soldiers to roars of laughter. He was friendly -- ate with service men, drank with them, read their doggerel, listened to their songs. He was indefatigable, running himself ragged with five, six, seven shows a day. But more than all this, he was the straight link with home, the radio voice that for years had filled the living room. Hence boys whom Hope might entertain for an hour awaited him for weeks. And when he came, anonymous guys who had had no other recognition felt personally remembered.

This tearing trip -- about 250 cam, and hospital shows in 11

weeks -- was no floodlighted 100-yard dash, but just a fast lap in a very long race. In 1941 Hope got an Oscar "for humanity," for a record-breaking 562 benefits in two years. Probably the first entertainer to work with the armed forces, he has also been the most frequent. Using trains, cars, trucks, tanks, jeeps, he has played in virtually every U. S. camp. Last fall he took his company on an Alaskan tour that carried them straight through to the tiny posts in the Aleutians where men almost never get leave.

In England this summer Hope & Company (singer Frances Langford, guitarist Tony Romano, comic Jack Pepper) "rested" from camp shows by bobbing up in hospitals, dropping in on ack-ack crews, sloshing across rain-swept heaths to entertain soldiers on maneuvers.

There were gags of all nations. Hope joshed the British: "Churchill certainly travels; he's been in Casablanca more than Humphrey Bogart." He ragged the Scots: "That blackout's wonderful; you should see the Scotchmen running around developing film." The real show,

however, was for the Yanks, and he knew what they wanted: "Were the soldiers at the last camp happy to see me! They actually got down on their knees. What a spectacle! What a tribute! What a crap game!"

There was one camp Hope did not get to — so to catch his performance 600 men tramped ten miles across the moors, could not get within earshot, started tramping back again. After the show Hope heard about them, tossed his gang into jeeps, overtook the hikers and in a drenching downpour, clowning for 40 minutes.

Sometimes head and heart worked together. When a wounded kid in a hospital busted out crying while Frances Langford was singing, Hope broke the agonized silence that followed by saying: "Fellas, the folks at home are having a terrible time about eggs. They can't get any powdered eggs at all. They've got to use the old-fashioned kind you break open."

The North Africa-Sicily circuit was toughest of all. Bombed in Algiers, Bizerte, Palermo, Hope once almost dislocated his hip, once got jammed between two targets — an airport and an ammunition dump. One of the troupe commented: "We did a show and ran for our lives." Cracked Hope, "I've never done anything else."

In an open Sicilian gully, Hope

I RAN across Bob Hope and his crew in Sicily. Bob has the right touch with soldiers, even those suffering from wounds. In a hospital he's liable to go up to some poor guy swathed in bandages, and instead of spreading out the old sympathy he will shake hands and say something such as "Did you see my show this evening, or were you already sick?" The boys love it.

— Ernie Pyle, War Correspondent,
N. Y. World-Telegram

had his greatest and most grateful audience: 10,000 weary men just back from battle. In exchange for gags like "I led such a sheltered life I didn't go out with the girls till I was almost four," the veterans gave him captured Lugers, dirks, Mussolini medals.

In September, Hope came home again to resume another life in which he is tops. Between radio and the cinema, he beats all rivals as a double-draw; the name Hope has become a synonym for Tuesday night, has helped make the *Road to Morocco* almost as famous as the *Road to Mandalay*. Yet his huge mike-and-movie success is less than a lustrum old. And it is so huge it obliterates all memory of Hope as a vaudeville headliner and a Broadway star.

But vaudeville is the key to Hope. He is first and foremost a gag man, with a gag man's brash ability to keep moving, ad lib, hit back; above all, with a gag man's sense of timing. He has no special trick of speech,

gift of pantomime, or sense of character such as made Durante famous as The Wild Man, Chaplin as The Little Man, Ed Wynn as The Perfect Fool. Quite inartistically, indeed, Hope was born with a kind of strenuous averageness — which paradoxically managed to set him apart. He is any healthy, cocky, capering American. With his ski-slide nose and matching chin, he looks a little funny but he also looks normal, seems part of the landscape rather than the limelight. And though he hugs the limelight with a showman's depthless ego, in Hope himself is a hunger to reach people as a human being.

The great ad-libber leaves nothing to luck. He wins by being hare and tortoise both — by carefully plugging along with the help of a batch of script writers and a roomful of filing cabinets, then racing ahead on his own sharp wit. In any Hope broadcast, it's a wise crack that knows its own father.

Hope carves up his movie scripts too — and if his best friend Bing Crosby is also in the picture they go in for downright slaughter. To one scripter who turned up on the set of *Road to Singapore*, Hope hollered: "If you hear any of your dialogue, yell *Bingo!*"

Leslie Townes Hope was born in Eltham, England, in 1904, the fifth of a stonemason's seven sons. (He later changed Leslie to Lester because it sounded more masculine, Lester to Bob because it sounded

more matey.) The Hopes migrated to Cleveland, where Bob ran around with a bunch of little toughies, filching apples from pushcarts, racking pool balls, selling papers. He was also a choirboy until "in the middle of a lovely solo, my voice changed."

After leaving school, Hope lost an assortment of jobs by turning clown during business hours. He also tried the prize ring, proved to be "the only fighter that had to be carried both ways." When Bob was 21, Fatty Arbuckle arrived in Cleveland on a comeback tour, hired Hope and a friend to fill out his vaudeville act. Afterward the pair started hoofing through the hinterland.

In a shabby theater in New Castle, Ind., came the turning point of Hope's career. He was asked to announce the next week's vaudeville bill, gagged the assignment to furious applause, turned monologist on the spot. As a "single" with a flip, fast delivery, he landed a one-week job in a Chicago variety theater, stayed six months. From then on "one triumph led to another and I soon found myself only \$4000 in debt." By 1930 he had reached the top, was playing Broadway's Palace.

Vaudeville steppingstoned him into musicomedry: *Roberta*, the *Ziegfeld Follies*. Thereafter radio, and then the movies, made him rich. Today he makes well over \$600,000 a year — at least three pictures at \$125,000 each, around \$7500 a week from his broadcasts. He has no artist's denseness in handling cash.

When a business agent asked a bank official to try to swing him the management of Hope's affairs, the official remarked: "Bob Hope should be handling yours."

Hope is well liked in Hollywood, easy to work with, hard to rile, so fast with gags he is almost fatiguing. He can never resist one. He phoned a Hollywood friend all the way from London to wheeze: "I saw Churchill last night — a great newsreel."

With his attractive wife, Dolores Reade, a former night-club singer whom he calls Mommy, and their two small adopted children, Hope lives unpretentiously in a rambling

San Fernando Valley house that boasts neither swimming pool nor tennis court. His home life is best described as nonexistent. Said Hope recently: "When I get home these days, my kids think I've been booked there on a personal-appearance tour."

Inexhaustible, Hope piles job on job — work, which originally meant the path to glory, has become an end, a need, a form of excitement in itself. His camp tours, by putting him under incredible pressure, give him an enormous lift. Pleased that he is first in the hearts of service men, he can hardly wait to be off to the South Pacific.

Facts about Fascists

Excerpt from *The New Yorker*



IT is already apparent that the word "Fascist" will be one of the hardest-worked words in the Presidential campaign. Henry Wallace called some people Fascists in a speech, and next day up jumped Harrison Spangler, the Republican, to remark that if there were any Fascists in this country you would find them in the New Deal's palace guard. It is getting so a Fascist is a man who votes the other way. Persons who vote *your* way, of course, continue to be "right-minded people."

We are sorry to see this misuse of the word "Fascist." If we recall matters, a Fascist is a member of the Fascist party or a believer in Fascist ideals. These are: a nation founded on bloodlines,

political expansion by surprise and war, murder or detention of unbelievers, transcendence of state over individual, obedience to one leader, contempt for parliamentary forms, plus some miscellaneous gymnastics for the young and a general feeling of elation. It seems to us that there are many New Deal Democrats who do not subscribe to such a program, also many aspiring Republicans. Other millions of Americans are nonsubscribers. It's too bad to emasculate the word "Fascist" by using it on persons whose only offense is that they vote the wrong ticket. The word should be saved for use in cases where it applies, as it does to members of our Ku Klux Klan, for instance.

TALKING POINTS

Eleven Star Mother

From Collier's

William F. McDermott

» IN A window in Chicago, Mrs. Frances Evans Dyke, 43 years old, has hung a service flag with 11 stars for her 11 sons. The record is said to be without parallel in American history. Triplets, 29, the eldest of the brothers, are in the air forces in the South Pacific; two sets of twins, 28 and 26, are in the Marines; twins, 24, are in the army; two younger boys, 21 and 19, born singly, are in the army and navy respectively. They are all sons of the late Joseph Evans, a veteran of World War I. By a second marriage seven years ago, Mrs. Dyke has four more sons, one born this summer.

"I suppose it seems incredible — maybe terrible — to some people to have had so many sons," says Mrs. Dyke, "but I've had a whale of a lot of fun as a mother. I'd have liked a girl or two for variety, but the boys have always been swell to me. I realize I married terribly young; frankly, I don't regret it."

She was married at 13; her husband, a miner, was 25. When she was 29, he was killed in an accident. The young widow went to work as a waitress in a hospital, somehow kept the family together. The boys began helping as soon as they could do little jobs, but at their mother's insistence most of them finished high school.

Every night, Mrs. Dyke prays for her 11 fighting sons. "I don't pray they shall be kept from all harm," she says. "But I do ask God that they be true soldiers, sailors and marines, and worthy of their father's record in the first World War."

— *Collier's*, August 21 '43

The Big Political Problem of 5,000,000 Overseas Voters

From The United States News

» NEXT YEAR'S Presidential campaign may find 9,000,000 voters in the armed forces, 5,000,000 of them overseas, many in actual combat. The election might turn on their votes. Military and civil officials are working on a new set of rules to meet this unprecedented situation. It raises a series of hard questions.

How can the candidates get their cases before constituents scattered to the corners of the earth?

Up to now a political candidate has had legal assurance of an even break with his opponent in the division of radio time. But now the army itself handles broadcasts to troops. There simply will not be enough time on army programs to let all candidates speak as much as they wish.

Already this is an issue. President Roosevelt's speech advocating postwar

benefits for soldiers was denounced by Harrison Spangler, chairman of the Republican National Committee, as a political appeal. He demanded that the government send his accusations to service men all over the world. The government sent about 100 words of the President's address but sent none of Spangler's reply.

It is not clear to what extent candidates will be allowed to address soldiers, even in this country. The mails, however, are open to all; electioneering material will be transmitted uncensored to soldiers at home or abroad.

At times, President Roosevelt will be communicating with troops as their commander. At other times, if he runs, he will be communicating with them as a candidate for their votes. The problem is how to keep the military and the political roles of the President separate.

How will political speeches beamed to troops by radio sound to enemies and neutrals? Name-calling between candidates might tend to weaken the position of the future President with his own troops. It might undermine the future President's prestige in the world. This suggests one kind of limitation on freedom of political debate.

The first Presidential primary is less than six months away and the work of getting new rules to govern the campaign is barely begun.

— *The United States News*, August 27, 1944

American Seeds at War

From The New York Times
Magazine

Millard C. Fought

» By ship and by plane we have sent to our Allies and our forces overseas 100,000,000 pounds of vegetable and field seeds to produce food where it is needed most — often right behind the lines.

The strategy behind this is very simple — an airplane can carry enough seed to raise a hundred shiploads of cabbage.

The faster the Nazis were chased westward, the more seeds the Russians requested. In addition to vast quantities supplied through lend-lease, American civilians have supplied them with more than three million pounds of all varieties in "seed kits" distributed through the Russian War Relief Society. Victory gardens were planted in the ruined spaces of Stalingrad and Leningrad.

The first great sea-borne shipment of seed has already been planted in North Africa, to supplement emergency supplies sent by air.

In Equatorial and East Africa, refugees from Europe, thousands of Italian prisoners, and British garrison forces are producing on-the-spot supplies of vegetables from American seed.

But it is in the British Isles that our seed shipments have done most service. The British have brought nearly eight million acres of new land into production — a 66 percent increase. Last year we sent these embattled farmers, one third of whom must stay up each night during harvest time to guard their fields and barns against enemy-sown fires, 30,000,000 pounds of seed.

In return they are now supplying our troops in England with fresh vegetables.

American contingents arriving in Australia last fall (planting time "down under") immediately began to plant vegetable gardens. A single order requested 137,228 pounds of seed, with necessary farm machinery and canning equipment. This summer our soldiers in Iceland had seeds available to see what manner of Victory gardens they could raise during the long sun-days of Arctic summer.

In spite of the enormous military and civilian demands, we are building up stock piles of seed for use in replanting the now occupied areas during the first spring of peace.

Prior to 1939 the United States was a heavy importer of seeds from Holland, Germany, Poland and the Balkan countries. But with only two growing seasons' notice, American seedsmen were able to supply the Food Distribution Administration with 71,143,143 pounds of hundreds of different kinds of seeds by the end of 1942.

The story of seeds at war is prophetic. Few of the Nazi atrocities will live in the hearts of the conquered peoples longer than the memory of the Nazi theft of the little hoards of seed hidden on every farmstead. Peasant farmers from Calais to Rostov will never forget this crime.

— *The New York Times Magazine*, September 5, '43

Record on a Wire

From *Fortune*

» AFTER the war, the phonograph-record industry, which sold 110,000,000 disks at its peak in 1941, will have to face the competition of a new method that records sound by magnetic impulses on wire or tape.

The recording-on-wire principle was discovered a generation ago by a Danish physicist, Valdemar Poulsen. Perfected by American research, magnetic recording is being used by the armed services.

In magnetic recording a wire as thin as a human hair is moved between the poles of an electromagnet at about one and one-quarter feet per second. The electromagnet is connected to the microphone. As the sound waves vary, the alternating current induced in the wire magnetizes it accordingly. To play back the record, the magnetized wire is passed through another magnet connected to an amplifier and loudspeaker. Because mechanical contact between wire and magnet is limited to a tiny area, surface noise is negligible and the wire is subjected to little wear. [Selections of any length can be played without such annoying interruptions as disk-changing causes.] If a recording has outlived its usefulness, it can be blotted out magnetically, and the wire can be used over again.

Postwar home sets will make possible the recording of radio programs. The method can also be used to record telephone conversations. Among army uses today is the recording of pilots' comments on operational or test flights.

— *Fortune*, September, '43

Your Baby or Your Job

From *Woman's Home Companion*

Gretta Palmer

» PREGNANCY is now America's No. 1 industrial health problem. The 20,000,000 women at work are almost all of child-bearing age, and more than half of them are married. The results are just what you

might expect: high absenteeism, a soaring abortion rate, grave effects on health.

A large corporation with plants in several parts of the country finds that at all times one sixth of all married women employes are absent because they have just had or are about to have a baby, or have had an abortion. This company does not discourage maternity. Many plants discharge a woman as soon as her pregnancy is discovered, so that she has to make the tragic choice: her baby or her job. Often she conceals her condition and works too long, or she turns to the abortionist.

Dr. Morris Fishbein estimates that the number of abortions has increased 20 to 40 percent during the war. One fourth of pregnancies among women working in one of the country's largest war plants end in abortion, according to the plant physician. In many war towns, the slang term for an abortion is "three-day absence." Some employers encourage women to report pregnancy early, give them prenatal care, lighter tasks, time off for birth and their jobs back. Others fire expectant mothers, mostly because they are afraid of lawsuits. Suppose a woman suffers an accident which results in a stillbirth—what damages can she collect? Nobody knows.

But the problem of pregnancy among working women is finally getting the attention it deserves. Employers, social workers and the medical profession are studying it and are trying to evolve an enlightened policy.

— *Woman's Home Companion*, October, '43

WASHINGTON WONDERLAND

A 2500-word OPA press release announcing a reduction in "the present highly inflated prices of cabbage seeds" explains: "Cabbage seed" (*Brassica capitata*) is the seed used to grow cabbage." —UP

A poultry raiser who couldn't understand OPA's price regulation on eggs appealed to a chain store purchasing agent. The agent couldn't understand it either, so he appealed to his public relations counsel. The public relations man phoned the OPA man who wrote the original order.

"I can't understand it, either," said the OPAer.

"But I thought you wrote it!" insisted the public relations man.

"I did!" said the OPAer. "But when it left my desk it was only three pages long. When it came back to me from the legal division it was 33 pages long."

— Peter Edson, NEA



Old Man Buffalo

Condensed from
Natural History

Donald Culross Peattie

The slaughter of the Monarch of the Plains, America's biggest animal: how his herds, once 50,000,000 strong, fought settlers for mastery of the West.

PROBABLY MORE than a million Americans toiled slowly and painfully over the prairies before the railroads crossed the continent. For half a century America's greatest host served those million people, and served them royally. He fed them with juicy fresh meat, covered them with rich robes, supplied them with fuel where often there was not a stick of wood to burn. He showed them the way to the water holes, and the fords where the covered wagons could cross. No wonder this frontier hero is immortalized on our five-cent pieces.

His name was Old Man Buffalo.

The bison or American buffalo was, and is, the biggest animal on the American continents. A full-grown bull stands, on the average, six feet at the shoulder and is from 10 to 12½ feet long, tail included. He weighs a mean — very mean — 1800 pounds; but 2400 pounds is recorded. The horns are not espe-

cially long, but the breadth of the savage crown between them is superb. With those horns a bull could rip the rope-tough prairie sod to make himself a wallow, could toss a whole wolf pack, disembowel a horse or even carry horse and rider aloft for a hundred yards before hurling them to the ground. More dangerous than a grizzly bear, a cow defending her calf can be one of the world's most ferocious animals. As for a herd of buffalo, no creature that stood its ground to argue with a stampede could live 60 seconds.

Before the white man came, the American bison was the most numerous of all the earth's big land mammals. Naturalists have estimated the total number variously, but nobody suggests that there were less than 50,000,000. The early cowboys could not find words to describe the hordes of these prairie monarchs. That great plainsman, Colonel Dodge, describes a single herd 25 miles across, extending north and south as far as his eyes could see. In the steamboat era, traffic on the Missouri River might be stopped for days by buffalo herds swimming the stream.

It was the greatest meat supply the Creator ever bestowed on a lucky country, but owing to greedy wastage not one third of the buffalo slaughtered were ever utilized. Certain epicures of the prairie slew bison only for their delicious tongues, leaving the rest to wolves. Frequently buffalo were killed only for the hides. Pioneers butchered them to fatten their hogs. Millions were slain simply to clear them off the land.

By 1810 the bison were pushed over the Mississippi, and there was no trace of them in the eastern forests except the trails they had made walking in single file. Dan Boone's Wilderness Road followed in part a buffalo path from Tennessee, through Cumberland Gap to the salt licks of Kentucky. Many a city stands where it is today because the bison beat an ancient roadway there.

Doom came for the plains herds with the laying of the transcontinental railways. Old Man Buffalo didn't take this invasion as a sitting bull; he met it head on. He pushed down the new telegraph poles. He stood on the railroad tracks and stopped the trains; charging between cars, he broke the couplings.

The Kansas Pacific Railroad hired Colonel William Cody, at the fancy salary of \$500 a month, to clear snorting brutes from the right of way. With his gang of exterminators he not only decimated the herds but supplied the construction crews with fresh meat daily. On a bet, Colonel Cody killed 69 in one day. In 18

months he chalked up a score of 4280 bison. That's how he came to be known as "Buffalo Bill."

Confronted with systematic attacks like this, the buffalo faced their tragic destiny. For the great beasts had to go when the white man came. The pioneer's farms, his fences, cattle, sheep and crops, could not share America with these ferocious monsters. The Santa Fe's "Buffalo Jones" declared that in 1865 there remained but 15,000,000 bison; and in that single year 1,000,000 were slaughtered. Half of the remainder were gone by 1872, the peak of the kill. In 1883, Montana's biggest herd — 10,000 animals — was exterminated in a few days; sharpshooters guarded every water hole during the burning summer hours and by firelight at night, and when the thirst-maddened brutes braved the bullets to get at water not one escaped.

Much of this slaughter was for the sake of the hides, which had soared in price as they decreased in quantity. These were heaped beside the railroad in piles high as Kansas haystacks, mile after mile. But toward the end, the king of primeval America was made the butt of sport. It became fashionable for wealthy big game hunters and titled visitors to "kill the last buffalo." For Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, a hunt was arranged by General Sheridan, with General Custer, Colonel Cody, a pack of Indian scouts and a troop of U. S. Cavalry to round up some of

—the lonely survivors; afterward a buffalo barbecue was held, laced with champagne.

Now where once the sovereign herds had thundered, lay only their bleached bones — acre after acre of them. Contemporary photographs show the plains white with them far as eye could see. And even in this skeleton form Old Man Buffalo helped the pioneer. The bones had a high market value for use in sugar refining and for fertilizer, and many an early settler paid his first land fee by selling the buffalo bones he cleared off his claim. One dealer shipped 3000 carloads to Kansas City and made a fortune.

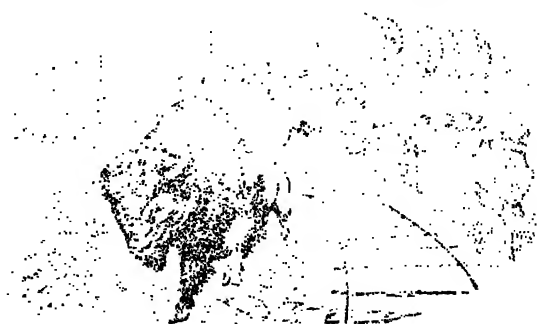
Yet where Old Man Buffalo had passed, he still gave light and warmth. For years after the herds had vanished, travelers across the treeless plains found fuel in buffalo chips, and over such campfires many a heartening meal was cooked, many a tall tale told. And when even the chips were gone, prairie settlers still could trace the way to the precious water holes, because the buffalo paths that led there, for ages fertilized by the droppings of the great animals, were always marked by taller, greener grass.

Now the prairie sod was broken and fenced; the rails crisscrossed the plains. Exiled, hunted, the last few bison were facing extinction. President Grant vetoed a

bill to save them, and Congress shelved measure after measure for their conservation. But a few men perceived that some strength and pride of our own, some American splendor, would be gone when the last of the buffalo went.

Perhaps it was Walking Coyote, a Pend d'Oreille Indian, who proved the first friend of the vanishing buffalo. He roped two male and two female calves, and from that beginning grew the great Allard-Pancho and Conrad herds of Montana, from which are descended many of the pure-blooded bison living today. In the Panhandle, Colonel Charles Goodnight, at the entreaties of his wife, also saved a few wild calves, which he lured home to protection on his ranch, and soon other appreciative Westerners followed suit.

The American Bison Society, founded in 1905 by Theodore Roosevelt and others, raised \$50,000 to create the Montana National Bison Range. Today there are fine herds also in Nebraska, Oklahoma, South Dakota and Yellowstone Park, and a herd has been introduced into



Alaska. Altogether the bison population of the United States now totals more than 5000.

There are actually more little buffaloes coming into the world today than there is range land free to accommodate them. Unneeded calves are sold to zoos. If there is still a surplus, it goes to the Indians. And this is fitting, for to the red men the buffalo is a creature of divine origin,

a gift of the Great Spirit, that plays an ancient part in their religious ceremonies.

To any American, Old Man Buffalo is a prized fellow citizen, and the memory of his former greatness will quicken our pulses as long as bunch-grass grows and the west wind blows and a single bison horn is still turned up in the furrows of a prairie plowing.



The Ant as a Military Problem

A frantic medical inspector at a Georgia air base sat down and wrote this note to the medical supply officer of the station hospital:

"Following telephone information from your office that you were unable to issue carbon disulphide for use in this office in ant control, request was made of Quartermaster. We were informed by Quartermaster that they could only issue such preparation if the ant to be exterminated was in the building. If it was outside the building, the issuance of such preparation properly should come from Engineering. It is difficult to determine the intentions of the ants we are attempting to exterminate -- some live inside and wander outside for food, while some live outside and forage inside for food. It is a difficult problem to determine which ant comes from without and is an Engineering ant, and which ant comes from within and is a Quartermaster ant. Some of our ants appear to be going in circles and others apparently are wandering at random. Such ant tactics are very confusing and could result in a Quartermaster ant being exterminated by Engineering poison or an Engineering ant by a Quartermaster poison, which would be contrary to the letter of regulations and would probably lead to extensive investigation and lengthy letters of explanation.

"In view of the fact that Quartermaster poison has been found to kill an ant just as dead as Engineering poison, and vice versa, request is made that your office draw identical poisons for issue to this office from both Engineering and Quartermaster and mix same so that there will be no way of knowing which poison killed the ant."

— *Fifth Service News*

» From American gangsters "the Major" learned many lethal tricks to teach his super-commandos



Murder Is His Business

Condensed from This Week,
New York Herald Tribune

Frederic Sondern, Jr.

IN THE private room of a little inn on the coast of France, six German officers were sitting around a table, drinking and talking. They were the cream of Göring's Luftwaffe. As heavy bombardment squadron leaders during the blitz, the six had learned so much about England's targets and defenses and about RAF tactics that they were assigned to train and brief other commanders. They were very good at it.

This was their weekly celebration. The table was loaded with bottles, and they were so noisy that not one of them noticed the silently opened door, or the British officer with the tommy gun, until he stood before them. One of the six just had time to rip out an oath before the gun began spitting. An instant later a second Englishman stepped forward and deftly ran through the pockets of each dead Nazi. Twenty seconds after the door had first opened, it was closed again, just as silently.

THE MAJOR considers this raid one of his neatest jobs. He uses it as an

example in his classes for Allied gunmen. He is the most successful of the British commando instructors and specializes on the really complicated assignments. All his pupils have already passed the normal commando course. As he lectures, there is a table at his side on which lies every imaginable type of lethal instrument, from a tommy gun to a delicately balanced throwing-knife.

The Major is a friendly, red-faced, roly-poly little man with a quick smile and an irresistible laugh. Horn-rimmed glasses perch precariously on a somewhat battered nose, and his voice cracks under the strain of enthusiasm. But the appearance is deceptive.

"This is a school for murder," the Major tells his class. "Murder is my business. Not the vague shooting of unknown people in combat, but the personal, individual killing of a man in cold blood. It's an art which you have to study, practice and perfect.

"The average Englishman and American, unfortunately, suffers from remorse. You must over-

that, or it will slow you down at a crucial moment and cause your own death. Shooting a Jerry is like swatting a fly. Keep thinking that, shoot a few, and you'll sleep like a baby even after the bloodiest shambles. Only two things will interest you — getting the job done and getting away." The Major pauses, to let that sink in. "There are definite ways of going about it. Now in the case of the six German airmen . . ." And he begins to explain in detail.

The raid was prepared with the meticulous attention to detail that the Major always insists on. British Intelligence had spotted these men as particularly dangerous to England. Operatives carefully studied the Nazis' habits, learned all about the weekly carousal, even sent London a sketch of the private room. The killers, landed from a submarine, knew exactly where they were going, and they didn't have to stop once until they got to the door.

"When opening a door," the Major tells his men, "never kick it open, the way they do in the movies. Noise brings people to their feet, startled and alert. *Ease* it open, as a waiter would. Then you'll have that indispensable moment, which means life or death to you, to look around and decide what to do next. Don't waste it on dramatics. Never be tempted to say 'Good evening, gentlemen,' or anything stupid like that.

It looks wonderful in print, and may be very British, but it will only

get you an obituary. Any word from you breaks the shock of surprise.

"What you do next is governed by certain rules. The British officer who did the shooting had them down pat.

"There were the six Nazis, as expected. Three of them froze rigid. Two others began slipping to the floor. And one cursed.

"Very well," the Major continued. "First, he shot the Nazi who cursed. Obviously his brain was working the fastest, and he was the most dangerous. The two who had apparently fainted came next. They *might* have been reaching for guns. Anyway, they were moving. And you shoot first at anything that moves. The three that froze came last. When anyone freezes like that, his brain is half dead already. You can forget about him — for a second.

"It was perfect execution," the Major concluded. "The killer used only two shots for each man — 12 rounds in exactly six seconds. It was luck, too, of course. A barking dog, a door that squeaks, may upset plans. But you can be ready for such things."

And he went on to explain — with chalk on a blackboard — what the two executioners would have done if someone had come up the stairs, or if one of a dozen other things had happened. Before he was through, every conceivable eventuality had been analyzed.

After the Major's theories are firmly in his pupils' minds, they

go to work in the "execution shed." In this building there are rooms, halls and stairways of various shapes and sizes. Plywood dummies — attached to wires manipulated from a central control board — sit behind tables, lie on beds, crouch in doorways. They can be made to jump up, walk, run or mill around.

The pupil enters, Tommy gun in hand, with the Major right behind him. A shadowy figure suddenly runs toward him in a darkened hallway; another pops up at the head of stairs; another jumps out of a doorway. In every room — some dark, some dim, some brightly lit — the dummies act differently. The student must learn to shoot from under tables, from behind beds, up a staircase and down, from every angle and every position — most of them uncomfortable.

The Major wishes he could devise a dummy that dies realistically. "They should get used to the unpleasantnesses of killing," he says. "A man generally dies more slowly than you'd think. He grins foolishly when he's hit, the whites of his eyes roll up, and he slumps to the ground with a retching gurgle that's hard to take at first."

The first few tours through the eerie realism of the "shed" are almost as nerve-shattering as a real raid. But little by little the pupil learns to deal with every situation in a split second with a minimum of ammunition. In the final test, the pupil — alone — has to go through

a series of the toughest situations the Major can devise, in a certain number of minutes, and put at least one bullet, but no more than two, into the vital region of every dummy he sees.

Men who prove constitutionally unsuited to the work are weeded out early. The Major has found that British and Americans make the best pupils. Continental Europeans whose families have been brutally murdered have plenty of hatred for the enemy. But hate, says the Major, doesn't make a good gunman. "It's the man with cold precision that I want — like the American gangster."

The Major long ago won an international reputation as a specialist in small arms. He taught the officers of the Special Branch of Scotland Yard the technique of the fast draw and shooting from the hip. But he never really knew anything, he says, until he went to the United States. J. Edgar Hoover was organizing his epic war against gangdom and sent for the Major as the best small-arms technician he could find. The Major spent nine years with the FBI and the police of New York, Chicago and San Francisco, and he decided that from the purely military point of view the gangster had something worth learning. Accordingly, he consulted Johnny Torrio on the merits of the sawed-off shotgun. He conferred with Dion O'Bannion about the tactics of his bodyguard. From the Touhy gang he learned

snapping methods. In addition, he investigated the techniques of the big, well-planned bank, warehouse, truck and railroad robberies. The more he learned, the more convinced he was that gangster methods would be of value in wartime.

Right after Dunkirk, when the commandos were born, the Major's ideas came into their own. Lord Mountbatten and his men quickly discovered that their losses were far smaller if they followed the Major's rules, which cover everything from a ban on uncovered luminous wrist watches to the best method of climbing creaky stairs. (Put your feet down as close to the wall end as you can and a stair will seldom squeak.)

Most of all the Major insists on what he calls "gunmanship." Most Englishmen, good with a rifle, dislike and distrust the revolver. But after a few weeks of training, the Major's average pupil can draw like a flash, shoot with either hand or both, and put six shots into a playing card at 20 feet.

On the subject of the tommy gun the Major becomes almost lyrical. "You don't fire this gun," he says. "You play on it. That's why it's called the Chicago piano. You have to have *rhythm*." And he demonstrates by drilling six targets, irregularly spaced on the range, with exactly two bullets each in a single sweeping burst of fire.

His knife work is equally artistic. He doesn't like knifing; he considers it crude and unreliable, as well as unpleasant. But there are occasions when a sentry must be removed silently. "You don't stab or hack with a knife," he says. "You *stroke* with it." With smooth, cobra-like lunges, he shows how arteries can be cut most deftly, from behind, from the side, and — if need be — from the front.

The Major's boys learn to shoot German guns, too. "You never can tell when you'll pick one up." Once a commando party lost most of its weapons when its rubber boat was upset in a high surf. They got ashore, providentially found the gunroom of a German patrol station, and helped themselves. But they didn't know the mechanisms, and their shooting that night was not very accurate. That taught the Major a lesson.

The Major has tried out most of his techniques himself on expeditions into enemy territory by submarine and parachute. Wherever he has paid a visit, the Nazis have lost strategic personnel. He himself has never even been scratched. He is proud of that, and considers it a proof of his theories.

The military gangster of the Major's imagination has become the super-commando. From now on, the great of Hitler's empire will not sleep peacefully in even the most carefully guarded beds.

THE TALK.


Twilight of a Poet




A POET we know was quietly drafted recently, the only outstanding incident of his induction being his interview with the army psychiatrist. The psychiatrist looked calmly at the naked, shivering wretch, consulted his record sheet, and said reflectively, "Poet, eh? Have you ever been in an institution?"

Combined Operations



 A SEDATE old gentleman strolling on East Fifty-sixth Street in the early evening was hailed by a small boy who popped out of a doorway. "Hey, Mister, there's some guys layin' for me," he said. "Gimme a convoy over to Third Avenue?"


Safe



A MILITARY policeman on one of the trains between New York and Boston was making a methodical inspection of each soldier's pass, and finally came to a downy-faced buck private traveling in a drawing room with a gray-haired lady who was obviously his mother. "Let's see your pass, soldier," said the MP. "That's all right, Officer," said the lady. "He's with me."

Stranger



 A SUAVELY dressed matron got on a bus the other morning and started off wrong by offering the driver a ten-dollar bill. Then, when she finally

Excerpts fr

managed to dredge a nickel up out of her bag, she didn't know where to put it. It hardly came as a surprise when she confided to the driver, "I've neve been in one of these before, you know." Looking indifferently at this lamb sacrificed on the altar of civilian shortages, the driver said, "We ain't missed you none, lady."

Treatment



THE SOUTHERN bride of a naval lieutenant in training at Harvard was whiling away one afternoon in the Agassiz Museum in Cambridge. Suddenly she was seized by an attack of hiccoughs that echoed through the tomblike atmosphere. Then a nightmarish thing happened: a stern-looking lady grabbed her arm and muttered fiercely, "Where's **h. purse?**"

"What?" gasped the girl.

"You heard what I said," the lady hissed, still more fiercely. "I saw you take my purse, and I want it back."

Close to tears, the bride said, "Ah hope Ah die if Ah ever even saw yo' purse."

Suddenly the grim lady smiled and patted the arm she had been shaking. "Hiccoughs all gone, I sec," she beamed.


The bride went right home and lay
down with a cold cloth on her brow.

THE TOWN


New Yorker <<< <<<<<<<<<<<<<<

Seventh Inning



 THE OTHER EVENING a lieutenant commander and his lady were standing on a midtown street corner wishing for a taxi, when one actually pulled up at the curb. About nine sailors piled out. "Through with the cab, sailor?" the officer asked one of them. "No, sir," he said. "Just changing seats."

Model



A GENTLEMAN strolling in the Metropolitan Museum paused to watch a group of boys sketching in the section devoted to Greek statuary. There were five artists in all. Peeking over their shoulders — not difficult, since they were all about ten years old — our informant saw that they were making more or less faithful studies of a Greek athlete. Or four were; the fifth, though he paused as often as his fellows and gazed as earnestly at the marble athlete, was drawing a four-motored bomber.

Tact




A BLOND gentleman we know married a brunette, and in the fullness of time their union was blessed with a baby boy, who turned out to have almost platinum-blond hair. This fellow clipped off some and carried it in his watch. The other day he realized


that his watch was in need of adjustment when it made him late for lunch with his wife, so the two of them stopped in to leave it with one of the Fifth Avenue jewelers. The clerk who made the preliminary diagnosis seemed strangely embarrassed. After a good deal of fidgeting, he finally managed to get our friend off into a corner. He then, without a word, slipped him the lock of platinum hair.

Economics



 ACTING under instructions from his wife to get some *good* shirts for himself, a gentleman trailed into a haberdasher's where he was shown some priced at three dollars. Applying the only yardstick of quality that he knew, the customer said, "Well, I don't know—I was thinking of something a little more expensive." The salesman looked hurt. "*These* would be more expensive, sir, if it weren't for the O.P.A.," he said.

Encounter with a Pigeon



FELLOW we know was standing on the curb on Sixth Avenue, waiting for the lights to change, when a huge truck pulled up with a squeal of brakes to avoid hitting a pigeon which was incautiously walking across the street against the lights. The truck driver looked over at our friend and shook his head. "Geez, some pigeons are stupid," he said.

Drama in Everyday Life

By Dorothy Canfield Fisher

VII

WHEN I was a little girl we lived for a time in a mid-west university town where my father was a professor. On a farm nearby my mother discovered a second or third cousin of hers. He was no great credit to the Burt family — an unbearably cranky old fellow, bright enough, so his neighbors said, but with a queer streak.

It seems that after the death of his first wife he had married a woman much younger than himself. Hers was a cheerless existence. Occasionally he would go away, no one knew where, leaving her alone to manage the farm as best she could for weeks at a time.

My parents once in a while took me with them in the family surrey to call at the Burt farm, returning with eggs, squash, apples — and a grist of talk about Mr. Burt's hatefulness, which I overheard.

One day when we went to the farm we found that old Mr. Burt had, in his irresponsible fashion, gone off again. Mrs. Burt's angry voice rose in denunciation: "I always know when he's going to skip out and leave me to do his work and mine. He gets cussed and cussed, till an angel couldn't live with him and not quarrel. Back he'll come when he gets good and ready — thin as the

last run of shad, his clothes all wore to rags, looking like the worst old bum."

The next thing I remember was the news that Mrs. Burt had been the one to "skip out" — a thing almost unheard of in those days. The nearby city where she went to live and work was a shopping center, and we sometimes saw Mrs. Burt. She was not the same woman. She had at first taken a poorly paid factory job, but by reason of her ability and her gift for managing other women she had rapidly climbed the economic ladder. Now she was handsome, modishly dressed, with not a trace of the thin, calico-clad, embittered farm woman we had known.

Back on the farm, old Burt grew frowsier and more haggard. He still vanished recurrently; in his absences the neighbors milked the cows and turned the horses and chickens out to get what living they could. People from that region, meeting Mrs. Burt in the city, used to tell her: "You did just right in leaving him. No woman could have lived with such an old crank!"

Soon they had other news for her. The old fellow got to acting so queerly that the neighbors persuaded the doctor to manage, on some pretext, to have a talk with him. The

doctor reported that old Burt was suffering from a mild form of insanity. His trouble recurred in cycles, during which he got farther and farther from normality until he lit out on one of these disappearances of his. When the crazy ideas in his brain wore themselves out, he came back.

Mrs. Burt listened to this in silence. A few days later she gave up her well-paid job, her fine dresses, her comfortable rooms -- and went back to the bleak farm home and her sick husband. There she stayed, cleaning the house till it shone from cellar to garret; cooking the foods her husband especially liked, till he began to lose some of his wild, haggard look.

Then one day they *both* disappeared.

I heard my mother tell Father about it afterward. Mrs. Burt, on noticing the first sign of the restless unhappiness which always preceded her husband's departures, had said to him, "How'd you like to take a trip down through Lyons County? I've been making up some corn-cob dolls, and I think I could sell 'em to children down that way and make some money -- if you wouldn't mind going off with me for a while."

She had arranged for a neighbor's son to care for the farm, and she had ready the things needed to turn the farm wagon into a shelter, with a good cornhusk mattress and a rain-tight canvas cover. Food and blankets were packed, and in half an

hour she was sitting on the wagon seat, saying to the distraught old man, "Come on! I'll drive. It'll do us good to have a change."

They were off. This time, as the cloud deepened over the brain-with-a-crack-in-it, the old man did not stagger on, unfed, uncared for, falling to sleep exhausted in a field whenever he could walk no longer. Now his home went with him. His brisk wife drove the team from farm to farm, from house to house, singing old-time songs to fill in the silences as the man sagged drearily beside her on the seat, or stretched inert on the mattress in the wagon.

She provided regular meals, he was sheltered from the weather, she learned how to shave him. She sold her little dolls, and with the money bought small household articles to sell to women on remote farms, letting them pay in farm produce. What produce she and her husband didn't eat she sold in the towns. To people who looked curiously at the silent old man she said, "My husband isn't feeling well today."

They were away for three weeks, and when the wagon drove back into the home barnyard her husband held the reins -- shaven, clean, his eyes normal. Beside him sat his wife, her hands folded on her lap in Victorian wifely passivity.

I suppose this went on for some years. I don't remember much about it until the one time during my early teens -- a day still as vivid to me after 50 years as when it happened --

when my mother took me out to the Burt farm for eggs.

Mrs. Burt was making bread and I sat on the floor in front of the kitchen stove, playing with some kittens while the talk of the two women went on over my head.

I heard Mrs. Burt saying: "I never said much about it, but since you're kin—" she paused to sprinkle flour on the board. "Well, it was this way. I found that when those spells of his begin, if I just drop everything and set right out with him, it seems to comfort him. It's as if something was after him that couldn't catch him if he keeps a-going. The rattle of the wheels seems to make him think he's safe—from whatever 'tis. I don't stop nights till he gets good and sleepy. When he comes out of it

he's all right and we drive home. We don't get so much off the farm this way, but enough to live on."

I remember that my mother was deeply moved, almost to tears, and that she tried in halting phrases to convey her admiration. "We all think that you do your duty way beyond what *anybody* else . . ."

And then into my ears there dropped a never-to-be-forgotten sentence—calm, rounded, golden, rich with sonorous overtones like a note from a perfectly cast bell. To this day its lingering echoes are in my ears. The farm woman waited for the end of my mother's stammered praise; then, as she stooped to put the dough in the oven, she said quietly, simply, "Well, I married him, didn't I?"

Wartime Newsreel

» HUGE outdoor billboards in Los Angeles state: DON'T WASTE GASOLINE! Complete Burial Service Near Your Home! There is an Utter-McKinley Funeral Parlor in Your Neighborhood.

» *Want ad in the Denver Post:* A-1 girl to cook and clean, who loves children and wants perm. place in good home. \$10 w.k. I can dream, can't I?

» IN EL PASO, a man got 60 days in jail as a smuggler of bobby pins. — *Time*

» OWING to lack of help, a New York restaurant now advertises "Courteous and Efficient Self-Service."

— John A. Straley in *The Investment Dealers' Digest*

» RECENTLY a sign was put up outside a New York pharmacy—a hopeless little sign that read: "Wanted, Soda-Fountain Clerk. Full or Part Time. Experienced or Inexperienced. Man or Woman." After the sign had been there three or four days, some thoughtful passer-by penciled in an addition: "Dead or alive."

— *The New Yorker*

Thousands of military offenders are now
being transformed into good soldiers

★ The Army Saves ★ Its Black Sheep ★

Condensed from Common Sense • Don Wharton

IN WORLD WAR I the soldier who was court-martialed and convicted of a serious offense found it difficult to make a comeback. He served his time in military prison and too often was thrown back into civil life with the fateful DD (dishonorable discharge) around his neck and bitterness in his heart. The army lost a soldier, and the soldier lost his self-respect and often some of his civil rights.

This time the army is pursuing a different policy. At nine rehabilitation camps — one in each Service Command — it is reclaiming as many as possible of its military black sheep. Some 2000 men have already been restored to full service in the army. Today the rate is nearly 500 restorations a month — the equivalent of two full companies. As one commandant observed: "You might call them 'lost battalions' that are being found."

Typical of the changed attitude of these men is the letter one soldier sent to the rehabilitation center at Camp Upton, Long Island, on behalf of himself and ten other restored men whose sentences for desertion, sleeping on guard duty and leaving

post added up to 24½ years. "We are out to do our best," he wrote, "to prove to you officers there at the Center that all your hard work wasn't in vain."

The rehabilitation centers are not for tough criminals; men convicted of felonies such as murder or rape are sent to Leavenworth. Nor are they for minor offenders such as the soldier who has a few too many in town. He gets company punishment or a short stay in the post guardhouse. The army is trying to rehabilitate the soldiers who have committed intermediate offenses. Two out of three have been convicted of desertion or being AWOL over long periods.

At the rehabilitation centers their dishonorable discharges are suspended while reorientation proceeds in a setting of understanding and helpfulness. If the soldier makes good, both his sentence and his DD are remitted. He goes to a new outfit — not the one he came from — and starts out with a clean military slate. Only his company commander knows that he comes from a rehabilitation center.

The center at Fort Jackson, South

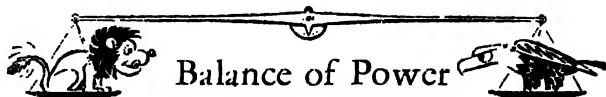
tends school for two hours each evening; he is free to pick the course which most interests him — motor mechanics, radio, and so on. This center also devotes an evening a week to public speaking, in order to overcome self-consciousness and develop poise and the ability to talk before a group.

The center's interest in a man doesn't end when he is restored. Most commandants try to get the soldier assigned to a branch of the army in which he will have the best chance of succeeding. Usually they have an intimate, private talk with each man before sending him back to service. When a soldier leaves Fort Knox he is furnished with 12 self-addressed postal cards and asked to keep the commandant informed regularly of his progress. One commandant tells his men that if they should ever get the urge to go AWOL again to write him about it.

Reports from company commanders and the men's letters indicate

that the army's former black sheep, restored to active duty, are doing well. The men write of being with "the best outfit in the army" — a good sign. Many have become non-commissioned officers. Of five graduates of the Camp Phillips center at one camp, four have been made corporals and the fifth a sergeant. Fort Devens reports that of the first 13 restored ten were made acting corporals and sergeants. Out of the first 100 restored men from whom Fort Knox received reports, 99 were making good progress. One company commander called at a center and told the commandant: "If you have any more like — I'd be glad to get them."

Already many of the restored men have gone overseas. Some undoubtedly took part in the invasion of Sicily. When the final reports are in from all the fronts, it's a safe bet that graduates of the army's rehabilitation centers will be among those wearing military decorations.



Just before he retired, an important Washington official was saying good-bye to an important British envoy. Only two years before, the then newly arrived Englishman had assured him that we would arrive on the scene with too little and too late. A year ago he changed his tune. Our production was so great that his chief worry was over the future inability of the British Empire to compete with the United States in a victorious Allied world. But this time he was all smiles. "Your far greater efficiency in production," he said, "will be balanced by our far greater efficiency in government. You have the world's most efficient big business and its least efficient big government."

— Harry A. Bullin *Town and Country*

» A curious scientific accident leads to new medical treatment of a life-wrecking malady

Hope for the Victims of Arthritis

By Paul de Kruif



IT is estimated that 3,000,000 Americans suffer the pain and disablement of arthritis, the nation's life-wrecker No. 1. The torture of its physical pain is fiendish, surpassed only by the mental agony of those helpless ones for whom one treatment after another has failed, who are convinced at last that they can never find relief. Yet two out of three arthritics could recover if properly treated in their first year of illness. And now there's new hope that even chronic sufferers can be greatly improved, many returning to pain-free lives of usefulness.

The old notion that arthritis is primarily a disease of the joints is debunked by today's science. When the joints first become inflamed and painful, their owner may feel a terrible tiredness, lose appetite and weight, and become nervous and anemic. If the disease marches on (which it by no means always does), muscles waste away and many victims, even though young, develop hardening of the arteries. *Inflamed and aching joints are only one sign of something deeply wrong with the entire human body.*

Almost any infectious disease can bring on an attack of arthritis; from then on the course of the disease is

unpredictable. Dr. H. A. Nissen of Boston made a 20-year study of 500 arthritics. About one third of them either went downhill to death or remained cripples, despite all treatment. Of the other two thirds, some suffered a single attack and then recovered, others got better only to relapse again and again.

For the one third, the true chronics, there was, then, no remedy. For the other two thirds, proper rest, diet, sunshine, heat, supervised exercise and correction of posture — all proved helpful. But mightn't these patients have recovered without them? Some people get better when bad teeth or infected tonsils are removed. Others do not. Vaccines, bee venom, sulphur and hundreds of other treatments seem to have helped some people but have left others in lifelong agony. Our doctors were baffled.

Meanwhile the *chronic* arthritic became the neglected stepchild of medicine. In a survey of 140,000 cases of chronic arthritis in Massachusetts, less than one third were under a doctor's care. The rest were pitifully trying to treat themselves or were resigned to lives of invalidism.

Then in 1933 came a curious scientific accident. Dr. Carlos I. Reed and

his associates in Chicago were trying big doses of Vitamin D on hay fever sufferers. Among them was a woman crippled by chronic art... is for 15 years. The daily Vitamin D had no clear effect upon her hay fever, but after a month she came in excitement to Dr. Reed.

For the first time in seven years she could remove a ring from her spindle-shaped, swollen finger. As the treatment continued, strong grip began returning to her crippled hands. Her shoes began fitting loosely round her swollen ankles. The doctors stopped the Vitamin D and her symptoms came back... only to vanish once more when they resumed the treatment. She wasn't cured, but the Vitamin D did control her misery. At the end of two years she could move freely, had little pain, was much stronger and could work again.

This strange case called Dr. Reed's attention to his own arthritis. For months he had been crippled, walking only with the help of two canes. But he had been taking those big doses of Vitamin D himself, to prove they were not harmful. Now, testing out his knees, our absent-minded scientist found he could bend them much better, with much less pain. So he kept taking his Vitamin D doses and after nine months he discarded his canes. His experience was hopeful. But two swallows do not make a summer.

Dr. Walter Bauer of Boston tried Vitamin D on 18 chronic arthritics.

It didn't cure any of them; and it was ominous that, while relieving some of them, the big doses proved dan...

There seemed to be poisonous by-products in some Vitamin D preparations. So Dr. Reed's discovery might have been lost if it hadn't been for another experimenter who was no doctor at all.

Charles Comfort Whittier (arthritis will note his middle name) was a mining engineer, interested in all minerals, and dabbling in the production of Vitamin D because it helped to keep in order "the mineral industry of the human body." He attacked an important problem: While all samples of Vitamin D have a curative effect upon rickets, they may show alarming differences in power, depending on the way chemists prepare them.

Like other experimenters, Whittier used the organic chemical, ergosterol. But instead of irradiating it with ultraviolet light, the orthodox way to make Vitamin D, he shot a powerful current of electricity through ergosterol vapor. By that new trick he turned out a product (he gave it the trade name "Ertron") which could cure babies of rickets and also seemed largely devoid of the poisonous by-products that had alarmed Dr. Bauer.

But what about Ertron's effect on arthritis? Dr. R. Garfield Snyder, of the Hospital for Special Surgery in New York City, had been testing all proposed remedies for 18 years. He was skeptical. He had seen them

come and go. He knew that the acid test *must* be upon that sad rear guard of chronics, not upon early arthritics who *might* get better spontaneously, no matter what treatment was given them.

For two years, Dr. Snyder confined his research to testing the safety of Whittier's product. He became convinced that you could give an arthritic up to 400 times the dose needed to cure a child of rickets; and you could give those big doses daily, for months, with no harm other than nausea in a few cases.

Then Dr. Snyder and his associates began their real test. Each of their first historic group of 23 patients had been a chronic arthritic for years. All had gone steadily downhill despite many kinds of treatment. At the end of three years, in 1940, Dr. Snyder and Dr. Willard H. Squires made a cautious report of progress.

Improvement was mighty slow in starting. It was usually more than a month before the patients, fed big daily doses of Ertron *under strict supervision*, began to feel a curious change coming over them. At first it was nothing you could measure scientifically. Just better appetite, less of that terrible weakness, a little increase in that vague condition known as "general well-being."

But as the months wore on, things began to happen that made the skeptical doctors open their eyes. Mind you, there was no improvement of hopeless deformities; joints that

were destroyed didn't come back to life. But there was a great decrease in the swelling; the victims could move their arms and legs more freely, and the majority found they had lost their pain. Many made weight gains and rejoiced in a continued upsurge of strength.

After daily treatment lasting from six months to two years, 16 of these 23 supposedly hopeless cases were back working, with their arthritis so far under control that they could live pretty much like normal human beings.

During the past six years these experimental cases have grown to more than 200, and the proportion of more than half back to work and strength holds true. And they *stay* working. Some can stop treatment entirely; others keep on taking small doses. The treatment is now also under test by Dr. Paul Magnuson at Chicago's Northwestern University, at Columbia University in New York under Dr. Ralph Boots, and by Dr. R. H. Freyberg at the University of Michigan. It is spreading rapidly into medical practice.

The new treatment's power over chronic arthritis is driven home to you by the individual lives that have been remade: that of a young actor who had suffered for five years with arthritis of the spine, now playing in a current New York play; that of a 57-year-old man whose knees for 22 months had been so doubled up he couldn't walk, now straight-legged, strong and working; that of

a former star tennis player, long unable to rise from a sitting position, now resuming his game.

The treatment with electrically activated ergosterol is proving safe, *but should never be given except under a doctor's supervision*. Moreover, it is not a sure cure; and some of the patients it fails to help respond to other treatment. Science still doesn't know the *cause* of chronic arthritis, or how this remedy works.

Actually, successful treatment requires the services of a medical team. Chronic arthritis works its havoc on the entire human being, and each individual needs attention by a group of doctors, each with a special skill.

At Cook County Hospital in Chicago, Dr. D. H. Levinthal has organized a model for this new medical teamwork. Chronic arthritics are

given electrically activated ergosterol. Orthopedic surgeons operate on their wrecked joints, strengthen their weakened muscles by exercise, correct their posture. Physiotherapists apply healing heat and massage. Nutritionists supervise diets. The patients' often desperate mental depression is lifted by psychiatrists. Physicians spot possible foci of infection and correct the digestive upsets from which so many arthritics suffer.

Cook County Hospital doctors report that 93 per cent of their chronic arthritics are now being definitely improved by this modern method of treating the whole human being, not just his arthritis. The figures bring the vision of an end to this most devastatingly crippling of all human afflictions.



Catch as Catch Can

BARGAIN-HUNTING for things to add to my collection of rare bric-a-brac, I stopped one day at the little curio shop of Sam Cohen, where from time to time I had picked up valuable pieces. Browsing around, I saw nothing of interest and was about to leave. Then, just inside the door, I noticed a cat lapping milk out of a saucer. One glance told me that the saucer was a priceless antique. With a wild hope that Sam was unaware of its value I said, "That's a nice cat you have there, Sam. Would you sell him to me?"

"I'd sell him for five dollars."

I paid the five, put the cat under my arm and then added, "I'll just take the saucer along. The cat is probably used to eating from it."

"Oh, no," said Sam, "I couldn't give you the saucer."

"Well, then, I'll buy it from you."

"Oh, no," said Sam. "I couldn't sell it to you."

"That's ridiculous, Sam. Why can't you sell me this old saucer?"

"Because," replied Sam, "from that old saucer, I already sold 139 cats."

— Contributed by Jules M. Smith



Churchill's Heir Apparent

Once called "Europe's best-dressed fool" by Mussolini, Anthony Eden is now in line to be Britain's next Prime Minister

Condensed from *Life* ~ Noel F. Busch

ANTHONY EDEN, No. 2 man in the British government, is a classic specimen, complete with flaws, of an England that men like himself made great. A British Gallup poll has shown 45 percent of British voters in favor of Eden as Churchill's successor. And last winter Churchill placed Eden in direct line for the Prime Ministry by making him Leader of the House of Commons, in normal times the Prime Minister's own job in Parliament.

The event that gave Eden his present exalted status was his sensational resignation from the Cabinet of Neville Chamberlain as a protest against its policy of appeasement in February 1938. Resignations on matters of principle had gone out of style in British political life and it was refreshing that anyone should value his convictions at more than the Foreign Secretary's salary of \$20,000 a year. As time went on, however, it became clear that Eden's objections

to humoring the dictators, his belief in collective security and his devotion to the League of Nations as the only available machinery for achieving it were evidence not of dreamy idealism but of a keen discernment as to what was going on.

Eden's behavior since the war has enhanced his reputation in this respect. Recalled to the Cabinet in 1939, first as Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs, and then as Secretary of State for War, he showed brilliant organizing ability in reconditioning British home defenses during the Battle for Britain. At the same time he showed sound strategic sense in persuading the government to send troops to Egypt in 1940, when most of his colleagues were thinking only of building up home forces against invasion. In 1941 Eden returned to his old post as Foreign Secretary, replacing Viscount Halifax.

Once described by Mussolini as "the best-dressed fool in Europe," and still widely, though wrongly, regarded as a fashion plate, Eden really belongs not to the strutting-peacock but to the burrowing-mole type of

personality. The Foreign Secretary has been a student, scholar and all-round information-sponge almost since the cradle. Eden has the type of mind which likes to ferret out facts, pore over dossiers and deal with whole decks of dispatches.

When not working he likes to talk shop. When not talking shop, he likes to think, or, more exactly, worry about it. His current curriculum, which keeps him busy about 16 hours a day, suits him to perfection.

Except for week-ends, when he usually manages to join his wife in a small house in Sussex, Eden sleeps at his office, in a miniature flat which he has rigged up in what used to be Lord Halifax's reception room. After skimming through *The Times* and the overnight cables at breakfast, about 9 a.m., he goes for a quick scuttle in nearby St. James Park. Then after an hour or two at his desk he goes to his office in the House of Commons. Here Eden twirls his spectacles, massages his eyebrows with his fingertips, and frowns as he makes notes on papers. When called before the House, his manner changes. Smiling affably, he seats himself languidly beside the speaker's table and stretches his long legs to prop his feet upon the edge of it. This posture is the more effective because Eden does not wear garters and his socks look sloppy.

Late in the afternoon, when he leaves the House, Eden goes back to the Foreign Office where he stays at

his desk till about eight. He may then dine with a friend at a hotel or at his gloomy club, the Carlton. In the evening there is often a Cabinet meeting across the street. Eden has a special, somewhat privileged position in the Cabinet. Churchill is likely to be headstrong in a lively argument and it then takes more than one to talk him down. Eden, as the Prime Minister's closest and most trusted ally, not infrequently finds himself in the position of leading an intra-Cabinet coalition against his boss. After the meeting Eden gets down to the day's real business, which is probably his evening chat with Churchill. The Prime Minister hates to go to bed and often sits up talking until three or later.

In long years of dealing with Churchill, Eden has acquired an unparalleled skill in this subtle art. When Churchill came back from one of his visits to the United States he had a fine, sweeping Churchillian scheme for making peace between Giraud and de Gaulle. Eden, who likes to handle such delicate problems in his own way, met the Prime Minister in North Africa and diverted his attention from diplomacy to reviewing troops.

Eden's skill in handling turbulent characters like Churchill can be traced back to early childhood influences. In the 500 years of its recorded history, the Eden family produced many men who achieved prestige — among them Lord Baltimore and Lord Auckland.

But it never turned out any other man quite like Anthony's father. Sir William Eden, in addition to being a minor painter, was a major master of hounds, a crack shot, an amateur pugilist capable of outsparring the best professionals of his day, and an accomplished demolisher of crockery. His main talent, however, lay in the field of child-baiting, in which he excelled his sentimental generation. Sir William hated children not only on their own account but also because they made loud noises, which he also despised bitterly.

On a gentle child like Anthony, the effects of association with such a colorful parent were predictable. He grew up shy, thoughtful, and his letters home from Eton refer to his efforts to outdo his classmates in scholastic rather than athletic enterprises.

Leaving school when he was 18, Anthony joined the King's Royal Rifle Corps. Commissioned as second lieutenant, he went to France in 1916. By 1918, he was the youngest adjutant in the British army and had won the Military Cross. He got the latter for crawling into no-man's-land under machine-gun fire to rescue a wounded private.

After the war, Eden finished his education at Oxford, where he took first honors in Oriental languages. At Oxford also Eden made up his mind to enter politics as soon as he got out. Englishmen of Eden's upbringing regard government as an obligation, not a sinecure.

Equipped with good brains, good looks, and a passion for absorbing information, he was not long in attracting attention after his election to Parliament. In 1931 Stanley Baldwin gave him the post of Parliamentary Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs; he became Minister without Portfolio for the League of Nations Affairs in 1935, and Foreign Secretary a few months later.

Situated in a dingy old building on Downing Street, opposite the Prime Minister's at No. 10, the British Foreign Office employs a total of some 1300 civil servants, of which the top 200 or so rank as executives. Among the latter, messages from the British embassies and legations all over the world are circulated about in the form of "minutes" by means of red and blue morocco leather "boxes." When considered to be sufficiently annotated, they are answered and then deposited in the archives, by which time they have ceased to be minutes and become "interred papers." The whole process, preposterous as it sounds, is nonetheless the process by which England has long run the lion's share of the world.

In this congenial environment, Eden's proclivities for molelike work were generously satisfied. Here, from uninterrupted study during the crucial recess between wars, he gained his unique knowledge of Europe. His belief in "direct diplomacy" (whereby responsible members of governments deal with each other

face to face) was the result of his observation, first, that in one-man governments there is no use dealing with anyone except Mr. Big and, second, that, with modern means of travel, it was quite feasible to do so.

He had two meetings with Hitler but his most spectacular achievements in personal diplomacy were his talks with Stalin and Mussolini. The latter ended in the only open row in Eden's diplomatic lifetime. The former was the first step toward the rapprochement which, despite an inconvenient pause in 1939, is now paying such handsome dividends. Both visits exemplified his clear perception of the main currents in European power politics of the era, but behind such dramatic incidents were years of patient study in Whitehall and months of meetings with all Europe's lesser diplomats at Geneva. These gave him a knowledge also of the minor whirlpools which anyone who proposes to bring peace to such troubled waters must possess.

For years among Eden's best friends have been John G. Winant, the American Ambassador, and M. Maisky, the former Russian Ambassador, now Soviet Vice Foreign Commissar.

Eden's association with Maisky has important political as well as

diplomatic aspects. Just as Churchill is regarded as the head of Britain's Anglo-American solidarity department, Eden is currently regarded as the head of the Anglo-Russian solidarity department. Stalin, who said of Sir Stafford Cripps: "He bores me with all his talk about socialism," considered Eden a typical British aristocrat, with whom he knew exactly where he stood and who was, furthermore, a hard worker. Stalin and Eden got along well when they first met in 1935, and may be expected to do so in the future.

So far, Eden has naturally been somewhat guarded about whatever conclusions he may have reached as to the exact means of starting the European clock after the war. His best summing up of his general ideas on the subject was put forth in a recent speech: "None of us can now escape from revolutionary changes, even if we would. But so far as we are concerned, there is only one safe way through the maze of postwar complications. That is a belief in ourselves as a nation and a belief in our duties and our responsibilities as a world power and to the world at large. If we are inspired with this sense of mission, coöperation with our Allies, great and small, will be all the easier."



A Negro's prayer: "O Lord, help me to understand that you ain't gwine to let nuthin' come my way that you and me together can't handle."

Bare Facts from Mark Twain's Youth

Condensed from Mark Twain's Autobiography

IN 1849 when I was 14 my sister gave a party and invited all the marriageable young people in our village of Hannibal, Missouri. I was too bashful to mingle with young ladies, so ten minutes was to be my share of the evening. In a small fairy play I was to be a bear.



About half past ten I was told to go to my room and put on the brown hairy disguise, and be ready in half an hour. I wanted to practice a little and that room was very small, so I crossed the street to a large unoccupied house, unaware that other young people were going there to dress for their parts.

The little black boy, Sandy, went with me, and we selected a roomy chamber on the second floor. We entered it talking, and this gave a couple of half-dressed young ladies opportunity to take refuge behind a screen undiscovered.

That was a rickety screen with many holes. Untroubled by apprehensions, I stripped to the skin and began my practice in the flood of moonlight from curtainless windows. Full of ambition, determined to make a hit, I capered back and forth

from one end of the room to the other on all fours, Sandy applauding; I walked upright and growled and snapped and snarled, I flung hand-springs, I danced a lubberly dance with my paws bent and my imaginary snout sniffing from side to side. I did everything a bear could do, and many

things which no bear could ever do.

At last, standing on my head, I paused to rest. Then Sandy spoke up:

"Mars Sam, has you ever seed a dried herring?"

"No. What is that?"

"It's a fish."

"Well, what of it? Anything peculiar about it?"

"Yes, suh, you bet dey is. Dey cats 'em innards and all!"

There was a smothered burst of feminine snickers from behind the screen! All the strength went out of me and I toppled forward like an undermined tower and brought the screen down, burying the young ladies under it. They screamed, and I snatched my clothes and fled to the dark hall below, Sandy following. I swore Sandy to eternal silence and we hid until the party was over. The

house was still and everybody asleep when I ventured home. Pinned to my pillow I found a slip of paper; written in a laboriously disguised hand were its mocking terms:

"You probably couldn't have played bear, but you played bare very well — oh, very VERY well!"

I suffered miserably over that episode. I expected the facts would be all over the village in the morning, but it was not so. During several weeks I could not look any young lady in the face; I said to myself, "That is one of them," and got quickly away. I was under four mocking eyes but it might as well have been a thousand. When I left Hannibal, the secret was still a secret.

Forty-seven years later, I arrived in Calcutta on a lecturing trip. As I entered the hotel a vision passed, clothed in the glory of the Indian sunshine — the Mary Wilson of my long-vanished boyhood! She had been one of the dearest, prettiest girls in Hannibal. I had stood in awe of her, for she seemed made of angel clay and rightfully unapproachable by just an ordinary boy like me.

Before I could speak to her she was gone. I thought I had seen an apparition but she was flesh. She was the granddaughter of the other Mary.

The other Mary, now a widow, presently sent for me. Although gray-haired, she still looked young and handsome. We sat and talked. We steeped our thirsty souls in the wine of the past, the beautiful, the dear and lamented past; we uttered names that had been silent upon our lips for 50 years, and it was as if they were music. With reverent speech we unburied our dead, the mates of our youth. We searched the dusty chambers of our memories and dragged forth incident after incident, and laughed with the tears running down. Finally Mary said, suddenly, and without any leading up:

"Tell me! What is the special peculiarity of dried herrings?"

It seemed a strange question at such a hallowed time. And so inconsequential, too. I was a little shocked. And yet I was aware of a stir back in the deeps of memory. It set me to musing — thinking — searching. Dried herrings? Dried herrings? The peculiarity of dri . . .

I glanced up. Her face was grave, but there was a dim and shadowy twinkle in her eye. . . .

All of a sudden I knew, and far away in the hoary past I heard a remembered voice murmur, "Dey cats 'em innards and all!"



DEMOCRACY means not "I am equal to you"
but "you are equal to me." — James Russell Lowell



Fliers Who Fight Without Guns

Condensed from The American Mercury

W. L. White

Author of "They Were Expendable," "Queens Die Proud"

I WANTED to talk to Lieutenant Colonel Karl Polifka because of an Air Force legend about him which has spread from Australia to Sicily and is as follows: One day Polifka was flying over New Guinea taking pictures of the Jap setup at Buna when he was suddenly attacked by a Zero. Now remember that the Colonel is an aerial photographer, and that his plane carries no guns. He jerked back the stick, went into a steep climb, laid over on his back and, coming down behind, pushed against the edge of the Zero's right wing with his propeller until the blades chewed into it as you might buzz-saw a matchbox with an electric fan. The Zero went spinning down into Buna harbor. Polifka finished his photographic run, and then went back to Moresby to have his blades straightened.

He denies it. ("No," says Polifka, and then, "Hell, no! It wasn't me!") But he's the kind of pilot about whom such legends grow.

The army said I could see him, and then they added: "Sitting at the desk next to Polifka will be another

colonel you are sure to recognize from his pictures. Just back from Africa, he's one of the best officers we've got. But remember this: you can't use his name."

"Why not?"

"Because of who he is," they said. "If we told only half of what he's done, they'd say we were bragging him up. So if you quote him he's got to be nameless."

THE two colonels, at desks side by side, were both blond, blue-eyed and in their early 30's. Polifka, plump, round-faced, jolly; the Nameless Colonel's face quick, intense and with that familiar profile.

"The first thing to know about aerial reconnaissance," said Polifka, "is something Kipling said: 'He travels fastest who travels alone.' That's us. Because the biggest formation you ever get in recco is just one man in one plane."

"And the boys have got to know plenty," added the Nameless Colonel. "To get to his target, the recco pilot must know everything a navigator knows. He must make a run as

accurate as any a bombardier makes. To escape alive from an attack without guns, he's got to know every flying trick a fighter pilot ever uses."

"But don't feel too sorry for him," insisted Polifka, "because he's flying a P-38 — the fastest, hottest plane in the air. When they use them for recco, taking out the heavy guns and ammunition adds 40 or 50 miles to their speed."

"Then they put in at least three cameras," said the Nameless Colonel. "One in the nose which shoots straight down, and one on each side, at an angle, so the pictures cover the earth below from horizon to horizon. They set the shutter speed of your cameras before you start, so all you do to take the pictures is press the red button on the end of your stick, just like a fighter pilot firing his guns."

"First they'll probably want a map of the entire region, and you have to fly back and forth as though you were plowing a field, through the flak. If you're lucky and have open weather, you can take these from about 30,000. Next they'll give you a specific target — say, an enemy airfield. You may have to come in low so that your picture will be just as the field will look to our paratroopers when they bail out above it at 800 feet. Each man needs a copy to help him get to the assembly points — I suppose after they pull the cord, they study them on the way down."

"Or you go over at night and drop

flash bombs. They're set to explode at 1500 feet, the rays from the flash hitting a photoelectric cell in the plane's bottom which opens the camera shutter for the picture."

"And it's damn dangerous, too," Polifka pointed out. "When you're loaded with those magnesium flash-bombs you never forget that if just one little hunk of flak hits the right place you explode like a match head."

"You asked about guns," said the Nameless Colonel. "If we let our boys have them, it would be too much of a temptation for the pilot to do his bit in the war. He'd forget his pictures and stop to dogfight. We want pictures, not heroes."

"Not having guns isn't too bad, though," said Polifka. "There are lots of ways of getting rid of fighters. One day over Rabaul a whole smear of Zeros got my altitude. Super-charger trouble cut my speed, and looking back I could see they were gaining — 23 of them."

"Then just ahead of me I see a formation approaching and realize it's Ken Hobson's 19th Bombardment Group, so I have a bright idea. Ken's boys are keeping station beautifully — their big Fortresses regular as the teeth on a comb and not much farther apart, and I decide I'll make Ken a little Christmas present of my Zeros — I have more than any reasonable man would need. So I head right for Ken with these 23 Zeros after me and I fly right between two of his Forts."

"Ken's gunners shoot down 17 flammers of the 23. The boys tell me later that for a minute Ken is sore as hell at me for scraping all those Zeros off on his pretty 19th Bombardment Group, but then he realizes I don't have any guns, and by the time he gets back to base he is all smiles. 'That's the stuff,' he tells me: 'don't let anybody treat you mean. Just come to papa.'"

"Frank Dunn's specialty," said the Nameless Colonel, "was low obliques, where you come down to 100 feet and run like hell just over the water alongside an enemy beach while they pop it at you like a tin duck in a shooting gallery! You take pictures out the side window so the boys in the landing barges can have a panorama of the whole beach. 'Dicing missions,' the British call 'em. Because you gamble with your life, I guess."

"Dunn has a rare sense of humor," said Poliska. "One day they sent him out to Cagliari in Sardinia. The weather was so heavy he had to dive in at very low altitude — and he came out right on top of an Axis airfield where a mess of planes were circling to land."

"Dunn says he didn't want to be conspicuous, so he circled too. They all eyed him, but they were so mixed up nobody fired, and finally he saw his chance to pull out over the city."

"He got to the railway station just as a train was coming in. He had some empty gas tanks it was time to jettison, and figuring to have a little

fun, he came lower and cut them loose right over the train. Boy, it certainly worked! They came down with a hell of a clang on the roof of the car just back of the engine and Dunn could see the engineer bailing out of his cab, and most of the passengers through the windows. Dunn says that was one train that really curled up and lay down. He laughed for a month about it — showing pictures of the engineer bailing out. But our bombers were able to base a strike on his other pictures, and he got the D.F.C."

"Funny thing happened when we were prepping Rome before the big raid," said the Nameless Colonel. "Leon Grey was making his photographic run at 24,000 when two Italian fighters — Macchi 202's — came in on him, one from each side. So Grey suddenly pulled up — yanked her back in his lap just as they opened fire, and one of those Macchis shot the other one down. Grey laughed about it all the way home!"

"Alex Guerry is another recco pilot who doesn't need guns," said Poliska. "One day he was stooging around at low altitude in the South Pacific when a Nip patrol of four Zero float planes dived onto him. Those float planes are slow and clumsy, and Guerry was so damned mad at their nerve that he started buzzing them — diving down on them, coming so close it scared the liver out of them. A P-38 is so hot it will dive a Zero crazy. Guerry ended

up by forcing all of them down on the water. As the last one came down Guerry swooped low and swooshed him with his propeller wash, which turned the Nip over.

"When Guerry came in all excited and an hour later, I gave him hell for it, because of course I didn't believe the story — G2 insisted there were no float planes around. But next day

when Guerry's pictures were developed there they all were — and one upside down."

"And now," said the Nameless Colonel, looking at Polifka with a grin, "if you don't tell him about your war wound, I will."

"Oh, that," said Polifka, also grinning. "Very curious wound. One day I was stooging around on the old milk run over Lae and Salamaua, when I saw a whole pile of what I assumed were Zeros in formation, flying about 500 feet above me.

"Just then they dived, and so did I, watching the air-speed indicator climb well past 300. Such diving speed usually leaves Zeros out, because above it their wings come off. I was just turning around to laugh at them when about a bushel of tracers came whizzing past me and I looked back to see that they were still on my tail, within range and gaining. I saw something else too. They weren't Zeros — hey were Focke-Wulfs! Don't ask me where the Japs got them — maybe built them from German plans.

"I went back into the dive and on down. The indicator needle climbed

to 400 and then 500. And that's a speed. I got away from the Japs, but as I pulled out, I could feel my insides coming out."

"What happens," said the Nameless Colonel, "is that *you* pull out of the dive, but your insides keep on going straight down."

"All I know," said Polifka, "is that the dive left a couple of inches of raw intest — turned inside out in my pants. When I got back to base the medical officer packed it in opium ointment and gave me a kotex to wear. But since I had no pictures I had no proof of combat, and out there they don't give you medals just for the piles."

At which point the phone rang and the Nameless Colonel, after answering it, hastily left the room on some War Department summons.

Colonel Polifka looked after him. "Here's a fine officer," he said. "You heard him tell about how some of his boys like to go out on those dicey missions skimming along the beaches through the ack-ack fire? What he'd never tell you is that they are also a specialty of his. That's why his boys are nuts about their Old Man, as they call him. He doesn't order them out, he *leads* them. They know he will never send a man on a mission he wouldn't fly himself. In combat he has all the guts in the world and his boys will tell you he would have had the D.S.M. long ago if his dad didn't happen to be just who and what he is."

It's Human Nature

IF you are one of those who suffer from self-consciousness at a social gathering, relax the next time you are present. You can't feel self-conscious and relax simultaneously. At any social gathering a person who can sit relaxed, calm, and apparently self-sufficient is the most provocative. Normalcy is so unusual as to be interesting. — David Harold Link



THOUGHT compliments should arise naturally out of the occasion, they should not appear to be prompted by the spur of it, for then they seem hardly spontaneous. Applaud a man's speech at the moment when he sits down and he will take your compliment as exacted by the demands of common civility; but let some space intervene, and then show him that the merits of his speech have dwelt with you, and he will remember your compliment for a much longer time than you have remembered his speech.

— Sir Henry Taylor

MEN HATE more steadily than they love. If I have said something to hurt a man once, I shall not get the better of this by saying many things to please him.

— Dr. Samuel Johnson



WE ALWAYS deeply resent the person at a party who, while he speaks

with us, keeps his eyes roving around the room as if in search of someone bigger and better to talk to.

— Dorothy Walworth



IF A MAN does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself alone. A man, sir, must keep his friendships in constant repair.

— Dr. Samuel Johnson



IF you wish to make a man your enemy, tell him simply, "You are wrong." This method works every time.

— Henry Link



BEWARE of disputes in company. Every man will dispute with great good humor only upon a subject in which he is not interested.

— Dr. Samuel Johnson



IF you wish to compliment someone, compliment him on a detail. In praising a man's home, avoid a vague generality like "Nice place you've got here." Select something specific, such as the view from a window or the shrewd arrangement of a room. Don't tell a woman her hat is merely "becoming." Mention its angle or its color.

— Dorothy Walworth

» What "worrying about the men in the plant has accomplished at the Falk Corporation

Fifty Years *Without a Labor Squabble*

Condensed from Future

Jack Stenbuck

GIVEN FOR a happily married couple, 50 years is a long time to go without a serious spat. Much more remarkable, in these years of sit-downs and two-listed showdowns, are the factory boss and his help who can boast half a century without a single scrap.

The Falk Corporation, in Milwaukee, approaches its golden anniversary proud of achievements which have made it the world's largest manufacturer of propulsion gears, proud of its two-starred navy pennant, proudest of all of its relationship with the 3500 Czechs, Poles, Swedes and native-born, white and colored, men and women, young and old, who make up the Falk family of workers.

They build — among other things — the giant driving gears for our airplane carriers, and they put in as many as 64 hours a week, holidays and Sundays included. There is no absentee problem.

The contentment of the employes is not due to lavish bonuses or elaborate pension systems. Wages are no different from those at any similar plant in Milwaukee. But employes like the homely approach of Harold S. Falk, their shirt-sleeved president, and his lively, enthusiastic son Dick.

At the Falk plant the man over 40, for example, was always given a break. And a surprising number were hired at 50. When a man gets too old for his job, he is moved to something else; and there's usually no cut in hourly rate. Old-timers tell you this chance to remain active is more important than any pension plan ever devised. The Falks themselves tell you it's only as human as taking care of your own grandfather.

According to their notions it's only human, too, when Sam, the Negro furnace hand, or Tony, the Polish molder, becomes sick and goes to the hospital, that one of the big bosses should find time for a friendly visit. Weddings and christenings just naturally have a Falk in attendance. And when Mike Pokorney decides to become a citizen of the United States, it is taken for granted that a Falk must handle the details, appear in court as leading witness.

To Harold Falk's three sons — Harold F., general superintendent; Louis W., executive engineer, and Richard S., industrial relations director — the elder Falk has always preached: "When a boss walks

through his plant and doesn't get a friendly smile from his men, there's something wrong with the boss." Harold Falk not only gets that friendly smile, but frequently, too, a "Hi-ya, Harold!" In turn, he says he can call every man in the plant by first name. And when Tony and Mike, sweat-stained and black, sit down at their machines or in the cafeteria for their snack, it's no cause for surprise if the big boss sits beside them to partake of lunch and friendly conversation.

"Even when we were boys," Dick Falk explains, "Dad used to say that one of us ought to come into the business as something else than an engineer — that one of us ought to be worrying a little more than the rest of us about the men in the plant." Since Dick Falk came out of the university, much of that responsibility has fallen on him. So well has he succeeded that, three years ago, he was the choice of the Junior Chamber of Commerce for the annual award going to the Milwaukeean under 35 who had done most for his fellow citizens during the preceding year.

Dick's ideas on industrial relations are liberally sprinkled with doses of athletics for the men and women of the Falk plant. "If athletics are important for young people in school, why shouldn't they be just as important for young men and women in industry?" Dick asks. "A sports program can teach good fellowship, clean sportsmanship and

build morale as effectively among factory workers as it can among students. And the need, if anything, is greater."

Much of the trouble in plants, he contends, is inspired by the younger, restless element, many of whom come directly from schools in which they've attracted attention as athletes. They've felt important. Now, in the factory, seeming nameless cogs in a machine, they sour and sulk; too often stir up plant trouble. At Falk's the transition from school to factory is eased by providing a variety of outside interests. There are soccer, baseball, football and basketball teams. Likewise tennis, softball and bowling teams, camera, coin and stamp clubs, dramatic and gun clubs, dance band and brass band.

Today there are some 500 women in the plant, many of them the mothers or sisters of former Falk employes now in the service and many substituting on the very jobs which their boys gave up. Accordingly, special activities have been started for the women.

Dick writes with surprising regularity to each of the 400 men from Falk's who are in service. They write to him, too, send him souvenirs, kid him about this or that, ask him to call up "Mom," or inquire "How's that sister of mine doing at my old job?" Not one of the letters starts "Dear Mr. Falk." It's always "Dear Dick."

No one is ever discharged until

Dick has given the employe and the accusing foreman an informal hearing. Even then, in most cases, Dick does his best to try to get the man placed elsewhere.

Those who leave the Falk plant of their own volition can always come back. Their comparison of conditions in other plants with those in the Falk factory is a good influence on other employes, the Falks feel.

The Falks and their employes take equal pride in the fact that absenteeism from all causes, including absences resulting from injuries and illness, averages only four percent.

Herman Falk, Harold's uncle and founder of the organization, left his father's brewery in 1894 to strike out for himself with a one-room plant and a single assistant, Julius P. Heil, later governor of Wisconsin. They set the pattern for industrial relations as famous as the product of their machines.

Some of the Falk gears are small enough to put in a pocket, others, like those in airplane carriers or destroyers, may weigh as much, with their housing, as 160,000 pounds. Each is as finely balanced as the most delicate gear in a watch, each the ultimate in mathematical exactness

and precision, for on this fine balance may hang the fate of a ship in battle. The propulsion gears of the *Enterprise*, *Wasp* and *Hornet* all were Falk-made.

There is no union in the Falk plant, although six years ago an election was ordered to determine the employe preference for a bargaining agent. The election never was held, both CIO and AFL withdrawing their petitions when they realized that Falk employes were more content without representation by either labor organization. Dick Falk says, "We can understand why labor wants its own organizations, but at the Falk plant our men and women apparently feel that they can get without a union everything an organization has to offer them."

Some time ago, however, CIO leaders in an effort to make headway distributed literature at the plant gates. It was uncomplimentary to the Falks, so Dick Falk filed a personal libel action, still pending, asking \$50,000 damages. "It's no different from football," Dick said of his lawsuit. "There are rules to live up to, and when the rules are violated it's up to the referee to call a penalty."

There! That's Better!



OBSERVING that the public debt was \$104,204,022,068.70, two army privates stationed at Brunswick, Maine, sent 70 cents to the United States Treasury Department to be applied to the debt to "round off the figure." — UP

» The story of one British naval battle completely off the record

The Great Ruse

By
George Palmer and Frederic Sondern, Jr.

GENERAL ROMMEL'S Afrika Korps lay firmly entrenched on a 35-mile line which stretched from the Mediterranean to the edge of the impassable Qattara Depression. Generals Alexander and Montgomery - - ready for their first big offensive - - knew that a push against any part of this front would be extremely costly unless Rommel's attention could first be diverted. A feint would be necessary, and a very convincing one. Could the navy oblige?

German air power was still formidable. Even a sham operation would jeopardize what little tonnage the Royal Navy had and needed so badly to protect Mediterranean convoys. The Admirals knew that they had to dream up a good one. And they did.

In the darkness, several hours before the time set for General Montgomery's offensive to begin, four little motor torpedo boats slid into positions just offshore a few miles behind the German front lines. They shut off their engines, and waited. It wasn't dark for long. With a flashing roar, a curtain of fire suddenly began dropping on a square

of beach and desert nearby. RAF bombers had materialized out of the night, scattering flares and high explosives. British heavy artillery, miles away, joined with a barrage which systematically hacked over the ground. And then the MTB's churned into action. They were revealed now, in the glare of German searchlights, racing back and forth to lay down a heavy smoke screen.

An excited German officer phoned Headquarters. The British were making a landing under cover of smoke. All right, said Headquarters. Reinforcements would be sent. But the General doubted whether it was really important. A few minutes later an even more breathless officer rushed to the telephone. For now, from the pall of artificial fog that hung over the water, came the unmistakable sounds of a very big attack indeed. Engines were roaring, anchor chains rattled, colored flares were going up, heavy naval guns were firing.

German GHQ reacted quickly. Orders flashed. In a few minutes, all available Messerschmitts and Stukas were in the air. The crack "90th Light" Division, fully motorized, was racing to the threatened beaches. Guns and tanks from the main line were rushed to the sea. Battery upon battery was soon pouring shells into the smoke.

But the British forces never did emerge from the screen. All the Nazis found when the smoke cleared were some empty, battered rafts.

The Berlin radio triumphantly claimed that "a major attack" had been "repulsed with heavy losses to the enemy." The statement was greeted with hilarity at British Headquarters.

The "major attack" had consisted

of nothing more than four MTB's with large loudspeakers. The battle noises were recordings powerfully amplified. And it was a confused and weakened German line that "Monty" hit with his full strength, many miles away.

The Town with an Educated Heart

EAST GRINSTEAD, in Sussex, England, is a town with a broken heart and a heartbreaking job. Not a family wholly escaped tragedy when a German bomb last August whined down on the largest building in the town, the movie theater, killing 400 children at a matinee.

Conditioned by their own heartbreak, these townspeople know how to do their unparalleled job: making the horribly burned RAF boys from nearby Queen Victoria Cottage Hospital know they can still live in society. The lads with the shapeless, raw, red faces come down to the town each day. They don't want to come, at first. There are no mirrors at Queen Victoria, but they know. They walk down the street, trying not to see themselves in the shopwindows, their curled and sometimes fingerless hands in their pockets. Their faces are not of this world during the long period of skin grafting. Often the nose and one or both ears are gone. Their eyes are tiny, bleak, glistening marbles, and the look in them is not one to write about.

The first time you see one of these boys the blood goes out of your face and your stomach rocks. You curse yourself, but you can't help it. But the good people of East Grinstead stop

these claps on the street and chat with them; they tell them stories and make them laugh. They take them into their homes and give them tea. The girls invite them to dances. And not even the children stare at them.

One obvious shudder might undo weeks of excruciating work at Queen Victoria. So in East Grinstead the most ghastly burned boy is the most welcome. His face is the job of the hospital, but his will to live is a job that is in the hands of the townsfolk.

The guiding genius behind the hospital is Dr. Archibald H. McIndoe, a New Zealander, who has revolutionized the treatment of extreme burns and whose plastic surgery in this war is making medical history. Most of the men return to the RAF. A man can ferry a plane or fly a transport even if he has only limited use of his hands and feet.

"It's what they want," McIndoe said. "Flying is their life. If we can hold before them the prospect of getting back in the air, they want to recover. Our biggest job, after they are able to walk around a bit, is to get them to go to East Grinstead. But once they go, it's easier. East Grinstead sees to that."

— Bob Considine, INS

So That Mothers May Live



Condensed from "Americans All Over"

Jerome Beatty

THE LITTLE mud-brick hut that lepers had helped to build with their withered hands was unimpressive to the eye, but it meant something very special to the natives of one village in India. For years this tiny, dirty village, about 25 miles from Vellore, had been just a roadside stop for Dr. Ida Scudder's medical truck, but now the people had built a "hospital," a two-room shelter from the rain and heat and dust. They were very proud of it and today their beloved Dr. Ida was to dedicate the new building.

Some of the doctor's staff went out from Vellore early to get things ready, and I went with them. When we arrived all was pandemonium. In addition to local officials, ready for speechmaking, and 36 small boys from a mission school who had come to sing, the place was crowded with prospective patients. The natives had thought, reasonably enough, that the way to make the opening a success was to come for treatment, and 50 lepers and as many more sick men, women and children were clamoring for hypodermics and medicine and eye drops and salve. Some had

An American woman who tackled "the problem of furnishing women doctors for Indian women, most of whom would rather die than expose their bodies to a male doctor."

walked 20 miles from roadless villages. Some had been carried on stretchers. Many were covered with sores.

The crew of the truck that had brought me — an Indian nurse and two women doctors, one American, the other Indian — worked frantically, trying to finish the treatments before Dr. Scudder arrived for the dedication ceremonies. But soon I heard cheering out front.

"Heaven help us," said one of the doctors. "She is here and we're not half finished! We told her to wear her prettiest clothes, that she wasn't to touch a patient — just to be the guest of honor. But now we won't be able to stop her!"

And suddenly, there she was, rolling up the sleeves of her best dress and drawing on rubber gloves. She went up to a leper, looked at his card to see what treatment he should receive, and plunged a hypodermic needle into the dead flesh. "Next!" she called, swabbing the wound.

Here were jobs to be done, people to be treated, celebration or no celebration.

In an hour the doctors had finished their work. Dr. Ida borrowed a mirror and fixed her hair, and the songs and the speeches began.

"I think it was lovely," she said on the way back to Vellore.

"Yes," I said. "The children singing — and that Hindu farmer who offered all the water you wanted —"

"That was nice," she said, "but that wasn't what I meant. Do you realize that we treated 50 lepers? That means that they like the place and more of them than ever will come to us for help." She took a deep breath. "I love India. There's so much to do!"

This extraordinary white-haired woman has, at 72, a spring in her step, a sparkle in her eye and the skilled, strong hands of a surgeon of 45. She is a Fellow of the American College of Surgeons, and for 18 years has been head of the medical association in a district with a population of 2,000,000. In 1936 the All-India Obstetrical and Gynecological Congress chose Dr. Scudler as president, ignoring India's bitter prejudice against making a woman a leader of men. Doctors all over India send her their most difficult gynecological cases. Women and children come just to touch her, so exalted is her reputation for healing.

India has native doctors, good and bad, but their practice is confined to the cities. The villager usually must

depend upon superstitious priests or medicine men with their tigers' claws and chicken bones, or ignorant quacks who guarantee to cure leprosy in three months and take what fees they can get.

It was nearly 40 years ago that Dr. Scudler first established a group of roadside clinics, designed to bring medical service to the poor of the rural areas. At first the clinics traveled by pony cart. Dr. Ida found in these remote communities such horrors as men blinded because priests had prescribed, for fever, the application of ground glass and cayenne pepper to the eyes. There were women crippled for life because midwives used garden trowels to help deliver difficult babies.

Today her well-equipped hospital trucks give more than 36,000 treatments a year, about 15,000 to lepers. They can't actually cure many lepers, but they can often arrest the disease, giving thousands the strength to earn something of a living. The trucks serve everyone within a 25-mile radius of Vellore. Treatments to paupers are free; others pay one and one-half cents.

Dr. Ida next set about the problem of furnishing women doctors for Indian women, most of whom would rather die than expose their bodies to a male doctor. By sheer determination and tactful executive ability, she created one of India's three medical colleges for women. The institution has graduated more than 300 women doctors — many of them

from low-caste families. Dr. Scudder has made them into valued citizens, respected even by high-caste Indians.

Today the school is equipped with beautiful buildings and dormitories for 105 medical students, a modern 300-bed hospital with 100 student nurses, and a medical staff of 18 women — Americans, Canadians and Indians. The hospital treats about 50,000 patients a year; 3500 of them are in-patients.

Dr. Scudder sometimes performs a dozen operations in a day. Many patients, facing an operation, call in an astrologer to select a lucky hour for the job. From the doctor's point of view there are too many lucky hours around midnight. She once had to wait until 2 a.m. before performing a critical Caesarean.

Dr. Scudder was due to be retired at 65, but she "mislaid" the papers she was supposed to fill out and never bothered to look for them. Reluctantly, at 63, she gave up playing basketball with her students, but she continued to play tennis.

Right now Dr. Scudder and her friend, Gertrude Dodd (age 85), are in the U. S. raising money to improve the school, but Dr. Ida is eager to get back to her classes and operating room.

Ida S. Scudder comes from a great missionary family. Her grandfather, Dr. John Scudder, became in 1819 the first American medical missionary in India, and 49 of his descendants — 14 of them doctors — have been missionaries in

India, Hawaii, Japan and Arabia.

Dr. Ida's father, a medical missionary, was stationed not far from Vellore when she was born. When she was eight years old, her parents visited America and left her with relatives in Chicago to be educated. She grew up a pretty, popular, spirited girl. Her memories of the pestilence and squalor of India and her parents' sacrifices made her determined never to be a missionary.

She was nearly ready to enter Wellesley when her mother's severe illness called her back to India. One night while she was there three neighboring native girls died in childbirth; the eldest of them was 15 years old. Their families had scorned aid from Dr. Scudder because he was a man. "If I were a doctor," Ida Scudder thought, "I could have saved them." Until then it had not occurred to her that she might study medicine; in those days few girls did.

The urge that drives all great physicians was in her blood. Away went her ideas about a pleasant life far from India. She returned to America, studied for three years at the Women's Medical College of Philadelphia, and then went to Cornell Medical School as one of six women who entered its first coeducational class.

A hospital for women was needed in Vellore and when Dr. Ida was graduated from Cornell she was told that if she would raise the needed \$8000 she could build and run it. She got \$10,000 and the necessary surgi-

cal instruments. At 30 she opened the hospital -- one room in an old house.

She trained her cook's daughter as a nurse. In her first operation, an abdominal tumor, she had only the help of this Indian girl, who had never given chloroform before. The operation was a success. In the first two years Dr. Ida treated more than 5000 women and children. She was the only woman doctor in a district of half a million women. Two years later, when plague killed 1,100,000 in India she went from house to house, inoculating thousands.

In 1918, on the mere promise of help from American women, she opened her medical school for Indian women -- in a rented bungalow with half a dozen textbooks, a skeleton and one microscope. Of 150 girls who applied, only 17 could be accommodated. For the first two years Dr. Ida taught classes, ran the hospital, saw that the students were properly fed and housed, and even arranged with the local prison to send over for the dissecting room the bodies of friendless murderers after they were hanged.

It was a hand-to-mouth school until money began to arrive from America, but the training was sound. All the 17 passed the government examinations, although only one out of five of the graduates of other schools made the grade. One girl won a gold medal for the highest grade in gynecology among the 400 men and women examined.

While I was visiting Vellore Dr. Ida was called to the hospital one evening to perform an emergency abdominal operation. She returned after a few hours.

"Successful?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she said. "But a little difficult."

The next day I learned that the lights in the hospital had gone out in the middle of the operation. Pani started among the nurses in the operating room. But Dr. Scudder's confident voice in the dark calmed them. She told them to get some electric torches. They returned with four and while they pointed them at the wound she completed the job.

"A little difficult," she said. "But that's what makes it interesting."

THE PICTURE "The Light of the World," painted by Holman Hunt, shows Christ in a garden at midnight. In His left hand He is holding a lantern and His right hand is knocking on a heavily paneled door.

When the painting was unveiled, an art critic remarked, "Mr. Hunt, you haven't finished your work. There is no handle on that door."

"That," said the artist, "is the door to the human heart -- it can be opened only from the inside." -- Fairfax Downey, *Disaster Fighters* (Putnam)

Thurber's Good-bye to the Gas Buggy

Condensed from
The Saturday Review of Literature

James Thurber

NOW THAT the humorous magazines have taken to printing drawings of horses rearing at the sight of an automobile, and of children exclaiming as a car goes by, "What is that thing, Mamma? Mamma, what is that thing, huh?" it is perhaps not out of place to prepare in advance some small memorial of the passing of the motorcar.

No one has drawn a darker picture of its approaching doom than Mrs. Robertson, the aged colored washerwoman whose pronouncements I have the privilege of listening to every Monday morning. Mrs. Robertson is, for my money, an extremely sound woman.

Some of her opinions which I recall offhand are these: "If you don't pay no mind to diseases they will go away." "The night was made partly for rest and partly as a punishment for the sinful." And "The government only allows you to keep furniture for two months." Because of Mrs. Robertson's habit of buying furniture on the installment plan, and her failure to keep up payments, she looks upon the repossession as a form of federal taxation.

Mrs. Robertson's beliefs about the future of the automobile go like this: The oil supplies of the world are being dried up in order to prevent future wars. This will also put an end forever to pleasure driving, but that is all right because if people kept on riding in cars, they would soon lose the use of their legs and man would pass from the earth.

If Mrs. Robertson is right, I should like to set down my own unique experiences with gas-driven vehicles before I forget them, to serve as footnotes to some future historian.

Let me admit, to begin with, that the automobile and I were never in tune with each other. Our fundamental incompatibility amounted at times almost to chemical repulsion. Some machines I have owned have seemed to bridle slightly when I got under the wheel. Neither the motorcar nor I would greatly mourn if one of us were taken suddenly extinct.

Years ago, an aunt of my father's came to visit us one winter in Columbus, Ohio. She enjoyed the hallucination, among others, that she was able to drive a car. I was riding with her one December day when I dis-

covered, to my horror, that she thought the red and green lights on the traffic signals had been put up by the municipality as a gay and expansive manifestation of the idle spirit. Although we reached home safely, I never completely recovered from the adventure.

Out of my long and dogged bouts with automobiles, there comes back to me only one truly pleasurable experience. In 1938, I ran out of gas in a lonely section of Scotland. This car's gasoline gauge had a trick of mounting toward "Full" instead of sinking toward "Empty" when the tank was running low, one of many examples of its pure cussedness. There I was, miles from any village, with not even a farmhouse in sight. Out of a thick woods on my left a man suddenly appeared. I told him I had run out of petrol. "It just happens," he said, "that I have some." He went into the woods and came out with a five-gallon can. I thanked him, paid for it, and drove on.

Once when I was telling this true but admittedly remarkable story at a party in New York, a bright-eyed young woman asked, "But when the man emerged from the lonely woods, carrying a five-gallon can of gasoline, why didn't you ask him how he happened to be there with it?" I lighted a cigarette. "Madam," I said, "I was afraid he would vanish." She gave a small laugh and moved away from me. Everybody always does.

Another experience on that same trip helped to shake the faith of at

least one Briton in the vaunted Yankee affinity for machinery. My battery had run down in a village about 20 miles from York, my destination. I located a young mechanic and a wrecking car. He said he would tow me for a few yards. I was to let the clutch in and out (or out and in, whichever it is) and start the engine that way. Any child can do it.

I kept letting the clutch out and in (or in and out) madly, but nothing happened. The garageman stopped every 500 yards or so to consult with me. He was profoundly puzzled. We must have gone, in this disheartening manner, about a third of the way to York. When he got out for the seventh time he said, "What gear have you got her in?" I didn't have her in any gear. I had her in neutral.

The garageman looked at me with the special look mechanics reserve for me -- a mixture of incredulity, bewilderment and distress. I put her in gear, he gave me a short haul, and she started. As I drove off, I could see him in the rear-view mirror, standing in the road, still staring after me with that look.

Back in America (safe and sound, to the surprise of my friends), I produced this same expression on the face of a Connecticut garageman. I was driving through the countryside, just getting over the grippe and still running a slight temperature. The car began to run one, too. The red fluid in the gauge on the dash rose alarmingly. It got to the

point marked "Danger." I drove into a garage in a jumpy state of mind. A mechanic said the thermostat was clogged — or something of the kind. Just then I noticed to my horror that another one of the dashboard dials registered 1500. Pointing a shaking finger at it, I said, "That shouldn't be as high as all that, should it?" He gave me the same look I had got from the man in England. "That's your radio dial, Mac," he said. "You got her set at WQXR."

I got into the car and drove off. The garageman stared after me until I was out of sight. He is probably still telling it around.

That night I developed a theory about my automobile. The thing possessed, I decided, a certain antic intelligence. It had run a temperature that afternoon out of mischief and mockery, because I was running one. Other times, also, it had deliberately betrayed me. I wondered what I had done to arouse its malice. Finally I put my finger on it. The car had never forgiven me for an incident that had occurred abroad in 1937.

At the Franco-Belgian frontier a customs man glanced at the speedometer mileage, and said something in French. I thought he said I would have to pay one franc for every kilometer the car had traveled — about 55,000. In American money this would come to roughly \$1800. I was loudly indignant in French and in English. The customs man kept trying to get a word in, and so

did my wife, but I roared on to my peroration. I shouted that the car had not cost one half of \$1800 when new, and hadn't been worth a third of that.

Finally dismissing me as obviously insane, the customs man shouted to my wife that he had said nothing about money. He had simply made some small comment on the distance the car had gone.

He turned on his heel and stalked away, and I tried to start the motor. It took quite a while. The car was acting up. That day in Connecticut, I thought I knew why. It had resented the slighting remarks I made about its value and had determined to get even with me.

It got even in more ways than I have described. Whenever I tried to put tire chains on, the car would maliciously wrap them around a rear axle. If I parked it ten feet from a fire plug and went into a store, it would be only five feet from the plug when I came out. If it saw a nail in the road, the car would swerve and pick it up. Once, driving into a bleak little town in the Middle West, I said aloud, "I'd hate to be stuck in this place." The car promptly burned out a bearing, and I was stuck there for two days.

If Mrs. Robertson is right and the gas engine is on the way out, it will be no dire blow for me. I will move within roller-skating distance of a grocery, a drugstore, a church, a library and a movie house. If worst comes to worst, I could even walk.

» New ways of teaching scientific management, by democratic methods, inspire workers to think and speed production

To Do It Easier and Do It Better

By Stuart Chase

THERE ARE three highly significant programs for foremen in war plants offered by the War Manpower Commission. Job Relations was described by Stuart Chase in the September issue; Job Instruction in the October issue. Now Mr. Chase tells us about Job Methods. Together the three programs are aimed at the 1,600,000 foremen in war industry, and through them, at all American war workers.

JOB METHODS TRAINING, or JM as it is now called, is a kind of midget course in scientific management, humanized.

A homely illustration will give you the idea. Here are three pieces of bread, and a standard toaster which toasts one side of two pieces simultaneously. How can you brown the three pieces without wasting electricity? Normally at our own breakfast table we do two pieces, front and back, then do the third piece front and back. But this obviously isn't efficient; half the time half the toaster is all hot up but doing nothing.

Study the problem by Job Methods principles and you get the answer. Toast the front side of two pieces of bread. Then toast the back of the first piece and the front of the third piece. Then the backs of the second and third pieces. In this way the toaster is busy all the time, operating at "peak load" as the engineers say, and the job is finished in three rounds instead of four.

As war production mushroomed, all kinds of new processes were developed while old processes were drastically changed. Some methods were terrible. As one industrial engineer put it: "You poured man hours and materials in at the top and they didn't come out at the bottom."

What could be done? Could foremen be trained to look at their familiar surroundings with new eyes? Could they learn to take the questioning attitude toward everything in their department with a view to improving the *little* things - the toaster problems? Here is a little thing, for instance. A six-foot man leaves his bench in an aircraft factory and goes into the army. A girl, four feet 11, takes his place. The height of the bench remains unchanged. The little girl does her best, but her back is slowly breaking while her movements are cramped and clumsy. Production goes down.

Job Methods is one real answer to such little things. Already 75,000

supervisors have taken the program, and more are getting their certificates at the rate of 4000 a week.

In the Job Methods course a dozen foremen meet for five sessions of two hours each with a trainer, or leader. A school atmosphere is carefully avoided; the pattern is rather that of businessmen in conference.

The leader begins by saying he is going to demonstrate how an actual job in a war plant was analyzed. "The principles used," he says, "apply to all types of work. Now watch me carefully, and think of what I am doing in terms of your own department."

"There's a company in New Jersey," the leader continues, "which makes radio shields. A radio shield is a 5 x 8 sheet of copper, riveted to a sheet of brass of the same size. The operator's job is to take a sheet of each metal from a pile, inspect them for flaws, fit them together, rivet, stamp and weigh them."

"Now here is the way it used to be done. I can't use real metal so I have these cardboard sheets. The red ones are copper and the yellow ones are brass. Instead of a real riveting machine we will use this office stapler. The operator sits here, with the machine in front of him. The brass sheets are piled over here, and the copper sheets over there."

The leader then goes through the whole process in pantomime. He shows how the operator gets off his stool and goes and gets 12 copper sheets from one place and walks

back. He gets 12 brass sheets from another place and walks back. Then he fits them laboriously together in pairs, throwing out the damaged ones. Then he puts them in a machine, and sometimes his hand slips and he spoils a shield. When he has a stack of finished shields in a box, he carries the heavy box halfway across the room to a scale and weighs it. Then he starts all over again.

"Now I'm going to show you how radio shields were made after the foreman in charge had got wise to Job Methods Training," says the leader. "Think of these improvements in terms of your own job."

Behold the transformation — again carried through in pantomime. The metal sheets are delivered direct to the operator's bench, so he no longer has to wander across the room for them. Two riveting machines are installed so that the operator can use both hands. A jig is set up to hold the sheets so that they cannot be riveted askew and spoil good metal. There is a chute through which to drop imperfect sheets. The finished shields are packed right into their final box at the bench, where the handler takes them off for weighing, stenciling and shipping. The operator need never move from his seat. Everything is under his hand. The flow of materials is smooth and direct.

To watch a good JM trainer put on this show is a little like watching Houdini. It is dramatic, compelling. A particularly effective bit is where

the operator is required to speed up his work under the old method. The faster he runs around the room the more materials he spoils, the more things he drops, and the closer he comes to injuring his hand in the machine.

Finally the leader points out that the new method, with no speed-up and with far more comfort, produces three times as many radio shields a day per operator. Each machine rivets 50 percent more shields a day. Scrap losses are cut from 15 percent to two percent.

How was the improved method developed? The leader invites the group to look at a card. The card lists four steps, applying to any job, anywhere, involving manpower or machines or materials, or any combination thereof.

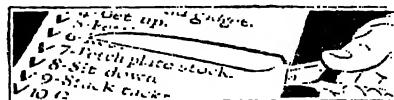


The *first step* is to break down the job, listing on paper *all* the details exactly as done by the old method. The radio-shield maker had 30 separate things to do.



The *second step* is to query every one of these details with a machine-gun burst of questions: *Why* is this necessary? *What* is its purpose? *Where*

should it be done? *When* should it be done? *Who* is best qualified to do it? *How* is the best way to do it?



The *third step* is to develop the new method. Take the job break down and eliminate unnecessary details, combine, rearrange, simplify. Call key workers in for suggestions. Let both hands do useful work wherever possible. Let jigs and fixtures take the place of hands for holding work. In the radio case the number of operations was cut from 30 to 14.



The *fourth and last step* is to sell the idea to all the workers who are going to use it, and to the man higher up. This is just as important as developing the method. Get final approval from all concerned on safety, quality, quantity and cost. Then put the plan into operation, giving full credit to all who contributed. Never forget the slogans, "There is always a better way" and "When you're through improving, you're through."

When the foremen have mastered the principles of the radio-shield example, the trainer asks each man to bring into the conference room a problem hot off the griddle from

his own department, together with a suggested solution. One by one these are put through the four-step analysis. Excitement grows as the group chalks up saved minutes, saved machine work, saved copper, aluminum, steel.

I TALKED to the chief supervisor of a large war plant in Connecticut, a big, round-faced man, kindly, human, and tough as a nut.

"Yes, sir, I don't know what we'd have done around here without JM," he said. "I've got 24 foremen under me and they have all taken the program. It puts them on their toes.

"They want you to *think* now, and that releases a lot of live steam. Before the war it was kind of dangerous to think. The boss higher up didn't like thoughts coming from lower down — reflected on him. So many of us kept our ideas wrapped in cellophane. Pretty soon they dried up altogether. Ideas now are flying all over the place."

"What do the workers think about JM?" I asked.

"They were suspicious at first, remembering the stop-watch boys and the speed-ups. You can't blame them. But we go over every new plan with them, ask them to make suggestions, get them in on it. The more they feel it is their plan the better it clicks. We don't have any trouble.

"None of these Training Within Industry programs are worth a damn unless top management takes a real interest in them, keeps pushing

them," he said. "I've heard that in some companies the programs peter out after a while because top management is thinking of something else. We're so interested around here that we take before-and-after movies. Would you like to see some?"

He had a little projection camera brought in and proceeded to run off a picture of a girl collating pages for an office report by running all around a big table on which the sheets were stacked. After a JM study, they had her comfortably seated in front of a *vertical* rack with the pages all in front of her. When she got them collated, she pressed a lever with her foot which operated a stapling machine. The equipment, all home-made, cut the time of the operation in half.

I saw a dozen more movies, first showing the inefficient, often dangerous old way, and then the easier, safer new way.

I asked how many of the improvements proposed by foremen in their JM conferences were actually adopted. The figures for this Connecticut plant were impressive — 1249 ideas had been turned in so far, 463 of them were in operation, 263 had been discarded, the rest were pending.

In the Baldwin Locomotive Works, 250 foremen had taken JM up to July 1943. Nearly all of them had presented proposals, of which 65 percent were in operation. Twenty-two JM suggestions in the Picatinny Arsenal up to April 1, 1943, show

a rate of saving of 438,000 man-hours per year. By extending these proposals to all arsenals it was figured that \$30,000,000 a year could be saved.

In a large company in Bridgeport, an analysis of 31 jobs improved by JM shows a 122 percent increase in production. In a California aircraft plant, of 195 proposals submitted 193 have been adopted. Another Bridgeport company estimates that it is saving \$1,000,000 a year by virtue of improvements already adopted, while plenty more are coming up.

A married woman employee took the course at the Picatinny Arsenal, and when she got home she thought she would try it out on the housework. She took her card and sailed into the kitchen. "I timed myself preparing dinner and clearing up after the meal. The average was 55 minutes. Then I listed all the details. I asked *Why* is this necessary, and the other *Whats, Whens* and *How's*, as shown on Step 2. Then I tried eliminating, rearranging and combining. By moving pots and pans to a cupboard under the sink, by placing the most frequently used table dishes in a cupboard above the sink, by building a little bin for the soap powder, and so on, I cut the average time to 38 minutes, and I'm not through yet. Also I'm starting JM on bedmaking, cleaning and other household tasks."

Job Methods, having proved its worth in war plants, is being ex-

tended to hospitals and farm work. The program as given is the distilled essence of much that the scientific management people have discovered since the days of Frederick W. Taylor. But unlike the surveys of the professional time-study men it is an inside job. *The foremen themselves work it out. And, most important of all, it is done in active coöperation with the rank and file.*

"MANAGEMENT is the development of people and not the management of things." Workers are not hands, they are people, just as sensitive and as complicated as the boss. If this attitude were more widely held, many management difficulties would disappear.

Too many managers tend to manage on the century-old assumption that the worker's chief motives are material ones, especially wages and hours. Such assumptions are dangerous.

The TWI programs are built on the assumption that a man is not an economic machine but a man. Not until this assumption is made and acted upon does the man really begin to work.

While Americans are fighting a war for democracy abroad, it has been pointedly suggested that Americans could also use more democracy at home. It is one of the war's ironies that these democratic methods are reaching many factories at last, not through idealistic reform but through the sheer pressure of necessity.

Whither Thou Goest...

The heartbreaking attempt of army and navy wives to follow their husbands to training camp constitutes a national problem



Condensed from Time



ONE SULTRY summer day an ambulance clanged up to the Gunter Hotel in San Antonio, Texas, picked up a pretty 19-year-old blonde who was lying on a davenport in the lobby, got her to a hospital just before her baby was born. The young mother had come from a north Texas town to rejoin her husband, a cadet at the San Antonio aviation school. Worn down after fruitless room-hunting, she had spent three nights in the ladies' lounge of the hotel, four days in the lobby, waiting for a phone call from her husband. When her hour came, and she could stand the pain no longer, she asked a soldier nearby to call for help.

That case worked out to a happy ending. Yet the girl and her baby had come perilously close to becoming casualties in the strange home-front battle being fought all over the U. S. by a vast, unorganized army of women — the wives, mothers, fiancées of service men. Their only plan of campaign is to follow their men.

The enemies these women must fight are the painfully crowded transportation system, soaring prices and low military pay, appalling housing shortages and brutal rent gouges — plus missed connections and unpredictable changes in mili-

tary orders which often cancel out months of planning and thousands of miles of travel.

Such agencies as the Travelers Aid, Red Cross, and army and navy relief organizations are swamped with pleas from women who have run into difficulties in their journeys and need help. Travelers Aid handled 885,000 cases last year. This year the total climbed to 1,250,000 in the first six months, is still climbing.

The agencies do their best to discourage unnecessary travel, but a service wife may insist on her own definition of "necessary." And there is no pat answer to such frank explanations as that of one eastern girl who had made the long haul out to California: "I don't know why I came. It was a terrible trip. But when I heard Harry was in San Francisco I just had to get to him. He'd been in the Aleutians and I hadn't heard from him for two months."

Currently living in San Francisco is a navy wife who has made three transcontinental round trips with her two children since last December. A Kansas girl went to Miami to be married, met her fiancé at the station just as he was departing with his outfit. He had barely time to tell her to go to Newark N. J., where he

would have to change trains for a camp somewhere around New York — he did not know which one. The girl turned up in Newark utterly lost, hung around for two days watching for troop trains at all hours, finally collapsed on the shoulder of the USO.

Lacking official traveling status, the service wife is at the bottom of the priority heap; she must expect to travel in the coaches overnight, possibly sitting on her suitcase in the aisle. Buses load military personnel first, and the service wife traveling alone is the rankest of civilians. Navy wives traveling to and from the base at Corpus Christi, Texas, have worked out a fine technique of picking up uniformed escorts, because a service man is allowed to have his wife sit with him.

USO workers are frequently stunned by the ignorance of young wives who have led completely sheltered lives in small towns. They have had to teach many of them such things as how to use dial telephones. A sailor's wife, moving to New York City with her three children, told the Travelers Aid that she hoped to find a four-room apartment beside Central Park for around \$18 a month.

When the worn service wife finally arrives at her destination, her troubles are just beginning. Usually all the hotels are full, landlords in the tight zones enforce a virtual embargo against service people with small children. That sort of thing recently

brought forth an enraged advertisement in the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*:

WANTED BY A NAVAL OFFICER'S WIFE
— *whose husband is serving overseas*
— and THREE MONSTERS in the form
of my little children — TO RENT — a
2- or 3-bedroom house, apartment,
BARN or CAGE or whatever is supposed
to serve as shelter when such terrible
creatures as children have to be con-
sidered.

Other apartment hunters take the human-interest approach, as in this masterpiece from the San Diego *Tribune-Sun*:

I'm only three weeks old. My papa, a navy officer, wants to live with Mommy and me. We need a furnished house or apartment. Can you help me? Please!

Judy

When a service wife sets out to follow her husband, nothing can stop her except the man's departure overseas. Thus it seems certain that as large bodies of troops are shifted around in the U. S., the woman's army will move in their train. There will continue to be such cases as the 21-year-old wife who turned up, unannounced, at 1 a.m. in Corpus Christi with her five small children, to "surprise" her sailor husband. No one has found any way to exorcise the heart-wrenching truth from the simple statement: "I don't know whether I'll ever see him again."

Flight Surgeon

Condensed from Air News



Frederic Sondern, Jr.

THE MEN of his squadron call him "Doc." He is the Flight Surgeon of an American heavy bombardment unit that has been dishing it out along the North African and Italian coasts; a big, craggy captain of 35 or so, with a friendly face, a ready grin, and the calm self-assurance of the good physician.

Doc is more than just physician. He is friend, adviser and confessor of commanding officer, pilots and mechanics alike. He flies with them, plays baseball and poker, is always accessible and ready to talk, and possesses a vast vocabulary of spectacular expletives. "Jeeze, you shoulda heard Doc cuss while he was fixing me," one wounded gunner said. "You'da thought he'd stopped the ack-ack instead of me. Kinda made me feel better." Doc knows his boys' strengths and weaknesses, their quirks and enthusiasms. "I don't know how he does it," a pilot told me, "but Doc always seems to know what's worrying a guy. And then, just by talking, he fixes it. Keeps you leveled off, Doc does. He's a damn good doctor, too."

It was for those qualities that Doc, a successful general practitioner in a Western city, was picked by a selection board at the Army Air

The squadron doctor must know both medicine and men — he nurses his boys as a football coach his players.

Forces' School of Aviation Medicine at Randolph Field. For three months at Randolph he took intensive courses in the peculiar troubles of the eyes, ears, heart, stomach and mind which a man is likely to develop under the fierce strain of air combat. He also studied dozens of other subjects, from field hygiene and diet to the use of oxygen at high altitudes. And he learned to fly; not for combat purposes, but well enough to know what it is all about. After graduation, there followed several months of apprenticeship as an Aviation Medical Examiner before he got the gold wings of a Flight Surgeon.

The Flight Surgeon's No. 1 problem is "flier's fatigue." Fundamentally it comes from the inevitable rebellion of the normal mind against the unusual sensations, the ever-present if unconscious fear, and the continuous tense alertness of combat flying.

The symptoms are unmistakable. A loud, happy youngster, all wisecracks and horseplay, suddenly becomes thoughtful and begins going off by himself. Or a quiet, studious

boy struts into a bar and picks a fight. They find fault with engines which are in perfect order, and develop imaginary personal ailments. They begin to talk about death — jokingly, perhaps — but the thought is obviously there.

On the wall of Doc's office is a chart on which is marked the number of hours that each squadron member has been on operational flights. "As soon as a man gets over the hundred-hour mark," he said, "I make it a point to run into him kind of accidentally every little while. I buy him a beer, maybe, and we talk. I can tell like that" — he clicked his fingers — "when he's had enough.

"Now don't get me wrong," Doc continued. "Our boys aren't soft. They're tough. We've just had the sense to realize that flier's fatigue is part of the business and that there's only one way to cure it — rest and a change of scenery.

"To understand what happens, you've got to realize what the actual life of a bomber crew is like. Not the prettied-up, heroic, story-making stuff about the unusual fellows, but the routine of a crew that does a regular job every few days, month in and month out, blowing up factories and dull things like that.

"Take the case of Pilot X. He's a nice boy from California, intelligent, quiet, capable, steady—what's known as an Eager Beaver, or a Solid Citizen. Every few days he finds his name posted on the board for a mission the next morning.

From that minute, he starts worrying — naturally. Is his plane all right, is his crew on their toes? That night, not sleeping much, he thinks about the narrow escape he had last time from those fighters, about his friend Sam who didn't come back. Is he scared? Of course he is, either consciously or unconsciously. There would be something very wrong with him if he weren't. There's a lot of difference, you know, between being scared and being yellow.

"The next morning, that pilot goes to the operations hut for briefing. He knows that he'll have to remember every detail; where enemy ack-ack batteries are, the best altitude and direction for the approach, and a dozen other items on which not only the success of his mission but his crew's lives depend. He gets excited as hell.

"And then the really tough business begins. Let's say it's a ten-hour mission. That means five hours out. Do you know what it is to fly for five hours with every nerve in your body singing a tune? That's a long time to stay excited. Fliers don't say they 'go on a mission,' they say they 'sweat out a mission.' And they do.

"When he gets near the target, hell breaks loose below, above and around him. But he has to sit like a calculating machine and give his bombardier that absolutely straight, level run that is needed just before the bombs fall. He doesn't even have the satisfaction of seeing his bombs hit the target. Then comes the nerve-

racking job of looking around for cripples which have to be protected while they limp back. Those next five hours, getting back — still expecting an intercepting attack — are interminable.

"Add that all up in terms of nervous energy expended, and remember that the pilot, in all that time, hasn't had a chance to let off steam. A fighter pilot sees what he's hitting, does acrobatics, and gets the tension out of his system. The driver of a bomber can't, and that goes equally for the rest of the crew who sit for hours waiting for those few minutes of particular hell. That gives you an idea of why the bomber man, when he gets home, is tired — dog-tired. Watch a bomber crew when they get in after a mission. The Intelligence Officer, who has to have the details of their flight, generally has a hard time getting their story. They don't feel like talking. They just sit and munch their food, and then fall into bed and sleep a good way around the clock."

The fliers of a pursuit outfit are quite different from the bomber men. When I visited one of these groups, there was a lot of noise in the big tent which served as combination mess hall and officers' club. The fliers, just back from a successful foray, were pommeling one another and shouting at the top of their lungs. A big Connecticut Yankee was hopping up and down on one foot while he tried to get a word of his experience in edgewise. They

reminded me of a college football team after a victorious game. "Yes," said Doc. "But they're not playing football any more. These kids are killers. They're highly strung, excitable — and pretty complicated to deal with.

"War," he continued, "is much more personal to these fellows than it is to a bomber man. A pursuit pilot gets close to his enemy, often close enough to see his face. And he flies alone. He's under terrific strain, and when fatigue sets in, its effects strike quickly and violently. Fatigue is extremely dangerous, for fighter tactics require split-second timing.

"Getting back to that particular bomber pilot," continued the doctor. "One day — after his flying hours had piled up — I noticed a change. He was smoking too much; swearing as never before, getting sullen, and fidgeting when anybody talked about flying experiences. He pleaded with me when I suggested that he go off on a brief leave. He wanted to finish his limit of service, so that he could go home for a while. And I gave in — a mistake I'll never make again.

"The next day he cracked — right over the target. Just lost control of his plane, flew around like a wounded bird, got a lot of ack-ack in his ship. Finally, about ten feet above the water, he recovered control just in time. Somehow he got home. 'Doc,' he said, 'I don't know what the hell happened. All of a sudden I started to sweat and shake. I wasn't scared but I just kind of turned into jelly.'

"That was my fault," Doc concluded. "not the kid's. If I had forced him to rest, he'd be flying today as well as ever. As it is, I damn near had the death of nine men on my hands, and am to blame for the loss of one flier. That pilot will never touch a plane again. His nerve is gone for good. That's what flier's fatigue does, if the Flight Surgeon doesn't catch it in time.

"Of course we have to look out for malingering. Any kind of trouble in the ears or nose will ground a pilot. Sometimes one of them thinks up a suitable pain. If I discover that it's that kind, I hawl him out and send him on his way. At times, though, a pilot convinces himself that there really is something wrong. That type would consider it a terrible injustice not to be treated. So I give him a sugar pill. That generally works."

In the squadron mess I heard some varied tributes to Doc. "We took him on a raid the other day," one boy said. "Plenty hot it was. They were throwing everything they had at us. We were kinda worried. But not the Doc. 'Upsadaisy,' he'd say whenever there was a close one. I think we're going to rechristen that ship the 'Upsadaisy.'" "Jeeze," another one broke in. "You should have seen Doc when he went on leave with us up to Tel-Aviv. Does he panic the gals!" Suddenly a quiet fellow at the end of the table spoke up. "You can't fool Doc, though," he said — a little gloomily. They

all agreed, with solemn nods, that you couldn't fool Doc, and they seemed quite pleased about it.

The Flight Surgeon must be versatile medically. Into his little dispensary come cases of everything from sunburn and "Government Issue Stomach" — a mild form of dysentery — to combat and accident wounds. A converted bomb rack serves as an operating chair, there is no running water, and the floor of the tent is white gravel. But somehow everything is spotlessly clean. "I have ideal patients, of course," Doc commented, "the cream of our physical crop. But the boys think hygiene is silly or something. They neglect cuts and sores and in this climate that's bad. They won't wear their sun helmets. They're careless about their mosquito nets. I have to keep after them all the time."

Serious cases immediately go to a field hospital nearby. A home-coming bomber with wounded aboard radios in and is met on the runway by the ambulance of its squadron. If one of Doc's boys has been badly hurt, Doc rides with him in the ambulance — for psychological reasons. The boy knows his Flight Surgeon and likes to have him along. The Air Forces pays attention to things like that.

I asked a veteran master sergeant what he thought of the new medical system. "Well," he said, in the manner of veteran sergeants, "they didn't used to coddle us like that. We were tough in those days." And then

he added, rather reluctantly, "But I sure would rather get hurt now than then!"

The hospital itself is a group of tents in a shady grove, well dispersed to make bombing difficult. It shows a great deal of American ingenuity. When I saw it, the doctors and nurses had designed and constructed their own flyproof operating theater, screening it with castoff materials from around camp. They had made scrubbing tables and racks from pieces of furniture salvaged from a nearby ruined town, and covered them with slabs of marble gathered from the wreckage of bombed-out buildings. The oxygen apparatus is German, the sterilizing tanks Italian, equipment left behind by Axis surgeons. The power for the operating lamps — a cluster of automobile headlights — is supplied by a small mobile generating unit. But despite handicaps, the surgeons do fine work. Few men who came back in their planes have died of wounds.

The American base hospital near Cairo ranks as the best in the Middle East and boasts specialists of a caliber now almost unobtainable at home. "We Americans," one competent authority told me, "are a generation ahead of anyone else in taking care of our men."

The score on the psychiatric side is equally good. Mental cases in the Air Forces have been negligible in comparison with those of the last war — despite this war's vastly increased strain of combat flying.

Doc has many duties which are pretty tedious to a physician of his caliber. He has to keep continual watch on kitchens and latrines. He has neither time nor facilities to indulge his medical hobbies. He gets homesick sometimes and the rule that sends the fliers home after a certain period of service doesn't apply to him. He tells himself, however, when he gets depressed, that he is doing a job that few others are equipped to do. And he is right.

The Hat-and-Coat Trick



IN FULL accord with the idea that friendliness is a cardinal virtue, we nevertheless contend that there are times when temporary relief must be had from casual dropper-inners. We have secured many an easy evening simply by putting on our coat and hat before answering the doorbell. The bell ringers judge instantly that you are leaving and say they'll come another time. You murmur a few I'm sorry's and stand your ground. Only the most stubborn cases force your wife and other members of the household into coats too. None in our experience has withstood the approach of an entire coated family.

Occasionally the callers are exactly the people you want to see. It's easy then to say: "You came right behind me. I haven't had time to take off my things."

— Alan MacDonald in *Yankee*

» Delightful
that birds and

uses of the games
males play

Wild Merriment

Condensed from Frontiers

Archibald Rutledge

Author of "Children of Swamp and Wood," "Questing Heart," etc.

TO ONE who lives in the wilderness, as I do, it is no uncommon thing to see wild creatures at play. Sometimes their rollicksome mood is associated with the mystic exaltation of mating; but often it springs from nothing but the pure joy of life.



LATE one afternoon, at a solitary lagoon on a plantation next to mine, I discovered five otters having a sliding match. There were evidently two parents and three half-grown children. Overlooking the lagoon was a bluff about 15 feet high, with a slope of black mud from its crest to the water. To use their improvised toboggan, each would lie flat on his stomach, give a push with his hind feet, and go zipping down the bank.

On striking the water, they performed all kinds of graceful acrobatics before returning to the shore to slide again. And one thing appealed to me as rather humanly touching. One of the youngsters was smaller than the other two, and when his turn came the rest of the family invariably paused in their frolic to see how the "least one" would make out.



ONE SUNDOWN, I left the deep woods and went out on the sand dunes. Soon the full moon rose over the Atlantic, and out of the woods stole a herd of whitetail deer. There is nothing on this beach for deer to eat or drink. They come here, even as you or I, to enjoy the moonlight.

Gracefully they advance, on shadowy steps, with heads held high. Now the buck pauses in front of an old log; then, with a great show of his snowy flag, jumps three times as high as necessary to clear it. A yearling, not to be outdone, does a little Virginia reel all by herself; a doe dashes away, turns, curvets lithely over some low bushes, performs some fascinating ballet steps. And now they all go down into the surf itself, like children sporting at the seashore. When a great comber thunders in, they rush back upon the beach, only to turn and follow the retreating wave.



ONCE, at daybreak, I walked up an old woods road. Aromatic pine boughs brushed me with dewy fingers, spicy and cold. The sun gleamed softly through the mists, turning the hearts of shrouded thickets into little golden rooms. I stopped to look and listen. Soon I heard a damp rustling; and through the lifting mist I saw three ruffed grouse, a cock and two hens. They were not feeding; they were showing their joy in life by spreading their beautiful tails, fluffing their feathers and partly lifting their wings, at the same time strutting up and down or pirouetting gracefully. The females playfully chased the male; he flew to a mossy log, lifted his brown ruff, lowered his wings, and began to drum softly — not with his customary whirring challenge, but as if he were singing for happiness.



SOME wild creatures are so nocturnal that it is difficult to see them at play. Such an animal is the flying squirrel, a winsome gray elf. After a good day's sleep in his hollow high up in a tree, before he begins at twilight the serious business of searching for food, there is a half hour or so when you may see him literally skylarking.

This aerial performer springs away from a tree, his four feet extended wide, thus spreading his sail or parachute; he descends in a wide swift arc, and swerves upward abruptly before alighting on the stem of another tree. While flying from tree to tree, he keeps up a subdued chattering that tells of his enjoyment.



STOPPING one moonlight night on the edge of a field, I saw a group of rabbits having a leapfrog game and general roughhouse. Two of them stood on their hind legs, apparently wrestling. Some crouched low while others leaped over them. Some feigned fighting, and rolled over and over in the short stubble. There were races, games of tag, and zany maneuvers. From time to time I heard squeaks of delight. These were not baby rabbits which, like most other wild babies, are naturally playful, but a mature crowd having an awfully good time.



THE AERIAL maneuvers some birds engage in are obviously for fun: the tumbling of pigeons; the marvelously graceful acrobatics of the swallow-tailed kite; the strange towering of the great wood ibis, mounting on an ascending spiral until lost to sight.

One day I came upon a flock of 60 wild ducks who were playing a game. As at a given signal all of them rose, with great excitement, flew up the lake for about 50 yards, and dived into the water with a great splashing, throwing the spray high. In another moment they did this again. While I watched.

they traveled the entire length of the lake in this joyous manner. When they reached the head of the lake, they scattered, preened themselves, dived for food. But in a half hour they came back, executing again as strange and merry a performance as I ever saw in wild or human life.



STEWART EDWARD WHITE, in his book *Speaking for Myself*, reports the following merry scene: "Some years ago, in Alaska, I saw three ravens flying overhead. One of them carried in his beak what looked like a small fish. After a dozen flaps of the wing, with a quick jerk, he transferred it to his claws. A few more flaps and he chucked it forward and grasped it with his beak again. Each time he made the exchange the other ravens dashed at him, yelling at the tops of their voices, trying to rattle him into missing that fish.

"He was remarkably quick and accurate, but after a time he did drop it. The other two plunged down and one managed to snatch it before it reached the ground. He proceeded to do exactly as the first had been doing, while the other two tried to make him miss.

"Soon they came so near that I could see the object. It was a small stick. This was no mere struggle for a titbit. It was a game of tag, of miss-and-out, with definite rules."

To see wild things playing "just for fun" is to realize a touching kinship of their lives with ours.

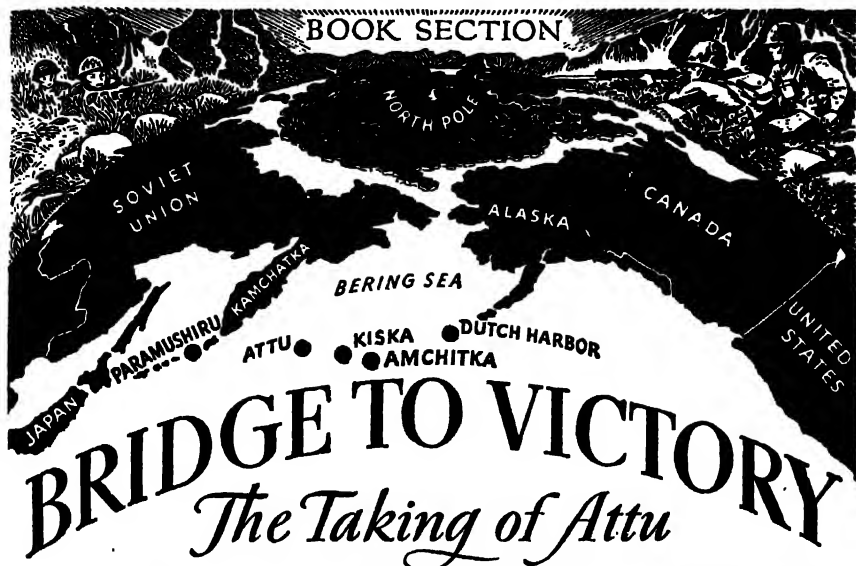


Monument

A FLORIDA back-country woman was hoeing out in front of her little weather-beaten house. A neighbor stopped and said: "Essie May, it ain't fitten for you to be hoeing out here today when the whole town knows you just had a letter from the government saying that your boy, Jim, is laying dead in one of those furrin lands. It just ain't fitten."

Essie May looked at her neighbor with bleak, level eyes. "Friend," she said, "I know you mean well, but you just don't understand. This is Jim's land, and it rejoiced his heart to see green things growing, because it meant that his Maw and the young 'uns would be eating. This is his hoe, and when I'm hoeing I can almost feel his big strong hands under mine and hear his voice saying, 'That's good, Maw, that's good.' I can't afford any stone monument for Jim. Working, not weeping, is the only headstone I can give him. So, if you don't mind, neighbor, I'll do my grieving in my own way."

— Contributed by Don Blanding



A condensation from the book by HOWARD HANDELMAN

Bridge to Victory is the first complete account of the reconquest of the Aleutians. Howard Handleman of International News Service saw it all and here vividly sets it all down — the broad strategy; the little incidents; the fog-blurred, awesome scenery; the sounds, the smells and the feel of battle.

But above all he is interested in his fellow men — the American boys from behind the soda fountain, the clerk's desk or the plow, suddenly plunged into the strangest, cruelest fighting of this war.

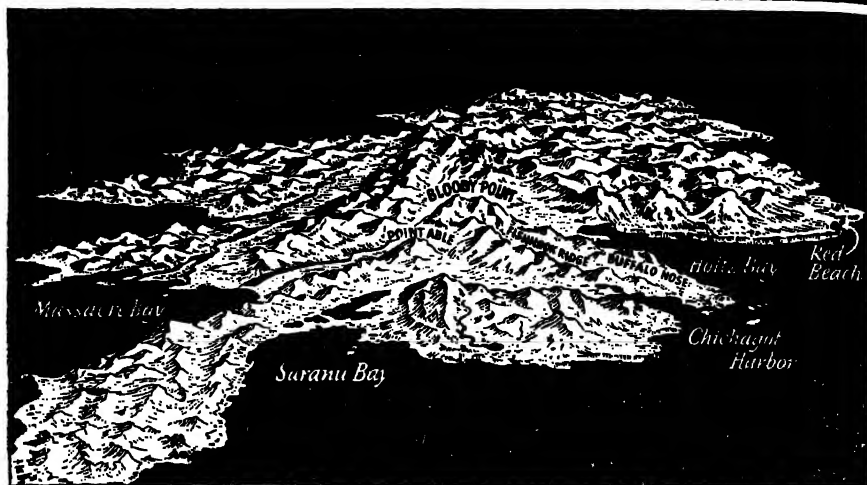
Handleman shares their curiosity about their demoniac foe; he pokes through Jap shelters, looks at their dead and scrutinizes the handful of prisoners, trying to understand these creatures, sometimes so stoical, sometimes so hysterical.

The cumulative effect of his gripping story is that the reader feels that he, too, has slogged through that historic campaign.

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ATTU

BEFORE the war, nobody wanted the Aleutians, on which lived some 900 natives and a handful of American trappers. Not even the native Aleuts liked the islands. But when the Japanese occupied Attu and Kiska, it became necessary to drive them out because they threatened Alaska.

Weather and terrain combined to make the Aleutians the toughest battlefield in American history. For months our forces, under command of the navy but working as a team, patiently built up base after base in the nearer Aleutians, closing in on Kiska and Attu for the short-range battle, clearing a skyway to Japan for the long-range campaign.

The showdown came in grim fighting on the barren, treeless section of Attu pictured above.



BRIDGE TO VICTORY

ON MAY DAY, 1943, there was more naval power massed in Cold Bay, Alaska, than the north country had ever seen — battleships, destroyers, a small aircraft carrier, and transports with decks turned solid brown by the uniforms of soldiers standing elbow to elbow. Fighter planes from the carrier and from the airfield ashore zoomed overhead, and occasionally swooped down to practice a dive against a ship.

"My God!" I heard an awed sailor exclaim. "We're really going out to take that damned island."

The main body of troops was bound for Massacre Bay on the south side of Attu island; a single transport was bound for Holtz Bay, on the north. The plan was for the two forces to meet at the main Jap camp, on the west arm of Holtz Bay, a day and a half after the landing. There was a good deal of jockeying among the correspondents for advantageous positions. I gambled that the troops on the single transport would get there first.

Major Albert V. Hartl commanded these troops. Stocky, precise, methodical in speech, at first meeting he didn't give the impression of being a tough guy going out on a tough job. He didn't even swear. To Hartl, the Japs were always "our little brown brothers." The way he said

it brought out his feeling much more pointedly than if he had used the usual term — "little yellow bastards."

In civilian life Hartl had been chief accountant for the North Dakota state public utilities commission. He smiled a little apologetically when he told you that. But most of the officers and almost all the men came from jobs and lives just as far removed from war. They were farmers and lawyers and clerks and school kids and businessmen and factory workers and miners and salesmen and gold-brickers. All of America was there. Everything America ever did, these men had done. War lumped them together and, as the battle of Attu showed, tossed them out equal, each and all fighting as though they'd never done anything else.

THE invasion fleet was nine days on the water from Cold Bay to Attu.

There were calisthenics topside, but the deck was so thick with landing barges, guns and gear that only small groups of men could exercise at a time. It was so crowded men had to read leaning against other men's backs.

All day long officers led little groups into the wardroom to study. It was like a college dormitory before finals. A group of noncoms would

be in one corner, 10 or 12 enlisted men in another, a larger group at a center table. Noncoms and enlisted men were told everything. The American army works on the idea that an informed soldier is the best soldier.

Even mealtimes were used to familiarize the troops with their forthcoming job. Where the men had to pass when they got their food was a huge relief map of the northeast side of Attu, the side we were to attack. Soldiers were there day and night, studying it.

Unfortunately, its features were not correct. Mounds that looked like low hills on the map turned out to be 4000-foot mountain peaks on Attu. It was the major miscalculation of the expedition.

At the officers' meetings Major Hartl wiped out the first impression we had had of him. The man covered everything, deliberately, almost like a schoolteacher.

"This is no easy job ahead. Our little brown brothers have been on Attu 11 months. They are strong in Holtz Bay, which we must reach as quickly as we can. We will have control of the sea. For at least the first day we will have control of the air. After that we don't know. They can fly here from Paramushiru, less than 700 miles away.

"We don't know yet whether we can land on the beach that has been selected — Red Beach. It is a little beach. It is rocky. Aerial reconnaissance tells us there are no Japs on it.

If there aren't, fine. If there are, we will have to fight.

"If we land on Red Beach, the navy will bombard ahead of us. We will have a margin of about 60 yards between us and the navy bombardment.

"Watch out for any signs that any of your men are breaking under the first shock of combat. If any do, it will be your responsibility to talk to them and straighten them out or send them back to the medics. None of us knows how we will react the first time under fire.

"Make certain all your men go ashore with rations for one day and with clean socks, clean underwear, shave and, if possible, a bath. Digging greatly increases chances of infection. Their hair should be cut short. Long hair tangles in head wounds and makes it more difficult for the doctor.

"We hope to have for each platoon a warm-up tent where the men can get warm and dry their clothing. These tents are not sleeping tents. No one must occupy the warm-up tents too long.

"Someday soon the fighting will be over. Tell your men to prepare for that day, when they will want to relax. Tell them to slip a pack of cards in their pockets, if they like.

Hartl didn't miss anything. "As for toilet paper. Bathroom accommodations are rather bad on the island, they tell me."

Later, out on a gun mount, enjoying a rest in the brief Bering sun, Major Hartl said: "I've talked

lot about the first shock of combat. I've heard it is tough on a man, and that some go all to pieces. I've done everything I can think of to prepare my men for it. I think they'll do all right.

"But what I'd really like to know is whether I'll react all right."

THE morning of May 11, the day scheduled for the attack, was turmoil. Breakfast was at 4 a.m. The officers, who usually straggled in, descended on the wardroom all at once. Few had slept during the night; everyone was too much on edge to be sleepy. Most had managed to shave and the company looked cleaner than at any time during the trip. The navy officers were there, too. This was to be a big day for them as well. Their job was to get the army ashore.

The galley crew could not cope with the deluge of men. Finally the officers crowded into the galley to make their own toast and cook their own eggs. There were laughter and forgetfulness. A man couldn't very well worry about, something that hadn't happened yet with the crackle of frying eggs in his ears and the aroma of ham in his nose.

Only Doc Haverly had a fit of depression. He looked around at the fine, laughing, good-looking gang of young Americans and, with eyes on the verge of tears, whispered, "God, I'm glad they don't know what they are in for. We estimate on this job 30 percent of them will be casualties."

After breakfast men did little things, to make sure nothing needed was left behind and to pass the time. They went over their gear, sharpened their sheath knives, rubbed dubbin on their leather boots.

At seven the fog was light. We could see battleships and destroyers; the sea was full of ships moving forward into position. The old feeling of power that we got in the rendezvous harbor came back. At eight, the fog was like a wall again; we couldn't see from one end of our own ship to the other.

At 8:30 the loudspeaker squawked the order for A Company and the Alaskan Scouts — Castner's Cutthroats, experts all on Alaskan conditions — to go to their barges. This was it. Colonel Frank L. Culin, of Tucson, Arizona, buckled on his helmet. Culin is a tough army veteran. His regiment was in reserve, wasn't even scheduled for the landing. But he was picked to lead the first men ashore, and fight any Japs there might be on the little beach.

A junior officer wished the Colonel luck. Culin was walking away, but he stopped, turned and said: "I'm very much obliged to you. Thank you."

There was deep sincerity in his voice, a strained look in his face.

The men filed into the barges in orderly fashion. They looked up at the others standing by the rail, the men scheduled for the second or third trip. The men by the rail averted their eyes. Nothing was said. No

good-byes, no good lucks. This was beyond that.

In the crowded barges men twisted and turned, shifting hand grenades from one pocket to another to make them more accessible. One soldier took from his pack a red toothbrush and cleaned his rifle's firing mechanism.

Soon the ten barges disappeared into the fog, towing three plastic rowboats in which the Alaskan Scouts, after being cut loose, were to row ashore with muffled oars. This was the first Indian tactic in a battle that was to be filled with Indian fighting.

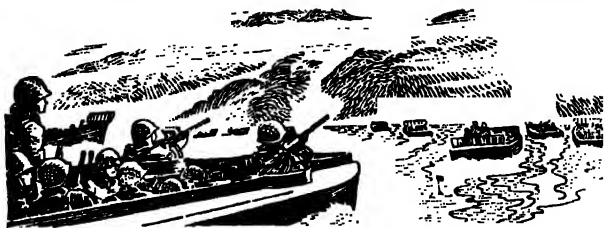
The battleships were to have begun their bombardment at ten, but for some reason they didn't. The delay got on our nerves. From an anti-aircraft gun mount four sailors began to chant like rooters at a football game:

"Blast that beach! Blast that beach!"

THE morning was filled with noises. There were explosions, but we could see the battleships and knew they hadn't fired. War was going on, but we had no idea what was happening.

There was a nagging worry about Colonel Culin and his men. They had been gone a long time now, out there in the unknown; and there was no word.

At long last Colonel Culin sent



back word by walkie-talkie that the beach was clear and barges could get through the rocks.

Hartl was jittery. He wanted to get ashore and start moving, wanted a lot of daylight for his first day ashore, so his men could dig in, but it was almost 1 p.m. before we got the order to get into the landing barges. They were lowered away and soon the sea was full of them, each with its precious load of men and munitions and food. Our circling barges churned up the water in great swells which splashed over us, and finally strung out single file behind a destroyer, which bobbed ahead like a mother hen. It was a long run and the soldiers' legs were cramped and stiff.

Squatting with his back against the ramp of the barge I was in, Sergeant Diego Rubiales asked the men if their rifles were ready, their grenades handy, the combat packs tight against their backs. In civilian life Rubiales was a mushroom grower in Concord, Calif. He had passed up a chance to go to officers' training school so he wouldn't miss the Attu invasion.

The beach was sighted through the fog at 3:05, and at first the great patches of snow on the moun-

taininsides looked like smoke. The barges huddled together again in a noisy crowd.

A few minutes later came the first roar of the naval bombardment. There was no mistaking the sound of the 14-inchers. We had been told naval shelling is the most terrifying thing in war, and we could believe it as we heard the heavy, wet whirr of the big shells slicing through the log overhead.

As the shelling continued, the soldiers shouted: "Give the bastards hell! Bust 'em up! They asked for this, goddammit! Give it to 'em! Keep it coming!"

The noise of the bombardment upset the big, fat black geese of the Aleutians. Three of them flew by us, faster than any geese ever flew before.

Little red and black buoy flags, floating on square rafts, bobbed here and there on the water as we came in. It was good to see them. Americans had been here before, were waiting for us on the beach. It cut the edge of the strangeness.

Our landing beach, north of the Jap base on Holtz Bay, was not 100 yards wide. Boats landed two at a time, slowly, while the rest hovered offshore.

At the water's edge, shouting through the megaphone, was the beachmaster.

"You've got to weave like a snake, like a snake!" he shouted. "There are rocks under there, rocks under there!"

Sailors leaning far over the edge of

our barge signaled to the coxswain when they spotted the rocks.

Just before we hit the beach the barge scraped hard over a rock which, luckily, was flat. The barge took a hard bounce, but the rock did not penetrate the steel bottom. The ramp was lowered into the wet sand and the soldiers, carrying all the ammunition boxes they could handle, went ashore on the double.

The first part of the job was over. The tough part was ahead.

WHOEVER picked this beach should have a big medal. It was hemmed in by a cliff 800 feet high. Obviously the Japs didn't think a landing possible. If they had they could have defended it with half a dozen machine guns. The voice of this beach, four miles from the main Jap camp across a high plateau, was a major factor in the victory on Attu.

The American army and navy were hard at work when we got ashore. There were men all over the beach, scrambling for the best places to dig foxholes, carrying ammunition, stacking boxes of food, straining to tug the heavy guns over the sand and the tundra grass behind it. Already most of the soldiers had tufts of yellow tundra grass stuck in the netting of their helmets, camouflage made to order.

Men were climbing up a ravine in the cliff. Most of that climb was grueling, muddy travel on hands and knees. There was one spot where a rope was lowered so men could pull

themselves up. Soldiers carrying boxes of ammunition, signal-corps men lugging heavy rolls of telephone wire slipped and rolled down the cliff a few feet until they could catch hold of a rock or a firm piece of tundra. At the top, the soldiers sprawled on the wet cold grass, unable to move until they rested. This was their first taste of the Aleutians and it was bitter.

Atop the cliff little groups of American soldiers were strung out as far as we could see through the lifting fog. We followed a telephone line, unrolled over the tundra, into a strange land of gullies, mountains, ravines, streams and lakes, a land of fog and bad light, mystery and danger. The footing was treacherous; men kept falling down even on level ground.

Eventually we caught up with Major Hartl, who had started early and was moving fast. He had planned to be in position to attack Holtz Bay the next day. His walkie-talkie man carried the portable radio beside him.

The first report of contact reached Major Hartl at six in the evening. Our B Company patrol, far behind us on the left flank close to the sea, had bumped into a small Jap patrol. One of four Japs had been killed. Another was wounded. Two got away. The Japs would know by this time that we were north of them.

Later, while Hartl's men were resting on the wet tundra, breathing hard, there was sporadic rifle fire from

the left toward Holtz Bay. It was just a noise out of the fog, something we hoped we'd learn about later.

We did. In ten minutes the walkie-talkie crackled out the news that the B Company patrol which had killed one Jap had cornered the wounded Jap in some rocks and was firing at him.

Just before eight, Lieutenant Barry Sugden, Hartl's intelligence officer, came up, happy, out of breath and carrying a strange long-barreled, orange-colored Jap rifle.

The rifle was handed from man to man. It was a cheap-looking affair, like an old type American squirrel rifle, and of low caliber — no more than a .25. The soldiers took turns drawing a bead with it and crowded around so closely that Hartl had to shout to them to disperse.

The trophy was a tonic to the men, a souvenir to get excited about. They examined the Jap blood on Sugden's trousers, too.

Hartl gave the order to move forward again. We began to hit patches of snow, which gave off a strange ghastly light from what little sun came through the fog. Noise of gunfire echoed in the valleys.

The first Jap shell came our way at 8:28 while we were going through a snow-packed ravine. The fire was wild, because they didn't know where we were, but everyone fell flat on his face, quick, and stayed down, in the snow, long after the Japs quit.

Nobody knew exactly how he felt under his first fire, but most were

proud they weren't as afraid as they had thought they'd be.

A long plateau, with a towering ridge on the right, was chosen as bivouac for the night. It was a mile from the mountain that barred Hartl from the west arm of Holtz Bay.

The men spread out fast, and quickly dug neat, oblong foxholes in the soft earth. It was cold and wet that night. The sleeping bags had not arrived.

AT DAWN of Wednesday, May 12, fog still blanketed the island. All was silent, mysterious, frightening. At five, the camp was awake. With cold-stiffened fingers men lighted their canned heat and opened their K ration breakfast -- a tin of chopped bacon and eggs, seven crackers, a tasty bar of concentrated fruit, a package of coffee concentrate, three lumps of sugar, four cigarettes and a stick of gum.

Hartl had no word from Massacre Bay, but assumed they were moving forward as he was.

The first shots of the day were heard at seven. It was all sniper work -- a few Japs, a few Americans up ahead, pegging away at each other.

Before long the men began to distinguish between Jap rifles which sang, with a ping, and the heavier discharge of American rifles.

From American 105's, back on the beach, shells went over our heads with a swishing sound through the fog. The roar of the guns sent echoes bouncing through the mountains.

A runner came back from somewhere in the fog ahead.

"Aid men?" he asked breathlessly. "They need them pretty bad up there. A Company got caught by mortar and machine-gun fire. Ten of 'em are down already. The company is in a gully, but can't get out. The Japs have both ends covered."

The aid men moved up.

An hour later the first of them were back, straining with the weight of a wounded man on a litter. It was good to know this man had a chance to live. If he was fatally wounded the aid men, under grim orders, wouldn't carry him back to the station. There are never enough aid men; they cannot be spared for the doomed. That is a law of the battlefield.

Theirs was a dangerous job, too. Carrying a litter, they had to go upright to bear the weight. They couldn't stoop or duck for cover every time they were shot at.

At nine the fog lifted suddenly and the whole plateau was spread out before us. Off to the right could be seen the gully in which A Company was pinned down.

The navy began to bombard at 9:10. The explosions of its salvos spread a lacelike spray of black powder in the snow above A Company. Machine-gun duels began. The din was confusing. Navy planes started work at noon. They strafed and silenced Jap anti-aircraft guns.

Hartl's forces were stymied on the plateau, unable to advance against the rifle and machine-gun sniping of

hold up the advance. But he felt a personal responsibility.

He was the only one who felt that way. The men liked and respected this stocky, precise man who had been an accountant. He was out there with them, a fighting leader, and they trusted his judgment. They liked the way he looked after their welfare, too, the way he made certain that supplies were evenly distributed, the way he followed the care of the wounded.

Litter-bearers were still at work in the early morning, tired to numbness, but plugging away. The wounded had to be brought back. The aid station was in a gully, giving protection from wild snipers' bullets, which continued to ping overhead. The two doctors had worked there all night and were still at it.

A flurry of excitement reached the aid station. Men came over to get rifles left by the wounded. Something was going on ahead.

Major Hartl was tense. The Japs had attacked Bloody Point with bayonets at six that morning and the battle was still raging. Jap A-A was again blasting the saddle. From the plateau men could be seen moving over the skyline, throwing grenades, coming to close quarters with other men.

It looked like an all-out Jap assault. Hartl ordered all noncombatants back to the beach. So I spent that Thursday at Red Beach, and returned to the front the following day.

ON THE afternoon of Friday, May 14, our fourth day on Attu, Hartl moved his headquarters all the way up to the ridge of Bloody Point, so hotly disputed the day before. Already our advance guard was moving down the Japs' side of Bloody Point, within sight of Holtz Valley.

The rest of our men on Bloody Point were too tired to do any rejoicing. Some hadn't slept since Monday. They lay miserably in the deep foxholes they had dug to protect themselves from Jap gunfire.

The foxholes were home. The soldier carries all his possessions on his back. Each night, in each new foxhole, he unpacked what he needed, a sleeping bag (if he had one), a shelter half, rations and cigarettes and matches. He slept with his gear ready to be grabbed quickly if he had to move in a hurry. Closest to hand, of course, were the helmet and rifle.

By now life on Attu had become more and more uncomfortable. The little things began to bother the men. Beards were out and were itchy, particularly where the helmet strap rubbed under the chin. The heavy army long underwear, necessary for this country, raised little red lumps which itched like mosquito bites on arms and legs. Few had had their underwear or socks off since they landed.

The K ration which tasted so good the first day didn't taste good any more. Men couldn't eat a whole ration. There were half tins of the cheese, the eggs and the corned-beef

hash strewn over the tundra. Everything was dispensable. Tired men dropped every bit of equipment they didn't need. Even sleeping bags, bayonets and ammunition were scattered over the mountain-side.

Already one day had begun to run into the next in an endless, meaningless succession. Nobody knew what date it was, few cared. Each day compounded the misery of life on the island, left that much more of a mark on each man. His legs were a little more tired, his head a little more dazed, his hands a little more dirty and stiff.

War wears out men and equipment. Sturdy Alaska jackets, brand new Tuesday, were worn out and discarded by Saturday. So with gloves, boots, trousers, sleeping bags. And men who had been strong and young and eager Tuesday were weary and dulled Saturday.

Bloody Point was littered also with Jap dead, frozen in the positions of final agony.

One Jap was in a foxhole, squatting with his face in a corner. He had been killed by a bullet that went through his helmet into the back of his head. Several unused grenades were in the foxhole, ready to be thrown.

Each soldier who came upon the dead Jap in the foxhole stared in wonderment. That was a strange way for a fighting man to die, with his head hidden in a corner and lots of unused ammunition lying handy.

Much later, after many more Japs had been slain in foxholes, it became apparent that the Jap often hides in a hole, ostrichlike, when defeat seems certain.

Colonel Wayne Zimmerman, a West Pointer from Minnesota, after watching the Japs fight for two weeks said: "If you get within 50 yards of a Jap without getting hit you're O.K. He'll dig in when you get close and hope you don't see him."

ON SATURDAY morning, May 15, the soldiers on the saddle of Bloody Point could see their objective, Holtz Valley, long, flat, extending back from a placid shoreline. The beach was littered with Jap wreckage, a ruined float Zero, supply dumps smashed by artillery and naval gunfire. Out in the bay the stern of a cargo vessel poked above the water. Long ago she had been sunk at anchor by American planes.

In their intricate network of dug-outs and shallow connecting trenches, the Japs had been fully prepared to fight off any attempt to storm Holtz Bay frontally, from the east. But they just couldn't conceive of an attack from the northwest, so they weren't ready for it. Consequently our attack was a quick success. Less than an hour after the men swarmed over the saddle and plunged down, word flashed that our troops were in Holtz Valley.

However, there were a lot of Japs to be cleaned out before the infantry

could move across the valley. All day the fighting was at long range, artillery and mortar shells blasting at Jap positions on the other side.

The advance was tedious. The men moved forward with rifles ready, deployed widely, in little groups. Every foxhole, trench and dugout had to be examined and pried into with bayonets. There were a few wounded Japs on the flat land, left in foxholes by their retreating fellows. They had to be killed. They wouldn't surrender, wouldn't come out when they were called. Our soldiers threw grenades in the holes.

The fog lifted in the early evening and the sun came out. There, on the towering mountain between the east arm of Holtz Valley and Chichagof Harbor, hundreds of Japs struggled up a steep zigzag trail in the snow.

The Jap was evacuating his main base without making a stand with his main forces. He was retreating to Chichagof, to unite with the smaller forces stationed there.

It was estimated 400 Japs went up that trail. How many reached the top was never known. Captain Jim Simons turned his cannon on them and could see their bodies flying in the air. The clearing weather also brought Lightning fighters from Amchitka. They cut their motors almost out and glided in over the Japs. The heavy machine guns in the wings of the Lightnings spat fire and lead and death. Americans in the front lines, 1500 yards away, heard the Japs scream.

Next day all of Holtz Bay was American, and the first part of the battle for Attu was won.

THE JAPS had fled Holtz Bay without stopping to destroy their supply dumps, which were brimful of everything needed to fight a war.

The American soldiers, happy for the first time since they landed, rummaged for souvenirs. The fighting that had to be done was taken care of by a few men.

Through the litter in the Jap camp they learned something about the men they fought, learned how they lived and what they ate and what games they played and what kind of pictures they carried in their wallets.

Every one of our soldiers carries a photograph of his wife or girl friend. The Jap soldiers carried pictures of other soldiers, and pictures of Japanese women movie stars or entertainers.

The rumor spread all over the beach that somebody had found lipstick, and that there were Jap women on the island. This belief persisted until long after the battle, when the soldiers realized that the red dust in the little oval tin boxes which snapped shut wasn't lipstick, but the stain with which the Japanese soldier stamps his signature, using a slender stick of bone, inscribed with his name.

Everything in the valley was of strange interest. Long wooden huts with a window at either end were

hidden to the caves and their roofs were covered with clumps of tundra. The camouflage was so good that soldiers frequently started to walk over a roof before they realized it wasn't another of the many little rises in the ground.

The huts had an unpleasant, fishy smell, and it was Sergeant Emil Polansky, a Kansas farmer, who said, "I raised hogs, but I never let them live in places dirty as these."

The radio hut was stocked with tubes that unfortunately wouldn't fit our radios. There was a field telephone, aluminum and smart-looking, which wouldn't work on our wires. There were Jap baseballs, good and bad; bamboo flutes which everyone tried to play, but couldn't; and cigarettes, which left a bad taste in the mouth. In some of the officers' huts soldiers found opium pipes and opium.

The soldiers blossomed out in Jap clothing. It was good to get dry again. They wore Jap mittens, sleeveless goatskin coats, Jap socks, fur-lined leggings, fur-lined shoes, fur-lined felt helmets, itchy woolen scarves. A few of the smaller soldiers found trousers that would fit them.

The soldiers tested everything. Jap canned heat was better than American, they thought,

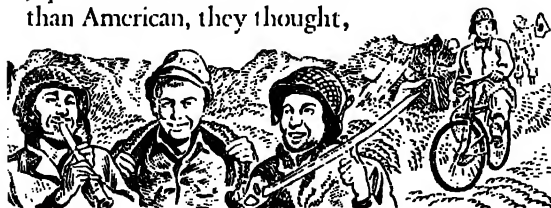
and immediately dropped their own and dug up Japanese. The sweet canned tangerines were a delicacy after the long days of K rations. Jap rifle- and bayonets and swords were prized mementos. The men forgot the war for a while and thought only of the day they would return home loaded down with Jap stuff to show the folks.

A soldier pumped a bicycle through the sand, laughing and shouting. He'd found a dozen of them in a warehouse, hanging from the ceiling, never used. Soon every soldier was trying to ride the Jap bikes.

Some of the equipment was used for purposes that weren't fun, though. The Jap rubber tired handcarts were used to carry Americans with trench foot to the aid station. These were the scouts, hungry and beaten by the weather. Some had come in walking between two soldiers; others crawling on their hands and knees, with their feet held high off the ground. They told of 11 men who had been in the mountains three days with a single can of beans for food.

THOUGH Holtz Bay was ours, the war still raged full blast in the valleys and mountains between Mas-sacre Bay and Chichagof Harbor, where the Japs had anticipated attack. They were entrenched on a steep hill at the entrance to a valley leading to Sarana Bay.

There was little cover



between our front lines and the Jap trenches. Besides, there was no single company ready to tackle the job. The men had been badly cut up in Massacre Valley for over a week, in dozens of hard, deadly little hand-to-hand battles and by machine-gun sniping from Jap nests in the hills.

Captain Harvey Severson, formerly a civil engineer from Sioux Falls, S. D., sent noncoms over the tundra to round up from all companies enough men to storm the Jap-held hill.

These men wormed their way up the steep hill, dodging for whatever cover they could find. Ahead the Japs poured out a torrent of bullets, which took a heavy toll. It was a fearful job. Sergeants and corporals had to run up and down the lines to rout men out of foxholes and force them to continue the advance.

At last, after an unbelievable climb, the Americans were within grenade range. Here the balance swung. American grenades are higher-powered than Jap grenades. The Americans threw them like baseballs uphill into Jap foxholes. The grenades broke up the Jap defense. Twenty tried to retreat, but the Americans, who had taken a beating all the way up the hill, were determined not to let a Jap escape, and cut them down with bayonets.

The Americans fought savagely, viciously, to kill. They were Jap-haters, mean, cruel, cold killers. They had learned they had to be to win this war.

The battle over, the soldiers clustered, fascinated, around the Jap dead. There was a pile of six or seven in a foxhole and soldiers crowded to look in. Suddenly a Jap squirmed out of the pile and made a mad attack with a bayonet. He was killed before he hurt anyone.

ON THE afternoon of May 20, an even more difficult task was attempted. To the right of the hill just taken was a mountain peak, 1800 feet higher than the hill. Its slopes, many of them covered with snow, were almost vertical. On top of it Japs were entrenched with machine guns.

This peak - - named Point Able on our maps - - had to be taken, for it commanded the valley fork which led to Sarana and Chichagof, now the main Jap strongholds.

Lieutenant Harry Gilbert of Chicago led a charge against Point Able which the Japs repulsed. Lieutenant Gilbert died in that charge, along with many of his men.

At midnight another charge was made. It was preceded by an artillery barrage that lighted the sky like a fireworks display. Great roars filled the gray night with sound.

Under cover of the barrage, four units moved up the mountain. One unit was pinned down by Jap machine-gun fire.

The three other units scaled the mountain circuitously. Finally, an hour before dawn, Lieutenant Thomas Hindman of Spartanburg,

S. C., fighting alongside his men, attacked with "a rebel yell and some hand grenades." Two sergeants went for a Jap machine-gun nest that was causing trouble. The sergeants were killed, but the nest was wiped out.

It was dark, and men stumbled into one another as they fought among the rocks on the mountaintop. But the battle didn't reach full fury until in Jap foxholes our boys found an American sleeping bag, American boots, American cigarettes, American rations. Then our boys went mad. They fought with bayonet and grenade and pistol and rifle butt. These Japs wouldn't tell of sleeping in American bags.

The Japs weren't driven from the mountaintop. They were killed there, beaten into the ground by American troops determined to let no one escape. The Japs, proud of their skill with the bayonet and their ability to fight at close range, were completely worsted at their own game.

Next day the worn-out troops who took it were still guarding that mountaintop—an eerie place, fit setting for a Wagnerian opera, with the fog drifting above and below and sharp gray rocks piled in crazy patterns.

Men huddled over tiny fires to heat coffee and warm their hands. The Jap dead hadn't been removed. American dead were there, too, their rifles stuck in the ground butt-up beside them so the burial detail wouldn't overlook their bodies.

Lieutenant Hindman talked of the

battle, too weary to be exuberant. His voice had no inflection of victory when he said: "You should have heard the dogs scream and cry when we threw grenades at them. They really didn't like it."

ON SATURDAY, May 22, we laid down an artillery barrage on the nose of the mountain that splits Sarana Valley from Chichagof Valley. The colonel of artillery, doing his own spotting, caught a whole company of Japs in the open, retreating from the nose. The Japs who weren't killed by shells tried to flee toward Chichagof Harbor, but American soldiers were close behind the artillery, and brought them down with rifle fire.

The slow, steady advance of our troops, over the mountain ridges on either side of Chichagof Valley, continued all Sunday against spasmodic Jap opposition. Sarana Bay and its flat valley were cleared of Japs, who fled to the mountains to try to find their way back to Chichagof.

On Tuesday morning, May 25, the greatest concentration of Americans for any attack made so far marched single file up the slopes to Fishhook Ridge, on the west side of Chichagof Valley. From our command post they seemed to move effortlessly across the snow. Actually they had to struggle every foot of the way to scale the steep inclines.

There was little opposition from Japs on the Fishhook. They were concentrated ahead, on a lower ridge

called Buffalo Nose, and were visible from the valley -- a rarity on Attu.

In this attack were Hartl's troops, who had come up from Holtz Bay to join forces with the main body and were covering its left flank. Hartl was a lieutenant colonel now, promoted on the field for the work he had done in overwhelming the main Jap base at Holtz Bay.

This was the biggest push in the fighting on Attu. It made headway the first day, but the Japs retained Buffalo Nose and most of the Fishhook.

On Wednesday, May 26, I witnessed an extraordinary show of courage and initiative. In the bitter cold, our troops were ordered to attack a Jap-held part of the Fishhook, a peculiar formation called the Bench. I sat with a group of officers on a peak across from the Bench to watch the attack.

Machine gunners on our peak covered the advance, whizzing tracer bullets to keep the Japs in their foxholes. The men started from the bottom of a ravine. There was precious little to protect them. A few were shot and lay still, but most struggled up the clifflike mountainside.

The final 25 yards to the Bench was so steep that the soldiers had to drag them-

selves up by plunging their rifle butts in the snow. The Japs remained quiet until the soldiers were almost to the summit. Then, without rising from their holes, they rolled grenades down at the American troops. There was nothing for the troops to do but slide down a few feet out of range. They lay flat in the snow for some minutes and then began to edge up again. Again grenades rolled down the hill at them and again they stopped.

Suddenly someone was standing on the Bench. From our peak, about 600 yards away, we couldn't tell whether it was an American or Jap. He had a rifle, pointed down. It became apparent he was an American. He walked deliberately from one spot to another, stopped and shot into the foxholes. He didn't move when Jap grenades pulled ugly and gray on either side of him. He just went on shooting Japs in foxholes, standing directly above them to shoot at point-blank range.

Still alone, the soldier turned his rifle around and began bashing a Jap with it. The Jap was in a foxhole, so the soldier had to bend low with every blow of his rifle butt. He was still bashing away when the troops on the slope behind him finally reached his side. They took over. The lone hero sat down on the battlefield and rested. He had earned it.

As a newspaperman I was frantic. Here was the best copy of the campaign, and no name for the one-man army who broke a Jap defense that

might well have stalled the whole attack.

I didn't learn the whole story until a week later. The one-man army was Corporal George Mirich, who managed a gasoline station at Klamath Falls, Oregon, before the war. He had been an ordinary guy, doing an ordinary job. In the army he got poison oak so badly that he was given no combat training, but was put to work at an office typewriter as company clerk.

Here on Artu, his best friend was killed just as they started up the mountain to the Bench. Corporal Mirich told others he didn't realize what was happening after that until all of a sudden he was on the ridge shooting down into the foxholes.

He was hit in the arm on the way up, and twice more in the same arm after he killed those seven Japs on the Bench.

After the fighting was over Colonel Finn caught up with him and kissed him, right there on the battlefield, and asked him what he wanted. Mirich said: "Colonel, now that you know I'm not just a typewriter soldier, why don't you make me a sergeant? I've been a corporal too long."

The colonel said, "Mirich, you're a sergeant, as of now."

He got his stripes and he'll get a medal, too. Colonel Culin and Colonel Finn saw to that.

THIS was the kind of fighting necessary to clear the mountains before Chichagof. Relentlessly the

American attack continued until, on Friday night, May 28, the Japs were crowded back into their last base at Chichagof Harbor and the Americans prepared to go in for the kill next day.

One American was uneasy, though. General Landrum wasn't completely satisfied with the situation. Something didn't fit. As a precaution he ordered Colonel Wolmendorff of the engineers to pass out extra ammunition and hand grenades to his men.

It seemed a strange order. The engineers were building roads and moving supplies way back in Sarana Valley, almost two miles behind the front. The general, of course, had no idea what the Japs might do. He just wanted to be ready.

On Saturday morning, May 29, something was wrong up front, terribly wrong. For the first time since the landing, American forces were not in control. Telephone wires were cut, walkie-talkie messages went unanswered. Rumors flooded the rear areas, but there was no definite picture. Men came back from the front, tired men, frightened men.

They told stories of terror. The Japs had attacked under cover of darkness. They had swooped up Chichagof Valley from the harbor and had cut through to within a few hundred yards of Massacre Valley. They had shouted and screamed, high-pitched screams, like women. They came through with bayonets on sticks and rifles and killed lots of our boys in sleeping bags.

Slowly the gruesome story was pieced together from reports of men who survived the mad attack, from captured documents, from the frightened tales of prisoners, but chiefly from the battlefield itself.

It wasn't a small force that made the attack from Chichagof. On Friday night, apparently, Colonel Yasuyo Yamasaki, commander of the Japs on Attu, gathered together his officers and told his mad plan. Every Jap who could walk, wounded or not, was to attack in the darkness Saturday morning. Every Jap who had to be left behind because of wounds was to be killed with a pistol or an overdose of morphine.

Chichagof was to be abandoned as a base. The Jap cut every bridge behind him. There was no other base open to him on the island.

What was left of the ammunition was parceled out. So was food. Rice was cooked, and rolled in balls, and the balls put in muslin bags tied to the soldiers' belts. Some Japs also took a string of dried leathery-looking squid.

Whatever the stimulant — mass hysteria or drugs — the Japs left their last base wild-eyed men, without hope. They flanked our front-line soldiers and swooped down on the first small American encampment — 1000 men against little more than 100. Sen-

tries hadn't time to arouse the camp. Japs with bayonets lashed to sticks raced through the camp screaming, stabbing everything that looked like a man.

Farther to the rear of the camp, Americans retreated, re-formed a firing line and drove the Japs away with rifle fire.

Here were the first Jap suicides. Hysteria gave way to despair before American gunfire. Dozens of Japs who met the fierce opposition of American riflemen turned to death as a way out of their misery and defeat. They turned to the grenades they had tied to their jackets. They pulled the grenade pins, and then held the grenades to their chests and blew themselves up. ..

Other Japs continued on to the aid station. Here was ruthless killing of wounded men unable to defend themselves, shocked men whose reactions were too slow to give them a chance to fight back.

At the bluff on the far side of Sarana Valley, the engineers whom General Landrum had ordered armed were ready, and forewarned by the noise and confusion ahead. With their newly issued arms they broke the main force of the Jap attack, killed scores, and so shattered Jap morale that scores more set off their grenades against their bodies.

These Japs didn't fight unto death. They fought only until they were wounded or

threatened. Americans didn't understand. If an American has to die he'll die fighting. These men chose the blast of their own grenades.

Some few of the Japs fled into the mountains to hide; others crawled into holes and stayed there. They were dug out for weeks, alone and in little groups of a half dozen or so.

In an underground hospital building were found 18 of the Jap wounded who had been killed with morphine before the final attack. They were lined up on their backs, their hands folded over their chests. The medical officer who killed his patients lay sprawled on the floor. He had shot himself in the head.

There were sporadic clashes for days, but the battle ended on the morning of May 29, the morning the Japs came out of Chichagof to kill and be killed.

FULLY half of the Japs who left Chichagof that final Saturday morning killed themselves with grenades which scooped out the chest and head, leaving only the shells of men. Whole arms stuck out from bodies that were nothing but bone. The hand that held the grenade, usually the left, was torn off at the wrist.

This death, indecent and obscene, was the ultimate extreme of the Jap teaching against surrender.

So much death was impersonal, abstract. American soldiers who had work to do on the battlefield sat down beside these bodies to eat, and dug foxholes near them to sleep.

They had to — there was no place to go to get away from the dead Japs, sprawled in every corner of the valley.

American soldiers stared in bewilderment at the scooped-out, contorted bodies of men who could have gone on fighting, but didn't. "It beats me," was the Yank reaction.

Scores of Jap dead on the battlefield wore bandages over old wounds. These were the walking wounded, the men who had to leave Chichagof Saturday morning despite head wounds and broken arms.

OF THE 2300 Japs on the island, only 14 had been taken prisoner a week after the final attack. Some were wounded so badly they could neither fight nor commit suicide. Others were unwounded, but dazed, starving, whipped men, without the power to think or resist.

The first prisoner brought into headquarters was a little civilian welder. He had green stains around his mouth; he had been eating weeds and moss, trying to stave off hunger pains. Soldiers crowded around him. They vied with each other to give him cigarettes, for which he bowed gratefully.

"I don't know why we're fighting American soldiers," another prisoner said through an interpreter. "I'd like to go back to Japan, but if I do I'll be disgraced. I'd like to work for the United States for just food and clothing."

None of the prisoners wanted his

family told he was a captive. One, whose leg had to be amputated, thanked the doctor who cut it off and then whispered to an interpreter, "I'd like to be a spy for United States."

To Americans these prisoners who abjectly pleaded for jobs seemed craven, with respect for family but no self-respect.

As to the suicides, a glib answer could be dangerous. The Jap is not an enemy to be shrugged off because several hundred of his men held grenades to their chests on Attu. They did this only after three weeks of a merciless beating administered by as tough a soldier as the world has seen.

The Jap is tough, too. The fanaticism that leads hundreds of Japs to accept death rather than violate the tradition against surrender is only part of his toughness. The positive

side of the tough quality of the Jap soldier was shown by the hard fight he put up before he accepted defeat.

ALMOST a year to the day after the Japs came, Attu was American again. Three months later the Japs secretly evacuated Kiska, outflanked by Attu now and therefore untenable and useless.

The Alaska Defense Command has exhibited a poster which shows planes, guns, men, tanks and ships moving westward over a bridge superimposed on a map of the Bering Sea and North Pacific. The poster is entitled "Bridge to Victory."

That's what the Aleutian chain became with our recapture of Attu and the Jap's abandonment of Kiska — a bridge of islands to carry American fighting men within striking range of the Japanese empire itself.

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22nd YEAR OF PUBLICATION



The READER'S DIGEST December 1943

An article a day of enduring significance, in condensed permanent booklet form

America should join the world--and be more American than ever

American Internationalism

By William Hard

THE UNITED STATES, I think, should have a foreign policy based on three main points. All three are highly controversial and debatable. I advance them subject to correction. But I advance them with profound conviction.

Point One:

The United States in the coming peace should vigorously avoid all general alliances with special countries and should strive toward a World Union of all countries, large or small, developed or undeveloped, "good" or "bad," on the model not of the League of Nations, which we rejected, but of the Pan-American Union, to which we have belonged for more than 50 years.

General alliances with special countries in peacetime are poison. They contain two deadly ingredients. The

first is that each partner to an alliance incurs all the international hatreds already accumulated by the other partner. This fact should deter us from making any general alliance either with Britain or with Russia. Our unpopularity in the world are trivial. British and Russian unpopularity are immense.

There are two Britains. Britain, as the cradle of modern free representative institutions and as the keystone of resistance to French aggression in Napoleonic times and to German aggression in these present times, has a place of glory in world history that is unique. Britain, as an Empire, has earned the passionate hostility of hundreds of millions of Africans and Asiatics in — for instance — Egypt, Palestine, Iraq, Iran, India, Burma, Malaya. These

people regard Britain as their oppressor. If we mingle ourselves into a general all-out alliance with Britain, they will regard us as their co-oppressor. We shall utterly lose our present high influence among them.

Similar but even more emphatic observations can be made about Russia. To the Russian Red Army we owe a debt which, since it cannot be repaid in equal blood, can never be repaid adequately. But along Russia's western border there are millions of people to whom Russia is just as much a symbol of aggression as Germany. Russia has unofficially but openly announced that it will annex much foreign territory along that border. It has also in the same way announced that it will forbid the proposed "federation" of the states along that border, no matter how much those states may desire that "federation" in order to abate their quarrels and expand their prosperity. A general all-out alliance with Russia would mean that every enemy of Russia along that border would become our enemy, too; and it would also mean that we would have to endure unending turmoil among our own fellow citizens who are Finnish, Estonian, Latvian, Lithuanian, Polish, and Rumanian by descent and who in millions are violently anti-Russian.

Today the American soldier abroad is generously welcomed almost everywhere. Vice-President Wallace has truly said that we can be the world's greatest influence because

"we are looked upon with less suspicion than any other great power." We are known to be nonimperialistic. Only a nonimperialistic great power can gain the confidence and moral leadership of the world as a whole. Are we to surrender that unique and outstanding nonimperialistic opportunity in order to become junior partners in the imperialisms of others? I think that the answer should be a resolute *No*.

But the second deadly ingredient in alliances is even more important. A basic truth in all international history is that every alliance produces a counteralliance. We can see that truth operating this minute.

Count Sforza, the Italian statesman, who has just returned from this country to Italy, has observed the proposed British-American alliance and the existing British-Russian alliance. Does he thereupon say, "Fine! Let those three countries run the world!"?

He does not. Fifty-seven countries are never going to turn the world over to three. Count Sforza begins the revolt. He proposes, to start with, a neat little Mediterranean alliance of Spain, France, Italy, Yugoslavia, Greece. With what ultimate outcome? Inevitably this:

The Mediterranean alliance will be impelled by its own necessities into trying to extend itself to Turkey, which is a highly important Mediterranean power. It will then be drawn into Iraq (Mesopotamia) and Iran (Persia), Turkey's fellow

WILLIAM HARD has been a student and reporter of international affairs for more than 25 years. His early life and education gave him a burning interest in the subject that has never cooled. Born in New York State, of an English mother and American father, he spent most of his boyhood in India, where his father worked as a missionary. He attended school there and studied at the University of London before returning to America to go to Northwestern University, where he taught history after graduating.

In 1918 and 1919 he wrote numerous magazine articles on international affairs in the course of the League of Nations fight;



thereafter he traveled on journalistic missions through England, France, Italy, Austria, Hungary, Germany and Poland.

Among international meetings that he has covered as writer and broadcaster are the Conference of American Republics at Havana in 1928, the London Naval Arms Conference in 1930, the Disarmament Conference at Geneva, and the International Monetary and Economic Conference at London in 1933.

In Washington, his present headquarters, Mr. Hard has kept in close touch with the thoughts of men in our State Department and in the embassies and legations of other countries.

Mohammedan comrade-countries. But Britain and Russia have what they consider "vital interests" in all those countries. In all of them, therefore, the British-Russian alliance will try to repel the Mediterranean alliance; and the whole Middle East, once more, as so often in the past, will be turned into a potential volcano of new wars.

Every alliance is a special exclusive *for*. It automatically produces a special answering *against*. We need to move toward uniting the world. Alliances divide the world. They are the most disruptive force known to human international society. I submit that in the coming peace we should refrain from alliances ourselves and also promote the only alternative which in the end can discourage them among others.

An Equal Voice for All

THE ONLY alternative to a system of alliances and counteralliances is a universal world body in which all nations are represented on a plane of complete equality. The Pan-American Union is such a body for the republics of the Western Hemisphere. All 21 American republics belong to it. It is not torn apart within itself by any alliances, by any special political groupings, among its members. Moreover, unlike the League of Nations, it contains no "upper chamber," or "council," in which the larger powers have seats just because they are larger. In the Pan-American Union there is just one "chamber"; and in it the United States possesses no larger or higher rights than, for instance, Paraguay.

Under the growing influence of this principle of universality and equality in the Pan-American Union the United States has withdrawn its troops from Nicaragua and Santo Domingo and Haiti and has surrendered its right of intervention in Cuba. By such nonimperialistic actions the United States has won what no other great power in the world has won: the confidence of its small neighbors.

Imperialism is a prolific mother of wars. The United States can help to promote nonimperialism throughout the world; but it can do it only in a world body in which complete universality and complete equality are the guiding lights.

What duties that world body should have I shall discuss under my Points Two and Three. Here I only further remark that universality should include the "bad" nations as well as the "good."

Let us look at the cases of Japan and Russia.

In 1917 Japan was a "good" nation. It was fighting against Germany. It was our dear friend. We signed with it an agreement — the Lansing-Ishii Agreement — under which we recognized Japanese "special interests" in China. In other words, Japan was so amazingly "good" that we handed the Chinese over to its "special" care.

But Russia! In World War I Russia was a most exceptionally "bad" nation. It signed a separate treaty of peace with Germany. It intro-

duced Bolshevism and executed great numbers of its citizens not for crime but for reasons of politics and economics. No nation in our times was ever so "bad" as Russia was then. The Russian government was then an international outcast. Today the whole free world solicitously and affectionately begs Russia to share its counsels. Russia now is "good."

And Japan now is "bad."

To call a whole people permanently "bad" is not only unchristian and immoral but unhistorical and unwise. I applaud the words recently magnificently spoken by Dr. Sun Fo, president of the legislative branch of Chiang Kai-shek's free Chinese government. The Chinese have been the world's greatest victims of Japanese barbarity. They know the Japanese much better than we know them. Yet what does Dr. Sun Fo say?

"The Japanese people," he says, "once they are rid of their present rulers, who are bringing ruin and suffering and despair to countless homes in their own land, will never want to undergo another war if they can exercise their own will freely. . . . Of a democratic-republican Japan we Chinese have no fear. On the contrary, we shall be ready and willing to re-establish normal relations with a new Japan whose government will be democratically constituted and responsible to the Japanese people as a whole. Such a new Japan must and will take her rightful place in the world community of law-abiding and peaceful nations."

In any case, whether a disarmed and democratized Japan becomes "good" or stays "bad," Japan will continue to be vital to world economics and essential to a maximum of world prosperity. The same sort of remark can be made about a disarmed and democratized Germany. "Good" or "bad," the Germans will continue to work and to earn their livings; and they will continue to be Europe's most useful people in scientific research and in technological invention and in industrial production; and it is impossible to imagine a maximum prosperity for the European continent except in conjunction with the services of a prosperous and cooperating Germany.

If this world means to have peace, it must first have economic well-being. I do not say that prosperity insures peace. I do say that poverty and depression are the biggest danger to peace. The last depression helped to give us Hitler.

While the world and Germany were relatively prosperous in the years from 1924 to 1928 the representation of the Nazi Party, which was "the party of discontent," in the German Reichstag dwindled from 32 members to 14 and then to 12. When the world-wide depression hit Germany in 1929 and 1930, the Nazi representation in the Reichstag went up to 107. The world-wide depression grew worse. Unemployment in Germany was terrific. By 1932 intense suffering had reached virtually all classes of the German people. In

November of that year there was a new election. The Nazi representation in the Reichstag went up to 196; and two months later Hitler was Chancellor.

World Trade or World Wars

I CONTEND that if we are going to learn to *live* together in this world, we must first learn to *work* together. Therefore:

Point Two:

The first duty of a World Union of all countries shall be to labor toward world-wide *economic* peace and welfare.

Here I am in deep debt to the book entitled *Economic Union and Durable Peace*, written by the eminent Philadelphian Otto Mallery.

Mr. Mallery points out:

That during the last peace virtually every country in the world made economic war on all other countries.

That this economic war found its expression in excessive governmental controls of imports and exports and in excessive governmental controls of exchanges of currencies between country and country and in a multitude of other devices, all inspired by the suicidal idea that, if we can only sufficiently impoverish all foreigners, then we ourselves shall be rich.

That one of the reasons why Japan embarked upon its proposed "Co-Prosperity Sphere for Asiatics" was the arbitrary and drastic exclusion of Japanese goods from the

vast possessions of European powers in the Far East.

That, "if soldiers are not to cross international boundaries on missions of war, goods must cross them on missions of peace."

That, as the experienced and distinguished British statesman Sir Arthur Salter has said, "the economic factor constitutes the central problem of the peace of the world."

Mr. Mallery then draws upon his very considerable acquaintance with the proceedings of the International Labor Office. This is an institution which was established by the Peace Conference in 1919 and which has a better record of accomplishment than any other international institution in the world. Fifty-four nations belong to it, including the United States.

It is no super-government. It has no power to enforce its decisions upon the governments that belong to it. Its sole power is to draft improved labor standards for the working people of the world and then to *recommend* those standards to the governments back home for *ratification*. The number of ratifications so far secured is almost 900. The advance thus made in labor standards in many parts of the world is notable and gratifying.

Now what is the reason for this success? Mr. Mallery finds it in the following fact:

Only one half of the delegates to a conference of the International Labor Office are strictly govern-

mental. One quarter of them are businessmen, suggested to governments by the business organizations of their respective countries. One quarter of them are labor men, similarly suggested by labor organizations. Thus, while half of the delegates can be politicians or diplomats, the other half (employers and employes) must come from the practical working world.

Mr. Mallery thinks that this principle can be extended to the regional "Economic Unions" which he proposes to establish among two or more countries. I think that it is a principle which could be introduced immediately into a general World Union of all countries.

Mr. Mallery quotes from one of our most outstanding American businessmen, Mr. Henry I. Harriman. Mr. Harriman has been a leader in the light and power industry. He has been president of the United States Chamber of Commerce. He has been a member of the governing board of the International Labor Office. He says:

"In the International Labor Office the tripartite form of organization (that is, the presence of business delegates and labor delegates as well as governmental delegates) has had a remarkable effect on both employers and workers in all countries represented. I think that what has thus been true of *labor questions* may well be true of *other economic problems also*."

To Mr. Harriman's testimony I

could add much other similar testimony. I accordingly suggest that, from the beginning, the World Union of all nations shall include, from each country, not only representatives of government but representatives also of finance, of export-and-import industries, of labor, and of mankind's basic interest: agriculture.

suggest, further, and with emphasis, that all these representatives, instead of meeting (like the Council and Assembly of the League of Nations) only at intervals, shall meet absolutely continuously.

What wrecked the great International Monetary and Economic Conference of London in 1933? Superficially it was wrecked by our present United States Administration which, in a fit of the most extreme isolationism, fled away from the very first requisite for international economic prosperity and peace. That is, it declined to try to find any steady-link between the value of the American dollar and the value of the British pound.

Fundamentally, however, the Conference was wrecked because it was supposed to do in a few weeks or months what can in fact be done, and kept done, only in year after year of quiet study and intimate accommodation and compromise.

We can never effectively negotiate either economic peace or political and military peace by fits and starts. The process has to be as continuous as life itself.

Only Collaboration, Without Compulsion, Can Succeed

ON THE economic side the World Union will have a very long list of problems on its hands:

Import and export taxes. Import and export quotas. Proper access by all countries to the world's stores of metals and minerals. Justice between countries which are major producers of foods and countries which are major consumers. Proper investment of capital in undeveloped countries for the true benefit of all countries. Proper "freedom of the air" for the commercial airplanes of all flags. Relations as stable as possible between the currencies of all governments. World-wide action (which is the only possible sort of action that can be genuinely successful) against world-wide depression.

Nevertheless, exactly like the International Labor Office, the World Union shall have no power to *impose* its economic conclusions upon any country anywhere. It shall have power only to *transmit* its conclusions to all countries and to try to secure their adoption by as many countries as can be persuaded to see whatever common sense the conclusions may contain. I hold that there is strong wisdom in a recent report by the Economic Policy Committee of the American Bankers Association, headed by that scholarly financier, Mr. W. Randolph Burgess, Vice-Chairman of the Board of the National City Bank of New York. This

report is not isolationistic. It is internationalistic. But it is realistic. It says: "Some international institution to help nations to stabilize their currencies is desirable."

But it also says:

"Attempted compulsion by such an institution would not be unifying. Persuasion and free collaboration, based on mutual advantages, offer the most promising approach."

I contend that it is not only undesirable but impossible to lodge any power of compulsion in any international world body, political or economic; and I fortify that argument by citing the British Commonwealth of Nations, consisting of the five free countries of the British Empire: Britain, Canada, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand.

If any five countries in the world have close relationships together, it is these. They are the world's greatest miracle of international collaboration. They are British political genius at its climax. Yet it is absolutely impossible today to establish a common government of them. Each of them insists upon retaining its full legal right to go its own way at its own will. In the Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva I have seen these countries voting against one another on roll call after roll call. In the British Commonwealth of Nations there is nowhere any central supreme coercive power. I thereupon inquire:

If the five free British countries cannot form a central common-

wealth government, how can it be thought that the 60 countries of the whole world will be able to form a world government clothed with power to coerce all 60? I contend that the idea is a pernicious delusion; and it carries me to my Point Three.

Commitments Must Lead to Dishonor

Point Three:

In its strivings toward political and military peace, just as in its strivings toward economic peace, the World Union, like the Pan-American Union, and like the International Labor Office, shall require no surrender of sovereignty whatsoever from its member governments. It shall not require from them any commitments whatsoever as to what they will or will not do at any future time. It shall have no power, either through such commitments or through an international police force, to coerce them into any predetermined course of action. It shall consider each threat to peace in the immediate circumstances in which the threat arises. It shall not be obliged to try to secure unanimity of answer to the threat. There shall be a unanimous obligation of continuous common *consultation*; but there shall be utter freedom of special *action* by special individual *governments* to meet special *emergencies* in any special *manner* which they may choose.

I contend that the history of the League of Nations proves abun-

dantly that any theory of a World Union other than the one above outlined is utterly fallacious and is productive only of disappointment and of disillusionment and thereupon of a reaction toward that worst foe of world peace: cynicism.

The League of Nations undertook to bind its member governments to many commitments beforehand. Chief among them was Article Ten of the League Covenant. This article firmly bound each member government to "preserve" against "aggression" the "territorial integrity" and the "political independence" of every other member government.

In 1935 Italy proceeded to invade the "territorial integrity" and to destroy the "political independence" of a certain member of the League, Ethiopia. It is now alleged that this disaster would not have happened if only the United States had been a member of the League.

I note:

In 1935 the rearmament of Germany was really just beginning. The Berlin-Rome Axis had not been formed. Germany was not supporting Italy. Britain and France and Russia were members of the League. So I ask:

Will anybody seriously try to persuade anybody else that the British and the French and the Russians, together, needed us Americans in order to be able to stop the Italians?

The sheer straight historical fact is that in 1935 the members of the League of Nations, some for one rea-

son and some for another, simply rattled out of their Article Ten commitment — a commitment written *in other circumstances* in 1919.

But it is further alleged as follows:

It may be that the League members in 1935 did not need our American physical help. But they needed the idealism that only the United States could provide. Inoculated with that idealism, they would have gone forth to war in order to stop the aggression of Italy upon Ethiopia.

Yes? Then let us consider the case of the 1937 Japanese aggression upon China.

Two treaties forbade that aggression. One was the League of Nations Covenant Treaty, which the United States had not signed. The other was the Nine-Power Treaty of 1922, which the United States had vigorously signed; and so had China, Japan, Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands, Portugal, France and Britain. It pledged all signatories to respect "territorial and administrative integrity" and "sovereignty" of China.

In 1937 the League met at Geneva to stop Japan under the League of Nations Covenant Treaty. It arrived at nothing that could be called action. Japan went on.

In that same year 1937, the United States went to a Nine-Power Treaty Conference at Brussels to stop Japan. The Conference orated. It adjourned. It arrived at nothing that could be called action. Japan went on.

I really seriously inquire:

How can anybody believe that

what the United States failed to do at Brussels it would have been willing and able to do at Geneva?

So complete was the failure at Brussels that two years later Britain went right over from the side of China to the side of Japan and signed an agreement with Japan declaring that "the Japanese forces in China have special requirements for the purpose of safeguarding their own security; and His Britannic Majesty's government have no intention of countenancing any act prejudicial to the attainment of that object."

Am I "attack Britain? I am not. I am attacking permanent commitments. I am saying that they lead, over and over again, to what can only be called perfidy and dishonor. I shall say it now about my own country.

In the course of our history we have given three outstanding permanent commitments to foreign countries. The outcome of all three has been extremely embarrassing and distressing.

A. In 1788 we signed with France a treaty of "alliance." It was the only "alliance" treaty that we have ever signed. Under it France promised to fight for our independence from Britain. France did this; and did it successfully. But we, on our part, promised something, too. We promised to "guarantee forever, against all other powers," the French possessions in America. Presently the British attacked those possessions. Simultaneously we made a trade

treaty with the British which seemed to the French to be a violation of our trade arrangements with them. The "alliance" treaty, which bound us to defend the French West Indies, for instance, against the British fleet, became intolerable to us. In 1798, by simple act of Congress, without French consent, we repealed and repudiated it.

B. In 1882 we signed a treaty with Korea whereby we undertook to take diplomatic steps if any third country should deal "oppressively" with Korea. In 1905 Japan dealt with Korea certainly "oppressively" by conquering it; and in 1910 it further dealt with Korea certainly "oppressively" by annexing it. Did we take any diplomatic steps against Japan? Absolutely none. On the contrary, we were the very first government to recognize the Japanese conquest of Korea by withdrawing our diplomatic legation from Korean soil and by thus proclaiming to the world that Korea, our "ally," had ceased to exist as an independent country.

C. In 1846 we signed a treaty with Colombia whereby we undertook to "guarantee" the "sovereignty" of Colombia over the Isthmus of Panama. This commitment was in full force and vigor in 1903. In that year there was an artificially concocted revolution on the Isthmus. Did we then help Colombia to restore its sovereignty over the Isthmus? We did the reverse. We used our armed forces to *prevent* Colombia from *itself* restoring its sovereignty over

the Isthmus. For doing so we ultimately paid Colombia an apologetic indemnity of \$25,000,000. We acknowledged that *in changed circumstances* we had violated a commitment given in *circumstances long gone by*.

I think that the United States has as high a regard for its word as any nation in the world, and if the United States is capable of breaking its word *in changed circumstances*, so is every other nation.

The "International Police Force" Dream

BUT I know that many people say:

Nations are different now. They have learned. London has been bombed. Kansas City could be bombed. The world is now one. Everybody sees that now we must have collective security and an international police force. Nations, from now on, will freely keep their words — or else the international police will make them.

I am prepared for that argument. I will answer it by taking the case of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania: the Baltic States.

In 1920 Russia recognized the independence of these states. In 1921 all three were admitted to the League of Nations. In 1922 the United States recognized their independence and complete sovereignty. Today Russia says it is going to annex them.

The League of Nations is still in existence. All its commitments are still binding upon all its members. Russia is a member. So is Britain.

So are Canada and South Africa and Australia and New Zealand. So is Sweden. So are many Latin-American countries. So is France.

Under Article Ten of the League Covenant all these countries must "preserve" the independence and sovereignty of the Baltic States. Under the Atlantic Charter, by Presidential executive action, the United States has undertaken a commitment with no time limit whatsoever on it, an eternal commitment, in favor of "the right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live."

Let us suppose then that the League of Nations and the United States have organized an international police force. If commitments beforehand have any value, and if the idea of an international police force has any potency or sincerity, then, on the day Russia annexes the Baltic States, the international police force must land on the eastern shore of the Baltic Sea and quell and rout the Russian Red Army.

Who thinks it will be done? Who thinks that the British Parliament or the American Congress will appropriate funds for any such purpose?

It is possible to imagine an international police stopping little wars between little countries. But such wars — like the one between Bolivia and Paraguay — are negligible. They do the world as a whole no important harm. Great wars throughout all history have been started only by great powers. At the

end of this war the great powers Germany and Japan will be disarmed. The remaining great powers will be only Russia and Britain and the United States. Is there a man who can actually believe that any one of those three will consent to the creation of an international police force capable of subduing its own national army, navy and air arm?

Certainly Russia, which is communist, and which lives in constant dread of being "encircled" and suffocated by the "capitalistic" powers, will never accept the idea of an international police force controlled and operated by a world government which the "capitalistic" powers would dominate.

For that one reason, if for no other, there is just not going to be any world government with an international police force able automatically to preserve peace everywhere and always. There is just not going to be any world-peace machine which will go tick-tock whenever there is a threat of war and will thereupon cause war to disappear from the earth. The United States cannot afford to go to sleep on the bosom of any such dream. It has to make a practical waking choice. It has to choose between entering a system of clashing war-breeding alliances and counteralliances or, on the other hand, promoting a World Union with no power whatsoever except this:

To try, by common continuous consultation, to develop that sense

of world unity which alone can ultimately produce world prosperity and world peace.

A Practical System for Peace

IN THE Western Hemisphere we have seen what can be done by that method. The periodic International Conferences of American States, which use the Pan-American Union as their central continuous office, have had no power whatsoever except that of consultation and recommendation. The last Conference, held at Lima, Peru, in 1938, adopted a memorable "Declaration of the Solidarity of America." But what does that Declaration say? It says simply that, if the peace of any American republic is threatened, then all the American republics will proclaim their solidarity by "co-ordinating their respective sovereign wills by means of the procedure of consultation" and "by using the measures which in each case the circumstances may make advisable."

That is all. Still only "consultation." Still only the measures which "circumstances" may make advisable. Still only the principles which I am here advocating for a World Union. No commitments beforehand. No force. No surrender of sovereignty. Yet observe the results.

Little by little, from 1890 to now, the American republics have developed a sense of hemispheric unity and a determination toward hemispheric peace unparalleled in history. We have in this hemisphere the

most successful peace system there is. I call it our duty *and our interest* to try to extend that system to the world.

It is our interest because unless there is a World Union for the open debating of the world's economic and political problems, we shall see new alliances and counteralliances tearing the world apart again. We shall see an aggravated revival of governmental restraints upon international trade and wealth which did so much to make the last depression absolutely incurable except by artificial governmental expenditures for a new world-wide rearmament.

The world is not one in matters of culture or of religion or of forms of government but it is obviously one in matters of exchanges of commodities and in matters of exchanges of currencies and in matters thereupon of depression or prosperity. Our Secretary of State, Mr. Cordell Hull, has proclaimed this fact more energetically and with a larger measure of success than any other statesman in the world. He has seen clearly that there can be no maximum prosperity for any one country except along with an advance toward greater prosperity by all countries together. He has also seen that military peace is unattainable in the midst of destitution and despair. Or, as Mr. Otto Mallery has brilliantly put it, "Peace, to be durable, must be endurable."

We do not need to talk here of American idealism. Let us talk here only of American materialism. It is to our American material advantage

to promote world-wide economic cooperation; and this can best be done, I maintain, only through a universal World Union in which the idea of world unity is every day stressed and in which the approaches to a greater world unity are every day explored.

I repeat, though, and I underline the repetition, that the existence of a World Union should in no way prevent special agreements among special powers for special purposes, named in detail and limited in duration. These would not constitute general all-out alliances; and they are altogether necessary; because, if I may again quote Mr. Mallery, "the surest way of getting nowhere is to rely on the idea that nations of the world must all be brought to agree upon the same thing before any one of them is to start doing anything."

All nations can and should consult. But, in any given emergency, as the League of Nations sorrowfully discovered, not all nations will act. So it is necessary that nations willing to act be free to act.

Therefore, in what I have said against general alliances I would not be thought to be in any way hostile to special agreements with Britain or Russia, or both, for limited periods and for limited purposes that can be wholly and clearly disclosed and successfully defended before the bar of the World Union.

An agreement to keep Germany and Japan disarmed for a time? An agreement to use the good offices of all concerned to promote good feel-

ing and trade between Russia and the states along its western border, thereby perhaps diminishing Russian coercive pressure along that border? An agreement to try to use both Russian communism and the "capitalisms" of Britain and the United States in a cooperative effort to build up the prosperity of the people of China for the benefit of the world in general? An agreement, in an emergency, and in known circumstances, to protect an innocent nation against spoliation while the circumstances remain the same and while the emergency lasts? Why not?

An agreement, on the other hand, to give eternal American sanction and protection to every existing boundary of the British and Russian empires against, for instance, any effort by the Chinese to push Britain out of China at Hong Kong or to push Russia out of China in the region of Mongolia? No.

Such agreements should be rejected by the United States, I think, not only for a moral reason but also for an utterly practical reason. The search for peace through sanctifying all existing international situations and through trying to freeze the world under the arbitrary dominations of the three surviving great powers can never be successful. In similar circumstances in the past the world has always wriggled out from under, in pain and blood. It will always, in similar circumstances, do so.

Dr. Carlos Martins, Brazilian Ambassador to the United States, has

stated the whole problem utterly conclusively:

He says that the great powers, if they consider only themselves, can produce only universal wars. They can produce peace only if they cooperate with a world-wide system of liberty. In no other way can they win the necessary confidence, consent and support of the rest of the world.

I crave for the United States the honor — and the advantage — of being the first great power fully to realize that truth and fully to act on it. We have stopped being a bully in this hemisphere. Why should we start being a bully in the others?

No alliances. A World Union. To work toward more wealth, more peace for the world. Special agreements for the special circumstances of special emergencies of clear justice. But a World Union to scrutinize the justice of those agreements and to bring the world mind to bear upon them. And the United States, non-imperialist, nonaggressive, giving that mind the hope and the vigor that only a great power of that character can give it.

We should do no less, I think — and no more.

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"What's Wrong with Management?"

A Sequel

THE following is the most remarkable letter, among over 8000, received as a result of the Contest announced in the June Digest, soliciting specific complaints on "What's Wrong with Management?" It was written by a man whose prize-winning entry appeared in the October issue of The Reader's Digest.

———, Pa.
October 15, 1943

DEAR SIRs:

Many things have happened here at the — Company since I first sent you my letter on "What's Wrong with Management?" I continued being an active member of my Union, being elected Financial Secretary, member of the Victory Production Committee, member of the Negotiating Committee and Shop Steward. These activities kept me busy and also educated me to the point where I realized that Collective Bargaining was not a one-sided affair, but one in which Common Sense, Reasoning, Honesty and Fair Play were the ruling factors. In all of my discussions with Management, I would argue like Hell if I knew in my Heart and Soul that I was right, but I was willing to admit to being wrong, if proven so. I tried to be as Honest and Sincere as I possibly could.

On Sept. 4, 1943, I received a phone call from the Assistant General Superintendent, Mr. Blank, asking me to come to his home that evening to talk over a personal mat-

ter with him. I went, and he came right to the point and told me that the top Management of the Company had come to realize that Something was wrong somewhere on the ladder between the lowest paid worker and the highest Officials of the Plant. He stated that the Officials in the Management were so busy that they had lost contact with the workers of the Plant. Management had come to the decision that it was necessary to appoint a Labor Counselor, who would be directly responsible to the top Management of the Company. It required a man who was Honest, Unafraid, Sincere, Reasonable and one who could be Trusted. He asked me to take the Job.

Well! You could have knocked me over with a feather. I thanked him for considering me, but reminded him that I had not even a full High School education, and no College education at all, and that I felt that he and Management had very highly overrated me and I felt sure that the Company needed someone who had more education than me.

Mr. Blank laughed and pointed

out that most of the Officials of the Plant were men who had worked their way up from the ranks. He told me that he had no College training and the fact of the matter was that only one of the High Officials was a College graduate and that this Official had worked his way through College. Mr. Blank told me that if I took the Job I would discover that Management was a firm believer in Democracy and that they judged men on their words and actions rather than on the number of Diplomas they had. He also said that Management and Union had held several Conferences and that they had jointly agreed that I was to be offered the Job.

I met with the Union Officials and they told me the same things. Both sides insisted that I was not to be a Stooze but was just to play fair and be Honest. Both sides agreed that sometimes my decisions were bound to be against them, but as long as I was fair, they would be Men and accept it.

Well, with the workers trusting me, the Company trusting me and the Union Officials trusting me, I could do nothing but accept the Job. I warned them that maybe I couldn't do it, but I was not afraid to try.

I went to work on Sept. 10, 1943. BUT, with so many things on my mind I had completely forgotten about writing an Article for Reader's Digest's "What's Wrong with Management" series. On Sept. 17,

1943, I received a letter from Reader's Digest with a check for 100 Dollars and a notice informing me that my Article would appear in the October Issue. Well, I think my Heart sank down around the basement somewhere, but I decided that the only fair thing to do was to tell Mr. Blank and the Company all about it.

Before I could do so, however, Reader's Digest was sent to its Subscribers and that evening one of the Officials of the Company in reading through it discovered my Article and immediately recognized it as pertaining to our Plant, but did not know who had written it. The following morning, the Management of the Plant held a Conference about the conditions described in my Article and decided to do something about it. They called me in and told me about the article and said my first Job would be to overcome such conditions, and in the future see that things like this did not happen again. (They never dreamed that I was the Author of this Article.)

I then told them that in all fairness I felt that it was my duty to explain to them that I had written the Article and that I felt I should resign and go back to my former Job. Mr. Blank told me that I was foolish for talking this way, and told me that I would be in a better position to correct these kind of Mistakes as I already knew about them. He said, "You see my boy, That is the Essence of Democracy, Admitting

your Mistakes and then trying to correct them."

Well, I ask you, where in the world could a story such as mine happen, except in the U.S.A.? Where could a poor man with not much Education ever get such a chance as mine? Isn't my story proof that Democracy is worth fighting for? Doesn't it prove that men who are Free Born under Democracy, who are firm in their convictions and are not afraid to fight for their rights, are respected and Honored? I have at times been very critical of the policies of both Labor and Management and many times I have been wrong, and probably unjust, and yet the Fair and Honest men at the top of these two groups have given me a chance to

work out a middle course, to bring peace, harmony and good-will in the interest of the Common Cause between the Management and Labor of this Plant.

Everything now depends on me and I hope that God will surely be with me and Help and Guide me.

Thanking you for your very kind Interest in placing before the American people some of the faults of Democracy so that they can be corrected,

Yours very truly, etc.

P.S. Thanks for the 100 Dollar Check. It paid my Doctor and Hospital Bill. You see we have just had a new baby boy (2 boys and 1 girl in all).

THERE is no experience like making a dash for the 5:20 out of New York's Penn Station and being told by the conductor, when he comes to punch your ticket, that you're on the wrong train. This happened to a friend of ours recently, but there was a happy ending. The conductor took the next commuter's ticket and said, "You're on the wrong train, too, Mister." Then he added jovially, "Or maybe I am." He wasn't half so jovial, though, when he found out that he was. — *The New Yorker*

WHEN New York's meat supply was at its lowest, an apartment housewife

managed to find a roast of beef for Sunday dinner. As it cooked, its delicious and compelling odor drifted up the apartment cliffs and brought a man to his window across the courtyard. He sniffed hungrily for a minute and then yelped in agony, "Whoever's cooking roast beef, for God's sake, shut your window!" — Contributed by M. Blakeslee

EIGHTEEN cases of dogs eating their own license tags have been reported by New Yorkers. Dog tags used to be made of hard rubber, but now they are made of soy beans. The dogs have just got on to it. — *The New Yorker*

An Eye for an Eye -- That the Blind May See

Condensed from Collier's

Philip Harkins

IN A New York hotel a young Canadian waited for his surgeon's phone call. He would never see again unless a small section of cornea recently removed from another human eye could be found and transplanted in his.

The cornea is about the size of a dime. Its transparent, paper-thin layers curve over iris and pupil like the crystal on a watch.

An eye, with its perishable gift of light still intact, is not easily obtained. It must come from a person who has just died, one who has expressed his desire to give up an eye so that a blind man may see; or from a person whose eye has had to be removed because of injury not affecting the cornea. It may come by air from another city, if carefully packed in ice; but surgeons prefer not to wait longer than 12 hours before using it.

At last came word that the surgeon had secured a good corneal graft. BUT, wrong man's heart pounded mind I had hope. The next few hours about writings to the question that *er's Digest* s "him for years: Would Management" see again? Would this

most delicate of all eye operations be successful?

The first operation was over in 20 minutes. Two weeks later the bandages were removed and the miracle had happened! Through the small, clear window placed in one eye, he could clearly see the surgeon's fingers held before him, the smile on the nurse's face.

The patient rested for a month. Then the operation was repeated on his other eye.

Three months later the surgeon received a Christmas card from Canada. It read: "I have just passed the eye examination for the Royal Canadian Air Force."

The surgeon who performed this operation, Dr. Ramon Castroviejo, has done over 500 "corneal transplants" at the Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center, New York. About 90 percent have been successful.

In every case where sight is restored by corneal transplant, the results seem miraculous to the blind patient and to the layman. I was present when a shipyard worker returned to an eye surgeon's office for examination several weeks after a

successful transplant. He said, "Gee, when that steel splinter hit me I thought, 'It's all over, I'll never see out of that eye again.' They all thought so at the yards, but the Doc there knew about corneal transplant. Now look at my eye."

I looked. Right in the center of the eye, just over the pupil, was a small, clear square. "That's my window," the shipyard worker said. "I can see just as good through it as I can with the eye that wasn't hit. Why, the fellas come up to me all the time and just stare and shake their heads. Gee, Doctor, they think you're a miracle worker."

Ten years ago a successful corneal transplant was very much a miracle. Then a small group of eye surgeons, Tudor Thomas in England, Filatov in Russia, Elschnig in Czechoslovakia and Ramon Castroviejo in the United States, began to reap the harvest of long years of experiment.

For centuries men had dreamed of such an operation. In 1798 a French surgeon, Pellier de Quengsy, had tried sewing a glass disk into the foggy cornea of a blind man's eye. It didn't work; the human eye couldn't tolerate such a harsh substance. Through the 19th century surgeons experimented with grafts from animals' eyes. That didn't work either. The piece of animal cornea gradually deteriorated. But the surgeons refused to admit defeat, began the delicate, complicated task of using grafts from human eyes.

Today, in almost every big city

in the United States, there are eye surgeons who perform this difficult operation. At the Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital a prominent New York surgeon is teaching colleagues the technique so that they may operate on soldiers blinded in the war. Eye surgeons trained in the United States are doing successful corneal transplants in Brazil, Colombia, Argentina, Cuba, Panama.

Corneal transplant is by no means a cure for all kinds of blindness. Less than 20 of every 100 blind people have corneal defects that could be helped by the operation.

Though corneal transplant can be a very expensive operation, the best eye surgeons in New York perform it for the impoverished blind free of charge, at the city's famous eye clinics. But because of the scarcity of grafts, rich and poor alike must often wait a long time. When a clear cornea finally is secured, sometimes as many as three grafts can be made from it.

The operation is a work of art in miniature, measured in millimeters. Everything is done on an incredibly small scale. The instruments look like an elaborate manicure set; the clamps that hold back the eyelids are so small they are called "mosquito clamps."

A small lamp throws a circle of light on the blind, motionless, anesthetized eye. The surgeon deftly hooks the mosquito clamps on the eyelids, ties them back with silk thread.

The surgeon, wearing a pair of magnifying glasses, studies the patient's cloudy cornea. "I think we'll need a graft of five millimeters," he says. That's a piece of cornea one fifth of an inch square. The transplant is always very small, because the patient's eyeball might collapse if the entire cornea were removed.

The surgeon's gloved fingers pick up an instrument that ends in two tiny, adjustable parallel blades shaped like the double runners of a sled. He places this knife on a sterile ruler, adjusts the blades to exactly five millimeters and makes them fast. He can now cut identical sections, correct to one thousandth of an inch, first in the patient's eye, then in the donated eye.

First he delicately cuts the outlines of the five-millimeter square in the cloudy cornea. Then, dipping a needle in and out of the cornea, he sews a loose web of thread around and over the outlined square. This web is so patterned that, when drawn taut later, it will hold the tiny transplant firmly in place.

The glistening operating room is quiet except for the hum of the ventilator. We observers draw closer while the surgeon, working with special small knives and scissors, snips free the little square of cloudy cornea and lifts it out.

Now, from the donated eye, he neatly cuts out a transplant identical in size with the bed prepared in the patient's eye. An eye for an eye. The surgeon lifts the tiny piece of clear cornea with a small spatula.

Then he slips the clear graft into the hollow square — a perfect fit. Over the transplant he pulls taut the web of silk thread, deftly ties a knot at one side, and it's all over.

The patient now has a window of clear cornea that will let light flash through to the retina. Sometimes, indeed, the light has flashed through while the patient was on the operating table and from under the sheets and towels has suddenly come the excited cry, "I can see!"

But in any case the patient's eyes are swathed in a black silk bandage. For about ten days he will lie flat on his back, his head perfectly still. On the sixth day the stitches will be removed. On the 14th day the bandage comes off and, if all has gone well, he sees again.

Corneal transplant is now an everyday occurrence. Yet it will always remain a miracle.

THE DAWN SOCIETY, formed three years ago by Theodore Olsen, is the only organization that acts as a clearinghouse for available corneas to be used in this difficult operation. The Society keeps a list of blind applicants, but it is always far greater than the supply. Applicants must furnish the opinion from a competent eye specialist that the transplant can be expected to benefit.

Hundreds of pledges have been signed by persons who want to give their eyes at death through the Society. Thousands more are needed. An identification card authorizes any attending physician, at the pledger's death, to see that the corneas are sent to the Dawn Society, 825 Bush Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Our Deep Dark Secrets in **LATIN AMERICA**

By Hugh Butler

U. S. Senator from Nebraska

I HAVE returned from 20,000 miles of inquiring travel in 20 Central and South American countries, astonished and appalled that our Good Neighbor policy — backed by *six thousand million* U. S. dollars — has widely become a hemispheric handout that is neither good nor neighborly.

I found that thoughtful Latin Americans are as alarmed at this as I became. Everywhere long-time friends of the U. S. warned me: "You can't buy good will."

"You hand us a few million dollars for sewers," said a businessman, "and you say: 'Let us be good neighbors.' I don't think it can be done that way."

Others, less friendly, more suspicious, pass around the phrase: "Beware of North Americans bearing gifts."

One Latin-American editor said: "Six billion dollars! There are 120,000,000 people in Latin America. That is \$50 apiece. If our friendship were actually for sale, \$50 would not be enough. But if we *would* sell it, \$50 would be too much."

But the WPA's, PWA's, NYA's

and I'SA's which we have set up under one guise or another in Latin America have already entangled us in a vicious circle. Spending at the present rate, we are mistrusted as the economic Colossus of the North. Yet if we stop we will be blamed — and hated — for the economic collapse that will inevitably follow.

"Cut off the dollars," said our American Ambassador in another country, "and the boom that our money has made here would break within 24 hours; there might be a revolution within 48!"

In 1941, the national budgets of the 20 Central and South American countries totaled \$1,067,000,000. Our six-billion-dollar outlay is spread over three years. It does not include all the untold sums we have spent in these countries for goods, food and raw materials. But *that six billion dollars of spending, lending and giving is over twice as much per year from the U. S. Treasury as these countries spend out of their own treasuries on themselves.*

The spending itself is carried on by a dozen or more agencies of the U. S. government. They operate

more than 12,000 projects of some 1000 different types.

The most disturbing fact about this vast program of spending is that it is necessary to go to Latin America to find out much about it. The story has been withheld from the American people. The nature and cost of the multifarious projects have not been publicly discussed for approval or disapproval by the taxpayer. It is even difficult for a member of the U. S. Senate to get all the facts and be sure that the facts he gets are wholly complete and accurate. The entire record of undertakings and promises in Latin America needs to be brought from under this cloak of secrecy and publicly aired and debated.

American money is being spent to stock the streams and lakes of Venezuela with game fish. We have a "fishery" mission in Mexico. As "part of the Inter-American program for development of hemispheric resources," we paid for a fish survey in the ocean adjacent to Panama.

Reminiscent of the WPA's writers' projects and "Guide-Book series," we are financing the preparation of a handbook on the South American Indians; a "Guide to Official Publications of Latin America"; a "Law Guide and Center of Latin American Legal Studies."

We are paying for a "Survey of Collections of Latin-American Music"; also for the "Preparation of Bibliographies of Latin-American Music." We put up the cash "to

Record Folk Music in the Other American Republics."

Some years ago Peru and Ecuador got into conflict. In the ensuing difficulty, Ecuador's province of El Oro suffered severely. The damage has never been repaired. We are now doing it. This enterprise, we are told, "ranges from immediate relief for returning refugees to subsistence farming projects. The rehabilitation program includes health and sanitation as well as improvement of transportation and other productive facilities."

To keep our spending program going requires legions of U. S. agents. In several cities I had trouble securing hotel accommodations. In each case the answer was the same. Rooms were filled by employes of the U. S. government. At the time of my visit there were 674 federal workers attached to our Embassy in Mexico City. Our Ambassador in another country told me that the influx became so great that he was obliged to set up a sort of clearinghouse at the Embassy to get some semblance of order in their separate comings and goings. Our government's representatives are so numerous in Brazil that they are called "The U. S. Expeditionary Force."

But the size of our spending operation is no less alarming than the manner of it. The people of Latin America are proud. They naturally desire to be the architects of their own future. We, however, treat them like mendicants; seduce them with

boondoggles; make it plain that, whether they like it or not, we aim to do them over in our image.

Nowhere is this fact more disruptively apparent than in the matter of wages. By American standards, wages in Latin America are very low. But so are living costs. Workers in most places do not prefer to earn more. They prefer to work less. That is what we are helping them to do.

Wages paid to Latin-American workers on U. S. projects run from three to seven times as high as the prevailing wages. In the Dominican Republic, the prevailing wage is 70 cents a day. We pay the Dominicans \$3 to \$5 a day. In Paraguay, the prevailing wage is 60 cents a day. We pay the Paraguayans \$3 to \$5 a day. Bolivia's average is 90 cents a day. We pay the Bolivians from \$6 to \$8. Brazil has an average of \$1.80. We pay from \$5 to \$10.

As a result, the laborer — getting a week's pay for a day's work — pockets it at the end of the day and lays off for a week. Labor turnover is tremendous.

"The wage rate here is 60 cents a day," a Costa Rican employer told me. "Your government moved in and pays \$2.50 a day. My employes quit and start working for you. But you aren't helped any because they only work a day a week. And we are all losers because those who don't work for you are envious and sullen."

We are told that this is "the Good Neighbor Policy in deeds." Some of the deeds are worth examining.

Honduras is about the size of Nebraska. It has only 1,100,000 population. Thanks to soil and climate, it could support from five to ten times that number. Starvation is unknown. At present, with a favorable trade balance, the country is more than normally well off. Nevertheless, in Honduras our money is being spent on a road-building project "designed to tide a banana-growing area over an unemployment crisis."

I saw these Honduran project-workers of ours. Labor-saving machinery is barred because it would make fewer jobs. Picks and shovels, wielded in the best WPA style, are the order of the day. If these roads endure, future generations of Hondurans may bless us. The present generation, however, travels mostly by burro and oxcart. There are fewer than 3500 automobiles in the entire country.

But this is by no means all of our spending story in Honduras. The Honduran government has not seen fit to go in for agricultural development. But the aim of the U. S. is "to provide benefits for the long range while solving problems of immediate concern." As a starter, the purchase of 3500 tracts of land was arranged. On these tracts, as rapidly as possible, we are "resettling" farmers. To see them through their first 20 years "until they are self-supporting," credits are extended by the Bank of Honduras. But back of the Bank of Honduras is the U. S. Treasury to the tune of \$2,700,000 Export-Im-

port credits. Thus, at our expense, we are doing for Honduran agriculture what Honduras has not undertaken at its own expense.

Tiny El Salvador's U. S.-financed road building is described in WPA phrases as aimed "to give work-relief to 2000 unemployed."

There appears to be no visible connection between what we do to and for these countries and what they are financially able to do for themselves.

Take Cuba. The U. S. bought all of last year's Cuban sugar crop: \$158,000,000. Our purchases from Cuba this year will probably total \$200,000,000. Cuba is having a boom. Yet the urge to boondoggle is too strong to be suppressed. While there I motored on the Central Highway which runs from Havana through the wealthy plantation countryside across the Island. It appeared to me to be a first-class road. But on the pretext that it might some day serve a useful military purpose — though it never has — it is now to be greatly widened, new pavements laid down and the proper decorations installed to make it an American-class boulevard. The money — reportedly several million dollars — comes from lend-lease.

Some of our contributions have an emotional angle. It must have been for sentimental reasons that we gave ten sub-chasers to Cuba when, for ~~cheap~~ subs, it would seem likely they would have been more useful in the American navy.

To ease Ecuador's hurt pride at possessing, in times like these, no navy, our sympathetic agents secured a number of private yachts which had been taken over in the U. S. by our government. They were fitted out and shipped, gratis, to Ecuador. Now they ride handsomely at anchor in the river at Guayaquil, 140 miles from the sea.

How little is expected from Latin America in support of these manifold undertakings insults both their self-concern and our intelligence.

Latin America's need for improved health is undeniable. *The same is true of large areas of the U. S.* Here, certainly, is an area where, with the U. S. furnishing every possible assistance in training personnel and in putting our experience at the service of these neighbor nations, we have a right to expect that Latin America should bear a large share of the actual financial burden.

For health and sanitation projects in Ecuador (pop. 3,200,000) the U. S. has made an outright gift of \$2,160,000. Ecuador contributes nothing. Nevertheless, we confer on the city of Quito (pop. 150,000) a 100-bed hospital. A 200-bed maternity hospital similarly financed is next on the list.

For health and sanitation projects — drainage, malaria prevention, sanitary improvements — we have made a \$750,000 outright gift to Guatemala. Guatemala's contribution is \$19,300. We are nonetheless going ahead to build a 300-bed

general hospital in Guatemala City (pop. 167,000).

For similar projects we have given Honduras \$500,000. Honduras matches that with \$7260. To start off with, we are building a 100-bed hospital in Choluteca (pop. 12,000).

Thus, with little pain to anybody but the U. S. taxpayer, no less than 30 major hospitals are already under construction or planned in Latin America. Nearly 200 health centers and dispensaries are under way or projected. For none of these gifts for health and sanitation is any Latin-American country obligated to repay the U. S. so much as a red cent. The physical well being of Latin America's 120,000,000 people appears to have been made a first charge on the U. S. Treasury.

How much of a responsive glow these warm deeds stir among Latin Americans is doubtful. The recently appointed Mexican Ambassador to the Argentine has likened our Good Neighborism to the exploits of Don Quixote — symbolizing generous but more-than-a-little addelepted irresponsibility.

I visited one country which — like numerous others — is in default on loans from private U. S. banks. The defaulted loan, in this case, is \$81,000,000. That unpaid sum, however, has not restrained our cash

dispensers. The Export-Import Bank recently extended \$30,000,000 of credits from the U. S. till.

Whereupon our somewhat hard-bitten American Ambassador concluded that this was a propitious time to bring up again the matter of the defaulted loans. He went to the president of this country and asked for a three percent token payment. Weeks of negotiation followed. The president finally agreed to make a payment, not of three but of two percent — but only if the Ambassador guaranteed to more than cover the amount by getting increased lend-lease aid.

The answer to all this is not to scrap the Good Neighbor Policy. The answer is to make it authentically good neighbor. Neighborliness is a two-way proposition. We should stop trying to be Rich Uncle to Latin America. We should insist that, according to their ability to pay, what we do for the nations of Latin America is matched, dollar for dollar, by what Latin America does for itself. This is not merely sound sense from the standpoint of our own interests. It is sound sense for the interests and self-respect of Latin America. When we begin to make that our first aim, then we will begin to merit the respect we have not won and cannot buy.



A WEARY wartime commuter wired his boss: "Will not be at office today. Am not home yesterday yet."

» To men facing death in combat,
God is very near and personal

There Are No Atheists in the Skies

Condensed from Air Facts ★ *Frederic Sondern, Jr.*

THE bomber pilot was telling about his return from a mission. As the plane touched the ground on landing, there had been a shattering roar. One of the bomb-toggles under the wing had failed to release its burden over the target. The bomb had stayed there, unnoticed, until the shock of landing shook it loose. It had exploded on the runway and the plane had caught fire like a torch.

"I was still conscious," said the pilot, "and I tried to get through the little window next to my seat. Flames licked at my back and legs. I got halfway through, but the chute on my back wedged me in. I had to go back into the fire and try to get it off. But I couldn't. My fingers were numb. The last thing I remember was shouting, 'Please help me, God!' And the next thing I knew I was lying on the ground,

with the Doc bending over me. Nobody knows yet how I got out that window."

He hesitated for a moment, and then added, "My theory, of course, is that the Lord pulled a fast one."



He said that very seriously, and the fliers who were listening nodded agreement. There was no skepticism. Most fliers are convinced God has a lot to do with getting them out of their tightest scrapes.

Another bomber pilot was very explicit to me about his experience. "When the ack-ack hit us," he said, "both engines conked out and we headed for the sea. I began to pray. Well, that was the last I knew until I came to in the water. I was in bad shape. My leg was gone below the knee, the water was red all around, and I knew I'd bleed to death in a few minutes. Then something nudged me. Believe it or not, it was a piece of plywood with the plane's first-aid kit on it. I got the tourniquet out of it, and my co-pilot helped me get the thing on and stop the bleeding. Another plane came along and dropped a life raft, and four hours later we were picked up by a rescue launch.

FREDERIC SONDERN, JR., graduated from Harvard in 1932 and went to Europe as a correspondent for the McClure Newspaper Syndicate. After reporting events in Germany and Austria for five years he became the syndicate's foreign editor. Now a roving editor of The Reader's Digest, Mr. Sondern has been in Africa for the past several months.

If you don't call that a miracle, I'd like to know what is. God had something to do with that, mister."

I know how he felt. One day I was a passenger in a medium bomber overloaded with supplies, and with three other passengers beside the regular crew, when a dozen Me-109's came at us. It was too late to do anything about it. We were easy game. The waist-gunner grinned at me. "I guess this is it," he shouted over the roar of the engines as he gripped his firing handles and swung the guns into line. But I wasn't paying much attention. I was trying to remember how to pray. I hadn't in a long time — not since I was a kid, in fact. But it was a pretty good effort, at that. It certainly was sincere. And then I noticed that the gunner's lips were moving too.

At the last moment, something must have scared the German squadron. Perhaps their fuel was too low for a scrap. Anyway, they suddenly turned and streaked off. The gunner and I, very deliberately, got out cigarettes and lit them. He was a hard-bitten youngster from South Boston, very tough and very efficient. We just smoked for a while. "Did you pray?" I finally asked him. "You're damned right I did," was the answer. And after another puff, he added, "Most of us do."

The gray-haired Padre smiled when I told him the story. "Yes," he said, "you find that there aren't many atheists among our fliers. Facing death in combat they find that

God is very near and personal. When they first arrive from the training schools they're often a little chary of going to church. They seem to feel that godliness isn't quite in line with being a hero. But most of them change pretty quickly. Come to Mass tomorrow and you'll see what I mean."

The church, that Sunday morning, was the camouflage net over an anti-aircraft battery. The altar was a rough plank. The only music was the angry drone of fighters warming up on the field nearby. But there was never a spot more consecrated by the earnestness of worshipers. In the bronzed, hard young faces of those kneeling men was an intent sincerity that didn't flicker for an instant during the entire service. This was no compulsory Church Parade, of the kind that most soldiers detest. It was, as the Padre had said, very personal.

But the "kids" do more than go to church. They take their belief with them in their planes and on their missions. On a B-24, one of the ships that have flown the most dangerous missions over Italy, there is a navigator who was a divinity student before he went into the Air Force. His nickname, naturally, is "The Parson." That plane has a routine, too. "Time out for church," the pilot orders, as the ack-ack zone approaches. "O.K., Parson. Go ahead." And The Parson says a little prayer. "Some of the other guys used to kid us about it," one of the crewmen

told me. "But I notice they don't any more."

One night in a typical fighter squadron officers' club, I heard the conversation turn to religion. "All I know," said "Scotty" — who was accepted as the most daring of the lot — "is that God must have been looking straight at me. I was strafing low when a bad burst of ack-ack got the plane. I couldn't get the nose up for a climb. Something was the matter with the controls. 'God,' I said, 'just this once, *please*.' Well, I guess He decided to give me another chance. Anyway, I got out of it and I kind of feel now He's on my side. It's a good feeling to have, too."

"Yeah," spoke up another young officer with two banks of ribbons on his shirt. "If you ask Him real politely, it's surprising what He'll do for you." The boy didn't seem disposed to say much more than that in public, but when the group broke up I got him aside. "What did you mean by that?" I asked him. "Well," he answered, "I don't like to talk about it much. It's kind of personal. But if you really want to know, here it is." He settled himself in his chair.

"I've never been a religious guy; never had any desire to go to church. The family worried about it for a while, but I guess they finally gave me up as a bad job.

"When I got out here, I had a tough time, at first. I scared easy and I used to get badly browned off. Worried a lot about my wife.

"And then, one day, when I saw

that there was a real tough fight ahead, I remembered something my dad had told me once. 'Son,' he'd said, 'when you're really in a spot, call on the Lord. He'll help.' Well, sir, I did just that. And it worked. I handled my plane better, I shot better, I did everything better — all of a sudden.

"I've been calling on Him ever since. He takes care of my wife at home. I know that, and I don't worry about her any more. He's taken that sinking feeling away that I used to get. I'm careful, but I'm not scared any more. He'll see me through, all right."

"And how about after the war?" I asked. "Do you think you'll forget?"

"How can I forget?" he answered slowly. "He's my best friend, isn't He? Well — He's going to *stay* my best friend!"

You hear stories like that wherever you go.

"And their religion has no sects," said the Padre. "Catholic, Jew and Protestant alike go to one another's services. We feel that way about it ourselves." He pointed to a little sign on the flap of his tent. "When you're in trouble," it read, "ask the Lord for help. He's very generous with it. While you're not in trouble, cultivate His acquaintance and talk things over with Him. And when He does something for you, don't forget to thank Him. He appreciates that."

And that is just how most of the fliers feel about it.

» Do you know why each Allied victory adds vitally to the necessity for increased production?

The High Cost of Victory



By Donald M. Nelson Chairman, War Production Board

THE SWIFTER our armies forge ahead, the greater their demands for supplies. To meet the heightened demand for more production will not be easy; but it must never be said that our armies had to abandon their aggressive push and sit down to wait because not enough weapons and equipment had been manufactured to replace their used-up guns and motor trucks.

Hard fighting chews up material at a staggering rate. A homely illustration: in training camp, a soldier's shoes last three or four months; in Sicily, many troops wore out their shoes in three days!

Flying Fortresses are more spectacular than shoes. We all feel that the stepped-up rate of the air offensive against Germany is one of the greatest contributions to eventual victory. Hamburg is in ruins, the Ruhr is a shambles, factories vital to German war production are crippled. We are making progress. Doesn't this mean we can ease up a little on the production of bombers?

Well, let me give you one sobering

fact: *one thousand* airplane workers will have to work 40 hours a week *for a year* to replace the 60 bombers we lost in *one day*, in the raid on Schweinfurt. And I'm not counting the thousands of hours that were expended in producing the materials — mining the bauxite and iron ore and coal and transmuting them into aluminum and steel. And if we are to keep punching until the enemy is groggy, and not give him time to restore the damage, we must not merely replace lost bombers but build them faster and faster.

The Sicilian campaign brought home to us the appalling destructiveness of war. Not because the enemy captured matériel into which we had poured our sweat and toil, and not because of any staggering destruction by enemy shells — though of course we suffered outright battle destruction. What I am trying to drive home is that even the victor chews up equipment at a staggering rate. I know of a division which used up *all* of its guns in that month. One of our most important guns is the 105-mm. howitzer. It is a good

gun, made as well as any field piece in the world, and it has a long life — for a gun. It can be fired 7500 times before the barrel is so worn that it is no longer accurate, and the recoil mechanism is worn out. Well, we wore out *hundreds* of them in Sicily in *30 days*. German officers captured in Sicily inquired with professional curiosity about our "magic fire." They never had imagined anything so terrible as the way we poured the shells on them. But there was no magic about it; it was just our superbly trained gun crews lavishly *using up* their guns.

Obviously nobody is going to tell just how many guns of just what kinds were used in Sicily — but I can tell you that we lost or used up — *mostly used up* — more than a third of the 75's we sent there, just under half of our 57-mm. guns, and more than half of a certain type of gun mount. The fighting in Italy is certainly using up equipment just as fast, perhaps faster.

When we send 100 men overseas with 100 rifles, we have to ship 60 extra rifles to replace those that will be lost or damaged within a year. For every 100 machine guns, we have to ship 85 replacements. Think of the work that gives us to do!

Battle is desperately hard on clothing. Some of the troops in Tunisia, and later in Sicily, wore out uniforms in a week — clothing that would have lasted eight to ten months in training camp. In the steaming jun-

gles of Burma and the Pacific islands, articles of leather or cloth will sometimes disintegrate from mildew within 72 hours.

Our army has the toughest trucks we know how to make. But our trucks give out in just a few months of service in the mud of Russia or Alaska, or the tropics, or on the rugged Iraq-Iran highway which carries supplies into Russia.

Just recently, two of our divisions which had been engaged in jungle fighting had to be completely re-equipped. Among the thousands of items required were 1471 vehicles and 592 trailers.

The Russian situation well exemplifies the fact that victory means you must work just that much harder. The Russians have rewon such vast areas from the enemy that increasingly the Russian problem is transport in the recaptured territory. The needs of the fierce campaigns that loom ahead for our Russian ally demand enormous numbers of trucks, and in 1944 we may be called on to supply substantially more than they received in 1943. And whereas they needed few locomotives from us in 1943 they may well need hundreds in 1944, so as to be able to cash in on their victory and to make full use of their rewon railroad lines.

The stepped-up tempo of our offensive brings swollen demands upon production in other and unexpected ways. For instance, nobody could foresee how vast a quantity of radio devices we should need. It took the

lessons of battle to teach us that. It is a staggering fact that in 1944 we shall spend as much money — which in effect means almost as much labor — on radio equipment as it took to build the Panama Canal. That means a heavy load of additional work for us.

The attrition of actual battle is only the beginning of our outlay. After every victory we must restore the war-ravaged region, converting it either into a military base for future operations, or aiding it to become self-sustaining. This requires countless locomotives, trucks, tractors, trains and electric generators. (In Sicily alone we strung 1100 miles of copper telephone wire.) These are all drains on our war production; as our armies advance, the regions behind them will absorb ever-increasing quantities of these supplies.

Steel saves lives. It is the weight of metal thrown against the enemy which has kept down our casualties. It is the extra heft of material that breaks the enemy's back, pulverizes his resistance and destroys his ability to strike back. •

It is no secret that this is the strategy of our generals — to use to the full the advantage of possessing the world's greatest productive power, bring it to bear on the enemy.

In plainer words, to be prodigal of equipment and ammunition, and of the labor they represent — and economical of the lives of American boys! It is a strategy which Americans will wholeheartedly approve.

But if it is to succeed, it is the Americans at home who must make it succeed.

It is true of this war as of no other, and of this country as of no other, that the *worker* is winning battles and saving soldiers.

It is only human for most of us, when we get the good news of victories in Africa, in Sicily, in the Pacific, to feel that now we can relax our efforts a little. Take a day off, perhaps. But because I know the true situation this feeling alarms me. It is dangerous; it may even prove disastrous. For I have to face the fact that, great as our production is, we must do better. *Victories call for more and more matériel, not less.*

It is my sober judgment, and military men support me in this, that if the American people will concentrate every available ounce of energy on the production job, this war can be shortened by six months. By overwhelming the enemy with a tidal wave of war goods *now*, the lives of hundreds of thousands of our boys will be spared.

THE juke box in the Oasis bar on upper Broadway in New York City contains one item billed: "Five minutes of silence for a nickel." The item does a land-office business. — George Jean Nathan in *Cosmopolitan*

Señor Payroll

William E. Barrett

LARRY and I were Junior Engineers in the gas plant, which means that we were clerks. Our duties consisted merely of repeating the orders issued by the Main Office downtown. But the Mexican laborers respected us. To them we were the visible form of a distant, unknowable paymaster. We were Señor Payroll.

The aristocrats among these Mexicans were the stokers, big men who worked eight-hour shifts in the fierce heat of the retorts. They scooped coal with huge shovels and hurled it with uncanny aim at tiny doors. They worked stripped to the waist, and there were pride and dignity in them. Few men could do such work, and they were the few.

The Company paid its men twice a month, on the fifth and on the 20th. To a Mexican this was absurd. What man with money will make it last 15 days? If he hoarded money beyond three days he was a miser—and then, *señor*, did the blood of Spain flow in the veins of misers?

Condensed from Southwest Review

Hence our stokers appeared every third or fourth day to draw the money due them. Larry and I sent the necessary forms to the Main Office and received an advance against each man's pay check. Then, one day, Downtown favored us with a memorandum:

"There have been too many abuses of the advance-against-wages privilege. Hereafter, no advance will be made except in a genuine emergency."

We had no sooner posted the notice when in came stoker Juan García. He asked for an advance. I pointed to the notice. He spelled it through slowly, then said, "What does this mean, this 'genuine emergency'?"

I explained that it was a great nuisance to have to pay wages every few days. If someone was ill or if money was urgently needed for some other good reason, then the Company would make an exception.

Juan García turned his hat over and over slowly in his big hands. "I do not get my money?"

"Next payday, Juan. On the 20th."

In the next hour two other stokers came in, had the notice explained to them and walked solemnly out; then no more came. Juan García,

Pete Mendoza and Francisco González had spread the word: "To get the money now, the wife must be sick, or there must be medicine for the baby."

The next morning Juan García's wife was practically dying, Pete Mendoza's mother would hardly last the day, there was a veritable epidemic among children and, just for variety, there was one sick father. It seemed a little odd, but Larry and I were not authorized to pry into private lives; we made out our forms with an added line describing the "genuine emergency." Our people got paid.

That went on for a week. Then came a new order: "Hereafter, employees will be paid *only* on the fifth and the 20th of the month, except in the cases of employees leaving the service of the Company."

The notice went up on the board and we explained its significance. Juan García went out and thought it over. He thought out loud with Mendoza and González and Ayala. Next day he came back. "I am quitting for different job. You pay me now?"

We had to. And then González quit, and Mendoza, Obregón, Ayala and Ortez, the best stokers, men who could not be replaced. •

Each morning transient, unskilled workers applied for work with the handy gangs. Now, suddenly, highly skilled men began to appear in the hiring line. García, Mendoza and the others wanted jobs. We hired them,

of course. There was nothing else to do.

Every afternoon we had a line of resigning stokers, and every morning a line of stokers seeking work. The procession of forms showing Juan García's resigning and being hired over and over again was too much for the Main Office. Sometimes the same name would appear twice on the payroll when someone was slow in recording a resignation. Out of this chaos, Downtown issued another order: "Hereafter, no employe who resigns may be rehired within 30 days."

Juan García was due for another resignation and when he came in, we showed him the order and warned him, "Thirty days is a long time, Juan."

It was a grave matter and he took time to reflect on it. So did González, Mendoza, Ayala and Ortez. Ultimately, however, they all resigned.

We did our best to dissuade them and we were sad about the parting. This time it was for keeps and they shook hands with us solemnly. Next morning, however, our friends were back in line. With the utmost gravity, Juan García informed me that he was a stoker looking for a job.

"No dice, Juan," I said. "Come back in 30 days. I warned you."

His eyes looked straight into mine without a flicker. "There is some mistake, *señor*," he said. "I am Manuel Hernández. I work as the stoker in Pueblo, in Santa Fe, in many places."

Who was I to argue with a man about his own name? I hired him. I hired González, too, who swore that his name was Carrera, and Ayala, who had shamelessly become Smith.

Three days later the resigning started again.

Within a week our payroll read like a history of Latin America. Many a famous name was on it: Obregón, Villa, Díaz, Batista, even San Martín and Bolívar. Finally Larry and I, weary of staring at familiar faces and writing unfamiliar names, went to the Superintendent and told him the whole story. He

tried not to grin, and said, "Damned nonsense!"

The next day the orders were taken down. We called our most prominent stokers into the office and pointed to the empty board. No rules any more.

"The next time we hire you hombres," Larry said grimly, "come in under the names you like best, because that's the way you are going to stay on the books."

They looked at us and they looked at the board; then for the first time in the long duel their teeth flashed white. "*¡Sí, señores!*" they said.

All Yours for Half a Second

YOU WOULD think that the share of the war which one man's 1943 tax paid for would be an infinitesimal, invisible fraction in America's total expenditure. Yet it is a decidedly perceptible contribution. Our war costs this year will be about 75 billions; this means America spends approximately \$2200 every second to win the war. Thus a citizen with a taxable income of \$5000 and the average number of dependents whose income tax is around \$1000 pays enough to carry on the war for the space of half a second.

Over that short but appreciable fraction of eternity this one taxpayer pays for what goes on everywhere — here at home and in the Solomons, and in Italy, and in Britain, and in every other of the 40-odd countries where Americans stand on guard.

It is enough to make a man brace

his shoulders with pride. He all alone manages to pay, over a definite period, General Eisenhower's salary, and General MacArthur's salary, and General Chennault's salary, and the pay of the men servicing airplanes in Iceland, and the family allowance for the wife of the first-class private stationed in Iran, and the wages of the man finishing up tanks at Chrysler's, and the pay of the pilot in the Flying Fortress over Vienna.

To be told that \$1000 will pay for the gasoline to carry a Flying Fortress from London to Berlin and back is, if anything, rather disappointing. You want 200 Fortresses over Berlin. But if a taxpayer feels that he alone is financing the whole war, land, sea, and air, in five continents and seven seas, it will make him glow — even if his time doesn't last very long. — N. Y. *Time*.

The Evangelist of "Plowman's Folly"

By Louis Bromfield

THIS is a success story of a man who found a sound idea and stuck to it until fame came to him, accompanied by a modest fortune. Possibly he has contributed something which will change the course of economic history in America. Perhaps 50 years hence, in rich agricultural areas, there will be monuments in his honor, just as Pasteur has monuments to his memory as the savior of the French wine industry.

I saw this man for the first time four years ago. "My name is F'd Faulkner," he said. "I came to see you because I knew you were interested in agriculture."

He was gray-haired, wiry, and a great talker. There was in his clear blue eyes that dedicated look I know well because so many people come to me with plans to save the world. He was interested in only one thing — how to build up the soil, to help the farmer, to restore our rapidly vanishing good agricultural land.

He spoke about his back yard in Elyria, Ohio, and about a couple of

acres of cheap, poor land which he had leased as an experimental plot. He had been a county agent and had resigned because some of his ideas were too revolutionary for his superiors to swallow. Now he sold insurance when he needed money to pay his rent. His father had been a foothill farmer in Kentucky who made his farm a green island of prosperity among the sick farms of the region. Many of Faulkner's ideas had come down to him from his father.

I soon discovered that he advocated abolishing the moldboard plow (the type which is familiar to everyone). This universal implement, which turns over billions of acres of soil every year in all parts of the earth, is, according to my visitor, also plowing under the foundations of our economy and our civilization. It was as if he proposed that the industrial world do away with the locomotive or the blast furnace.

The moldboard plow was invented in England in the 18th century. Until then, plowing was little more than the process of scratching the surface of the earth. The new implement turned over the soil to a maximum depth of about ten inches,

LOUIS BROMFIELD, novelist, is also a thoughtful farmer, as revealed by his article in the September Reader's Digest, "Rebirth of an American Farm."

burying everything that lay on the surface and leaving a clean, bare surface which could be worked to powdery dust before planting. It revolutionized agriculture, opening vast surfaces of the earth to quick colonization, and was regarded as one of the greatest of civilizing influences. And now I heard it attacked as a thing of evil and destruction. I put down my visitor as a crank, even though intelligent.

But Faulkner, a remarkably tough fellow, had fallen upon some profound truths and stuck to them, despite stubborn opposition. During the next two or three years he visited me again, telling me that he was writing a book. Each time he turned up I found that I was picking up quite a lot from him.

We differed as to the best method of restoring and increasing the vanishing topsoil which provides us with all our food and a great deal of our furniture, plastics, oils, livestock food, clothing. Like almost all agriculturists I favored building it up by plowing deep, burying manure, sod and rubbish to increase the depth from the bottom up. Faulkner contended fiercely that we should increase it by leaving all manure, sod and rubbish to decay on the surface. In other words, to work from the top, piling up an accumulation of decaying organic material on the surface, *as Nature has always done*.

Presently he brought me the manuscript of his book. I found it a little too rambling and made some sugges-

tions. No discouragement dampened Faulkner's enthusiasm.

Last summer I received a book which bore the imprint of one of our most modern and progressive university presses. It was called *Plowman's Folly* and was written by Edward J. Faulkner. That night I took it to bed with me. It was three in the morning when I finished it. I went to sleep a convert to Faulkner, resolved from then on as a farmer to use the moldboard plow as little as possible.

In the weeks that followed other persons sat up all night reading *Plowman's Folly*. Reviews, articles and editorials appeared everywhere on Faulkner's book. I heard of it over the air. Wherever I went, people were discussing it. Probably no book on an agricultural subject has ever prompted so much discussion in this country.

Overnight Faulkner, the ex-county agent, the Elyria insurance salesman, became a famous citizen. People came long distances to visit him. He had to engage a secretary to answer mountains of correspondence. He was interviewed over the radio and engaged as an agricultural commentator and consultant by one of the leading networks. It was a good true-life story. Ed Faulkner believed he was right, stuck to his ideas in the face of all opposition, and won out. It may well be that he will leave his stamp upon our agriculture, our economy and even our civilization for centuries to come.

His message was published at a moment when the whole country was becoming aware of the destruction of its land. It came too at a moment when, for the first time in our nation's history, city and town people were discovering that we could, in this rich country, actually be short of food.

Reduced to its simplest terms, Faulkner's case against the moldboard plow is this — that it leaves the soil naked and exposed to erosion by wind and water, to undue evaporation from the sun and wind. This limits production, and in the long run brings about complete destruction of topsoil. There is a secondary but important evil: buried surface sod and rubbish require months to decay; during this period the soil remains acid, and the layer of backed, sour, slowly decaying material acts as blotting paper, preventing the subsoil moisture from rising by capillary attraction to the roots of the plants on the surface above. This action, coupled with the strong evaporating action of the sun on a soil bare of all rubbish mulch, creates an artificial condition of drouth between the layer of blotting paper and the sun-baked surface.

On the other hand, Faulkner points out, if one uses a bull-tongue or cultivator-type plow, or a disk plow which rips up and loosens the surface but does not turn the sod or rubbish under, you have a seed bed that does not arrest the capillary attraction of moisture from beneath,

and which also leaves a mulch on the surface that prevents evaporation and thus preserves the precious moisture for your crops. In addition, the rubbish mulch on the surface prevents rainfall from running off as it does from a bare surface, flooding the streams and carrying away tons of topsoil. The rubbish mulch on the surface also prevents the topsoil from blowing away as dust.

Much of what Faulkner wrote was already known to many agricultural experts. Much of the method he advocates has already been put into effect, notably in our dust-bowl area. In the worst days of our agricultural exploitation, pasture areas were overgrazed until grass died and the topsoil was left bare to blow away. The straw on vast wheat fields was burned, and what little rubbish was left on the surface was plowed under and buried, leaving bare earth which rapidly blew or washed away. These practices decreased the production of grain and culminated in the dust-bowl disasters of the '30's when millions of acres of good agricultural land had to be abandoned.

The dust-bowl disaster was checked quickly and effectively by our agricultural experts who deserve great credit. Their two principal measures were the planting of windbreaks and the abandonment of the moldboard plow. The straw was left on the ground, where it was chopped into the surface of the vast flat fields by disks and left there to anchor the topsoil against wind and rain, to form

a mulch against evaporation of moisture by the sun, and to provide the precious decaying organic matter known as humus.

SOONER or later, someone was destined to write such a book as *Plowman's Folly*. For a long time people have been becoming aware of the evil goings-on in the agriculture of this country. I have heard it said that the American farmer is the worst farmer in the world. The broad tradition of American farming has been to "mine" the soil, to ruin a farm in Pennsylvania, move west to Indiana, take up cheap or free land there, exploit and ruin it, and move farther west to repeat the procedure.

We have destroyed a fourth of our good land, another fourth is on the way out, and the results are being felt in a shortage of food. There is no more available free land of any value. Rarely has the land in this country ever been *cherished*.

The American farmer has largely worked against Nature. The new agriculture is based upon the principle of working *with* Nature and following her methods.

Faulkner points out that the first thing that set him to thinking about the evil done by the moldboard plow was his observation of the plants in a fence row during time of drouth. In the bare, baked fields, plants withered and died, but in the fence row, where the earth was not plowed and was covered by a mulch of decaying vegetation, the soil was moist

and loose, and plants flourished.

On my own farm I have seen plantings of red raspberries, only a hundred yards apart, one of which was feeble, diseased and insect-ridden, the other healthy and loaded with fruit. The sick planting had been cultivated and kept weedless. The healthy planting, as an experiment, had never been touched. It received merely two mulches a year of barnyard manure. It was never sprayed: insects do not attack the mulched planting. The sick planting had been treated by methods which were fighting Nature. In the healthy planting, we had followed Nature's own method and achieved astonishing results.

Late last summer we had an argument on our farm. The field where we were plowing the contours for wheat lay along the road in sight of passers-by. The soil was hard and covered with a heavy growth of weeds, difficult to plow under completely. Kenneth Cook, who was doing the plowing, complained. I said, "It doesn't matter whether you bury the stuff. In fact, I'd like to see all that stuff left on top to be chopped into the soil by the disk plow."

"But," said Kenneth, "what will all the neighbors think when they see that kind of plowing job!" And suddenly I realized an evil for which the moldboard plow is responsible — the pride of the farmer in a good job of plowing which leaves the fields scrupulously bare.

I said, "What difference does it make what the neighbors think if we get results?"

That night I gave Kenneth *Plowman's Folly* to read and the next morning he said, "Don't give me any more books like that. It kept me awake all night." And about two days later he said, "I don't think I'll sow my garden this fall. I'll just disk it, sow rye, and then disk it again next spring." Ed Faulkner had won another convert among the ranks of good traditional American farmers.

Faulkner has created a problem for the manufacturers of agricultural machinery: that of providing a implement to replace the moldboard plow. A number of disk plows and cultivators which do not turn over the soil but simply rip or chop

it up have appeared during the past few years, but none of them is entirely effective for preparation of all kinds of soil under all sorts of conditions. *Plowman's Folly* has increased the demand enormously. I believe the moldboard plow will decline in use and perhaps disappear.

The recognition Mr. Faulkner has received is a sign that the revolution in agriculture is being recognized. In Washington recently I heard a famous agricultural economist say, "The civilization of this country is founded upon *nine inches of topsoil. When that is gone, civilization will go with it.*" It wouldn't be the first time this happened. The surface of the earth is strewn with the ruins of nations and of civilizations which destroyed themselves by wearing out the soil.

All Up and All Out

AN ENGLISHMAN asked the British Ministry of Labor and National Service for permission to start work every morning at eight instead of seven. He didn't want to be a slacker, he said, but he needed the extra hour to "get the baby up to granny's." Asked why his wife could not take care of the baby, he explained that *she* had to get to her job in an aircraft factory at six. As for granny, when asked why she could not come and pick up the baby earlier, the man replied: "Granny doesn't get off the night shift herself until seven."

— James B. Reston in *N. Y. Times*

Coals to Newcastle

WHEN a British sailor at the Hollywood Canteen complained about a sore throat, a solicitous hostess asked, "Have you ever tried gargling with salt water?"

"You're asking *me* — who's been torpedoed three times?"

— Hedda Hopper

All parts of the body generate electricity. Sensitive electrical machines are helping doctors to discover disease in its earliest stages.

The Electrical Basis of Life

Condensed from Harper's Magazine • *George W. Gray*

THE PASTOR of an important midwestern church arrived at the Mayo Clinic one morning for a physical checkup. Though only 61, he thought he might be slowing up mentally. He had announced a hymn at the wrong time, arrived late at a wedding, forgotten to shave on occasion.

The man looked so hale that the doctors wondered if he really could be ill. A thorough physical examination and X-ray photographs of his head revealed nothing to cause question. Then came the report from the electroencephalograph: there was a distortion in the brain waves received from a small area above his right forehead.

Knowing that sick or injured brain cells generate electricity in a pattern different from that of normal cells, the physicians suspected a brain tumor and made a more exhaustive examination. They decided to operate, found and removed the tumor. When the patient recovered he was his old vigorous self. The case is particularly striking because the brain waves had provided the only clue to the hidden disease and had even pointed directly to the location of the trouble.

Ten years ago the electroencephalograph was a laboratory novelty; to-day it is standard clinical equipment. In all suspected cases of tumor, clot, or other brain lesions, it is used to prospect the entire dome of the skull. This can be done in a few minutes. It is not necessary even to pierce the skin. The electrodes are merely laid on the scalp, and they pick up the pulsations which reflect that activity of the brain cells underneath.

In the study of epilepsy, the electrical recorder has become almost indispensable. The epileptic, in 85 cases out of 100, has an abnormal brain-wave pattern which usually is characteristic of his type of the disease. By observing alterations in the characteristic waves, it is possible to foresee a convulsion. The instrument also enables the doctor to follow the variations that occur in the brain during treatment, and thus provides a means of checking the patient's progress.

The characteristic electrical response of the brain to light enables medical men to distinguish true from false blindness. Dr. Frederick Lemer of Seattle was asked to determine whether a factory employe who was seeking compensation had really been

blinded in a plant accident. The man said he could no longer read or work, yet his eyes looked normal and the pupils reacted to light. It was impossible to tell from the usual examination whether his sight had been impaired. But when the electrodes were attached to his head and the brain waves appeared, they were the long slow waves characteristic of the brain in darkness. Here was a case of true blindness. In other cases the brain waves have provided conclusive evidence of malingering.

Not only the activity of the brain, but also every impulse that passes through a nerve, has its electrical component. In the eyeball a current flows between the transparent cornea and the photo-sensitive retina. *Every muscle contraction, every movement of a finger, wink of an eyelid, shiver of the skin, discharges electricity.*

The currents generated by the beating heart can be precisely recorded by the electrocardiograph. The operator straps one electrode to the patient's wrist, the other to his ankle, and it is uncanny to see the electrical pulsations of the heart writing their curves, spikes and jagged peaks on the machine's chart. These complicated markings tell the doctor whether the four chambers of the living pump are synchronizing. If, for example, a ventricle begins to contract before it has received its full load of blood, there is a backward thrust of the undelivered blood, and the disorder is known as heart block. Analysis of heart waves has uncov-

ered many an incipient disorder in time for remedial measures to be taken, and the years that have been added to human lives through this detective service run into many millerinia.

At the Presbyterian Hospital in New York a method of detecting cancer of the stomach through an electrical test seems foreshadowed in researches initiated by Dr. Edmund N. Goodman. Measurement of the electrical potential of the empty stomach gives a fairly standard value; if milk is introduced into the stomach, the voltage rises to a new value. But in persons suffering with stomach ulcer, the degree of voltage change is different. Different again are the electrical changes in patients afflicted with cancer of the stomach. Early cancer gives a more pronounced indication than late cancer. Systematic tests are now being made on a number of patients.

Until a few years ago it was not possible to measure the voltages generated in the human body, for the electrical charges are micro-dimensional and the measuring instruments consume electrical units in the very process of metering them. Then Dr. H. S. Burr of Yale, working with Drs. C. T. Lane and L. F. Nims, designed a highly sensitive voltmeter that can measure a millionth of a volt without taking toll of the quantity it is measuring. With this apparatus, hundreds of living species — bacteria, salamanders, mice, dogs, monkeys and men — have been explored

electrically. In the studies of cancerous mice, for instance, the Yale voltmeter has given warning of the presence of tumor weeks before any enlargement, hardness or other evidence was seen or felt.

A New York gynecologist, Dr. Louis Langman, has used the Yale voltmeter to determine the time of ovulation in women who wanted children but had been unable to conceive. Despite the generally held dogma that ovulation takes place only at the middle of the cycle — at or near the 14th day after menstruation — Dr. Langman's studies as well as other observations show that in about 75 percent of women regularity is the exception rather than the rule. Ovulation may take place at any time, even during menstruation. In three women tested by Dr. Langman, artificial insemination administered within a few hours of the voltmeter's indication of ovulation was successful. After years of infertile

marriage the three women became pregnant and were safely delivered of normal babies."

Quacks have seized upon the Yale experiments and "electronic specialists" profess to diagnose disease from the "electronic vibrations" of the patient's blood. In some cases, they even pretend to treat ailments by "electronic" means. Actually, the Yale apparatus is of no use in treating any kind of illness. It was designed as a research tool and is merely an exceedingly sensitive laboratory instrument of exploration.

Science has not yet decided whether electricity is a by-product of the activities of the heart, muscles, nerves and brain — or whether it is the *primary* force, and life itself a *consequence of electricity*. But while biologists and physicists struggle toward a solution of this problem, medicine is making practical diagnostic use of the mysterious electrical properties of the human body.

Japanese "School Days"

THE Japanese High Command was immunizing Jap morale as early as 1932 by exposing the people to the horrors and tragedies of war. This was illustrated by an experience Corporal Salvador Cabral had in Shanghai: "Once I saw truckloads of Jap children being rushed to the front under the guidance of Jap noncoms. I thought at first that they were being evacuated to a safety zone within the International Settlements. Later I found out that these young children were being conducted on a sightseeing tour, and were made to touch the maimed and decapitated bodies of both Jap and Chinese casualties."

— *Belo News* (First Filipino Infantry, Camp Roberts, Calif.)

When Archibald Rutledge was asked to write his "Most Unforgettable Character" for the Digest he replied that he had written the article 15 years ago for *The American Magazine*. Here, revived and with later details added, is his moving tribute to a faithful friend.

MY COMRADESHIP with Prince Alston lasted all his life, and it was one of deep affection. He was the son of Martha, for 40 years our plantation cook, and of Will, for a longer period our wood-bringer and fire-builder.

Through childhood and boyhood my black Prince and I were inseparable companions in a thousand plantation escapades: we were thrown from the same woods' pony at the same time; we were pursued by the same infuriated bull, and nearly drowned in the same pond when our canoe upset. My father scolded us as one, especially on the occasion when we knotted together the tails of two semiwild boats that were feeding at a trough, with their backs close to a convenient hole in the fence.

But mischief did not occupy us wholly. We planted a little garden; we had scores of curious pets -- alligators, raccoons, fawns, foxes and minks; we rode after the cattle, and visited the pinewoods to get light-wood for the fires. We also hunted and fished a good deal, though I can-

not report that we supplied the plantation table with regularity, for no sooner were we well started on a hunt, or well settled by some bass-haunted lagoon to fish, than some new interest would divert us. Thus I remember that we spent a whole half-day trying to see how many deadly cotton mouth moccasins we could catch with our fishing tackle. When we presented our catch to Martha, her reaction was decidedly picturesque.

A plantation Negro is as close to nature, I suppose, as any man in the world. The knowledge of wild things that came to me after many years of patient observation Prince appeared to have instinctively. His eyes in the woods amazed me. As boys together, he was the one to warn me when I was about to step on a snake; he could take me to the spot in the wild field of broomsedge where a little fawn lay; he could see, on the topmost spire of a towering pine, that wisp of gray that betrayed the presence of a scared fox squirrel.

Because of our close comradeship, I used to go to Prince's cabin about as often as he came to my home; and at nightfall, each one would go half-way home with the other. The way led through the woods, and along the edges of the burying ground where, for more than two centuries, the Negroes of the place had been interred. It is a wild, beautiful spot where yellow jasmine riots over pines and myrtles, and the mockingbird pours forth his iridescent song. Yet Prince and I dreaded this place; and I can remember going along this dusky road, my love for him taking me farther from home than my reason warranted and his love for me overmastering his fear of the graveyard. We used to walk that road holding hands; and I remember how the hands of those children, one black and one white, used to tighten as a strange wind rushed by us, or as an owl began his haunting twilight note.

The time came when a temporary parting was inflicted upon Prince and me. I was sent away to school and college; he remained in his old wild free life. We met again when we were both grown. Whatever, in a deeper sense, my growth had been, it was not far in advance of his; and certainly in physical development he had immeasurably surpassed me. While I was delicately pursuing French verbs to their dim lairs, Prince had been felling forests, digging canals, driving mule teams, and, with the sun at about 115 degrees,

he had been plowing down knee-high crab grass. Standing to the thighs in fetid, snake-haunted swamp water, all day long he had sawed huge cypress logs, he and his fellows shouting and singing as they worked. Black, rugged and independent, Prince was a man long before I became one. When we met, we clasped hands with the old affection, and perhaps understood each other as perfectly as two human beings ever do.

Prince's mastery of animals had magic in it. He always spoke of an animal as if it were a human being; he fixed no gulf between the two neighboring kingdoms. I have found him at dusk in a freezing drizzle, making easy in the lonely wood the bed of an old cow that was sure to die that night. He established a definite relationship with animals, partly by firmness and kindness, but chiefly by an occult fathoming of their mentality. I remember a young and headstrong hound of mine named Blossom, who would race pell-mell after any alluring scent, and who paid me not the slightest attention. Prince and I had taken her into wild country, and suddenly she bounded from the road on a fresh deer track. At 30 yards a shout from Prince brought her to a bickering halt. She was too far away for him to catch her. Clearly, it was to be a spiritual, not a physical, struggle.

"Blossom," he called, "come here, chile. You is the pretties', fines', most 'bedient houn' I ever did see.

"That's a good girl, come on now. I know you wouldn't leave me here in the road all by myself. That's a sweet Blossom."

Flattering wiles, couched in tones that reached the hound's very soul, accomplished what force and anger and less delicate deception could never have done. Blossom was completely taken by Prince's tones. She approached step by step, a little contritely; at last she made a little run, leaped up on Prince affectionately, licked his hand.

I once watched Prince handle a stubbornly planted mule in a village near home. Hitched to an infirm wagon, loaded heavily with a Saturday's purchases, the creature had made up his mind that seven long hot sandy miles did not appeal to him. He balked right between the post office and the general store, so that the performance created a considerable stir. When Prince and I arrived, heroic measures had been used without the slightest response. Curses and shouts left the mule unmoved; he had been cruelly beaten; even a small fire was built under him, but there he stood violently reared, with a certain exasperatingly virtuous expression on his countenance. Then Prince stepped forward. Approaching the mule with gentle assurance, he insinuated one affectionate arm around the stubborn neck. Putting his mouth to the mule's left ear, he said something. Instantly the mule's rigidity relaxed, and almost blithely he stepped forward. When I asked

Prince what he had said, he only laughed. But the magic words must have had the exact wave length of the creature's obscure and baffled soul.

For years I searched in vain for a specimen of the black fox squirrel. Mentioning this to Prince, I was surprised to have him say, "I show you one today." It was mid-March, and the leaves gave the forest an emerald-misty look. Prince took me up a long watercourse where grew many tupelos, gums and redbud maples. At last he pointed to what I should have taken for a spray of dead Spanish moss. It was a fox squirrel, black as ebony.

"How did you know it was here?" I asked.

"He been here las' summer," Prince answered, "and the year befo', when he was a baby. A fox squirrel," he added, "this time of year will come a mule or mo' to get the redbud."

Not only seeing but actually entering into the lives of children of the wild, he gathered an astonishing amount of information about nature, and this knowledge, like all information acquired through experience, became part of his character.

Prince thought nothing of walking 20 miles to buy a plug of tobacco, a pound of bacon, a sack of flour. And usually in making his journeys he did not follow roads; he knew all the animal paths through the forest. Though superstitious as all elemental human beings are, he was not afraid

of the dark. Moreover, without being able to name a single star, he guided himself by them, and, lacking starlight, he retained an uncanny sense of direction.

There was no more pretense in Prince than there is in a good black furrow or a boulder or a sunrise. His faith was simple and complete. How often I heard him say, "God is good enough to do anything"; "God don't take no care of a man if he don't take no account of God"; "Cap'n, we gwine understand everything when we done reached the Promised Land." He never liked me to criticize the weather, for it came from the hand of God. Always aware of the tremulous span of mortal existence, his reply to any request I made of him would be: "All right, Cap'n, . . . if life lasts." The brevity of life did not oppress him. His faith was too sure. And he died as he had lived, in steadfast loyalty to his belief. "Now," he said calmly as he lay dying, "I am going to my heavenly home."

There are many who do not believe in psychic prescience; I think they have merely never seen it operate. Prince was psychic. Home on the plantation for a Christmas vacation, I had said good-bye to all. As I was about to drive away, Prince came to the car window.

"Cap'n," he said, "will you please get out for a minute?"

Knowing him as I did, I never questioned his reason for this re-

quest. I crawled out. He led me aside.

"Cap'n," he said, with deep affection glowing in his expressive eyes, "I just want to look in your face once more."

Prince died a few months later, and was buried in the old plantation burial ground we used to pass as children. We had looked at each other for the last time.

If essential greatness is measured not by how far a man has come, but by how far he has come considering his start, then I never knew a greater human being than my comrade. I learned from him that there are no common people in the world. There are vulgar people, and there are aristocrats; I have known some millionaires who were vulgar, and I have known Prince Alston, who was essentially a patrician.

I owe to Prince what I hope is a fair understanding of life's deeper values. I can hear him say, "When I take a man into my heart I can't hate him no mo'."

I have heard him going through the ghostly woods at night, singing in a voice so melodious that it would set jaded operagoers tingling, and I knew that his spirit was wild and free and joyous. To get on into middle life retaining a free spirit is a thrilling accomplishment. To range the wild woods singing, and with the heart singing, is no light thing; for to do this is to be a child of God.

A returned soldier speaks--

Condensed from

The Washington Post

George Kent

DON'T sneer at those little brown men," the sergeant just back from Guadalcanal was saying. "They're as smart as we are. It'll be a long war. I'm glad I'm home. I hope I never have to go back."

He looked out the window of the train carrying us east across the country, carrying him on his first home leave in 18 months—because he was invalided by malaria.

"Nobody here seems to know what it's like out there," he went on. "The newspapers don't *tell* anything. They talk about foxholes, let's say. All right, do you know what it's like to stand in a foxhole for 24 hours, 36 hours?"

He paused. Then the memory pushed him on:

"Have you ever been afraid of the dark? I have. We all have. Only it's a hundred times worse out there. You stand in your foxhole in the dark and it rains. And you urinate. And your pal urinates. And the bugs and mosquitoes come around. And it stinks. The stink is horrible.

"Lizards slither through the brush,

and you think they're Japs. Monkeys chatter and you think they're Japs. You *know* the Japs are right over there. You don't dare smoke, lest you give away your position. You dip out the sludge at the bottom of the hole with your helmet because the sloshing may give you away, and you pour it out gently.

"If your pal falls asleep and begins to snore you sock him. If you snore, he socks you. You don't dare use your rifle because the flash shows up your position. You use only hand grenades. Night after night."

The sergeant seemed lost in thought again, his body in this comfortable club car speeding through the Midwest, but his mind back there with his buddies in the foxholes.

"If you don't bury the dead quick," he went on, "the bugs—the birds and the lizards get them. In 24 hours they're nothing but bones—stripped and shiny as something in a doctor's office. Sometimes we leave the dead Japs that way on purpose. It's not so messy handling clean bones."

How was the rest of it, I asked, living conditions—

"It may be better now," he answered, "but when I was there all we

had to eat was dry — dehydrated. You waited in line for your food and you hated the food by the time you got it. The coconut flies came down in swarms. They stuck to your hands, to your face, to your eyes, to your lips. They settled on your food; you brushed them away. By the time your spoon got to your mouth, they were thick on the spoon. You brushed them off, but they were in your mouth before you could close it."

Wasn't there any entertainment, movies, or things like that?

"There was nothing. You'd lie under your mosquito net and listen to the radio — and spit. Have you ever lived 18 months under a mosquito net? Have you ever had to listen to American radio announcers telling only half the true story — and you know it's only half because you're right there, lying under your net in the heat and mosquitoes?"

"The guy in the next bunk is crying. He's a guy with big muscles and a tough face, who hasn't cried since he was a boy. Now he's crying and he can't say why. What can you do? You're not so goddam far away from crying yourself. And if you so much as notice him, the way he feels, he's liable to cut your throat. So you play as if you don't hear."

"Your nerves get worn thin. And you've got to be careful what you say, even to men who don't break down and weep. I've seen the bloodiest fights. Over nothing."

The sergeant looked out the window again.

"I'm glad I'm back," he said, half to himself. "I'd like to be like you. I'd like to be a civilian, making good money, going with a girl, maybe marrying one. I had a girl and I could have married her. I had a good job, too. Now I'll be five years behind by the time this war is over."

"Why should *we* make all the sacrifices? Why should *we* go through hell while you guys go along with your good jobs and your nice houses and your kids and your bathtubs and your comfort?"

"Don't draft fathers, they say! Hell, half the army is fathers. Why not draft fathers? Why are you better than any of us? My sister is married to a soldier. She has a baby. Can she live on the lousy little allotment the army gives her? If my old man wasn't well fixed, what in hell would she do?"

I said nothing. He went on:

"I hope they don't send me back. I'll do what I'm told. But it's not for glory. Hell! I'll admit I get a lump in my throat when I stand retreat — but why should I be out there while you're back here, fat and cozy, making good money?"

This boy's foxhole thoughts were straight from the heart — the grim, frank testament of one American soldier. If you ride on trains today, you will meet others like this sergeant, men who have done the fighting and who have now returned to revalue their nation with the cold, clear eye of men who have come through a great suffering.

The dairymen cannot supply you with butter, but they are grimly resolved you shan't have the perfect substitute, either

Here's Why There's Nothing to Spread on Your Bread

By Harland Manchester

IOWA STATE COLLEGE has been publishing a series of pamphlets about wartime food production. Oswald H. Brownlee, of the faculty, wrote one of them. In simple, businesslike fashion Mr. Brownlee stated that there is a serious butter shortage, that feed and farm labor are so scarce there is little chance of overcoming it, and that margarine is just as nutritive and palatable and much cheaper to produce. He concluded that, if housewives can't get butter, they ought to have more margarine.

The moment the pamphlet came from the press, there was the very devil to pay. Blasts of anger shattered the calm of Iowa, Wisconsin and the Dakotas, and dairymen demanded Brownlee's scalp. Newspapers scoffed at college professors, and suggested wholesale resignations. The battle still rages. Late communiqué report that Brownlee is absent on leave, that Dr. T. W. Schultz, his department chief, has chucked his job and escaped to Chicago, and that President Priley of Iowa State has placated the dairy interests by disowning the heretical tract.

This is just one episode in a fantastic series of outrageous maneuvers by the dairy interests to bar a cheap and wholesome food from millions of kitchens. This goal has been won by the use and misuse of every imaginable type of legislative weapon. The dairymen's lobbies have piled so many taxes on taxes and have contrived so many hampering regulations that two thirds of the retail grocers of the United States do not consider it worth the effort to stock margarine on their shelves.

Here are the facts: Margarine, made by churning a pure vegetable oil -- usually cottonseed or soybean -- with skimmed milk, salt and other minor ingredients, has been approved unanimously by recognized health authorities as the nutritive equal of butter. It is now fortified with Vitamin A to bring it up to butter standard in that respect. It is flavored to taste so like butter that it is not always possible to tell the difference. Its content is regulated by law, and its manufacture and sale supervised by the Pure Food and Drug Administration.

the country — if you can get it — for less than half the price of butter, and is rationed at six points a pound compared with the 16 points now required for butter.

Fatty table spreads are both physically and psychologically essential. Butter is now so short, as every housewife realizes, that it cannot wholly fill this need; perhaps not again until after the war. If we are to have something to spread on bread, that something must be margarine.

Despite this national nutrition crisis, margarine is still cooped up in a legislative hoosegow. It remains the only pure food the free sale of which is restricted by federal taxation. Twenty-seven states add further taxes. A bewildering network of state tariff walls and petty regulations is intended to force the people to buy butter or nothing. In times of peace, this is completely indefensible. At a time when we are locked in the fight of our lives, it approaches sabotage.

Here are some of the restrictions: The margarine manufacturer has to lay out \$600 for an annual federal license; then he pays a federal tax of ten cents a pound if the margarine is colored; a quarter of a cent if it's white. The wholesaler's federal license costs \$480 if he deals in the colored kind, \$200 for white. After that there are retailers' licenses.

On top of the federal imposts, your state slaps its own. Wisconsin bans the sale of colored margarine

entirely. It soaks the manufacturer of white margarine another \$1000; levies a sales tax of 15 cents a pound; sells licenses to wholesalers for \$500, to retailers for \$25, to restaurants for \$25, and to boardinghouses for \$5. If the Milwaukee housewife decides to buy her margarine across the state line, then she must in addition buy a \$1 license for the privilege of using it in her own home, and send the state six cents for each pound used. These restrictions have kept the product out of the state for years; only recently, because of the butter shortage, have retailers been able to afford licenses.

Wisconsin leads the shameful parade, but it would take a volume to list the measures by which 45 other states prevent people from buying a cheap food that is good for them. You can go to the store and buy a quarter-pound brick of butter, but makers must package margarine by the pound, and retailers are not allowed to divide it. This makes it unpopular with light housekeepers, and with shoppers of low income. The retailer has a similar headache; the wholesaler can't split a case for him.

Margarine is white when first produced, and can be made the color of butter by the addition of a harmless vegetable dye — the same dye, by the way, which the butter makers themselves use. But federal and state taxes on colored margarine are so heavy that it hardly ever appears on the market, and the consumer

buys it white, along with a paper of coloring matter. The nuisance of coloring the margarine of course tends to discourage its use.

If a restaurant colors its own margarine, it becomes a factory in the eyes of the law, and must pay \$600 for a federal manufacturer's license. It must also, in many states, decorate the walls with blatant placards reading, "Margarine served here in place of butter," which affects some diners' appetites.

Eighteen states ban or restrict margarine in state-supported hospitals or other public havens, and only four have had the grace to lift the ban for the duration.

A few weeks ago the revenueurs cracked down in Virginia on the Home for Incurables and the retreat of the Little Sisters of the Poor. Unable to get butter, those in charge managed to obtain white margarine with its envelopes of dye, and colored it in the kitchen. Thus they had become illicit margarine manufacturers, and were fined for their heinous crime. But the dairy interests were protected and it was a famous victory.

In their family circle the dairy people make no bones about their real intent. The *Dairy Record* of June 18, 1941, says it briefly and to the point: "In short, the dairy industry must set as its goal the complete extermination of oleomargarine. It must never rest until the manufacture and sale of oleomargarine have been outlawed."

In pursuit of their ruthless course the dairy interests have played a leading role in the erection of the vicious network of state trade barriers, which in circumvention of the clear meaning of the Constitution bids fair to chop up the country into jealous, wrangling principalities of trade. For example, when Wisconsin established the present high margarine tax, cotton-growing Alabama boycotted Wisconsin road machinery and cheese.

There are many evidences that taxpayers, even in the great dairy states, are becoming scornful of the petty parochialism of their lawmakers. Papers throughout the midwest dairy belt bristle with letters from consumers who demand tax-free margarine. The butter interests have in a way done margarine a service in branding it a "cheap substitute." That's what families want now.

It is hard to see what good the hobbling of margarine does to the dairy industry. Careful research has shown that such measures have not increased the sale of butter. The yield from the various taxes is hardly enough to pay the cost of collection. This open conspiracy has one effect and only one: it deprives consumers of an inexpensive food, and since many people can afford little butter even when it is plentiful, it bars fatty table spreads of any kind from millions of American tables.

Other new food products are constantly being developed, and some of them will probably

be deplorably cheap and nutritious. The system of margarine curbs furnishes a pernicious pattern for strangling their distribution. These curbs should be destroyed without delay. A bill now before the House (H.R. 2400), introduced by Representative Hampton P. Fulmer of South Carolina, provides for the repeal of all federal taxes and licenses upon mar-

garine and those who make and sell it. It lies within the power of voters to force the passage of this bill.

Good dairy butter is excellent stuff and everyone loves it. But in the words of the late Senator Bankhead, its producers "ought to be satisfied to sell their great, appealing commodity upon its merits in the free market of the country."



There Was Room for the Stranger

IT WAS Christmas Eve. The Navy flier's voice could be heard all through the tiny restaurant. "I guess we will have to have our Christmas here, dear. I'll expect you on the next train."

The poised towel started to wipe the counter and voices resumed their conversation.

The place was a small railroad stop in northern Illinois. Here was a pilot on Christmas Eve, a worried look on his face and a gift package under his arm. It was clear from the conversation that all the Christmas he and his fiancée could have would be a few hours between trains in a strange place offering not much more than a depot, restaurant and general store.

When the flier went out to check train schedules there was a buzz of excitement.

At 2 o'clock Christmas morning when the couple met at the depot,

a third person appeared - an embarrassed spokesman of the townspeople who grinned and said, "We kinda thought you might like a place to celebrate your Christmas." He led the way to a room in a small building. "It's yours," he said. "Merry Christmas!"

The door and windows were wreathed and the room was decked with cedar and a Christmas tree, its decorations twinkling merrily in candlelight. And there were gifts "from the town."

On December 26 I met the pilot in the Great Lakes Naval Hospital before he underwent an operation for internal injuries received in a crackup just before Christmas - a fact he had concealed from his fiancée. In the stupor of the anesthetic he was smiling and murmuring: "The best town . . . the best people . . . the best Christmas I ever knew."

The town was Bureau, Illinois.

— Contributed by Benjamin C. Jones

LEE WIGGINS,

*Country Bank
talks Turkey*



The new president of the American Bankers Association suggests bankers quit talking about private enterprise and something about it

Condensed from Barron's

J. P. McEvoy

A L. M. (LEE) WIGGINS of Harts-ville, S. C., (population 6043) runs a two-story brick country bank that you could hide in the cash drawer of the Chase National. In September, country banker Lee Wiggins was elected president of the American Bankers Association, and at his inaugural reception in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City he hauled off and let the boys have it between the eyes.

Bankers are not so smart, he told them in effect. Every week they meet 40,000,000 Americans face to face, and still have a lot to learn about handling people. Only recently, and rather reluctantly, have bankers been giving up the idea that they are high priests who carry on a mysterious mumbo jumbo which is too sacred for the public to know about.

Fact is, banking is not only a private business but a public trust, and a banker is actually a merchant with only two things to sell: service and the use of other people's money. Wiggins reminded them that banking is the only business he could

think of where the public furnishes 90 or 95 percent of the capital and the bank, which furnishes the other five or ten percent, takes all the profits and in some cases acts a though it is none of the public's business how the business is run or how much profit is made.

"What the public wants, it will get," says Wiggins. "It wants good banking service and loans at a fair cost. If people can't get these things from the banker, they will demand them from Uncle Sam even if the taxpayer gets it in the neck. Witness the 20 government lending agencies in the agricultural field alone."

Now Lee Wiggins is no torch-totin' New Dealer. In fact, as chairman of the legislative committee of the American Bankers Association, he has spent the recent crucial years on Capitol Hill, trading punches with the palace guard and mixing it claw and fang with the wolf packs of Congressional hearings. And, more often than not, it has been the country banker who has come through smiling, unscathed and triumphant.

Today, Lee Wiggins is the latest

star in that perennial success saga, "Private Enterprise, U. S. A." He started slugging it out for private enterprise as a printer's devil at the age of 12, and worked his way through school and college. He ran the University of North Carolina publishing plant for his tuition and emerged with a diploma in one hand and a sizable bank account in the other, thus casting a shadow of things to come. From the campus he went to Hartsville, got a job as office boy and stenographer, and in 25 years worked his way up to the head of the principal bank in the community and the largest store in that part of the state, plus an interest in a score of factories and other enterprises — one of which is a 500-acre plant-breeding station that supplies a substantial part of the South's pedigreed seed for cotton, tobacco, oats and wheat.

Wiggins believes that private enterprise, like charity, should begin at home, and that the grass roots variety of private enterprise should begin in the local bank. His own bank has financed farms, filling stations, stores, warehouses, factories and shops on both sides of Hartsville's two business streets. There are 12 industries in the town, employing some 2500 workers, with an annual payroll of over \$2,000,000. The Wiggins bank will finance no null villages for factory workers. Wiggins believes factory workers in country districts should live on farms, where they can raise their own food. If a business slump hits the factory, the

worker can always go home, pay no rent and eat his own chickens and vegetables.

Wiggins believes local banks should finance such homes for factory workers. He has financed scores of them. His bank will also lend \$100 to any man and wife on no more security than their note — provided the woman will sign it, too. "Notes that wives sign always get paid," says Wiggins.

The department store Wiggins manages survived the depression, while every other crop lien credit store in that part of the country went under. When the bank panic came, the 16 nearest banks folded in three weeks, but the two Hartsville banks — Wiggins' and the one across the street — survived. Incidentally Wiggins says, "Every community should have two banks. People don't like to feel you've got them in a pocket."

"Many bank failures in the past have been due to misplaced vanity rather than mislaid funds. Especially has this been true in sections where a bank could be bought like a drug store, mostly for prestige reasons, by a family who had made its money in trades and now wanted social position."

The outstanding Wiggins interest in Hartsville is the Coker Pedigreed Seed Company, founded by David E. Coker, who put \$500,000 into experiments for lengthening the cotton staple and developing disease-resisting oats before he turned the corner. Wiggins was Coker's assistant for

years, and gives him a large share of the credit for his own Horatio Alger success.

Last year the Coker Seed Company sold \$45,000 worth of tobacco seed, which yielded one third of the entire crop grown for the cigarette industry in the "bright tobacco" belt. Operating one of the finest experimental stations in the country — 1100 acres in prize cotton alone — Wiggins and his associates invite farmers from all over the South to come there and learn, by demonstration, what planting a minimum of ten percent of pedigreed seed each year can do for them. They get help not only on latest farming methods but also on how to build up their soil scientifically. Wiggins often quotes the line: "There is only one crop that poor soil will grow successfully, and that is poor people."

Today bankers are out to win friends and influence people, but it wasn't so long ago when they ganged up on the Federal Reserve; opposed Federal Deposit Insurance; failed to develop consumer credit, including auto and house financing and small loans; not only failed to serve the needs of farmers but could suggest no program except government aid; many were too haughty to accept small checking accounts; and many returned the savings accounts of potential customers.

Wiggins points out that in spite of all the easy credit the government is handing out to farmers, the country banks are still doing 80 percent of

the business and can do more if they will go after it.

Wiggins wants the local banker to meet the responsibility and the opportunity which will be his when the local boys come home from the wars. It will be the community's job to see that these boys get a break. Wiggins believes this is a matter of machinery and of revision of corporation taxes. The machinery he visualizes will be local groups of businessmen, organized by local bankers. These businessmen can get credit needed to back the home coming boys in business. They can pool resources and bank credits, and finance new enterprises, taking a legitimate percentage of the profits to pay their expenses and making it possible for the boys to buy the businesses out of the balance.

He has worked out a plan for local businessmen to organize companies to build multiple manufacturing plants and then leasing out space and facilities to reliable young men in the community.

"Our businessmen discovered," says Wiggins, "that this kind of venture cannot succeed unless there is a radical revision in corporation taxes. Last time when the boys came back from war the cry was for bonuses. There will be 10,000,000 or more of them this time. If they realize that their best chances to succeed in new businesses depend on a revision of corporation tax laws to make it possible for them to survive a bad year and build up a reserve, they can be as successful in their demands for a

just tax structure as they were last time for a bonus.

"An equitable tax system that will make new businesses possible will do more to preserve our system of private enterprise than soldiers' bonuses or apple stands. After this war more people will have more money than ever before in the history of the country. There will be a hundred billion dollars of risk money in our banks ready and anxious to be put into any business that will give the investor a fair chance to make a profit. But if the corporation tax adds impossible odds to the ordinary business gamble, then risk money will lie doggo, in safety, at a half of one percent return."

In short, Wiggins believes not only that local capital can back local enterprise but that it must. "Bankers are always sounding off about private enterprise," he says, "but they must do more about it. Meanwhile, the government has moved into private banking to an extent that the public doesn't suspect. The banker is just beginning to discover that this is the road to socializing the banking system."

"In our own Hartsville bank, typical of 75 percent of the banks in this country, the government through in-

suring deposits up to \$5000 has taken over the liability side of our ledger practically 100 percent. On the asset side our bank has invested to such an extent in government, state and county bonds, that Washington need only move in to the extent of \$500,000 on our total \$3,000,000 business to absorb the business completely.

"The future depends largely on the bankers themselves. The government has been guaranteeing, in part, almost a third of the loans necessary to finance the war. We are beginning to back away from guaranteed loans just as the farmers are trying to get away from subsidies. Many of us are discovering that the riskless road leads but to the cemetery. We are opposed to the continuation of government guarantee of business loans after the war.

"However, unless we bankers use our resources constructively and creatively to back private local enterprise, government will move in more and more as bankers take less and less risk.

"If the day comes when riskless banking is the rule, local banking can be handled at the post office -- and the last private banker may be found in the Smithsonian Institution, under glass, with a sign: 'Remember.'"

As a postscript to a letter in which he had made some large requests of Santa Claus, a little boy wrote: "If you can't handle this deal, let me know and I'll get in touch with Henry Kaiser."

— A. Schuster in Oakland (Calif.) *Tribune*

How Will We Try the Axis War Criminals?

By
Allan A. Michie



THE MOST fatal mistake the Allies made after winning World War I was their failure to punish the Germans guilty of criminal acts during the war. This resulted from failure to study the question in time. It wasn't until five days before the Armistice that a commission was hurriedly appointed to catalogue the crimes that had been committed. Consequently the perpetrators were never punished. And so their Nazi successors, including some of the 1918 criminals themselves, have concluded that in this war they could commit even more vast and bestial atrocities and get off scot-free again.

True, the United Nations have already declared that the war criminals can't get away with it this time. We are pledged to bring to trial every Axis criminal, big and little, from the Führer to the meanest little party follower and perverted soldier who has helped inflict unprecedented horror on humanity.

But, if we are to make that pledge

good, we must take to heart the lesson of our farcical failure in 1918. Articles 228 to 230 of the Treaty of Versailles provided for "trial before military tribunals of persons accused of acts in violation of laws and customs of war." The Allies subsequently demanded that the defeated Germans deliver to them for trial such men as Hindenburg, Ludendorff, the brutally ruthless von Mackensen, and 889 other known perpetrators of savage crimes. The new German government, which the Allies were anxious to maintain in power, shrewdly contended that to deliver these men into Allied hands would precipitate such upheaval in Germany that it couldn't be responsible for the consequences. As an alternative, the Germans proposed trying the offenders according to German law before their own supreme court at Leipzig.

The Allies then presented a revised list of 49 offenders as test cases, each backed with irrefutable evidence of blood guilt. Charges were made against Germans for shooting on lifeboats of torpedoed vessels, killing war prisoners and hostages, and brutal atrocities in occupied

ALLAN A. MICHIE, roving editor of *The Reader's Digest*, has spent the past several months in London. In preparing this article he interviewed members of the United Nations Commission for Investigation of War Crimes, as well as other representatives of the American and British governments and the governments-in-exile.

countries. But the German judges made a mockery of the trials. Of the 49 accused, only four were judged guilty by their tolerant German partners in crime.

The climax of the Leipzig farce was the case of Lieutenants Dithmar and Boldt, officers of the German submarine U-86 which had torpedoed without warning the British hospital ship *Llandoverly Castle* in June 1918. It was proved that the U-boat officers deliberately acted against superior orders which forbade firing on hospital ships in that zone and had then deliberately shelled the lifeboats loaded with survivors to suppress any evidence of their crime. One boat, however, managed to escape in the darkness. The Leipzig court sentenced the officers to four years' imprisonment. The next day outraged German papers appeared with banner headlines: "U-boat Heroes Ordered to Prison." Neither officer served his sentence. Both escaped from prison with the help of German officials, and their getaway was celebrated throughout Germany.

This time we are obviously better prepared than we were after the last war to deal with those Axis criminals who have carried out a systematic program of wholesale murder, torture and theft. A United Nations Commission for Investigation of War Crimes has recently been set up in London, with Herbert Pell, former United States Minister to Portugal, as America's representative and with Sir Cecil Hurst, one of the world's

greatest international lawyers, representing Britain. This commission has already begun to compile a list of Nazi war criminals, which even now runs into thousands. It is documented with evidence that has been collected by underground movements and by agents of exiled governments of the occupied territories. The men to be brought to trial include Axis party leaders and their collaborators, political and military; Axis agents in occupied countries; and the Quislings of occupied countries.

The Russians are prepared to go further. They have unofficially announced that they intend also to punish German civilians in occupied Russian territories who have misused the local populations; German soldiers who have committed atrocities against Soviet civilians and soldiers; all those who have helped to transport Soviet citizens to Germany and have forced them to work there; those who have bought and sold goods, equipment, private belongings and food from occupied territories; finally, all German financiers who assisted the Nazis.

Regardless of our announced intentions to bring the Axis war criminals to formal trial, we must face the fact that millions of suffering people in occupied Europe are determined to have private revenge on their Axis overlords. Many of the 8,000,000 slaves from occupied countries who are held in German labor camps will have their own treatment for men like drunken Robert Ley, their Nazi

labor boss. And the relatives of over a million and a half exterminated Poles will probably take care of Greiser, the Nazi Gauleiter of Poland. No matter how quickly Allied justice acts after victory, there is bound to be "a night of long knives" in Europe, and many Axis war criminals will disappear in a wholesale bloodletting.

Many others will undoubtedly flee to neutral countries where they will try to take advantage of legal loopholes to escape punishment. The recent attempt by the governments of Britain, Russia and the United States to get the remaining neutral states to agree not to harbor escaped Axis war criminals met with a cold rebuff all around. The next step should be to revise our extradition treaties with those neutrals to provide specifically for the deportation of war criminals.

But it is not enough to decide to bring war criminals to trial. We must decide now *how* to try them. There are still some people who cherish the hope that, when the Nazis collapse, by some miracle the anti Nazis will seize power and punish their own war criminals. We must remember that after the last war the German people never once publicly expressed regret for the atrocities committed in their name between 1914 and 1918 — they regretted nothing except having lost the war. The leaders they murdered weren't their war criminals but the very men and women who had favored peace — Erzberger, who signed the Armistice; Kurt

Eisner and Haase, who had voted against war credits; and such pacifists as Rosa Luxemburg. When Germany loses this war, it may again be the enemies of German militarism who fall victims to popular fury.

The Leipzig trials should have proved beyond doubt that no German court can ever again be trusted with the trial of war criminals.

Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson, among others, have recently advocated that, as an alternative to trials by their own courts, the Axis war criminals be tried before special United Nations tribunals which would have the dignity of sitting on behalf of the entire civilized world. But what code of law could such tribunals use to mete out sentences?

International law brands as criminal most acts committed by the Axis aggressors; but international law has one great weakness — it provides no penalties for those who break it.

There is only one form of tribunal that can overcome all difficulties and legally punish all convicted Axis criminals. That tribunal is the military court. In a state of war, under international law, it is well established that a commander may punish by means of his military courts any hostile offender against the law and customs of war who may fall into his hands, regardless of the place where the crime was committed. If the United Nations agree to use military law, the military courts of American, British and Russian armed forces — the main occupying forces — will

be able to punish summarily those guilty of war crimes. It is the opinion of many statesmen that unless justice is thus done promptly by court-martial in the territory we take over, many of the worst criminals will escape again.

There will still be many Axis political leaders, such as Ribbentrop, against whom it will be difficult to make a specific criminal charge. It has been suggested that these men *might* be tried under the perverted laws by which they kept themselves in power.

According to Nazi law, if a court

cannot find a statute directly covering a specific crime it must still convict if the accused's actions should be punished "according to sound popular sentiment." Furthermore, the law of the Nazi "People's Courts" decrees the death penalty for all acts detrimental to the German nation. There was nothing more detrimental to Germany than to be thrown into this war by its Nazi leaders. By their own law, therefore, all high Nazis are eligible for the death penalty, for such sentences would be in the interest of the peoples of the whole world.

More Bite Than Bark

ON ONE of Mark Twain's visits to the Golden State, a native son, eager to demonstrate the marvelous effects of the California climate, was displaying his ambitious garden.

"Here, Mr. Clemens, you see the Alaska cypress, growing right next to the Natal plum. This is the chenille plant from the East Indies. Next to it is the Canary Island dragon tree. Over there is the silver tree from South Africa. Just beyond is the Chinese ginkgo, and here we have the English tea rose. Strangers from many climes, you see, they all grow here in California, Mr. Clemens."

Mark Twain leaned down and peered at a struggling hopeful.

"Ye-es, they all grow here," he chuckled, "but some of 'em hate like hell to do it."

— Contributed by Donald Culross Peattie



The Sheltered Life

A LAD from a nearby air base came into Hanford, Calif., sat down at a lunchroom counter and ordered a hamburger with onions. Told that it was meatless Tuesday, he sighed. "Gosh, I've been in the army so long I'd forgotten there's a war on."

— W. D. is Callier's

Meet America,



Condensed from This Week Magazine

Donald Culross Peattie

Donald Culross Peattie wrote this article for the Office of War Information to explain America to the peoples of the world. Translated into the languages of 60 nations, it is being distributed over the globe.

OLD WORLD, the son you bore is marching in the vigor of his youth to fight beside you. America has come of age, and shoulders like a just inheritance a full share in mankind's fate. There is a new face now in all the ancient lands.

Many races molded this face of America, many weathers seasoned it. The eyes are blue or brown or gray, Indian-black, almond-shaped. But the light in the eyes is the same. Freedom put it there. It rains down carelessly out of the high skies, and our children catch it in their eyes. They catch an easy way of laughing, an offhand way of talking.

To hear America talk and laugh, you'd think we had never known trouble. But we have fought before; we came up the hard way, fighting, cutting a way through the great loneliness of forest and prairie and desert waste. This aboriginal Nature too is in the eyes of America, steadying them. And our towering cities gleam in America's eyes; they put some of the pride there. Some of the purpose there, glinting like anger, is reflected from thousands of blaz-

ing furnaces, from an endless stream of molten metal pouring into the shapes of bullets and bayonets, planes and tanks and guns.

America laughs as it fights; it meets you who are our Allies carelessly, genially, so sure you're a friend that its manners are easy to rudeness. But you will not be fooled. Not as the Axis, plotting the assassination of civilization, was fooled by America's lounging gait and light-hearted laughter. A colossus, they sneered, but lazy, soft, indifferent to the rest of the world. The giant will sleep. Let us begin the murder.

Now they know. They know that we execute murderers.

For we believe in Justice. Knowing that it is perfect only in heaven, we were born to struggle for it here on earth. Our birth certificate, the Declaration of Independence, asserts that "all men are created equal . . . with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Not that all men are *alike*. Americans are the most diverse people in any one nation. Not that all pursue

happiness in the same way. But in its first youth, this nation was leveled to an equality among men by the hard hand of Nature itself. Marching to meet the first of the settlers was a hardwood forest vaster than any history records; it had never known the axe. Slowly, with straining shoulder muscles, Americans pushed back that wilderness. Little by little, arose here and there the finger of smoke that meant an American home. These were signal fires that a new way of life was coming, to triumph, mile by mile, across the last and greatest unexplored continent of the temperate world.

The frontier remains in the American character. We are the nation that likes new ideas and looks for new ways. We are the people to whom nothing seems impossible. This is not a boast; this is the strong hope of youth, untired. We still dare to believe that the most practical thing on earth is an ideal.

We know how far from perfect realization is the ideal of our democracy. But it has never been destroyed. Not by a civil war, some four years long and slaughtering the best of our youth, a million of them. Not by prosperity, a mighty tidal rise of it, nor by the ebb of numerous depressions. Today 134,000,000 people still believe in the same ideal which was declared in the first breath of life this nation drew. "All men are created free and equal."

"Brother," we say easily, and "sister," and we mean just that. We may say it to you when we come among you in the uniform of our country, and we shall mean it no less. For the proposition to which this country is dedicated does not say "all *Americans* are equal," but "all men." So, if you find us too bold, too friendly, remember only how many of us, in our short past, have died for that faith.

The young Americans who are coming to you have left a multitude of different kinds of homes. They have come from neat white houses built 200 years ago, and from apartments 30 stories up. They have come from sunburnt brown adobe houses squatting in the sunshine of our Southwest, from wide-prosperous prairie farms, from log cabins in lonely mountain coves. But whatever the individual picture of home that a soldier carries in his heart, there lies too, at the back of his mind, that grand sweep which is America. For the land itself still breathes of youth. Our cities are young; our soil is young. Even our wilderness, a little of it, is still left to us — snowy mountain ranges and forests of giant redwoods thousands of years old, deserts where only the wind talks and the sun smiles.

All this is in the heart of young America whom now you meet, when he smiles, puts out his hand and says, "Hello, how goes it, brother?"



♦ The unique philosophy of a remarkable leader, and how he trained an unusual marine outfit that made history

COLONEL CARLSON and His Gung Ho Raiders



Condensed from Liberty ★ Lucien Hubbard

THE ISLAND lay dead ahead of the two submarines, perhaps three quarters of a mile. There was an unusually high sea running, with a strong current along shore. The submarines' hatches opened and an incredible number of men spilled out on the decks.

The land ahead was Makin Island, in the Gilbert-Marshall group, deep in Jap held territory. The date was August 17, 1942.

For six months the men of the Second Marine Raider Battalion had been trained for just this moment. They were volunteers all. For three months in California the chosen ones had practiced commando tactics. For another month they had practiced rubber-boat landings. Finally, on a Hawaiian island they had laid out the exact dimensions of the spot that was now bulking black before them, and over and over at night they had landed on the beach and overrun its stake-and-rope "Government House," "radio stations" and "strong points." Now they faced the final test.

The submarines pitched and tossed, almost disappeared beneath the surface, then rose high on the huge ground swells. Drenched to the skin, many times swept overboard from the slippery deck, the Raiders at last were afloat. Then the drowned motors of the rubber boats refused to start!

They had been tested successfully again and again in rough seas. But now it had all come to naught, all the tedious planning, the careful timing

LUCIEN HUBBARD is a newspaperman who began to write for the screen back in Vitagraph days, went up the ladder from script writer to producer, and, perhaps more remarkable in Hollywood, has stayed up there for 20 years. He has just completed producing for Walter Wanger a picture based on the Makin Island raid. In the process, he became fascinated with the story and the personality of Colonel Carlson, who was on the lot as technical adviser. "So this is one movie that ought to be technically correct," says Hubbard.

Earlier in the war, Lucien Hubbard went to Australia and New Guinea as a correspondent accredited to the Army Air Forces. Among the results were two articles which appeared in *The Reader's Digest*: "The Fighters at Humpty Doo," December, '42, and "Yankee Machine Shop in the Bush," January, '43.

which was to insure that all parts of the island would be seized simultaneously, before the Japs had time to resist. In those crashing seas, with a current so strong it dragged the rubber boats against the sides of the submarines, it obviously would be impossible to reach their prearranged positions.

In an instant the commander of the Raiders abandoned all preconceived plans.

"Pass the word along to all boats to follow this boat," he said. "*Gung ho!*"

He threw overboard, in other words, everything but the one priceless quality they had — the ability, through a unique course of training and indoctrination, to think for themselves as typical, alert, intelligent, skilled young Americans, not military automatons — to face an unexpected problem, improvise, and overcome it.

The long, coiling procession inched its way into the dangerous unknown, doggedly wielding paddles. Instead of landing at many points in the dark, as had been planned, they all landed on one beach just as day was breaking. They did land unseen, and they did get their weapons out, their boats up beyond reach of high tide, before the Japs discovered them. But they were in the wrong spot, at the wrong time. Not one of their prepared plans was feasible.

Yet the Raiders of the Second Battalion remained 40 hours on Makin Island; they killed 300 Japs, leaving

not one alive. They destroyed three radio stations, a warship, a transport, two planes and 1000 barrels of aviation gasoline. They withstood a heavy bombing attack by planes sent over from Jaluit.

Returning to the beach at a prearranged time, the Raiders met the submarines and got aboard through the same high sea. They lost, in all, 18 men in battle. Twelve others were drowned making their way through the surf.

On their return, the battalion was met by Admiral Nimitz, who personally commended it for its achievement. Twenty men in the little unit were decorated.

Immediately after the Makin raid, the battalion was sent to Guadalcanal. For 30 days, from November 4 to December 4, it operated behind the Japanese lines. There was not one day of the 30 when they were not in action. They protected the east flank of the main American force, found and silenced "Pistol Pete," the hidden Jap 75 which had been harassing Henderson Field. They ambushed Jap forces again and again, they destroyed supply dumps.

Living on scanty rations of rice, bacon, tea and raisins, completely cut off from the main American forces on the island, the Raiders killed more than 800 Japs with a loss of but 16 of their own men killed and 18 wounded.

Finally, when the men were getting haggard from their slim diet, General Vandegrift ordered them

back to Henderson Field. Rather than skirt around through the jungles the Raiders fought their way back over Mount Austin.

For the Guadalcanal exploit, in addition to many individual decorations, the entire battalion was cited by General Vandegrift — the first time such a thing had been done since the heroic defense of Wake Island.

These raids were remarkable exploits; they could only have been accomplished by a remarkable leader and an unusual outfit. The leader was Lieutenant Colonel Evans F. Carlson, and to understand the outfit you must understand him.

Evans Carlson, son of a Connecticut preacher, is a man of 47, gaunt, broad-shouldered, erect. His deep-set eyes glow with an inward fire. His soft, deep voice is barely audible at its usual level. He is a strange mixture of the thinker, the evangelist and the military man.

Carlson missed an appointment to Annapolis and ran away at 16 to enlist in the army. War — tactics — fascinated him. He qualified for an officer's commission, but had to wait until he was 21 to receive it. Before he was 22 he had advanced two grades, to captain. In World War I he became Assistant Adjutant General on General Pershing's staff, and held the same post in the Army of Occupation in Germany.

After the war, the army seemed tame and Carlson resigned. But two years later he re-enlisted — this time

in the marines, and again a private. After a year or so, he was commissioned. He served in the Philippines, Nicaragua, in home stations and on four tours of duty in China. He led troops and performed every sort of staff job.

So it may be said that Carlson knows his trade. But he knows more than that. He studied international law and international politics at Georgetown University in 1934, while stationed at Quantico, and wrote a thesis, "Japanese Expansion in East Asia," which he sold to a magazine for more than the cost of his tuition. He is author of two books, *Twin Stars of China* and *The Chinese Army*, and is widely known as a lecturer.

And during all these years of varied service, Carlson's philosophy, if it might be called that — his theory of human relations as applied to war — had taken shape: "When you hire American boys in any peacetime business, you use *all* they have to offer — their brains, their suggestions, their initiative. Then why, in the name of common sense, should we not run the business of war on the same basis?"

In Nicaragua, during the Sandino campaign, he had been assigned to command a detachment of natives which had killed its two preceding Marine Corps officers.

"I figured those officers had been killed," he says, "because they did not understand the people they were dealing with. I made up my mind to

understand them. My Spanish wasn't too good, but from the first I never used an interpreter. I never punished a man, either, until I had been able to make him admit he deserved it. Before I left, those peons were bringing me their family quarrels to settle."

Transferred to the legation at Peiping, Carlson as Adjutant to the Marine Guard found he had to punish a hundred or more marines a month for drunkenness, fighting with civilians, and so on. He got teachers from mission schools to come in and hold classes in Chinese language, art, literature, customs. For the first time, the marines got interested in trying to understand their surroundings — so interested that the list of punishments fell away to three or four a month.

But it was his experience with the Chinese Eighth, or Communist, Army which finally crystallized Carlson's system and gave it a name — *gung ho*, *gung* meaning work and *ho* harmony.

Carlson was assigned to the Eighth Army as observer just as it was beginning its historic resistance to the invading Japs. Carlson lived as the Chinese live, ate their scanty rations, slept on the ground, kept up with them on their long forced marches, watched their indoctrination classes in which whole regiments of peasants learned to read and write and were instructed in duty to country and to each other. He saw officers and men living together in perfect

equality. More than anything else, he noted the amazing results of their training.

"I saw 600 men, fully armed, start on a 58-mile march one day, and every one of them finished," Carlson related. "I was sold on *gung ho* from that day."

On his return to Hong Kong his outspoken praise of the Eighth Army and condemnation of the Japs resulted in official censure and led ultimately to his resignation from the Marine Corps in 1938. He returned to this country and delivered many lectures against sending scrap steel and other war material to our future enemy. In May 1940, when he felt sure that war was imminent, he applied for active service and was commissioned a major in the Marine Corps Reserve.

Now he got his big chance — the opportunity to organize an independent outfit and inculcate in it the ideas he had formed in his 30 years of soldiering.

It was to be a raider outfit. Since the work would be extra hazardous, it would be made up of volunteers already in the Marine Corps. There were 15,000 eligible marines in the area. Seven thousand volunteered. Fewer than 1000 were chosen to begin training, and these were further cut down by weeding out during training.

Applicants went through a double interrogation, first by a junior officer, then by Carlson himself. The interrogations might almost have been

called confessions. The applicants were told that nothing they said would be held against them, or ever repeated outside the four walls.

Just why were they volunteering for a duty which might cost their lives? Could they kill an enemy with their bare hands? Could they cut a man's throat? Did they like to fight? What did they think of the war? Of the Marine Corps? Of the enemy?

"The whole *gung ho* system" is based on the individual soldier," Carlson explained. "I wanted to know all about each one of them — his intelligence, adaptability, initiative. At the same time I wanted him to feel that he was more than a serial number to me. He was that certain individual, John Smith or Ignace Poniatowski, and if he passed muster we were going on to do a job together — he and I."

When the men were finally chosen, training proceeded along two parallel lines: one the ordinary line of physical fitness, proficiency with weapons, drill, tactics; the other Carlson called "ethical indoctrination."

He instituted "Gung Ho Meetings." These opened with song, usually the Marine Hymn, and ended with the national anthem. Through a loudspeaker Carlson would open the meeting with the call, "Ahoy, Raiders!" and be answered by a shout of "Hi, Raider!"

He would give a brief talk on whatever was uppermost in his mind, and then turn the meeting over to

the men. Any private soldier was privileged to speak his mind on any subject, to suggest, to criticize or approve.

"My first step was to abolish all social distinctions between officers and men," Carlson said. "There must be obedience, of course. That was the cornerstone of everything. But I told my officers they must command by virtue of ability. Their rank meant nothing until they had proved their right to it.

"Officers and men ate the same food, slept under the same conditions. We attacked all discrimination based on the type of work a man might be doing. We believed a messman, a cook or a truck driver was just as important as a machine gunner. It was the way a man did his work, not the work itself, that counted.

"*Gung ho* was the yardstick. Any action was *gung ho* or it wasn't. To help a man out of a tight spot, to jump in and do anything which needed doing, without asking whose turn it was to do it, that was *gung ho*. Believe me, the further we got into the jungle and hand-to-hand battle, the more we leaned on *gung ho*."

As training progressed, each step was discussed in meeting. Everything was examined through the inquiring eyes of youths accustomed to look for short cuts and improvements.

When the outfit went into battle the same system was followed. "Every man was told exactly what his part in the plan was to be," said

Carlson. "If he thought he had a better idea he stated it. If his plan sold itself to the rest of us we adopted it. If it didn't, we invariably unsold the proponent."

After every battle another meeting was held at which the action was discussed with absolute freedom of expression. In the first meeting after the Makin raid, a corporal rose.

"Sir," he said, "I don't think it was a good idea to have to meet the submarines at a certain time. If we could have waited until the surf went down, I think we could have saved some lives."

"You're right," said Carlson, promptly. "There was a special reason we did it this time—but I'll never do it again."

But usually, Carlson says, the remarks were self-criticism. If an

officer had made a miscue he called attention to it before anyone else had a chance.

Coming out of Guadalcanal, Carlson's Raiders expected a brief rest and then another raid. Next time they hoped it would be somewhere in Japan itself. Instead, the Second Battalion was consolidated with three others into a Marine Raider Regiment and the *gung ho* system was discarded. Carlson himself, sick with malaria, came home for hospitalization. He has since been returned to active duty, but to a staff job.

Occasionally he hears from men of the old battalion. Four of them wrote recently: "We have a very beautiful camp, but the boys would chuck it all for a dirty sack of rice and the privilege to be Raiders and shout '*Gung ho!*' and '*Ahoy, Raider!*'"



"White Man Much Crazy"

TWO PICTURES, one showing a dilapidated house, the other a field badly washed out, were printed in the Oklahoma *Farmer-Stockman*, which offered prizes for the best essays suggested by the pictures. First prize went to a Cherokee Indian who wrote:

BOTH PICTURES show white man crazy. Make big tepee. Plow hill. Water wash. Wind blow soil, grass all gone. Squaw gone, papoose too. No chuckaway. No pig, no corn, no hay, no cow, no pony. Indian no plow land. Keep grass. Buffalo eat. Indian eat buffalo. Hide make tepee, moccasins, too. Indian no make terrace. No build dam. No give a damn. All time eat. No hunt job. No hitchhike. No ask relief. Great Spirit make grass. Indian no waste anything. White man much crazy.

» The porcupine is as prickly with eccentricities as with quills

PORKY--



Question Mark of the Woods

Condensed from Country Gentleman

Alan Devoe

THE PORCUPINE is smaller than a beaver, but he carries enough murderous weapons to kill a mountain lion. Of placid disposition and disliking battle, he "advances" into a fray backward. He is so durable that he will keep right on his course despite repeated charges of buckshot. Yet a blow with a stick on the tip of his sensitive nose will kill him.

The porcupine is also called quill-pig, urson, hedgehog, quiller and, scientifically, *Erethizon dorsatum*, which means approximately "the irritable back." But by whatever name he goes—and he goes almost everywhere through our forests north of parallel 40—he is North America's prize contribution to Nature's exhibit of woodland curiosities.

A chunky, blunt-faced rodent about 30 inches long, with a six-inch tail, Porky weighs from 15 to 25 pounds. A bristling armory of quills sprouts from his head, back and powerfully muscular tail, and he rattles like a quiver of arrows when he walks. The quills are hollow, tubular, and so lightly fixed in the flesh that they can be dislodged at a touch. They are sharp as

needles and covered with a multitude of barbs. Furthermore, they are of horny material, and as soon as they enter the warm, moist flesh of a victim they begin to swell up, the barbs sticking out more and more. Because of the slant of the barbs, the quills work deeper and deeper into the victim's body.

Much of Porky's peculiar personality is the result of this lavish protection Nature has given him. He needs no sharp wits, no speedy legs. He goes placidly through life at a perpetual saunter, dawdling in the same tree for a whole day if the taste of the bark pleases him, ambling calmly through the underbrush while he mutters to himself in a low preoccupied monologue of sniffs, squeaks, chattering and grunts, and staring with a dim and vacant gaze at the perilous universe against which he has been rendered foolproof. If he should fall into the water, his air-filled quills keep him afloat as buoyantly as a cork. If he tumbles out of a tree, as he occasionally does, his quills cushion his fall. It is not strange that he has developed a question-mark personality: he can afford it.

When an enemy disrupts Porky's placid routine, his behavior is always much the same. If he can, he tucks his head under a log to protect his tender nose. Then he brings his feet close together, hugging the ground, to guard his unquilled underside. Next he raises his quills until, a fantastic pincushion, he looks twice as large as life, and vigorously flips his tail from side to side. A wise attacker promptly goes away.

But if the dog or lynx or man tries to close in on Porky, then — *slap!* — the muscular tail lashes side-wise and drives as many as 20 jagged stilettos deep into the molester's flesh. One slap is generally enough to drive off even a bear; but should the enemy still stand his ground, Porky "advances." He pulls his nose out from its hiding place, tucks it as far under him as he can, and comes slowly backing out into battle, his tail flailing furiously. He backs until he comes to the handiest tree, lumbers undisturbedly up it, and almost at once resumes his customary phlegmatic twig-chewing as though nothing had happened.

Though other animals usually give Porky a wide berth, foxes, wolves, wildcats, mountain lions and bears have been found dead in the forest, killed by porcupine quills.

Porky cannot "throw" his quills, but they are so loosely attached that as he thrashes his tail he every now and then sends one of them whizzing unpredictably. The lost quills will be replaced within a few months.

Meanwhile, Porky need not worry. Ten quills will drive off a fox; 20 will send a wildcat screaming away in pain. Porky has 30,000.

Porky does most of his feeding at night. He travels only as much as he absolutely has to. He will spend a whole winter without ranging over more than two acres, and may even confine himself for the season to just three or four trees. He settles himself in the most comfortable fork, and simply eats as much bark as he can reach without bothering to move.

For the very tender tips of twigs he goes to more trouble. His way — and here he shows a cunning competence — is to pull several slender branches carefully together so they will collectively bear his weight. He goes out on them as far as he dares, then with his powerful paws bends back their ends toward himself in an upward arc and passes the sweet green-shooted tips slowly through his mouth, rather in the manner of a man eating corn off the cob.

Porky has an odd whim for suddenly emitting a long despairing wail that sounds very much like the quavering outburst of a baby lying on a safety pin. When the spell is on him, he may sit composedly in a treetop, blandly expressionless, screaming and war whooping to himself for an hour.

Probably Porky's most striking oddity is his mania for salt. This passion brings him lurching and grunting, quills a-rattle, into the woods

man's camp in the middle of the night. If he can find the butter, he will eat all of it. If the best he can discover is the empty wooden butter bowl, he will chew that up for the faint lingering taste of salt in the wood. He munches axe handles and canoe paddles to bits because of the salty trace of sweat on them, and more than one lumberjack has been awakened in the night by strange sounds coming from the shanty where the explosives are kept, and has discovered Porky methodically eating sticks of dynamite.

Enos Mills, the naturalist, once saw an encounter between a porcupine and a skunk. Each seemed to know instinctively what a fearful weapon the other possessed, and to hesitate about starting a battle. Porky's restraint outlasted the skunk's. There was a blast of malodorous fluid, a loud *slap!* as Porky's tail retaliated, and the battle was over. Porky would be smelly for a few days. But the skunk, his striped body riddled with barbed daggers, would have but a little time to live.

Porky wins most encounters with equal ease, in the 10 or 12 leisurely years of his peculiar life. Occasionally the fisher, a relative of weasels, manages to slip him over on his back and bite him fatally on his underside. In the past hunters shot him until he became uncommon even in the Adirondacks, his favorite haunt; but now he is protected by law in most areas. The law shelters him because he is the only animal that can easily

be killed by an unarmed man lost in the woods. A blow on his sensitive nose with a stick provides a tough and gamey but nourishing steak.

Although not gregarious, the fact that Porkies continue to survive and multiply in our woods is testimony that they are not completely solitary. Their mating takes place in October and the young are born in April, usually in a hollow-log nest. A female Porky is only some 30 inches long, yet her offspring are often 11 inches long. A newborn baby Porky is actually larger than the newborn cub of a black bear. It is equipped, even before birth, with quills half an inch long, and woodsmen have for years shaken their heads at the problem of the delivery of such uncomfortable infants.

They also like to speculate on how two such spiny beings manage to mate at all. North-woods Indians say that the female porcupine hangs upside-down on the underside of a small branch, the male ingeniously approaching her from above. There are many other theories. The sober fact is probably that Porkies mate in the same way as other quadrupeds.

But however Porky's mating may be accomplished, it does sometimes have a spectacular consequence which provides a fitting final oddity to an odd career. The female may forget to keep her quills safely turned aside — whereupon the male Porky, intent on the intricate task of bestowing his affection, is stabbed to death.

The Meaning of Christmas

By Francis J. Spellman, *Archbishop of New York*

HOLIDAY and Holy Day, Christmas is more than a yule log, holly or tree. It is more than natural good cheer and the giving of gifts. Christmas is even more than the feast of the home and of children, the feast of love and friendship. It is more than all of these together. Christmas is Christ, the Christ of justice and charity, of freedom and peace.

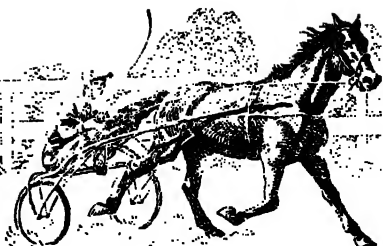
The joy of Christmas is a joy that war cannot kill, for it is the joy of the soul and the soul cannot die. Poverty cannot prevent the joy of Christmas, for it is a joy no earthly wealth can give. Time cannot wither Christmas, for it belongs to eternity. The world cannot shatter it, for it is union with Him who has overcome the world.

The leaders and peoples of nations must understand these fundamental truths if we are ever to have freedom and peace. Unless charters and pacts have a divine sanction, unless "God is the Paramount Ruler of the world," then again and again, as the waves upon the shore, must catastrophe follow catastrophe. Not until men lay aside greed, hatred, pride and the tyranny of evil passions, to travel the road that began at Bethlehem, will the Staff of Christmas peace illuminate the world. Christmas is the Birthday of freedom, for it is only the following of Christ that makes men free.

» Chehalis wasn't much to look at, but he broke a world's record — a true story

A Runt of a Horse

Frederic Loomis, M.D.



MY WIFE and I were in Oregon some years ago for the annual Pendleton Round-Up when we first met Frank and Katierazier. We have visited them many times since. They are now strong and active at 91 and 83. In their home we have learned much of the big and little things that have spun the remarkable fabric of their long life together: their pioneering struggles in early Oregon, their single minded devotion to each other — they never had children — and finally their one great love.

Here is the story of that love, for a little runt of a horse, as Frank and Katie told it to me.

"Poker Nash called me one day," said Frank, "and asked if I wanted to buy a horse. I told him I didn't want one of his because it probably hadn't have any teeth. He said, 'All right, you old fool,' and hung up. So of course I called right back to see what it was all about. Well, he'd seen a colt he was all het up about, and he'd seen me racing against the Doc's totting horses, and I always got beat. He didn't like the Doc too well. Maybe that was it."

"Well, I wrote to a friend who

knew horses to go see this colt, and next day I got a wire to send \$600, so I did. In a few days I got the bill of sale for Chehalis.

"Like a fool, I went blabbing around town that I'd got me a real Kentucky two-year old — and then along he came in a boxcar and I almost died. He was the littlest, puniest thing I ever saw. I led him up the back streets so the boys wouldn't see him.

"But the minute Katie saw that poor little potbellied horse she began to talk baby talk to him, and damn if he didn't nuzzle her neck as if she had brought him up on a bottle. She didn't know if he was any good or not, and didn't care. She kept saying, 'Oh, Frank, I just love that horse,' and at the crack of dawn she was out talking to him again.

"I bought an old high-wheel sulky and took the little runt out on the dirt road. I hit him one lick with the whip — and my God! I pretty near had the seat of my pants taken off. That little devil went like a bat out of hell. When I got home Katie thought I'd gone nuts.

"At first I didn't show him off much, pulled him down when anyone

was around; and then one day Doc came along the road with his bay trotter and called out, 'Hey, Frank, is that the beautiful new horse I been hearing about -- or is it a kangaroo?'

"Chehalis must have heard him, too. I spoke once, and in a split second we was high-tailing after him. We caught up so fast I was afraid we'd step on him. I yelled, 'Git out of the way, you old coot, and let the kangaroo go by.' Doc looked around with his eyes bugging out and lit into his horse with the whip, and that's all I saw when we passed him. I knew that I had a real racer, and that he knew racing was to beat the other horse. Sometimes a horse never learns that.

"We trained Chehalis all summer and I drove him always. That was Katie's idea. She said if he never knew the feel of any other hands I could talk to him and tell him what to do. After his exercise Katie'd be

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Dr. FREDERIC LOOMIS has won distinction in two fields -- medicine and writing. Yet he started his career along quite other lines. He left the University of Michigan in his junior year to serve in the Spanish-American War, and was then a salesman for three years, and a miner in Alaska for seven. He then returned to Michigan, earned his M.D. and taught in the medical school. From 1917 until he retired in 1938 he was a gynecologist and obstetrician in Oakland, Calif. Since then he has written two best sellers, *Consultation Room* and *The Bond Between Us*. The Reader's Digest quoted from the former in May 1939 ("Who Shall Be the Judge?"), and from the latter in August 1942 ("Unscheduled Operation"). Dr. Loomis is also the author of "The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met" in The Reader's Digest for June 1943.

waiting, and he'd hunt around for the piece of sugar that she had carried out for him. One day she put the sugar in her pocket and tucked a handkerchief on top of it, not thinking, and that horse took the handkerchief out of her pocket and stood there holding it. Looked silly to me, but Katie thought it was wonderful and she did it every day.

"When I figured he was ready I took him down to Sacramento. There were 16 horses in his race, and that little black horse flashed by 'em all so fast they looked like they was tied. So we made a tour, Katie and Chehalis and I, around the western tracks, and he win 12 out of 13 races. The papers were filled with stories about the little black Oregon wonder that 'floated through the air.'

"Well, the next spring at our first meet, in Montana, Chehalis win his race easy, so I slowed him down a little at the wire -- and then the head judge announced we came in third! The crowd nearly mobbed the judge's stand, and a Texan, a big man in the racing game, bounced up the stairs and threatened to kill the judge. But it was too late to change the decision. I was so disgusted I was ready to quit.

"But the Texan says, 'Listen to me, son, you won't quit if you've got any guts. You got a fine little horse. Maybe if you were to train him over a little longer distance . . .' and then he talked to us very earnestly about an idea that might mean something wonderful.

"Right away Katie and I began making new plans that took our breath away. We kept Chehalis in shape for the mile races but every morning I began to train him over a two-mile stretch. And along toward the end of the season we went down to the big fair at Salem, Oregon. But we couldn't get a race --- wasn't the horse there fast enough to give Chehalis any competition. My little horse was a great drawing card and the judges wanted the crowd to see him in action. Of course the early morning 'clockers' had seen us going on that two-mile stretch. So the judges asked me if I was figuring on breaking the two mile pacing record --- 2:14. Told me if I could, they'd give me \$500 and another hundred for each second we took off. We took them up. It seemed like the little horse was ready."

"Yes, and you were ready, too," Katie interjected. "You should have seen him --- he had a light-blue satin jacket, a navy-blue cap with a long feather, white linen pants, all slacks. He and the little black-velvet horse certainly made a picture."

"I sat in the judge's stand and I thought I'd die of waiting. Didn't anyone think he'd make the world's record --- he was so little --- except maybe Frank and me; and maybe Chehalis himself. Then away they went and I just held my breath. I heard the judges say, '30 seconds at the first quarter . . . too fast, going to get tired . . . 1:04 at the half . . . 1:35 third quarter.' And they

came down the stretch on the first mile, the little horse going steady as a machine."

"My heart almost choked me when the judges yelled, '2:09 for the mile --- can't keep it up!' And then they almost screamed, 'My God, see that horse go!' and pretty soon they began to cheer just like they weren't judges at all. Frank and Chehalis came tearing down the stretch --- Frank didn't even have his whip out but I could see him saying, 'Boy, Boy, Boy' --- that's all."

"And then they flashed by and the judges began to dance around and they kept yelling, '3:19! 3:19!' That was the fastest two miles ever paced against time in the world. Frank and Chehalis had taken five seconds off the record. The crowd howled when Frank came back with the little horse, jaunty as you please. They hung a great wreath of red roses around Chehalis's neck, and I began to cry. My, it was wonderful!" Katie's voice choked with emotion.

Then she whispered: "And that wasn't all. Going to the hotel Frank had a great big package under his arm, with a red string around it. The moment we got in our room he tore the package open and there was the wreath of roses they'd put around Chehalis's neck at the track. Frank dropped it around my shoulders and it reached the floor. Then he said, 'Katie, *you* did it --- you loved that little horse so much he just had to win --- and now he's a world's champion!'" "

Then Frank spoke. "Doctor, Chehalis's record stood for six years, until Dan Patch broke it — and *that* record has stood for 40 years now.

"Well, after that we had to hit the Grand Circuit. Those harness races still seem more wonderful to me than the running races of today — the wheels of the sulkies flashing in the sun and the society crowd all dressed up in Prince Alberts for the men and wonderful lace dresses with big bustles under them for the women, and those dinky parasols.

"Near the end of the season Katie took sick in Buffalo. She talked me into going on to Boston without her. I left orders with a florist to send her yellow roses every odd day of the month with a card saying, 'With love from Chehalis' and every even day red roses 'With love from Frank.'

"We kept on winning, but half the fun was gone out of it. Every time I went to the stall, Chehalis would look around as much as to say, 'Where's Katie?' And then one day there was a letter from Katie's doctor telling me I must move her to southern California for the winter. Said it might mean losing her if I didn't.

"I sat down and tried to think. I was no millionaire, and I'd been offered \$5000 for Chehalis — and Katie was sick. I knew she wouldn't ever agree to sell him if I asked her, so I wrote her that I'd already sold him. I told her I was going to race him Saturday for the last time and then I'd come and take her home.

"There wasn't a letter from her or Saturday and I thought she must be sicker. I pretty near decided not to race. Then I thought of all the money that had been bet on Chehalis and knew I couldn't be a quitter. I was going to sell him after the race.

"So I got up in the sulky and we walked past the grandstand. The crowd cheered Chehalis, they always liked the little black tike, and looked up to touch my cap to the — and by God, there was Katie! saw first the dinky striped parasol had bought her in Chicago, and then her face. She was pale as death, but smiling.

"She understood. A minute before I hadn't cared, but now! kept saying to Chehalis, 'Katie here, boy, Katie's here,' and maybe he understood.

"We got caught in a pocket at the start but the little horse fought his way out — and at the last eighth he came up from behind and began to fly. I'd seen him go but never like that. There were three horses ahead. He passed the third and he passed the second and when we came down the last hundred yards I thought the stands would go crazy. There was a roar like Niagara, with thousands of people on their feet, and papers and handkerchiefs and hats waving, and then we were across. We won by a head.

"I looked up in the box and Katie wasn't there! I dashed up to the stands and there she was, lying in a faint in the middle of a circle

ople. The excitement had been too much for her.

"That night in the hotel the man who wanted to buy Chehalis came up to me and said, 'Frank, \$7200 cash.' I thought of Katie's white face and answered, 'Chehalis is yours, mister.'

"Next morning Katie felt strong enough to go down to the stables and, honest to God, that horse smiled at her. He whinnied like he used to when he came back home, and nuzzled her, and she began to cry. He reached across the bar of his stall and picked her pocketkerchief out of the pocket of her dress the way he used to, and the last we saw of him he was standing there watching us holding that pocketkerchief in his mouth, a white blur against his shiny black coat."

"That was more than 40 years ago," Katie said. "I'm a one-man

woman and Chehalis was a one-man horse. He never won a race after Frank gave him up — not one single race — and he died of a broken heart."

She ran across the room to Frank and nestled in his arms, her head on his shoulder. He held her tenderly, patting her cheek. And then — I couldn't see anything clearly any more, but in my mind I saw a vision of Frank, dapper in blue satin jacket and white trousers; of the little black Chehalis flying down the track before cheering thousands to make a world's record; and of the last sight of the horse as he stood that day in Boston, a bit of white fluff in his mouth, looking vainly after them as they walked away, their only great sorrow and their only other love.

One Man's "Peace-with-Japan Plan"

LIEUTENANT Colonel William J. Verbeck, who led the first party of scouts ashore on Amchitka in the Aleutians, is a tall, handsome intelligence officer who learned to speak Japanese as a boy in Tokyo.

"You know, I think the war will go this way," he says. "In about a year the Japs will be fed up with the whole thing and will overthrow the Tojo government and sue for peace. And I think we ought to give it to them. I've lived with the Japanese and have a regard for them. After all, they are Asiatic, and most of the territory they've taken is Asiatic. So when they sue for peace I think we should let them have it. Then we'll be happy over here and they'll be happy raising flowers and goldfish over there.

"In six months everyone will have forgotten the whole thing. Then's when we can bomb the holy hell out of them like they did Pearl Harbor."

— Howard Handleman, *Bridge to Victory* (Random House)

This is Your Blood in Action

Condensed from Vogue



Edgar L. Jones



DEAR Miss Ferguson:

A battle-scarred copy of the magazine containing your article turned up at our desert HQ on a day when I had been wishing that I could say thanks to blood donors everywhere.

The final push was on, and we had been evacuating casualties since first light that morning. No one at home can imagine what war in the desert is like. None of us here wants you to know. The wounded at the forward dressing station lay in the hot sun, plagued by flies and stinging gusts of sand. They were exhausted from 72 hours of fighting without sleep, but they were too much on edge to sleep with the sounds of battle so close by. They were inexpressibly thirsty and dirty, but the only water we had was the meager pint issued daily to each of us.

Above all else, these men needed new blood to give them strength. This they could get at the field hospital 15 rough miles across the desert. It takes a driver about four hours to go 15 miles when he is carrying patients who involuntarily scream at each jolt of the springs. Hours of grinding through deeply rutted sand, picking your way over boulders, edging into wadies and pulling out again, all the time listening for that raspy intake of breath which means the patient is still alive, and feeling like a murderer every time there's a bad jolt. The blood stains on the bandages grow larger as the man's life seeps slowly out and stains the floor. One wonders how much longer he can hold on.

At the field hospital every serious case goes immediately to Resuscitation. Here, in a crowded tent in the desolate desert, is where you come in, Miss Ferguson. Men are dying. They don't need a woman's cool touch, or cheerful words, or a smile. *They need your blood — it alone can save them.*

Just before I read your article, I had been in a hot, dusty tent where about 50 men were being kept alive by blood alone. I

stood beside a man whom I had brought in dying and watched new life in steady drops from the bottle above his cot trickle down a thin tube into his arms. As the color began to return to his deadly white lips, I wanted to thank God and all blood donors for giving this man another chance to live. I was very fond of that man.

Often we are sent on rush calls for more blood. The order may come in the middle of the night. "Quick," the medical officer says. "We must have more blood, and I hope to God they have some left for us!" We rush off through the impossible blackness and drive many kilometers to load up with our precious cargo.

Our great fear is always "Will there be enough blood?" It takes so much these days, and the biggest battles are yet to come. Some men must have five or six pints of *your* strength before they have a chance to recover. They die except for your blood. In your arteries is the power to give men a second chance to live.

On behalf of many men who have been born again through you blood donors, I express grateful thanks. Our plea is that you don't stop at two pints, or three, but that you keep it flowing till it's over, over here!

Curing the Great "Middle Sin"

Condensed from Forbes By an Anonymous Reformed Sinner

THE conventional sins are: sins of omission and sins of commission. In between is a great fiddle Sin — the sin of procrastination. It may not keep souls out of heaven in the Hereafter, but from all a century of unhappy experience can testify that it keeps the sinner : Hell in the Here!

I was born a procrastinator. From boyhood it was my worst fault. As

I grew older the habit grew worse. I was behind with my work most of the time, and chronically miserable because of the many put-off tasks hanging over me. I almost lost my job on account of procrastinating. But even that didn't cure me.

Psychologists tell us that to cure a bad habit at 50 is a miracle. Yet I cured myself of this deadly Middle Sin at that age — completely. Sit-

ting on the veranda of a summer hotel one Saturday afternoon, reading, I overheard a man talking with his family. He couldn't decide whether they should go sailing that afternoon or the next morning. The wind was good today; but maybe it would be better tomorrow. The family wanted to go right away. But the father kept arguing with himself: Would it be better to go today — or tomorrow?

His indecision irritated me as I tried to read. "This beautiful afternoon will soon be gone," I snapped at him under my breath. "Why don't you decide?"

And then it dawned on me that that was exactly my trouble: I didn't like to decide about doing things. It wasn't that I put off *doing* this or that; my trouble was that I put off *deciding* about doing it. Suddenly,

"Well," I told myself, "if *that* is all there is to it, I ought to be able to arrive at decisions. If I don't want to do a thing right now, I'll make up my mind *not* to do it right now — *but* — I'll decide now just when I *will* do it. And, by Jiminy, when that time comes I'll *do* it!"

It sounds foolishly simple. But it worked!

At first I gave myself rope. "I don't want to do it now, but I'll do it at eight o'clock tonight," I would say to myself. Then at eight o'clock I would force myself to make good on my decision. Presently I found myself saying, "Why wait until eight o'clock? Why not get it out of the way *now*?" And I would do it forthwith.

I soon realized that procrastination is more than a problem of *When*? All the other "W" questions — *Where*? *What*? *Who*? *Why*? *Whether*? — are involved. *What* am I going to do about this? *Whom* shall I invite to my party? *Where* shall I start? *Why* should I do this or so.

"Make up your mind," I now order myself sternly.

From being one of the world's worst procrastinators I am amazed to find

much of the time. The mental relief of having no unfinished business hanging over me is so refreshing that my mind hunts for new decisions to make.

The family on the hotel veranda did not get their sail that Saturday afternoon — and it rained on Sunday. But that undecided father eventually cured one hardened old Middle Sinner!



THE sort of man with whom to eat, drink and be wary (Phyllis Kitch) . . . I invited her up for a Scotch and sofa (Stobbs Kay) . . . He's the type of person who keeps the conversation ho-humming (Dorothy Parker)

» San Quentin Prison with a history of bloodshed and violence becomes a model institution under the supervision of this son of a prison guard



Warden Duffy and His Boys

By
Frank J. Taylor

I'LL NEVER see a garden of flowers again without thinking of a certain garden that spreads its beauty and fragrance over a strange place. This garden -- a full acre of it -- is the first sight that greets unfortunate men when they pass through the grim steel gates of San Quentin Prison, on San Francisco Bay. I saw it when I visited the man who has revolutionized -- humanized -- this world-famous penal institution: Warden Clinton Duffy.

Duffy calls himself "a San Quentin 'lifer' by choice." The son of a prison guard, he was born in a little house inside the walls. Prison trustees used to work for his mother in her house and garden. Those old "lifers" were among young Clint's first playmates, and he liked them a lot.

Another playmate was a little girl named Gladys Carpenter, whose father was Captain of the Guard. Later Clint and Gladys were to marry -- a prison romance -- and, as happens in all fairy tales, they were to live happily there ever after.

When he grew up, Clint became a clerk in the prison office. And one

day in 1935 a trusty hurried in to shout that there was bad trouble up at the warden's house. It was a bloody business in which two inmates were killed -- and later two others executed. But this was nothing new for San Quentin. Its whole history had been one of riots and killings and escapes, of bloodshed and violence. It had one of the blackest records of any American prison.

Young Clinton Duffy, as a minor clerk, had no power to correct the horrible prison excesses, the cruelties, the sullen resentments -- the whole bitter atmosphere that hung over San Quentin like a winter fog drifting across the Bay. But he thought he knew what should be done.

After that bloody outbreak of 1935 things within the prison grew even worse. There were constant riots among the 5000 prisoners; solitary confinement cells were filled; shots were fired almost daily by the guards. Finally conditions became so bad that the warden and the whole prison board were ousted. In June 1940, a new board called Duffy

before it. Now 42, a mild-mannered, quiet little man, and still a minor clerk, he felt he was surely going to be fired. Instead, he was told to take over as acting warden for 30 days — until a regular warden could be chosen.

Thus Duffy suddenly found himself temporary boss of the toughest, hardest, most dangerous prison in America. He didn't have much time, but it would be enough, he felt sure, to stop the abuses, the inquisitions, the brutalities of San Quentin prison life.

Duffy knew San Quentin like the palm of his hand. He knew which guards were cruel and unfair to the prisoners; he knew about those yellow circles in front of the row of solitary confinement cells, and how the poor devils in solitary would be brought out and made to stand in these circles for hours on end without moving. And how, if they moved, they'd be beaten with a rubber hose.

Duffy fired the most notorious guards. Then he called in the others and read the riot act to them. All this mistreatment of inmates was to stop at once. Even if he was only acting warden, he was going to run this prison on decent, humane lines, for those 30 days.

The prison grapevine buzzed with excitement. That young fellow Duffy was a "bonaru" — San Quentin's word for O.K.

The solitary cells were cleaned out. The big numbers on the backs

of uniform jackets were replaced by small numerals the size of monograms on the pockets of the shirts. And, most surprising of all, the new warden walked about the prison yards and shops without a body-guard — an unprecedented event.

The 30 days passed. And the prison board was so much impressed that it told Duffy to stay on for six months more.

Already it was evident that something deep and important had taken place in the prison. That bitter sullenness was gone, and the rioting, for cruelty was gone. There was a new humanity, a new sense of justice and understanding, in The Big House.

Duffy, the quiet, unobtrusive, sincere crusader had achieved a miracle. And the men responded quickly to his kindly spirit. Twenty-five hundred inmates signed a petition requesting that he be made permanent warden. When the six months' temporary appointment was only half over, the prison board appointed Duffy the regular warden, for a full four-year term.

That was three years ago, and today San Quentin could be called The Model Prison instead of The Worst Prison.

Warden Duffy outlined for me some of his philosophy of crime and punishment. "My own son is 21," he said, "and in his whole life he's never been physically punished. From the time he was a tiny shaver, he has been disciplined by being deprived of his little privileges.

"That simple idea of reward and punishment was the first real reform I instituted here in the prison. I stopped all physical punishment; I got discipline simply by depriving the men of various privileges. For instance, if a man does something wrong, we may take the radio headphones in his cell away from him for a certain number of days.

"And we try to make him see the right from the wrong. We try to build up in his consciousness correct habit patterns.

"Understand, this is no pleasure resort. There's no pampering or coddling here — there is firmness along with fairness. But we try to treat every man as an individual, with an individual problem, for these people are human beings just as we are."

The warden and I went through the prison. We walked alone, unarmed, among thousands of men whom the world once thought of as desperate criminals, but who now were obviously Duffy's friends. The warden knew personally almost every inmate there; he called many by their first names. Dozens of them came up to speak to him.

In the big yard was a question box. Once a week, over the prison radio, Duffy answers the questions dropped in it. "If there's something you don't like, come out with it," he tells the men. "There are no secrets here."

The prisoners elect delegates who meet each Saturday to suggest improvements. And any inmate who wants a more personal word can get

it by going to the warden's office. There, instead of standing before glowering guards, he can sit down and talk across Duffy's desk, man to man.

One old-timer we met had a broad grin on his face. He waved a blue slip at us — his "going-out" ticket. He would be free in another day, and was he happy! He'd learned electric welding at the prison's War Training Shop, and he said, "Just think, Warden, I'll soon be earning a dollar forty an hour."

"Just think" is right. From an aimless, forgotten burden on society to a free man, with a well-paying trade and regained self-respect!

Every man who leaves the prison is trained for a job that's waiting for him outside. The war is partly responsible for that. The moment the news of Pearl Harbor broke, the prisoners wanted to help. And San Quentin set such a record in production of war materials that, on September 2, the War Production Board awarded the prison the first of its new National Service Pennants — equivalent to the Army-Navy E.

Some 1200 San Quentinites have volunteered as blood donors; they've bought war bonds worth more than \$300,000, largely with money sent them by relatives for cigarettes and other little luxuries; last summer they prepared 8,000,000 ration books for mailing — and even though each one of those books was worth a hundred dollars in the black market, the job was done without a missing page.

Let me make it doubly clear that Warden Duffy is no softy. He doesn't pamper the inmates. He makes them earn their privileges. In a personal talk, he explains his system of punishment and reward to every "fish," or new inmate. He starts all of them in the tough prison jute mill. Then he lets them work their way up to the trade schools and war-industry shops. The final promotion is to the harvestry, forestry or road gangs which work outside in open unguarded camps. Men serve in one of these groups the last six months before they're paroled. This year, with labor so short, thousands of acres of crops were saved by the prisoners, whom grateful farmers call "Duffy's boys."

For inmates who earn the right by hard work and good conduct, there is now the San Quentin Night School. When it was started, wise-aces shook their heads and predicted that the inmates, out of their cell blocks at night, would go over the wall in droves. Well, the day I was at San Quentin there were 850 students attending the Night School, with an additional 450 studying in their cells, so they could win the right to enroll, too. And not one had ever tried to go "over the wall."

The prison has a radio program called "San Quentin on the Air," and it's the first broadcast from a prison ever put on a national hookup. Broadcast productions at the prison are frequently attended by 500 visitors. The program's theme song, by

the way, is "Time On My Hands."

After I left San Quentin I heard the story of how Warden Duffy had walked into the death house one day and told the doomed men that the prison chaplain was coming over with a movie projector and screen, so they could see one last film program. The men were flabbergasted. But soon the chaplain came in with his machine. And there in the black room with the condemned men unguarded and out of their death cells, sat this quiet, gentle warden, watching the movies with his poor boys.

One of the doomed men, Warren Cramer, wrote to a San Francisco paper about this miracle:

"I'm pretty sure the ghosts of many of Warden Duffy's predecessors walked that day — especially those who had never dared enter within these walls without a squad of rifle men to guard their every step. This little soft-spoken man goes everywhere, alone and unafraid, secure in the certain knowledge that he is guarded and protected by the respect and affection of these thousands of men whom he has chosen to treat as human beings, rather than as beasts in cages. Soon Warden Duffy will have to execute me, as prescribed by law. I can think of no man by whose order I had rather be put to death.

"May his tribe increase!"

Well, that's what I say, too. May the tribe of such fine, humane men as Warden Duffy increase — and prosper.

» Those fantastic Sunday-supplement dream weapons may be just around the corner

The Bullet That Drives Itself



Condensed from *The American Mercury*

Harland Manchester

A FEW months ago visions of monstrous, self-driven shells which plunge through the stratosphere to crumple city blocks with mysterious super-explosives were the stuff of melodrama. Today, judging by reports seeping in from abroad, such a weapon may exist. The military rocket, once discarded for its clumsiness, has been revived and perfected.

From Stockholm comes word that the Nazis are installing underground rocket guns near Calais, capable of bombarding London, 100 miles away, with projectiles weighing several tons. The missiles are said to be fitted with wings, and are to be directed to the target by radio. This dispatch came on the heels of Prime Minister Churchill's speech in which he told of a strange, new "flying bomb" used by the Luftwaffe against Allied shipping. This bomb is also apparently radio-directed, enabling planes to attack shipping from safe distances, but since "misses" fall into the sea, details of construction are not known.

During the Battle of Tunisia, six

tanks were advancing toward the American lines when a projectile, barely missing one of them, exploded with such terrific force that it shattered a large tree.

The Axis commander, an experienced officer, halted the column and surrendered at once. "When you start firing 155-mm. guns at tanks," he explained with professional calm, "it's time to give up."

Then a lone American soldier emerged from cover. Slung over his shoulder was a section of metal pipe fitted with curious gewgaws. It was the "bazooka," the phenomenal new rocket gun which overnight has brought about a revolution in the art of tank-killing.

This incident is one of many official accounts of almost fantastic triumphs for the new gun. "The bazooka is so simple, yet so powerful," says Major General Levin Campbell, Jr., Chief of Ordnance, "that any foot soldier using it can stand his ground with the certain knowledge that he is the master of any tank."

To show what the new rocket gun actually means in combat, the heavy

field gun which the Axis officer thought he was facing is a monster which needs a seven-ton truck to pull it, hard ground to travel on, elaborate camouflage, and a crew of valets. One man can pick up a bazooka, scuttle up a hill, fire an armor-piercing projectile and get away before the enemy knows what has hit him. It is a one-man feather-weight cannon.

But tank-killing is only one use of the rocket gun. It is effective against structural steel or thick walls. During a recent landing operation, a strong fort which commanded the beach began peppering the troop barges. A lone soldier waded ashore with his bazooka. One pulverizing shot smashed through the wall, and the garrison fled out, hands in air.

The new weapon is simplicity itself. It is a thin walled metal tube 54 inches long and three inches in diameter, open at both ends and fitted with hand grips, shoulder stock, and a flashlight battery and electric circuit for setting off the rocket. The rear end protrudes over the firer's shoulder, which inspired Major Zeb Hastings of the Army Service Forces to dub it "bazooka," after the weird musical instrument. Two men usually work it. One stands behind and feeds in the rockets while the other pulls the trigger which closes the electrical circuit and ignites the charge. His shoulder receives only the slightest push as the projectile leaves the barrel.

Lack of kick is the whole point of

the bazooka, or of any other rocket gun. In contrast with rifles and artillery, in which the whole propelling charge explodes at once, the projectile in the bazooka uses up its fuel gradually as it drives the high-explosive head toward the target. It takes its power plant with it, and all the soldier does is to step on the starter. The bazooka can be toted through jungles, swamps or rough country, which mobile artillery cannot penetrate. Anyone can quickly learn to use it, which means that reconnaissance groups and drivers of supply trucks can pack their own heavy fire for instant use at close range.

While the bazooka is the first rocket gun light enough to be carried and fired by an infantryman, it is not the first rocket gun to appear in World War II. Russia and Germany have been experimenting with military rockets for years. The Russians have their *Katusha*, a gun with the hitting power of heavy artillery but light enough to be fired from an ordinary truck. Another Russian rocket gun has been reported which will fire 26 to 30 projectiles at once peppering a large area with armor-piercing missiles—a shotgun on colossal scale.

The Russians have used rockets with no firing tubes at all. In the final phase of the Battle of Stalingrad, they constructed long rows of wooden racks, similar to the incline boards boys use to launch rockets on the Fourth of July. Self-propelled 50-pound-missiles were lobbed over

as fast as men could place them on the racks, completely demoralizing the enemy.

Almost ten years ago Major de Seversky foresaw the use of rocket guns in fighter planes. This may now turn out to be one of the major innovations of the war. Such guns mounted on German fighter planes are reported to have taken a heavy toll of Flying Fortresses in recent raids over Germany. Our record loss of 60 bombers in the October raid over Schweinfurt was due in part to rocket guns.

The Russians pioneered with air-borne rockets last year, when they launched them from their tank-busting Stormoviks with such effect that the Nazis renamed the plane "*Der Schwarze Tod*" ("The Black Death"). The rocket bombs were attached to the underside of the wings and aimed by pointing the plane directly at the target. Because of the devastating punch delivered and the accuracy of aim, German officers reported that they had been attacked by dive bombers. Actually the Stormoviks had equaled the dive bomber's penetration and accuracy without performing the long, straight, predictable descent which makes the dive bomber an easy mark for anti-aircraft fire.

The basic principles and potentialities of the rocket as a weapon have long been known. William Congreve, British engineer, proposed it as a "secret weapon" to defeat the Continental dictator of his day,

Napoleon Bonaparte. Navy traditionalists scoffed, but "Mr. Congreve's squibs" soon proved their value. With a range of some 3000 yards, they were used to bombard Boulogne from small boats, and a British landing force on the shores of what is now Yugoslavia used them with such deadly effect that Napoleon's troops there surrendered, complaining that the new weapon was "most unmilitary." When Francis Scott Key wrote of "the rockets' red glare," he referred to rocket projectiles used unsuccessfully by the British against Fort Mifflin in 1814. The rocket was an important naval weapon until the mid-1800's, when attention shifted to the new breech-loading guns with longer ranges and rifled barrels.

Rocket guns played no part in World War I, but soon after its close societies of rocket zealots were formed in the United States, Germany, Austria and Russia. Some of their members launched experimental space rockets as a step toward interplanetary communication. Some enthusiasts were killed and others lost their fingers. A young engineer in an Austrian village established a rocket postal service, shooting his projectiles over a mountain. When the fuel was exhausted, a parachute opened and lowered the flying mailbag to the ground. Because philatelists paid good prices for his special stamps, the route was a commercial success.

More than anyone else, a quiet scholarly professor of physics in

Worcester, Mass., was responsible for this world-wide renaissance of rocket experimentation. Dr. Robert H. Goddard of Clark University redesigned the once clumsy, inefficient and inaccurate rocket according to correct principles. He built a gyroscopic stabilizer to secure even flight at high ceilings. Discarding powder as a fuel, he perfected a mixture of gasoline and liquid oxygen, and increased the rocket's potential velocity from 1000 feet a second to 7500 feet, and its efficiency — considered as an engine — from two percent to about 40, which is better than that of the Diesel, the world's most efficient motor.

After laboring obscurely for ten years, Dr. Goddard published his findings in 1919. They were couched in the restrained, un-dramatic language of science and attracted little public attention, yet that paper was responsible for all the lurid Buck Rogers concepts of interplanetary communication. For a rocket will go faster in a vacuum than it will in air. That meant that if you could get power enough to send a rocket above the earth's air blanket, it might be made to keep on indefinitely, beyond the reach of earth's gravity — to the moon, to Mars, or anywhere else.

Research on high-altitude rockets has contributed much toward today's actual uses of the projectile — and the unknown ones of tomorrow. Four

years ago an American ordnance officer, Major J. R. Randolph, not only foresaw the bazooka, but startled his colleagues with predictions of bombardments by rocket artillery.

Because of the lack of friction at high altitudes, there would be hardly any limit, theoretically, to the possible range of such guns. Major Randolph and others have stated that rocket bombardments halfway around the world would not be impossible, although the expense might be prohibitive and accurate marksmanship is unlikely.

The rocket's future does not depend upon war, however. It is not only a projectile; it is a motor of high efficiency and great potentialities. The Germans are using rocket motors to lift heavily loaded Dornier bombers off the ground, and the British Air Ministry has announced that Catafighter planes, which take off from the decks of merchant ships, are using rocket power to get into the air. This use serves as a testing ground for planes fully powered by rocket motors. Dr. Goddard has patented a turbine rocket motor designed to reach a speed of 1000 miles an hour in the stratosphere. Rocket research is advancing rapidly on many fronts. We may be standing on the threshold of an era of rocket power. In any event, newspaper readers will hear a great deal more about "the bullet that drives itself."

Pitchman

Condensed from

The Saturday Evening Post

Maurice Zolotow

Louie the Peeler and his fellow knights of the tripe and keister are a tribe apart with a jargon all their own

LOUIE the Peeler was leaning on the pediment of Father Duffy's statue at Broadway and 47th Street when I met him by appointment, and he was telling the tale. Louie is a pitchman, and he pitches kitchen gadgets, including potato peelers, corers and graters. When a pitchman is "telling the tale" he is full of dire complaints. Louie told me a tale of how wartime stringency is squeezing the pitchman.

"It's this way," he remarked, speaking in the rhythmic balanced sentences to which all pitchmen become habituated. "They have us with our backs to the wall and our necks in a vise." Louie is a tall, bare gentleman, and he reached a handful of bony fingers around his throat to illustrate the point. "I can't get any more stainless-steel knee-action potato peelers, guaranteed to last a lifetime, and my friends who pitch high-class merchandise such as run menders and razor-blade sharpeners cannot secure these educational articles. And gasoline — don't mention gasoline! In normal times a

pitchman like myself would do 300 miles every two or three days. Last year around this time I was lining up my concession at state fairs throughout the Middle West."

There are about 40,000 pitchmen in this country, and they do a business estimated at from \$75,000,000 to \$150,000,000 a year. The pitchman pays no rent, has no fixtures, owns no social security number. His store is where he hangs his tripe and keister — folding tripod and satchel. An unregenerate individualist, he regulates his business to suit his own ideas, speaks a jargon all his own and, very often, turns a surprisingly tidy profit at year's end. Louie the Peeler, for example, who has given an average of 75 demonstrations a day since 1913, thinks it is a very lean year in which he does not net \$10,000. He drives a handsome sedan, owns an eight-room brick home on Long Island, has sent two sons through college and a daughter through a school of fashion designing. "And it all came out of a little 25-cent potato peeler," he points out proudly.

Today, gasoline restrictions have driven many pitchmen into the five-and-dime stores or bargain basements. They do not like this, as they must give the store a 40 percent cut. The exhaustion of the supply of metal novelties has forced many pitchmen to become med workers or rad (radicator) workers. "A med worker," explains Louie, "is selling pye-sillum seeds or vitamins or whatever is the latest craze — they do not work Kickapoo Indian Snake Oil any more, although herbs are still strong in the Southwest. A rad worker makes the stuff himself, and it costs him about a tenth of a cent for every 25-cent bottle, so he can afford to give the store a substantial rake-off."

I asked Louie why he does not sell rad. He looked at me indignantly. "The average rad is larry merchandise." By larry he meant phony. "It is just an emulsion of a hyposulphate and soap. The pitchman spills some iodine on a piece of cloth and tells you it is the hardest stain to get off, which is true. Then he rubs some of his rad on the iodine stain and it comes out like magic, because hyposulphate is a neutralizer of iodine, and only iodine. But try cleaning an ink stain or a fruit stain with it!"

Another variety of larry merchandise is the static eliminator for radios. This pitch still flourishes in the cities, where, according to the pitchman, there are more suckers to the square pavement than in any

rural community of so-called hicks. A man will push along a large console-model radio, set on rubber wheels, until he comes to a well-populated block. He then tunes the set loudly to a local station and the music is drowned out by buzzings and howlings. The pitchman informs his audience that these noises are static induced by the streetcars, automobiles, etc. Then he holds up a small device and says, "And now I plug in this little static eliminator and it sounds as clear and clean as if you was sitting right in the radio studio." And the air has, indeed, been miraculously cleared of static. The pitchman has a spark-coil gimmick inside the set which he can turn on and off at will. When the coil is sparking the air is full of static; when he plugs in his static eliminator he simultaneously turns off the gimmick.

Then there are the ink-stick workers like Fred the Fountain-Pen Man. Fred buys 144 pens for \$18 and sells them for one dollar each. Pitchmen pens are usually made under some well-known trade name in another field of endeavor; often they are called Elgin pens or Underwood pens. Fred does not actually sell his pens; he "gives them away" if you buy a saper-ironium-tipped pen point for one dollar — ironium being an adjective invented by Fred.

Al Ganz and Al Meyers were pitching humatones — a device which enables you to imitate trumpets, trombones, violins and the call

of a loon during the mating season -- when they were spotted by a Broadway booking agent. He booked them into the Rainbow Room at \$450 a week and later they were featured in Olsen & Johnson's *Sons o' Tim*, doing much the same type of spiel they did for 11 years as sidewalk pitchmen.

One day Louie took me up to Providence, where he was joining a traveling circus and carnival. In the back of his car were five huge cartons containing his kitchen gadgets. In Providence, he stocked up on potatoes, tomatoes, carrots, beets, oranges, lemons and grapefruit.

As we drove to the site of the circus, Louie explained that pitchmen, who are the first to experiment with any new domestic contraption, have paved the way for numerous household gadgets which have become commonplace, such as the butterfly can opener. He pointed out that many useful articles do not sell if merely placed on a counter. "They must be demonstrated by a trained pitchman, a master of the art of sales oratory, who can make the people buy something they do not want."

At the circus grounds Louie was assigned to a position near the Ferris wheel. He purchased timber from the circus carpenter, built himself a table, and covered it with red oil-cloth. On either side of the table he tacked signs saying FREE SAMPLES TO EACH PATRON TODAY. He then

arranged an inviting display of grapefruit, tomatoes and carrots on fancy simulated-crystal plates.

Showing magnificent unconcern in the people who stopped to stare at his handiwork, he took out a pocketknife and began to carve rosettes out of a carrot. When a crowd of some 20 curious people had gathered, he suddenly looked up and said, in a confidential purring tone, "A lot of you ladies have asked me how to make these rosettes, which are a beautiful garnish for your salads." He then slowly sculptured a carrot, while several matrons sighed enviously.

As the crowd thickened, Louie's nervous eyes watched one bystander, then another, but they never strayed to his nimble fingers. A pitchman's eyes always remain riveted on the tip. The "tip" is the crowd. "You cannot ever let the tip get out of your control," Louie had told me. "You have to keep them watching you like a bird watches a snake."

Louie now started off on his spiel, speaking slowly but stepping up his tempo as he proceeded.

"Today, my friends," he said, "the firm which I have the honor of representing has commissioned me to distribute several samples to you people here in Providence as an advertising gesture. After my demonstration is over, these implements will be on sale at your local department stores at the regular price of from 50 cents to a dollar for each

item. This evening I'm giving them away. Here is the famous Argentine garnisher." He deftly demonstrated the garnisher, following with a plastic corer and an unbreakable glass knife which he manfully pounded on the table. These three were all free. Finally he came to the *pièce de résistance*, a new and improved plastic grater. He showed how harmless it was by rubbing it against his cheek. Then he ran a potato over the squares of the grater, and in a trice it was grated down to a crumb.

He now said, "I am coming to the most educational part of my little demonstration, which will appeal to every intelligent man and woman in my audience. You have probably read about the Mayo brothers discovering carotene, the vitamin that gives you good eyesight. Mothers, do you realize that when you serve baked or boiled carrots you lose the juice and cheat your family of their necessary supply of carotene?"

He grated a carrot over some cheesecloth and squeezed the cloth until the juice spurted into a glass. This he triumphantly held aloft and said, "Mothers, give your children a glass of this to drink every morning and you can throw their eyeglasses away.

"Now, this grater costs one dollar, the ceiling price stamped on each and every box. The government tells



me I can't sell it to you for one penny less, but it can't stop me from giving you, as a sample, for advertising purposes only, the garnisher, corer and miracle knife. The price is one dollar. Who'll be the first to — ah, one there — and one there — and one here."

Louie was pointing to the back of the audience. Nobody had raised a hand, but this is Louie's method of turning the tip. "Turning the tip" is the most important phase of the scenario, when the pitchman has finished revealing the wonders of his little article and is about to extract the geedus, or money.

"One moment!" he cried. "Hold your dollar bills! Seeing that this is my first demonstration of the evening, I am going to give you an extra souvenir — this marvelous little orange and lemon juicer, which —"

As he delineated the virtues of the juicer, Louie was throwing the five items into a paper bag. The five gadgets cost him 25 to 30 cents. He whispered to me out of the side of his mouth, "I will work this tip for six sales." And when the tip had been turned, there were exactly seven dollar bills in Louie's fist.

"You get so you know which persons are going to buy and which are just mooches," said Louie. "You can tell it almost to a dollar."



Out of Bed--Into Action

Condensed from Air News • *Albert Q. Maisel*

AN ARMY doctor, fresh from civil practice, was making his first rounds through the sprawling, 2000-bed Air Force hospital at Jefferson Barracks. He stopped to ask one patient held motionless in a plaster cast how long he had been on his back.

"Six weeks, sir," the boy replied. "And I've been looking at this ceiling for 42 days. There are 28 rows of nails in it. Each row has 31 nails. There are 12 cracks running east and west -- 14 running north and south. Last week we had a spider. But they swept it away."

That was a year ago.

Today the 255 Army Air Force hospitals are no longer places of incredible boredom. Walking through their wards, you may still see the bedridden staring upward. But they won't be counting nails. They will be studying model airplanes which hang in swarms from the ceiling.

ALBERT Q. MAISEL is a free-lance writer who is particularly interested in medicine. He is the author of several books including *Miracles of Military Medicine* and is at work on a book describing the navy's remarkable medical services in the South Pacific, from which area Mr. Maisel recently returned.

The models are moved about every day so that each patient may learn to know every Allied and enemy plane. Incidentally, they are made by convalescents -- part of their cure.

In half-darkened wards, you will see men in bed busily practicing blinker codes on sets they have made out of flashlight batteries and cardboard ice-cream cartons.

Many hospitals have a telegraph key and buzzer on bedside tables. It used to be that operators lost their speed in the hospital. Now they come out as fast senders as ever -- sometimes faster.

At Westover Field, Mass., a mechanic-in-training will roll his wheel chair up to an airplane engine and nonchalantly remove and dissect a carburetor. Glider students at Laurenburg Maxton Field, in North Carolina, break down gliders and re-erect them right in the wards. You may even have difficulty in finding some of the patients at Jefferson Barracks, for they practice camouflage in their own beds, under acts of their own manufacture.

In almost any Air Force hospital you'll find men attentively listening

to phonographs all day long. But they aren't listening to the latest hot jive. These are language-teaching records from which the soldier can gain a working vocabulary in Spanish, Japanese, Arabic or Italian within as little as seven hours.

These activities — and many more of an equally surprising nature — are all part of a program which goes under the ponderous title of Army Air Force Convalescent and Rehabilitation Training. It started a year ago when Lieutenant Colonel Howard A. Rusk talked to the lad who counted the cracks in the ceiling. At first Dr. Rusk hoped mostly to alleviate boredom. But once the program got under way, surprising things began to happen. The patients got well faster than they ever had before. And not nearly so many of them came back with relapses.

Air-Surgeon Major General David N. W. Grant heard about the program and looked into it. Within two weeks thereafter he assigned Colonel Rusk to establish it in all Army Air Force hospitals.

At the convalescent unit in Miami Beach, which fills two ocean-front hotels, they dressed me in the GI pajamas and good-looking red lounging robe which every patient wears, and, thus made inconspicuous, I was turned loose to wander through the wards.

One of the first things that strikes an observer is that training begins at the earliest possible moment. Boredom does not get a chance to set

in. Soldiers still in training go right on with it, taking basic courses — first aid, camouflage, aircraft identification, and so on. Hospital time is no longer time lost; soldiers get hospital certificates stating what work they have done. Their units give them full credit for it. This is good for the army, and also extremely good for the soldier. Boys used to brood in hospital over the fear that they would get so far behind the rest of their unit that they would be separated from all their friends and sent to some newer outfit to start training all over again.

Soldiers who have completed training, and even those who have served overseas, can always find something more to study — radio, map reading, physics, photography, electricity, the use of the slide rule, swimming and even judo.

Recently it was discovered that there were a dozen cooks and bakers in the hospital. One of them had been a senior chef at a New York hotel. A classroom was immediately set up in the hospital kitchen, and he started to teach the tricks of his trade to the other men. Within a few days, the hospital was eating *canneton de bœuf* instead of army hash, and *pommes de terre Chantilly* instead of plain boiled potatoes.

Even the few illiterates go to school. The Air Force hospitals can teach any man, *in one day*, to write his name, plainly. What this means to the soldier's morale, his self-respect, is easily imaginable.

In a recent six-week period, 57 soldier convalescents at Miami learned or relearned to read and write. When the soldiers left the hospital they were able to read army documents and orders, and they could all write a letter home. Most important, all had learned that they *could* learn; that they weren't the "dummies" they had thought themselves to be.

It used to take 45 days at Jefferson Barracks for a man to recover fully from virus pneumonia. Now men are discharged ready for duty after 31 days. Nor are these men being pushed through the hospital to make a showing. Before convalescent training, nearly a third of those discharged after pneumonia returned to the hospital with a new attack within a few weeks. But this spring only three percent of such cases developed relapses. The improvement is credited to the dual program of mental and physical reconditioning.

Men from overseas, suffering from operational fatigue, anxiety neurosis or disabilities not requiring major surgical attention, go directly to one of seven rehabilitation centers; other Air Force casualties leave hospital surroundings for a rehabilitation center as soon as possible.

To conquer the depression with which most injured men begin their long climb back to full rehabilitation the Air Surgeon has found the best way is to tell the man what he is in for and what he may expect, and tell him as soon as possible. I stood with a surgeon beside the bed of a

staff sergeant with bullet wounds and an amputated leg. He had been brought back from overseas two days before. He was obviously low in his mind.

He told us how he had been hit, in a B-24 over Naples, by the cross fire of two Messerschmitts. Then he looked down at the place where his right leg should have been and his youthful, animated face grew taut.

"I *used* to be a truck driver," he said.

"Well, you've come to the right place," said the doctor. "Now, here's the program: First we get you well. That, I'm afraid, calls for another operation. But meanwhile we find out, between us, what kind of work you'd like to do when you get out of the army. Then we start your training right here in bed. We get you a leg -- they make good ones nowadays. You'll be able to go back and drive that truck, if you want to. But you'll probably be ready to take a better job."

When the doctor finished, there was a long silence. The sergeant broke it at last: "Why in hell didn't somebody tell me that before? It sounds good to me; let's start."

He *should* have been told before and been saved days of brooding, and from now on the rehabilitation program actually is to start in the ambulance plane that first picks up the patient.

The carefully built-up pattern of close relationship between flight surgeon and flier is here studiously main-

tained. The flight surgeon is quite as much a friend as a physician, quite as likely to get a boy a date as to prescribe a medicine. A favorite "consultation room" is the million-dollar swimming pool at Coral Gables. As one doctor put it, "I can help about half of the men, but sun and swimming help them all."

The prime aim is to restore the soldier to full combat fitness. Where this cannot be achieved, the patient is trained for other work within the Air Forces. Combat pilots become flight instructors; navigators and aerial photographers become air intelligence officers; the injured gunner learns to teach. In this way, personal adjustment problems are minimized while the Air Forces restore and retain extremely valuable skills.

Men who cannot be restored to military duty are trained for a return to civil life. Conventional notions of occupational therapy have been thrown away. Soldiers no

longer weave baskets or string beads. Instead, fliers work with decks of plane-recognition cards, complex gunnery- and bomb-practice devices, and other things which they recognize as useful. All the men work in shops to retrain stiffened muscles and get the "feel" of new jobs.

Already the Air Forces are looking ahead to the day when the main emphasis must be laid upon reintegration into civil life.

Rehabilitation, as the Air Forces see it, cannot end with a physical examination and a ticket home. Former vocational teachers have been rooted out of all sorts of jobs in the Air Forces, to man the new job-training program.

Thus, from his very first day in a rehabilitation center, the soldier begins a planned vocational training regime designed to return him to a self-supporting, self-respecting, useful life either in the services or on the home front.

It Was Christmas, 1942--



FROM New Guinea an Ohio private wrote his wife: "It will be a different Christmas this year. The altar will be a fallen tree in the jungle. All around there will be the stink of sweat, of unwashed clothes and of death. But as I kneel to pray I know you will be alongside me praying too, and that will make it a happy Christmas, darling."

— George Johnston in *Time*

What a scrapbook revealed about two women
who had battled each other for years



Grandma and the Girl Girl

Condensed from *Woman's Home Companion*

Louise Dickinson Rich • Author of "We Took to the Woods"

GRANDMA and Mrs. Wilcox moved, as brides, into next-door houses on the sleepy elm-roofed Main Street of the tiny town in which they were to live out their lives. I don't know what started the war between them, and I don't think that by the time I came along, over 30 years later, they remembered themselves. But it was still being bitterly waged.

Mind you, this was no polite sparring match. This was War Between Ladies, which is total war. Nothing in town escaped repercussion. The 300-year-old church almost went down when Grandma and Mrs. Wilcox fought the Battle of the Ladies' Aid. Grandma won that engagement when she was elected president, and Mrs. Wilcox resigned in a huff. But Mrs. Wilcox won the Battle of the Public Library, getting her niece Gertrude appointed librarian instead of my Aunt Phyllis. Grandma stopped reading library books — "filthy germ things" they'd become overnight. The Battle of the High School was a draw. The principal got a better job and left before Mrs. Wilcox succeeded in having him ousted or Grandma in having

him given life tenure of office.

In addition to these major engagements there were constant sallying and sniping back of the main line of fire. When as children we visited my grandmother, part of the fun was making faces at Mrs. Wilcox's impossible grandchildren — nearly as impossible as we were, I now see — and stealing grapes off the Wilcox side of the fence. We chased the Wilcox hens, too. One banner day we put a snake into the Wilcox rain barrel. My grandmother made token protests but we sensed tacit sympathy and went merrily on with our career of brattishness.

Of course, Mrs. Wilcox's grandchildren retaliated. Grandma had skunks introduced into her cellar. Never a windy washday went by but what the clothesline mysteriously broke, so that the sheets walloped around in the dirt and had to be done over. Some of these occurrences may have been acts of God but the Wilcox grandchildren always got the credit. I don't know how Grandma could have borne her troubles if it hadn't been for the household page of her daily Boston newspaper.

Besides the usual cooking hints and cleaning advice, this household page had a department composed of letters from readers to each other. If you had a problem you wrote a letter to the paper, signing some fancy name like Arbutus. That was Grandma's pen name. Other ladies who had had the same problem wrote back and told you what they had done about it, signing themselves One Who Knows or Nanthippe or whatever. Very often, the problem disposed of, you kept on writing to each other for years through the column of the paper, telling each other about your children and your canning and your new dining room suite.

Grandma and a woman called Sea Gull corresponded for a quarter of a century and Grandma told Sea Gull things that she never breathed to another soul — things like the time she hoped that she was going to have another baby but didn't, and the time my Uncle Steve got you-know-what in his hair in school and how humiliated she was, although she got rid of them before anyone in town guessed. Sea Gull was Grandma's true bosom friend.

When I was about 16, Mrs. Wilcox died. In a small town, no matter how much you have hated your next-door neighbor, it is only com-

mon decency to run over and see what practical service you can do the bereaved. Grandma, neat in a percale apron to show that she meant what she said about being put to work, crossed the two lawns to the Wilcox house, where the Wilcox daughters set her to cleaning the already immaculate front parlor for the funeral. And there on the parlor table was a huge scrapbook; and in the scrapbook, pasted neatly in parallel columns, were her letters to Sea Gull over the years and Sea Gull's letters to her.

Grandma's worst enemy had been her best friend.

That was the only time I ever saw my grandmother cry. I didn't know then exactly what she was crying about but I do now. She was crying for all the wasted years which could never be salvaged. That was the day when I first began to suspect what I now believe with all my heart:

People may seem to be perfectly impossible. They may seem mean and small and sly. But if you will take ten paces to the left and look again with the light falling at a different angle, very, likely you will see that they are generous and warm and kind. It all depends on the point from which you're seeing them.

*M*ilton Berle's slogan for blood donors:
If you can't be a private, be a corpuscle.

Fighting with "Confetti"

Condensed from The American Legion Magazine

Frederick C. Painton

ONE NIGHT during the invasion of Sicily, an American artilleryman slammed a shell into a field gun trained on an enemy stronghold. The cannon blasted white flame, the shell screeched into the night. Presently in the distance there was a weak explosion.

The gunner was irritated. He muttered, "It's a hell of a war when you fight with confetti."

That shell was stuffed with leaflets. They told the Italians that they were pawns of the Nazis, who would make their beloved Italy a battlefield; that their position was hopeless; that these leaflets were "surrender tickets" entitling them to good food and safety behind the Allied lines. Up where American doughboys crouched in their foxholes, men who spoke Italian repeated the same message through loudspeakers that made the words echo in the hills.

Just before dawn, American medium bombers dropped more "surrender tickets" behind the enemy lines. Annoyed pilots complained that blockbusters would have done a lot more good. But that morning

scores of Italians came over from the enemy position. Each held up a white leaflet.

"Ticket to surrender?" yelled one anxiously. The Americans welcomed them to a barbed-wire hoosegow and a can of C-ration.

This was our Psychological Warfare Branch in action. It is part of the Information and Censorship Section of Allied Force Headquarters. A year ago it was scorned by professional soldiers. Shortly after the battle of El Alamein, General Montgomery said, "I won't have a propaganda van on my battlefield." But by the time the Allies were in Sicily, Monty himself was ordering barrages of leaflet shells.

It all started when General Eisenhower planned his North African invasion. At that time America and Britain had a half dozen organizations, civilian and military, that wanted to fight the enemy on the brain front, and each had its own ideas. Words flowed from the Office of War Information, the Office of Strategic Services, the British Political Warfare Executive, the British Ministry of Information, and from

A Catholic Mother Looks at Planned Parenthood

By Frances Jameson

"**T**HY WIFE shall be as a fruitful vine . . . thy children as olive plants about thy table." Joyous words from the Catholic Nuptial Mass—and a happy description of the ideal married state. How poor and meaningless by contrast are theories of marriage which fail to recognize children as the crowning fulfillment of a woman's life.

As a Catholic wife and mother, I find the Planned Parenthood program singularly meager and short-sighted. How limited in vision, for instance, is their favorite slogan: "Every child a *wanted* child." Human experience shows that many a child not planned or even particularly desired has later become his parents' greatest happiness and in many instances an ornament to society. Franklin was 15th of 17 children; Rembrandt, the youngest of nine. Leo Tolstoi came fifth and Samuel Coleridge tenth among their brothers and sisters. And St. Catherine of Sienna was the youngest of her mother's 20 children!

In modern times, ill-paid Protestant ministers are noted for their large families, and *also* for the surprisingly large percentage of their sons in *Who's Who*. Such children are seldom "planned," yet the whole nation has been enriched by their birth.

"Women are worn out by too frequent child-bearing" is a cant argument of birth-control propagandists. But this just isn't true of well-nourished, properly cared for women of America's upper and middle classes—the very women who *should* be more fertile. My friends who are mothers of large families compare favorably in mental and physical health with any of the childless or one-child mothers I know. Mrs. Roosevelt's five children did not seem to sap their mother's energy, nor did the nine of Mrs. Joseph Kennedy, wife of the ex-Ambassador to Britain. Even Mrs. Dionne appears in her pictures to be quite hale and hearty. Neurotic preoccupation with their own health is one disease that does *not* afflict the mothers of large families.

Women *do* occasionally die in childbirth. But the fear some women have of bearing children, and the

FRANCES JAMESON, a convert to Catholicism, teaches school in the Middle West.

bsolute unconcern with which these some women (until tire and gas rationing) tore along the highway at 50 miles an hour, always filled me with amazement. If I had to die young, I would prefer dying in childbirth than from accident or disease, because I would feel that I had died fulfilling the special purpose for which women are intended.

In refusing to accept children as gifts of the Creator, women expose themselves to more grief than they avoid. I have a friend whose handsome, teen-age son was killed last year in an automobile accident. He was her only child, and she is inconsolable. "He was all I had! How could God be so cruel as to take my all!" I happen to know that God gave this woman at least one other child whom she refused to have. And before this war is over, there will be thousands of other mothers left completely alone because their only sons are no more. Yet for most of them it will certainly not be God's fault. Most "only sons" were born in the first years of marriage, and had their mothers not willed it otherwise, there would be other, younger children still at home. "Family limitation for the sake of human happiness" — I wonder!

Why not face the fact that the primary purpose of marriage is propagation of the race? Women who defy this law of God and nature pay a penalty far more burdensome than the pangs of childbirth. Psychologists tell us that frustration causes

most of our individual and social ills; certainly no frustration is bitterer than the willful thwarting of one's deepest biologic urge — the urge to reproduce. Guilt, marital discord and social unrest are the fine fruits of childlessness. *Seventy-one percent* of divorces in the United States are among childless couples.

"The average woman of character and normal instincts will not stop having children merely because the means are at hand to prevent it," says a Planned Parenthood pamphlet. This is an unvarnished falsehood. Carefully controlled experiments with a large group of women demonstrate that clinical instruction in birth control was followed by a fertility reduction of 86 percent.* Such "education" has brought about a serious decrease in the birth rate. Today there are 1,600,000 fewer children under ten years of age in the United States than five years ago! Rapidly, fatally, according to Roger W. Babson, our birth rate is declining. "Unless the tendency toward birth control is stopped," Babson declares, "America will one day be conquered by some other state."

The Church's teachings on the subject of birth control are unequivocal. St. Augustine declares that intercourse even with one's legitimate wife is unlawful and wicked where the conception of offspring is prevented. And Pope Pius XI in his encyclical "On Christian Marriage"

* "The Effect of Contraception Upon Human Fertility," from *Human Biology*, Vol. 10, No. 3.

says: "Deliberate frustration of the natural power to generate life is an offense against the law of God and of nature, and those who indulge in such are branded with the guilt of a grave sin."

"But why should we bring more children into a world of economic insecurity?" cry many parents. This is the real crux of the whole problem. But in solving it, the birth-control-ers take hold of the wrong end of the stick. Finding squalor and undernourishment among the poor, the Planned Parenthood crowd bridles with indignation: "Children being born under these frightful conditions? Birth control must be taught!" Whereas the logical step would be to work for a higher standard of living, thereby solving what is primarily an economic problem by economic — *not immoral* — means.

Cardinal Hayes nobly expressed the position of the Church when he said: "Our duty is not to check life as it is about to enter the world, but to make the world a better place for life to enter."

To steep oneself in the literature of birth control is to absorb a false and morbid notion of what motherhood really means. Such literature emphasizes the risks, pain and unhappy consequences of childbearing. I know from my own experience that pregnancy is not a gay marching thing, that labor is indeed a cruel

ordeal, and that the raising of children is an exhausting task. But I also, know that these temporary and easily endurable burdens vanish utterly in the joy of maternal fruition. As Our Saviour himself said: "A woman when she has brought forth the child remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world."

Contrary to popular belief, the Catholic Church has never exhorted her people to have huge families beyond their economic means and beyond the strength of the mother. An approved method (which the whole world may practice) is the Rhythm System, based on the theory that the period of fertility in women has a definite cycle. By exerting self-control during the brief period of ovulation, pregnancy can be avoided.

I believe that all my children were "planned," not by me or my husband but by the Creator who endowed us with the power of giving life. Personally, I do not feel that I possess the wisdom to interfere actively with His larger design.

Under its missionary cloak Planned Parenthood conceals the selfishness of millions of American women who could well afford to bear children, but who refuse to have them because childlessness is the easier, less responsible course. Planned Parenthood exalts willful sterility, destroys the soul and threatens the state.

Stamping Out Syphilis with the One-Day Treatment

*By
Paul de Kruif*

A NEW and powerful method of attack on syphilis was reported in *The Reader's Digest* in September 1942. That story told how artificial fever could be combined with arsenic and bismuth to abolish the early, contagious form of the disease; moreover, the new fever-chemical treatment took one day instead of the 18 months required by the old purely chemical treatment.

This startling announcement was challenged by syphilis experts and by spokesmen for the medical profession. But now the one-day fever-chemical treatment is already in routine and successful use in Chicago, where the country's most ambitious attempt to eradicate syphilis is being carried out. At the Chicago Intensive Treatment Center the promise held out in *The Reader's Digest* in 1942 is confirmed in 1943.

Syphilis is a lifelong disease when not properly treated, but usually it is only in the first two years after contracting it that victims can give the disease to others. Hence it is only the minority suffering from early contagious syphilis that our

health men must find and treat if they are to strike at the roots of the plague.

During the past three years, an intensified search in Chicago revealed an increase of nearly 200 percent in the early contagious cases of the disease. Not because syphilis was increasing but because the harder you looked the more of the sinister sickness you uncovered. Health Officer Herman N. Bundesen took stock of this grim situation, a menace to our fighting men pouring into the Chicago area. He knew that the 18-month chemical treatment was an inadequate weapon; for among 21,000 midwestern patients followed by the U. S. Public Health Service 67 percent quit the grueling treatment while still dangerous to others.

Dr. O. C. Wenger of the U. S. Public Health Service urged the quicker, more effective method of wiping out the contagion by completing treatment rapidly in a hospital. So the Chicago Intensive Treatment Center was opened in November 1942. Funds for the venture came from the Federal Works

Agency, the U. S. Public Health Service, the state of Illinois and the city of Chicago.

At the Center, one large group of patients with early contagious syphilis was given the new one-day fever-cabinet treatment that had been experimentally proved by Drs. Simpson, Kendell and Rose at Dayton, Ohio. This consisted of eight hours of fever plus *small* injections of bismuth and arsenical. Another group at the Chicago center got *no* fever, but received huge doses of arsenic and bismuth concentrated in a seven-day period.

The ten fever cabinets were "hyper-therms" developed by Charles F. Kettering and Edwin C. Sittler at the Kettering Institute for Medical Research. The patient lies in a hyper-therm with head outside, naked body surrounded by circulating warm humid air produced by an electrical hot water boiler. A temporary heat of 112 degrees in the machine brings the patient's temperature up to 106; thereafter the fever is maintained at 106 by a cabinet temperature actually lower than that of the patient's body.

The attending nurses, like airline stewardesses, are especially picked for their technical training, good looks and happy personalities. They tell their patients stories, play radio music for them, cajole and divert them. At the same time they are vigilant: their fingers are never far from the pulse at the patient's temples, their eyes are constantly on

the dial wired to a rectal thermometer that tells the patient's temperature within a tenth of a degree. For the temperature must be safely maintained at two degrees less than the possibly fatal 108.

All patients enter the Intensive Treatment Center voluntarily; and yet the 200-bed hospital has been running close to capacity, treating syphilis, gonorrhea and other venereal infections. This is remarkable because people in the early stages of syphilis do not usually feel sick enough to think they should go to a hospital. The Center's patients come because Chicago's educational campaign has made them realize that their seemingly trivial early symptoms may mean incurable insanity or heartwreck later. Physicians send some patients; tavern and hotel-keepers help by urging prostitutes and sexually promiscuous women to seek treatment — for a big red sign, **SYPHILIS HERE — KEEP OUT**, tacked on noncoöperative places.

At the Center the patients are greeted with a kindness rare in the experience of many of them. To make sure they'll be able to stand the intensive treatment, they're given an elaborate three-day physical examination. Their chests are X-rayed and checked for tuberculosis; their hearts are tested by electrocardiograph. The attractive and friendly nurse-technicians show them the fever cabinets and tell them exactly what they're going to go through.

Patients are greatly interested in their highly gadgety diagnosis and prospective treatment. And in off hours during the three-day preparatory period at the Center, they can play table tennis, read in an excellent library, see feature films, hear lectures on venereal disease, attend church services. The meals are excellent. The patients voluntarily go through this treatment that abolishes their menace to the community because, in Surgeon General Thomas Parran's words, "they are treated as sick persons, not as sinners."

Despite the professional criticism that greeted its first announcement last year, the one-day fever-chemical treatment has been shown by the intensive Chicago experiment to be *safe and practical* for a mass attack upon syphilis. In the opening two months at the Center there were difficulties. Among the first 73 patients fevered, two died. The reasons were ascertained, and new safeguards set up. Since that time, 864 patients in unbroken succession have been given the one-day fever-chemical treatment without a death or even a severe reaction.

What's fully as important, the treatment has proved a lightning weapon to knock out the contagiousness of early syphilis. Its immediate effect is startling. The evil spirochetes disappear from patients' sores and ulcers within a day. So does the pain the disease may have been causing. Patients are held, however, three days more for observation. By

that time the contagious sores have healed; and, with the exception of those few suffering complications of other disease, they go home, returning later for regular checkups.

In the standard 18-month arsenic-and-bismuth treatment, 85 to 90 percent of the sufferers from early syphilis *who complete the treatment* are rid of their disease. That's an excellent record — except that so few patients will stick to the treatment for the many months require to make them safe. Since the fever-chemical method requires only eight hours of actual treatment, its completion is of course no problem. And so far over 90 percent of patients treated and re-examined have shown no sign of a return of their infectious syphilis. The relapse rate in the seven-day all-chemical treatment is similarly low, but the treatment itself is less bearable.

During the Center's early days the doctors tried to establish the smallest dose of arsenic that would give results. As was anticipated, a comparatively large number of failures occurred during this experimental period. *In the most recent series, 478 out of 484 — 98.76 percent — patients so far have shown no sign of a relapse.* Yet the doctors, making use of the supercharging effect of safe artificial fever, are giving the patients on the average less than one 13th of the amount of arsenic needed in the 18-month treatment.

Dr. Bundesen and Dr. T. J. Bauer

of the U. S. Public Health Service have organized a relentless hawk-eyed follow-up of all cases treated at the Center. In the early months after treatment, the patients are required to return to the hospital weekly for clinical and blood-test checkups. After that they're still required to come back every month for examination. If they don't show up, they're written warning letters; then they're telephoned. If this fails, investigators go out to find them and bring them back by automobile. It is reported that at least 70 percent of the patients are dutifully returning for their checkups — an amazing record.

The small number of patients who are found to have a return of their contagious syphilis are again given treatment. They prefer the fever cabinet to the seven days of "needles," as they call the intensive chemical treatment. So the one-day fever-chemical method is practical for a mass attack on syphilis, not only because it is effective but *because it is acceptable to the average patient.*

The new treatment is breaking the deadly chain of the spread of syphilis in Chicago with a speed till now unheard of. By the time you read this, 1000 contagious persons will have graduated from the fever cabinets; 500 more will have completed the intensive chemical treatment.

The significance of making some

1500 syphilitics noninfectious is clear when you realize how much new syphilis can be set alight by just one contagious person. Recently one young girl with early syphilis was found to have infected 32 people. It is precisely at these mass spreaders of disease that the Center's rapid treatment is striking.

Even this is not the final story. Another and still more hopeful development is looming. Dr. John F. Mahoney of the U. S. Public Health Service has found that the recently announced miracle-drug, penicillin, is active against the syphilis spirochete. By combining their safe artificial fever with the new power of penicillin, the Center's doctors hope to achieve an even higher percentage of cures.

The penicillin treatment is as yet entirely experimental: only four cases of early syphilis have been reported as treated with apparent "cures." Moreover, the manufacture of penicillin is still difficult, and the demand for it by our armed forces is so great that it may be several years before it can be widely used against syphilis.

The Chicago Center is successfully fighting syphilis with the most practical and effective method available today — the one-day fever-chemical treatment that conservative experts decried when it was made public in the Digest's pages barely over a year ago.



thrilling close-up of life and action aboard the aircraft

FLAT TOP— *Where Courage Is Routine*



By W. L. White

Author of "They Were Expendable," "Queen's Die Proudly," "Journey for Margaret" and other outstanding wartime features

THE NEW aircraft carrier has been sliding south through greasy, green tropical seas toward the combat zone, but now our wake curves behind us as we turn our bow straight into the wind to take planes aboard over the stern. Our torpedo planes and scout bombers with their escorting fighters are still far down under the horizon, combing the area ahead of us for enemy submarines. But our covering fighters, close to the ship, are low on gas and must come aboard.

Already they are circling us like air-weary gulls as they wait for the white flag.

I run aft down the flight deck's glaring acres of now spruce planking to its very end to watch the landing signal officer bring them in. He is lean and alert as a whippet, standing there in his orange sweater, holding his two orange flags. The white flag has just gone up from the bridge. Now the planes can come in.

It is a job that calls for slick handling. These planes land at something like 100 miles an hour. But they will come in against a 25-knot wind, with

the carrier moving away from them at a 25-knot speed, so that the relative speed is about 50. Even so, it must be done just right.

We are still many days from the battle zone and the danger is small. But suppose we get word from our patrols that a squadron of 15 enemy torpedo bombers is approaching, only 15 minutes flying time away? These circling, almost gasless fighters would be our only protection. Could we bring them all aboard, refuel them, rearm and relaunch them all in time? A ten-second delay on our flight deck might let just one enemy torpedo plane slip through, and cause the loss of this brand new fifty-million-dollar ship, and all her planes.

The first plane has circled far out and now, low on the horizon, is approaching our stern. I crouch in the catwalk, which hangs out over the water from the flight deck. A sailor is peering at the plane with glasses. "Wheels down," he reports. And then, "I look down!" Now even I can see it — the hook, trailing from the tip of the fighter's tail, which must catch in the cable of the arresting

gear and pull the plane to a halt. Otherwise the plane would go careening wildly up the deck toward the others parked forward.

The plane coming in gets bigger and bigger. The signal officer suddenly raises both his round orange flags over his head to form the arms of a Y — this tells the pilot that he's coming in too high. We see the plane sag in the sky. Suddenly the flags point down toward the deck at angles of 45 degrees — telling the boy that he corrected too much, and is now dangerously low.

Again the pilot corrects. But now he's almost on us — 12,000 pounds of aluminum and steel roaring straight at us at 50 miles an hour. I duck down below the level of the planking, but the landing signal officer must stay out there until the last instant, and just as the win shadow darkens the stern, he seems to slash across his own throat with the flag he holds. That tells the pilot to cut the motor and let the plane down onto the deck.

A roar, a sudden blast of propeller air, and the plane thunders past up the flight deck, the hook reach downward for the taut wires stretched hardly an inch above the planking. It misses the first, bounces — passes over the second and third — catches the fourth and stretches it out into a great V, as if you jerked at a tight rubber band with a shoe-button hook.

Only then I notice I am the only one back here who is standing up to gawk. All the others have ducked to

safety. Even the landing signal officer has dived like a flying tackler to his net, a little basket of woven ropes swung out over the sea.

Sometimes these cables snap, and the ends come lashing back down the deck like steel buggy whips which could shear a man's head off.

The cable does not break; so heads bob back up to deck level all along the catwalk which edges it. The landing signal officer scrambles back onto the deck; grins at me. He jerk his thumb at the net.

"Notice how I've enlarged it," he says. "On my last carrier the signal officer was bringing in a green pilot. This scared kid drops one wing just as he clears the ramp and misses the officer by inches — wouldn't have missed him at all if the signal officer hadn't jumped like hell. He jumped clear over the side of the net plop into the sea. Didn't matter much; he had on his Mae West and we signaled one of our destroyers to pick him up. All the same, when you have to jump off the deck you like to think there's something to catch you closer than a wave 100 feet below —"

"Hook down," calls the sailor with the glasses. Another plane is starting its wide circle toward us.

"Deck foul!" calls another sailor behind us. We glance back up the deck and see that the first plane is still tangled in the gear.

"Guess I'd better give this one the wave-off." And the signal officer, holding his two orange flags high above his head, waves them rapidly

back and forth. The plane zooms over us by 100 feet.

"That'll cost the first pilot plenty," says the signal officer. The pilots of this squadron play a game with each other. One of them sits back here with a stop watch, and each pilot is allowed a quota of seconds to engage his hook, stop, fold his wings and taxi on up the deck beyond the gear so the next man can land. For every additional second he's in the gear they fine him a nickel for the squadron mess fund. They know that in battle they'll need those extra seconds.

"But a lot of it depends on the deck crews," said another officer, Lieutenant Paul Bedwell.

The signal officer nodded. "Those deck crews have the toughest spot on the ship," he said. "Imagine having to do your work crawling under the wings of planes parked elbow to elbow, and most of them with the propellers going."

Bedwell shook his head sadly. "You saw that boy get hurt the day we sailed. Yet I've told 'em and I've told 'em -- and we've got signs up all over the hangar deck -- 'Beware of Propellers.' And I cautioned that same boy only the day before. But it sure made Christians out of the others. Guess these green kids have got to see it happen before they believe you."

"Nobody has to tell us pilots how important it is to keep the decks cleared," said Lieutenant Com-

mander James E. Vose, leader of the carrier's dive bombers.

"It always gets you when you see something may happen to your ship and you're helpless. I had that feeling the day they finally got the *Hornet*. We'd located the Japs the day before -- they had a task force with three carriers, each as big as the *Lexington* or the *Saratoga*. We stayed on the alert all night, trying to get some sleep in our flight gear in the ready-room chairs.

"About 8:30 they let our first group take off -- about 36 planes, leaving 15 fighters behind to protect the *Hornet*. But when we were less than an hour out we saw a formation of about 40 Jap planes, same setup as ours, dive bombers and torpedo bombers, coming straight at us almost on a collision course."

"Afraid they'd attack you?"

Vose smiled sadly. "Not a chance of that. Both sides, approaching each other, knew the enemy had spotted the other side's carrier. I knew then when we got back that night we probably wouldn't have a home. So did the Japs."

"What did you do?"

"Passed them like they weren't there and went on toward their carriers. Only thing we could do, and the same with them. They got the *Hornet*, all right; when we got back the ship was a mess and we had to fly on to the *Enterprise*. But we got two of theirs."

A head suddenly bobbed up the ladder which led down to the pilots'

ready rooms. It was Lieutenant Commander Frank Whittaker, of the dive bombers, grinning at me.

"All aboard for that ride," he said.

I duck under wings on the slight deck, avoiding propellers, and climb into the radio-gunner's seat just behind him. He leans out of his cockpit and shouts to a boy in the deck-handling crew:

"Show White about his parachute!"

The boy saunters over. "Goes right around your shoulders and then buckles. But you won't need it."

"Buckles where?"

"Down under your legs. But you won't need it."

"Yes, but which buckle goes where?"

"Don't worry, you won't need it."

He had gone. And now the rumble of the warning motor leaps to an angry roar, the deck begins to glide by, to whizz by, suddenly there is no more deck and we are rising. I look back to watch the carrier dwindle, see another torpedo bomber just gliding down the deck for take-off. The sky wheels majestically as we spiral upward. Now far below I see our covering destroyers, spread out in front of the carrier, nosing through the waves like bird dogs snuffing the underbrush ahead of a hunter.

My earphones rattle and I hear Whittaker's voice, "There's our fighter, portside aft." I crane my neck and there he is, close in, as

steady as though he were a part of our plane's structure.

Again the phones click. "Going to test those .50's?" Whittaker is asking the gunner in the turret above me.

"Just ready, sir."

"Might throw some tracers over ahead of that fighter. Not too close though. Just have a little fun with him."

There is a few seconds' pause, then comes the hammering and I see the tracers arching over the fighter which gives a leap like a startled sparrow diving from a telephone wire. The fighter drops and swings under us.

I hear the gunner laugh. "That woke him up. Watch out for him, sir! He'll sure as hell be after us now!"

"Let's lose him," says Whittaker. My seat creaks as we suddenly swerve upward in a climbing turn. "I'm going into a cloud." In a few seconds our windows are smothered in thick mist. Then it falls away. There is blue sky and water again.

"There he is!" shouts the gunner. "Portside forward, 5000 feet above — he sees us — here he comes!"

The fighter's wings are a tiny hair-line, growing bigger. Now I see the little lump of cockpit, and the sun shining on the pilot's helmet.

"Look out, sir!" shouts the gunner again. The bomber gives a heavy squirm beneath me, but it's too late. I stare right into the gun nozzles of the fighter before he slips down under us and slides away.

Today it's only an unbelievably

exciting game. But the skill gained in these practice romps may soon be needed against the Japanese.

The landing hook pulls us to a halt with a jerk no worse than that of a clumsily handled freight elevator. The damp tropic heat closes in, and soon I'm stripping off my suit in the pilots' ready room, the only air-conditioned place on the ship, cool as a movie palace. A Crosley record-changing job is dreamily moaning out "I'll Never Smile Again," against a background of pleading cellos. In their steel cabins the Admiral and the Captain can sweat through an equatorial night like any other sailor. But these young pilots must have everything to cool, relax and cushion them until they take off again. The lives of hundreds of men may depend on the steady nerves of one 22-year-old fighter pilot.

Off duty these boys live as do other officers of their rank, quartered two and three to a severely functional steel cabin. Their bedding by day is folded up in a fireproof tarpaulin. Even the floors are steel — battleship linoleum has disappeared, because of the fire hazard.

But this ready room, where they must stay while on duty or on call, is a curious blending of college classroom and luxurious club. White-jacketed mess attendants bring them sandwiches and coffee when they return from a flight. Sitting back in leather upholstered chairs, they watch an illuminated screen on which

teletype messages are thrown, to keep them abreast of everything — the ship's position, the direction and force of the winds, the whereabouts of the nearest land.

When we contact the enemy, every scrap of information we get on his course and number of ships will be thrown on this screen, bit by bit as it comes in, only a few seconds after the Captain gets it.

But since the enemy is still far away, this afternoon they will see one of the government's motion pictures showing the rise of fascism and the forces which made this war, or a training film showing the problems a bombardier must master, or even a cartoon training film showing the dumb soldier Snafu and his troubles both with his equipment and with a wide-eyed, wider-hipped Betty-Boop-like girl, who brings howls and whistles from the pilots.

Small wonder that other officers, when off duty, find excuses to step from the tropical steam into the coolness of the ship's ready rooms.

My flying suit now back on its peg, I notice one of the ship's many fire hoses coiled on a rack, and lean over to stare at its curious nozzle.

"Bet you never saw that kind before," said Lieutenant Joseph J. Bodell, Jr., glancing up from one of the cushioned seats. "It's a fog nozzle; throws out a great balloon of fog that smothers fire instantly. If we'd had them when the war began, the old *Wasp* would still be floating and fighting. I know, for I was on her

when she burned. Been thinking about her all day."

"So have I," said Lieutenant Bedwell, who had just come down from the flight deck. I'll never forget that last day on the *Wasp*. I was standing on deck beside a fighter when there was a big flash, a terrific jar, and the landing gear of this plane beside me collapsed. It sat flat down on the deck. I wasn't knocked down, but was staggering like I'd been hit on the head. The ship heeled way over to starboard, then righted herself.

"By now smoke and fire were coming onto the bridge, so the Captain backed the ship down and stopped the engines. Then I got the order to push all flight-deck planes over the starboard side. The whole forward end seemed to be afire. Some of the crew were assembling aft on the flight deck and bringing up the wounded. But my deck crews were so well trained they went about shoving those planes overside just like it was a normal operation.

"Right beneath us on the hangar deck we could hear one explosion after another. Because down there were planes all loaded with 1000-pound bombs or depth charges. The torpedo planes were loaded too."

"That was where I was," said Bodell. "At 2:45 I happened to be in the office, taking care of back paper work. Three yeomen, stripped to the waist, were playing gin rummy on the floor, when there was a terrible jar. The lights went out and

smoke began pouring in. One of the boys ran toward the gunnery office and I saw a big safe fall on him and pin him flat.

"Then fire broke out, following the line of those gasoline hoses on deck. It flamed up around the superstructure and then I heard the voice of my best friend. He had been trapped in a room. The explosion had buckled its steel door, and there was no hope of opening it. Flames were now coming up all around it and he was yelling, 'For God's sake get me out of here!' through the gasoline fumes and fire. He was my best friend and there was nothing I could do.

"On the hangar deck I found all the planes forward ablaze, with their bombs exploding, and steel whizzing around everywhere. It was terrific. And I saw the water pressure was so low that the automatic sprinkler system wasn't operating.

"I organized three fire-fighting parties to go in among those planes and try to put them out. But it wasn't much use, because streams of water only spread the fire.

"On the hangar deck exploding planes were breaking open gas lines, flaming gasoline was sloshing around ankle deep. Some of us were still trying to fight the fire. Others were jumping into the water, although I tried to keep them working, because we had no word yet to abandon ship. Presently there were violent explosions forward, which we guessed were the magazines —"

"And right after that the clipping room," said Bedwell, "where they belt the .50-caliber ammunition. It sounded like an old-fashioned Fourth of July.

"When we got word of the Captain's order to abandon ship, about 200 men were already in the water; been trapped by fire and had to jump. Others had torn a pilot's parachute into strips, tied them together for a rope, and knotted one end to the catwalk rail. The free end reached to hangar deck level. From there you had to let go and drop.

"What I'll never forget was the hundreds of pairs of shoes; each guy would take them off and leave his pair carefully side by side on the flight deck, sometimes with their strings knotted together so they wouldn't get lost. Why be so careful when, if you stop to think, you know you'll never see your shoes again? Shows what training will do."

"What I'll never forget was the Admiral," said Bodell. "When word came to abandon ship he stalked through the flames and took station on the fantail. He was neatly, but not gaudily, dressed in long winter woolen underwear, bedroom slippers, a flight jacket, a flying helmet and goggles.

"I climbed down the cargo net and dropped off into the water. Then I saw my first sign of panic, because some of those green kids had no trust in their life jackets and, instead of getting clear of the ship, were clinging to its plates by their

fingernails — worst thing you can do. One youngster was crying in the water; had a cramp and was afraid he'd never see home again. I towed him to a life raft.

"Officers were rounding up the men into groups and boosting the wounded aboard rafts so their blood wouldn't attract sharks. Just then the cruiser *Juneau*, which was standing by, got a submarine contact. She and all the cans went snorting out, hell-for-breakfast after the sub, throwing out depth charges — and boy, was that a sensation! To me it felt like they had stuffed an egg beater up my bottom, and a wild man was cranking it."

"I swam as hard as I could to get clear of the ship," said Bedwell. "I thought any minute the torpedo magazines would let go. The flames were spreading fast because the hose lines hadn't been drained after refueling — something that can never happen aboard this ship."

"But presently a destroyer picked us all up," said Bodell, "and we sat on her decks and watched the old *Wasp* burn. We could see her whole hangar deck opened out. It looked like a stage set in hell.

"Just at sunset the Admiral ordered the destroyer to torpedo her. The salvo struck her midships between the stacks. We were sitting on deck watching. She sank immediately, bow first, yet very stubbornly. I watched her until she started to roll over. Then I couldn't look any more. I got up and went inside.

"But that wasn't quite the end. Next morning at 11 our engines suddenly stopped. I saw our flag come down to half mast, and knew that now they were reading the burial service and that in a minute the bodies, sewn in canvas, would go overside. I didn't want to watch it. But, looking across the water at the other destroyer, I could see along her water line the white splashes made by her bodies when they went overside, at the same time ours did."

And then very suddenly Bodell got up and, without looking back, walked out of the pilots' ready room. An hour after mess that evening, as

I was talking to Commander Bagdanovich, I noticed him with a small group of others, huddled at the opposite end of the big wardroom.

"Excuse me a minute," I said, "I want to talk to Bodell."

"Wait," said Bagdanovich, "I wouldn't go over there. That's the gang from the *Wasp*."

"But I know most of them. It's all right."

"No, it isn't all right," said Bagdanovich firmly. "You see, it happened just one year ago. And at mess the *Wasp* gang passed out word that tonight they wanted to be alone."

The World — and Hollywood

» A PLAYWRIGHT decided to leave Hollywood and gave notice to that effect to his employer. The producer sent for him, to try to dissuade him from this radical step. The playwright remained firm. "But you can't make any money writing for the stage," the producer said. "Take your last play — how much money did *that* make?" "Seventy-five thousand dollars," the playwright said, with some pride. "See?" said the producer.

— *The New Yorker*

» SAMUEL GOLDWYN, who was seeking a film story for Bob Hope, received a phone call from a Hollywood writer. "I have a wonderful comedy," the writer told him excitedly. "It's ideal for Hope." "Fine, fine," Goldwyn said. "Not only is it a great comedy," the writer went on, "but it also has a message."

"A message?" repeated Goldwyn. "Just write me a comedy. Messages are for Western Union."

— Leonard Lyons

LET THE HURRICANE ROAR



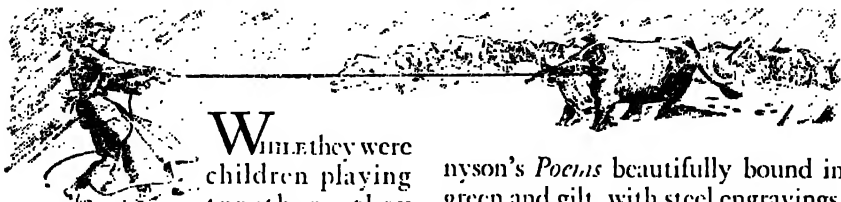
A CONDENSATION FROM THE BOOK BY
ROSE WILDER LANE

Author of "Hill Billy," "Cinda," etc.

*I*n this story of the magnificent courage and faith of pioneers on the untamed Dakota prairie there is something to make every American reader proud of his heritage. It has been said that *Let the Hurricane Roar* established Rose Wilder Lane among the few writers who have drawn from the deep roots of our national life to create fiction of lasting value.

The novel's appearance was greeted enthusiastically by critics and public alike; it quickly went through eight printings, and popular demand has been so continuous that it has been reprinted at least once each year for ten years.

LET THE HURRICANE ROAR



WHILE they were children playing together, they said they would be married as soon as they were old enough, and when they were old enough they married.

Caroline never quite lost the wonder that she, quiet and shy and not very pretty, had won such a man as Charles. He was laughing and bold, a daring hunter, a dancer, fiddler and fighter.

When they married there was little good land left near the settlement. Farther west, the country was not yet settled and the land was said to be rich and level and without forests to be cleared. So they went West.

Charles' father was an open-handed man and he had six sons younger than Charles; he could afford to be generous. Charles' labor belonged to his father until he was 21, but his father gave him his time — a free gift of more than two years. To cap this, he gave Charles the team and wagon he would have earned by working till he was 21.

Caroline's parents gave her two blankets, two wild-goose-feather pillows, an ' cooking pot, pan and skillet. They gave her a ham, a cheese, two molds of maple sugar, and Ten-

nyson's *Poems* beautifully bound in green and gilt, with steel engravings. She had the patchwork quilts she had pieced. So they set out well provided for.

They could never decide which was best — the varied days of traveling westward on unknown roads; or the evenings by the campfires, when Charles would play his fiddle while the horses grazed and stars or moon shone overhead and the night air was sweet. His favorite hymn always lifted him to his feet, his voice ringing out the defiant, triumphant words that surged across the stumpy fields and echoed into the vast, unconquered forest:

Let the hurricane roar!
It will the sooner be o'er!
We'll weather the blast, and land at
last,
On Canaan's happy shore!

Later Caroline would bank the fire while Charles tied the horses safe for the night, and they would go to bed in the wagon.

Every day Charles shot game. When they needed flour and tea and sugar, they camped at some settlement while he worked for supplies.

It was late summer when they reached the western prairie. Charles got a job teaming on the railroad.

The homestead could wait, he said; he would look around for one, and meantime she must stay in the railroad camp. They were going to have a baby, and he wanted to earn money.

The camp for the men who were pushing the railroad westward was small on the immense plain; bunk-house, cookhouse and company store. Mrs. Baker and her sister, who ran the cookhouse, were coarse, blowzy women, and Caroline did not want to stay with them. So Charles built her a sod shanty. He cut the strips of tough sod and she helped him to lay the walls and stretch the canvas wagon top over them. A thatch of slough grass kept out the heat of the sun. In two days the house was done, neat and cool and all her own.

Charles hauled supplies to the new camp, 20 miles west. Every second night he was away from her. You could hear wolves howling in the distance. Nearby, the company store was noisy with boots and the rough voices of men drinking and gambling. Charles had given her a gun and she was never afraid. But she was lonely.

By September the winds were edged with cold and all day long the gray sky resounded to the calls of birds flying South. The camps were closing; there would be no more work till next year. Charles had earned money enough for the winter's supplies and for tools and seed — and he had found a homestead.

His blue eyes sparkled when he told her. On this homestead there

were already a dugout and a sod barn, and 50 acres of the sod were broken. Another man had taken the land and done all that work, yet he was giving up and going back East. He said he could not stand another winter of loneliness.

Charles asked, "Would it be too lonesome for you, Caroline? There wouldn't be another human being within 30 miles."

"You wouldn't have to go away?"

"No, I'd be there, but —"

She said, "No, I won't be lonesome."

In the middle of the night Charles started to the Land Office, 30 miles away, to get that homestead before anyone else. He was not yet 20, but he was the head of a family, so he need not wait till he was 21 before he filed claim. At dark the third day Caroline heard him singing above the rattle of the wagon. He had the papers. In five years they would own their land.



Work stopped in the camps. In wagons, on horseback, on foot, men were going back East to the settled country. Caroline helped Charles pack supplies and they started West.

Mrs. Baker was angry when she heard that Charles and Caroline were not going East for the winter. She faced Charles, hands on hips.

"That child, in her condition!" she said. "You want to kill her?"

Her blunt talk frightened Charles.

All day long the door stood open, and Caroline took the baby and walked to the field where Charles was plowing. The whole land was exuberant with promise.

That year the railroad tracks would be laid within ten miles of their homestead. A number of families were camped at the town site and next year trains would be running. Everywhere men were taking homesteads. Caroline and Charles were glad they had come first and got the best. They would have the first wheat in that country.

One morning in May, when the wheat field was green and Charles was planting potatoes, a covered wagon drawn by oxen came across the prairie. That evening Charles showed Caroline a campfire half a mile away, and next morning the strangers were building a sod shanty.

"We're going to have neighbors," Charles said, pleased. Next morning he walked over to welcome the newcomers. He came back disappointed; they were Swedes, and could hardly speak English.

At dinnertime a few weeks later, Mr. Svenson appeared in the doorway, a big man in dusty clothes, with calloused hands and a sorrowful, broad face. His blue eyes glistened with tears. He stretched out his arm to the vast prairie; he made a sound like the ceaseless sound of the wind. He held up two fingers; one, he showed them, was himself. The other his wife. He held out his

hands to Caroline imploringly. His wife was lonely.

That afternoon Caroline put on her best dress and bonnet, and taking the baby in her arms, walked across the prairie. She stood by the blanket that covered the shanty's doorway and shyly called, "Mrs. Svenson?"

A yellow-haired woman, no older than Caroline, lifted the blanket. Trembling with excitement, she led Caroline by the hand into the shanty. The only chair was the wagon seat, taken from their wagon. Mrs. Svenson, eagerly smiling and talking incomprehensibly, urged Caroline to sit upon it. Then she put coffee and water in the pot and hurried out to set it over a fire of buffalo chips. She had no stove.

The canvas wagon top lay folded on the floor, and on it a fat feather bed was neatly made up with pillows and counterpane. Barrels and two large painted chests stood in a corner. Mrs. Svenson opened the chests and got out two cups and saucers, then brought in the coffee.

"Cup," Caroline said, pointing. Mrs. Svenson repeated, "Cup!" She laughed, showing her strong white teeth.

"Saucer," Caroline said.

"Saucer," Mrs. Svenson said eagerly. Then she began pointing to other things. It was like a game. "Ba-bee," Mrs. Svenson repeated many times, and Caroline let her hold Charles John. He laughed and kicked in her arms.

When Caroline was leaving, Mrs.

Svenson took her out by the sod barn to show her two hives of bees. Caroline taught her "bees," and "honey," and she went home excited by so many things to tell Charles.

Sometimes twice a week, after that, Caroline and Mrs. Svenson spent an afternoon together in the dugout or the shanty. Caroline felt that the country was settling up rapidly when she had a neighbor only half a mile away.

The crops were thriving; besides the wheat there would be potatoes, turnips, carrots and flour for next winter, and money enough for other supplies. Next year, if all went well, they would have a cow. When Charles got the title to the land they would build a frame house.

They planted the seeds from the cottonwood in a double row around the site they chose for the house. Every day when her other work was done, Caroline lugged dozens of pails of water from the creek to the seedling cottonwoods. Some day they would have a tall windbreak.

One morning late in June Charles said, "I want to show you something." His voice shook with excitement. She followed him up the path and through the slough, then stood amazed. The wheat field's green stalks rose before her, breast high.

"Look, Caroline!" Charles' voice broke from control. "It'll run 40 bushels to the acre! Wheat's worth a dollar a bushel out here now. This crop's worth \$2000!"

She stood dazed. It was a sum outside reality. She said, awed, "We could have the cow."

"A cow!" Charles shouted. "A herd of cows! We'll fence the land. We'll build the house. I'm going to buy you a silk dress! We'll have a buggy and a driving team!" He seized her up in his arms and swung her around dizzily, prancing, whooping. "We're rich, Caroline, rich!"

Every evening they went to look at the wheat. The time of frost was past, and the crop needed no more rain. Inside the rows of tiny cottonwood seedlings Charles began to dig the cellar of the new house. Caroline had been born in a log cabin, but Charles could faintly remember a white-painted house far in the East; this house was to be like that.

Charles thought that the homestead was not enough. "I ought to file on a tree claim," he said. "Caroline, we're growing up with the greatest country on earth!"

"We'd have to set out a hundred trees and cultivate them five years," she said. "You'd work yourself to death, cultivating two quarter sections."

He laughed at her, lovingly. "What's money for? We can hire help."

Before sunrise he was riding away in the wagon. A Land Office was at the town site now; he could be home that night.

The day's work was only a shell filled by a future more real to her than the present. At the new house

there would be a well, with a pump; she would not carry water up the creek bank any more. The baby would have soft flannel petticoats and sheer dresses trimmed with lace. There would be wooden floors, easily swept and mopped.

When the sun was setting, she faithfully carried water to the seedling cottonwoods. Straightening her tired back, she looked at the raw hole in the earth that would be the cellar. She thought of the white house, sheltered by its windbreak of tall trees, surrounded by the fields pouring forth a wealth of wheat. Their home. The baby would never know any other. He would grow to boyhood and manhood in the big white house; he would work in the wheat fields and in the large barns; he would ride his own horse over the prairies. He would have no memory of a life in a poor dugout.

It was dark when she heard the wagon and went to meet Charles at the barn with a lantern. The light fell on a load of lumber, and behind the wagon was a new, red moving machine, its steel parts glittering. Packages were piled in the seat beside Charles.

He jumped over the wheel and seized her in a hug that drove the breath from her lungs. "Guess what I got for you!"

"But Charles, how — Oh, you didn't go in debt?"

"Why not? We're good for it, aren't we? You ought to hear 'em talking, in town, about our wheat! I

filed a claim on the quarter section across the creek. We've got the best half section in this country! When it's all in wheat — Golly, you didn't think I was driving that ten miles with an empty wagon? We've got to have the mowing machine, haven't we — and the lumber?"

There had never been such a supper, such an evening. Charles had brought a beefsteak, candy, raisins, and even a pound of butter and a pound of white sugar. He had brought a rattle for the baby, and a pair of little boots much too large for him now. Then he opened a package and disclosed yards of shimmering brown silk. Caroline gasped, incredulous. She touched it reverently. "Your hair's silkier." Charles tried to speak lightly, but a cry burst from his heart. "Thank God, I'm going to be able to take care of you and the baby!"

After supper was eaten, they sat together in the doorway and looked at the stars. They rested together in the security the wheat had given them. "I'll be cutting it the end of next week," Charles said.

Caroline was putting dinner on the table the next day, when they suddenly heard a woman's frantic screaming.

"You stay here," Charles said. He seized his gun and was gone. Caroline went no farther from the baby than the top of the path.

Mrs. Svenson was coming, running, and Charles was running toward her. She cried out, panting,

some word of warning and terror, then turned and pointed upward. A cloud like none that Caroline had ever seen was coming from the northwest, moving swiftly over the sun. Mrs. Svenson ran sobbing back toward her sod shanty.

Caroline thought there was a pattering like rain on the grass around her, but she could see only rustling blades. Charles stood as if frozen. He cried out, "Good — God — Almighty!"

Grasshoppers were coming out of the sky, dropping by hundreds. The cloud was grasshoppers.

Charles ran toward the barn, shouting, "Fill the tub, soak blankets! Maybe fire'll save it!"

Before the winged creatures had ceased to fall from the sky, Charles had driven the horses thrice around the wheat field. Three furrows of upturned earth protected the wheat from the fire he then set in the wild grass. Luckily there was no wind.

It was Caroline's part to follow the fire along the strip of plowed ground, to keep the flames from leaping into the wheat. Charles had the harder task of controlling the fire in the grass, and keeping it from burning the whole country. With the smell of the clean smoke there was another, oilier smell of grasshoppers caught by the licking heat.

It seemed that there had never been and would never be anything but this fierce, relentless and desperate battle. Yet at last it ended. Caro-

line sank to the ground, trembling.

Charles came to her quickly. He was grimy with smoke, his eyelashes were gone and the hair was scorched from his arms. The wheat stood as before, golden-green and beautiful, with a whirring of grasshoppers over it.

"You go in and rest," he said. "I'm going to keep up a thick smudge. That'll do the trick!"

As Caroline walked through grasshoppers they crunched sickeningly under her feet; they were in her hair, in her sleeves, in her skirts. Her ears tried to shut out the whirring of their wings.

Mechanically she cared for the baby. At the usual time she fed the horses and led them to water, then cooked supper. Charles was cutting slough grass and piling it on the burned strip around the wheat field. Thick smoke rose and spread in the motionless air.

Caroline kept supper warm for a long time. Charles came in at last, too tired and restless to eat. She went with him to the wheat field. In the starlight they replenished the heaps of smoldering grass, kept the heavy smoke pouring into the air.

Dawn came murky through the smoke. When the sun's first rays struck across the prairie, a sound rose from it. It was a sound of innumerable tiny jaws nibbling, crunching.



A trembling began in the wheat field. Tall stalks shivered; here and there one moved as if it were struggling, then swayed and leaned crookedly against its fellows.

Charles shouted hoarsely and plunged into the field. He tore the precious stalks up by armfuls. It was like tearing their own flesh, to tear up and pile heaps of the ripening grain and set fire to it, but a sacrifice of part might save the rest.

Through the smoke, Charles shouted, "Caroline, go back to the dugout and stay there! You can't do this — you're still nursing the baby!" Tears from his reddened eyes smeared the grime on his cheeks.

Every hour she carried a cool drink to him. She took him food, but he would not stop to eat.

"If we just save enough for seed," he gasped once. "I can get time on those debts, if I put in a crop."

The next day the grass was no longer standing on the prairie. It lay as if mowed, and still it was restlessly shaken. Bringing a pail of water from the creek, Caroline halted and stared at the little plum trees. Not a leaf was left.

When Charles came into the dugout his eyes were red in his sooty face. "Well, Caroline, the wheat's gone. Every spear." He dropped heavily onto the bench.

She mustn't let him break down.

"I guess if there isn't any wheat, we'll get along without it," she said. "You've got along all right without it so far." She sat beside him and he

drew her against him. She felt the sob shake his body when he turned his face against her shoulder. As she had clung to him when the baby was born, he was clinging to her in this misery too great to bear alone.

"Oh, Caroline, if I hadn't been such a fool! In debt almost \$200! Not even flour for this winter; not even seed."

"Never mind now. You'll manage all right. You'll feel better when you've had some sleep."

He slept heavily, exhausted. Next morning his face was creased and his eyes swollen. After he had done the chores and eaten breakfast, she persuaded him to lie down again. He fell asleep at once, and Caroline sat quiet in order not to disturb him.

Suddenly she was aware of a rasping, clicking, scratching sound that crawled up her spine and over her scalp. She started to her feet, and saw on the door jamb a scaly black line rippling, pouring inward. The grasshoppers were coming into the dugout. Hundreds, thousands of hard, triangular heads, knobbed with eyes, pointed with nibbling jaws, were moving inward over the door jamb. She snatched up the baby, wrapped him in her apron, covered him with her arms.

"Charles! Charles!" she screamed. "Kill them!"

The door stood open against the creek bank. She saw the whole earth crawling — path, creek bank, prairie, scaly and crawling. She seized the

latch. The door closed horribly, crunching grasshoppers.

Charles was awake now and quickly he took up the battle. He brushed them from ceiling and walls, crushed them with his boots, shook them out of the bedding and swept them from beneath the bunk.

All that night the creatures came, and all the next day. Charles left only long enough to take care of the horses. "Thank God they are all right," he said. "I'll be able to get a job with the team. I'll go back to work on the railroad for a while. We're not licked yet. We'll make out all right."

"Of course we will," Caroline said. "We always have."

She knew how he hated to go back to work on the railroad. For a year he had had his own land; he had been independent.

Late that afternoon the oiled paper windowpane shone clear. As mysteriously as they had come, the grasshoppers were going. A translucent cloud of them swept north-westward across the sun.

On the prairie not one blade of grass remained. Dust blew in the evening breeze. The only things the grasshoppers had not eaten were the stacks of slough hay left from last year.

Charles drove away next morning before daylight for the nearest railroad camp, 20 miles away. "If the foreman puts me to work right away, I'll stay," he told her. "I'll try to find a rider coming this way and

send you word, but don't be worried if I don't get home tomorrow night. Svenson'll look out for you."

He held her close for a minute, and kissed her. Then he climbed to the wagon seat and drove away.

She did not know how anxious she was, until Charles did not come on the second night. She told herself that she had been sure he would get a job. Now they could pay something on the debts and buy supplies for next winter and seed for next year. She told herself that the loss of the wheat was not a real loss; they had never harvested the grain, they had never had the new house, the driving team and buggy. None of these had been real.

"Charles has a job," she said to herself. "We will have a cow next year." Little Charles John would have milk.

Five nights later, Charles returned. Caroline was nursing the baby when she heard the wagon stopping by the barn.

The lanternlight showed dust thick in the hollows of his eyes. It showed the endless miles he had traveled that day in dust and heat, alone, defeated.

"You must be tired out." Her voice caressed him. "I'll help unhitch."

"I can't get a job. There isn't a job in the whole country."

She held up her face, and he kissed her briefly and turned away to unfasten the traces.

She went to the dugout, and when he came in the tea was boiling and

Mr. Svenson pointed with his knife to the vista beyond the doorway. The prairie was lost in heat; there was no horizon. "Ta tam country, she feed nobody," he said bitterly. "She iss devils, ta country."

Caroline was silent. In politeness she could not say, "It's men that inake a country. What's the matter with you?" After a moment she said gently, "it's hot because there are no trees. But where there are trees, you have to cut them down and burn them, and dig out the stumps. Out here in the West we'll plant the trees we want. It will be cooler when the trees are grown and all the land is in crops. It's good land."

By September Caroline was counting the weeks. Only eight of them now were between her and Charles.

One morning Mr. Svenson came down the path to the dugout and stood in the door. He spread out his calloused hands and let them fall lax. "Ve go."

The Svensons were giving up; they were going East.

Mr. Svenson struggled for words. Tears came into his eyes, as they had come when he told Caroline that his wife was lonely. "Ta little bee --- big bee kill all." His bees were killing their broods, stinging to death the young bees, because instinct told them they would not be able to feed them through the winter. The grasshoppers had killed all the plants; the bees could find no blossoms from which to make honey. Tears for the little bees trickled

down into Mr. Svenson's beard. Passionately he said that he would not stay in a country where not even a bee could live.

Caroline was a little frightened. All summer she had kept the feeling that the country was settling up rapidly, when neighbors were only half a mile apart. She put on her sun-bonnet and walked across the prairie to see Mrs. Svenson.

Mrs. Svenson had a brother in Minnesota; they would go to him. That winter they would be in a country of fenced fields and neighbors. There would be gossip, jokes, sleighbells ringing through the woods on the way to dances. Mrs. Svenson talked of all these things and was very busy getting ready to go.

Only once, without meaning to, her eyes confessed the truth. Mrs. Svenson knew that her husband was giving up, that he would be only a hired man in the East. But she smiled and said, "Ve coom back! Is plenty land, yes?"

Yes. But Charles would own his land in four years more. Charles would never give up, with no more reason than Mr. Svenson had.

With his oxen, Mr. Svenson hauled his potatoes and turnips and his share of the slough hay to the town site, trading them for supplies they would need on the trip. When he returned, he fumbled in his blouse, took out a letter. Quickly she opened the envelope. Two limp bank notes lay in it. She could hardly read the words on the sheet

of paper, for her tears of excitement:

DEAR WIFE: I take my pen in hand to let you know do not worry. I had an accident but am getting along fine. Caroline I cannot get home in Oct. My leg is broke in two places but the doc says I am mending fast. I will not be lame. I have your dear letter and am glad you are well and the little shaver fat and sissy. Caroline, you better make arrangements to stay with Svensons. I do not know when I can travel and it is liable to be a bad winter there. Game will be scarce. Wolves and outlaws will be moving back to settled country. Svenson will take care of you. Have him build you a shanty joining his. I send what money I can for supplies. I will come as soon as I can. Now do not worry about me. Roslyn is not charging me a cent for board while I am laid up and will pay the doc. Caroline, dear Wife, try not to miss me the way I miss you. I am never going to leave you again as long as we live. Write to me.

YOUR LOVING HUSBAND

Mr. Svenson looked expectantly at Caroline. He and his wife were ready to leave and every day was precious, for they must begin the long journey soon in order to reach Minnesota before the heavy snows.

"He isn't coming," she said. "He's been hurt." Even those words did not pierce her numbness. Her eyes were looking at the bank notes. Two ten-dollar bills; two times ten is twenty.

The responsibility was now hers. She said, "I must take the baby and go to the town site."

THE Svensons had come out of their way to bring Caroline to the town site; they were giving her

two days out of the meager sum of days in which to make the long trip to Minnesota. Two days the oxen were eating their feed without coming nearer the journey's end. She could not refuse this kindness but she would not take more; today she must find shelter in the town.

There was the store. Caroline drew a deep breath and shifted the baby on her shoulder. Mr. Henderson, the owner, was sweeping the floor when Caroline and Mrs. Svenson entered. "Good morning, ladies," he said. "What can I do for you?"

She told him she wanted to stay in town till Charles came back. "I could work, perhaps, to help pay our way, Charles sent me some money, but -"

Mr. Henderson tugged his beard. "Tell the truth, there's not many women folks left in town. Men with families mostly cleared out after the grasshoppers hit us. We're kind of crowded, but you might ask Mrs. Henderson." He opened the door into the back room. "Ma! Here's a couple ladies to see you!"

Mrs. Henderson was getting breakfast. She was small, quick and voluble. "Well, of course you can't stay by yourself on a claim, and winter coming on! I'd be glad to take you in myself -- goodness knows a little board money'd help out -- but there's just the one bedroom for the six of us, and when it's our turn to board the schoolteacher I'll have to make down a bed for her here in the kitchen.

"There's Mrs. Decker, the saloon-keeper's wife, but a good pious woman. She has only the one room, but it's good-sized, and nobody but her and her husband. Then there's Mrs. Insull — he's going to be the station agent. I don't know if she'd take a boarder, but no harm trying."

Mrs. Decker was a thin, sallow woman with bright black eyes. She stood in the doorway and looked sharply at Caroline, the baby, and Caroline's wedding ring.

"Why isn't your husband here taking care of you?"

"He went East to work," Caroline said. "He's coming back as soon as he can."

"Could you pay \$4 a week?"

Caroline was stunned. She looked wide-eyed at Mrs. Decker.

"Of course, if you can't pay —" Mrs. Decker said. "I wouldn't turn even a dog from my door that hadn't any other place to go."

Caroline said with dignity, "It's a little more than I wanted to pay, but I will think about it. Good morning, Mrs. Decker."

It seemed unreal to Caroline that she was walking on the dusty road, in this strange town, homeless.

Mrs. Insull lived upstairs above the depot, the only two-story building in town. Caroline summoned all her resolution and went up the stairs. Mrs. Insull opened the door. She was cleaning house and she was in a temper. A towel was around her head, a mop in her hand.

"Good morning. I'm looking for work," Caroline said.

"Well, there's plenty of it here! But if you think I can afford a hired girl, you're mistaken!" Mrs. Insull replied tartly. "If we could afford to live decently we'd never've come to this country in the first place."

"I'd work for my keep," Caroline said.

"You're with the campers down the street, aren't you? You take my advice and keep right on going East with them. This country's gone to the dogs. We've got three growing boys to feed and not enough left over to keep a cat. So, if you'll excuse me —" She shut the door.

Mrs. Svenson wrung her hands, asking what Caroline was to do.

"I'm going home," Caroline said. Charles had made a home for her and she would stay in it. If she had to face loneliness, cold, wolves, outlaws, she'd face them. She'd be right there when Charles came back.

A young man was coming out of the store. Awkwardly he tried to balance packages and reach his hat.

"Good morning, ma'am! Get your letter all right?" He was the polite young rider she had stopped on the prairie so long ago.

"Good morning," she said. "Yes, thank you."

"I asked for it, but they told me Two-Gun Pete got it."

"Is that your team and rig?" Caroline asked him.

"You bet!" he answered proudly.

"You know where I live. Would

you take me out there for a dollar?"

"You bet I would!"

Mr. Svenson tried to use his masculine authority, saying he was responsible to Charles for her safety. They would take her with them to Minnesota. Caroline wouldn't even consider such a voyage into the unknown. The one idea of reaching home possessed her.

Prudently she bought supplies for the winter. She thanked the Svensons with all her heart. She knew she would never see them again, and she kissed Mrs. Svenson as she had kissed her sisters when she left them forever to come West with Charles.

Then she was speeding over the prairie behind the swift black team. Their flashing hoofs, their manes and tails blowing in the wind, the air rushing against her face, and this strange young man beside her were the last fantasy of that incredible day.

The young man brought in the supplies she had bought, and fetched a pail of water from the well. Caroline thanked him and gave him the dollar.

"Kind of hate to leave you out here alone, but I guess it's safe enough for a while, with this good weather. When's your husband coming back?"

"I don't know exactly."

"You got a gun and know how to use it?"

"Yes."

"Likely you won't have any trou-

ble, but it's just as well. My girl — she's the schoolteacher — and I'll be driving out this way next Sunday if the weather's fine. Well, so long!" He was gone.

That week she wrote Charles a long letter. She would not worry Charles by telling him that the Svensons had gone. She wrote him that she loved him. She wrote about the baby's tooth and Mr. Svenson's cutting the hay on shares. The money he had sent was ample; she and the baby were in the best of health and wanted for nothing. Mr. and Mrs. Svenson were kindness itself, and all was snug for the winter. And carefully, in her delicate writing, every letter precisely slanted, she wrote:

We are having hard times now, but we should not dwell upon them but think of the future. It has never been easy to build up a country, but how much easier it is for us, with such great comforts and conveniences, kerosene, cookstoves, and even railroads and fast posts, than it was for our forefathers. I trust that, like our own parents, we may live to see times more prosperous than they have ever been in the past, and we will then reflect with satisfaction that these hard times were not in vain.

This letter, carefully folded, sealed and addressed, was never mailed. It lay all winter between the pages of the Bible, for the weather changed suddenly and the young couple could not come. Saturday morning was mild as May; Saturday afternoon a dark cloud rose from the northwest. It hung across the sky for a time, with an ominous feathery undercloud. Then, like a solid white wall,

the blizzard advanced. With the snow came the winds, howling.

Three days and nights the winds did not cease to howl, and when Caroline opened the door she could not see the door ledge through swirling snow. How cold it was she could not guess. At sight of the cloud she had hurriedly begun cramming every spare inch of the dugout with hay. Twisted hard, it burned with a brief, hot flame. Her palms were soon raw and bleeding from handling the sharp, harsh stuff, but she kept on twisting it; she kept the dugout warm.

In the long dark hours -- for she was frugal with kerosene; a wavering light came from the drafts and the broken lid of the stove -- she began to fight vague and monstrous dreads.

What if the baby gets sick? Suppose something has happened to Charles, and he never comes back? When you go out, if a wolf sprang suddenly, what of the baby, alone in the dugout?

On the fourth morning Caroline was awakened by a profound silence. The frosty air stung her nostrils; the blanket was edged with rime from her breath. The window was a vague gray in the dark. She lighted the lamp and started a fire in the cold stove. To open the door she had to sling all her strength and weight against it. The stout planks pressed outward, and snow fell down the abrupt slope below the ledge. Sunlig^t pierced Caroline's eyes. For an instant the pain blinded her.

Under the vast blue sky, a limitless expanse of snow refracted the cold glitter of the sun. Nothing stirred, nothing breathed. Air and sun and snow were the whole visible world -- a world neither alive nor dead, and terrible because it was alien to life and death.

She drew a deep breath, and with her shovel attacked the snow. Inch by inch she made a way on which she could safely walk.

A BLIZZARD of such severity in late October seemed to predict an unusually hard winter. She could not know when the next storm might strike, and her first care was fuel. She dug into the snow-covered stacks by the barn and, tying a rope around big bundles of hay, dragged them one by one down the path and into the dugout. When she threw out the water in which she washed her hands, she noticed that its drops tinkled on the ice crust. They had frozen in the air. Startled, she looked into the mirror. Her nose and ears were white, and she had to rub them with snow till they thawed, painfully.

After November, storms were frequent. On the days when she was forced to stay indoors she twisted hay; she lighted the lamp while she cleaned and cooked and washed. She spent hours playing with the baby. He was older now; he watched the

gleams of firelight and clapped his hands. All by himself he could sit up, and he could crawl. Day by day the baby and she survived; in the dug-out, the howling winds, the cold and snow could not touch them.

Then came the seven days' blizzard. Caroline had enough hay in the hut for three days, and she had never known a blizzard to last longer. On the third day she burned hay sparingly, but she was not alarmed. On the fourth day she had to break up and burn a box. On the fifth day she burned the remaining box. The heavy benches and table were left, but she had left the axe in the barn.

When the fire went out there was no light at all. Time was lost, so that she did not know whether this were day or night. If she and the baby lay close together under blankets, they could exist for some time in the warmth of their own bodies. She gave up the problem of the heavy benches, which she could not break up with her hands. It must be the cradle. But she feared to burn it so soon.

During the seventh day she mashed and burned the cradle frantically. The headboard that Charles had carved helped to boil tea and potatoes. She mashed a potato in a little hot water and fed it with a spoon to the baby, then she put out the lamp and lay down with him under all the bedding.

A change in the sound of the wind awakened her. She did not know whether it was night or day,

but when she forced the door open she saw a fierce north wind driving the flakes steadily before it; the snow was not swirling — the blizzard was over.

In the morning, in dazzling glitter of sun or snow, she saw across the creek a herd of cattle. Huddled together, heads toward the south and noses drooping to their knees, they stood patiently enduring the cold. In terror she thought of the haystacks. The creek bank hid them from the cattle now, but if the herd moved across the slough and saw that food, they would destroy her fuel.

She put on her wraps and took the pistol. Not with pitchfork or axe, she knew, could she keep starving cattle from food. Nor did she dare risk facing the stampede. She could only try to turn it with shots, and, failing, take refuge in the barn. If the fuel were lost —

The cattle did not move. Were they dead? No; breath came white from their nostrils. She went slowly, knee-deep in drifts, down the bank and across the frozen creek. She went within ten yards of them, five, two. They did not even lift their heads. Then she saw that over their eyes and hollowed temples were cakes of ice. Their own breath, steaming upward while they plodded before the storm, had frozen, and blinded them.

In a rage of pity, she plunged through the snow to the nearest steer and wrenched the ice from its

eyes. It snorted, flung up its head in terror, and ran a few yards, then turned back toward the herd. A long bawl of misery came from its throat.

Caroline knew what she must do. She thought of the baby, drawing his strength from hers. Walking to the nearest young steer, she put the pistol to his temple, shut her eyes and fired. When she opened her eyes the steer lay dead, only a little blood trickling, freezing, from the wound. And perhaps it had been merciful to kill him.

Then, like an inspiration, she thought of a cow. Why not? If she did not take one, would it not die? To have a cow! Milk for the baby. To surprise Charles with, when he came home! Clumsy in boots and shawls, she pushed into the herd. The heifers, she knew, would be in the center. There was a young red heifer, unbranded, almost plump. Caroline marked it for her own.

She struggled to the barn for a rope. It was near sunset before she succeeded in prodding and tugging the blinded heifer out of the herd. It clung to the safety of the herd, and she had a desperate struggle before she got it across the creek, up the bank and into the barn. She put hay into the manger and tore the ice from the heifer's eyes.

With the rope and axe she went back to the herd. She cut the best parts of meat from the carcass, and tied the pieces together. Then, trembling in her weariness, she went

from animal to animal, tearing the blinding ice from their eyes. The cattle staggered weakly off into the snow. Caroline had given them a chance for their lives; she felt she had earned her cow.

That night a beef stew simmered on the stove, filling the air with its fragrance. The snowy hay in the manger of the barn would suffice the heifer for both food and water. Caroline felt she had never been thankful enough for all her blessings. Two haunches of the beef she had left in the snow outside the door, to freeze.

When she went to the barn next day the heifer snorted and plunged, wild-eyed, while she brought in hay, set two pails of snow within its reach, and spoke to it soothingly. In time it would learn her kindness and be gentle.

She closed the barn door, feeling a proud sense of property to be taken care of. She was going toward the haystack when some instinct made her stop and turn around. By the corner of the barn stood a gaunt wolf. Its haunches quivered; the hair stood rough along its back. Fangs showed beneath the curling lip; then the red tongue flicked hungrily over the pointed muzzle. He shifted a paw. Caroline did not move. Swiftly the wolf turned and vanished in the falling snow.

Caroline walked steadily through the white blindness toward the dug-out. She knew that if she ran she would yield to shattering terror. But

while she was going down the path in the creek bank, he might spring on her from above. She reached the path and ran. There was no measure in time for the length of that distance from the edge of the prairie to the door's slamming behind her. Soon a long wolf howl rose from the ceiling above her head. Another answered it from the frozen creek below.

That evening she heard snarling and crunching at the door. The wolves had found the fresh meat. She kept the lamp lighted and sat all night watching the paper pane. The window space was too small to let a wolf through easily. If paw or head appeared, she was ready to shoot. She had the axe in the dugout now, and she decided, rather than go out again, to chop up table and benches and burn them. But she made the hay last two days, and then a sliver of brightness above the snow piled against the window told her that the sun was shining.

Little by little, pistol in hand, she forced the door open. She could not survive all winter without fuel. Some dangers must be faced.

She found no trace of the wolves anywhere, and in the barn the heifer was safe. After that she never left the dugout without the pistol.

The reality of the wolves constantly reminded her of Charles' warning. There might be wolves, he had written — and outlaws. When she stirred the fire she thought of the smoke ascending from her chimney:

for many miles around, on clear days, it could be seen that the dugout was inhabited.

As the winter went on she lost reckoning of time. February came, though she did not know it. A period of clear days of terrible cold were ending, near nightfall, in the rising of the blizzard winds once more. The box was full of twisted hay, the supper dishes washed, and by the faint light of the dying fire Caroline combed her hair for the night.

Caroline thought how like demon riders the winds sounded, racing and circling overhead with unearthly, inhuman shriek and scream and wild halloo. Suddenly she looked up and saw a joint of the stovepipe bend and crack. Petrified, she heard a human cry.

A man was on top of the dugout! Blind in the storm, he had stumbled against the chimney. No honest man, no lost homesteader would have gone far from shelter with the blizzard threatening. It could be only an outlaw, fleeing before the storm.

He had struck the chimney on the eastern side; he was going toward the creek. Only a few steps and he would fall down the creek bank, into the deep drifts below. He would be gone, buried somewhere by the storm. Only his bones would be found after the snow melted in the spring. "Keep still!" she thought. "It isn't your business. Don't let him in. Think of the baby."

Then, her mouth close to the stovepipe, she shouted, "Lie down!

Crawl! Creek bank ahead! Follow it to the right! There's a rope! You hear?"

His shout was dull through the shriller winds. "There's a path!" she called. "Path! Down! To the left!"

If he shouted again, she did not hear him. She got her pistol and lifted the bar on the door. Retreating behind the table, she waited, pistol in hand.

She had time to regret what she had done, and to know that she could not have done otherwise.

The wind suddenly tore open the door. Snow whirled in, and the man appeared. He was tall and shapeless in fur coat and cap and ear muffs caked with snow; he was muffled to reddened slits of eyes and snow-matted eyebrows. It was an instant before she knew him and screamed, and his arms closed around her, hard and cold as ice.

"Oh, how — how did you get here?" she gasped after a while, unable still to believe it. Her hands kept clutching up and down the snowy fur to make sure this was Charles.

"Gosh, I'm freezing you to death! I got to shut the door," he said. And at these homely words she burst into tears.

"H-h-have you — had any supper?" she wept.

"Hang supper!" he sang out joyously.

Later he teased her a little. "What's so surprising? Didn't I tell

you I'd get here quick as I could?" He scolded her seriously: "Caroline, God only knows what I went through when they told me in town that the Svensons had quit and you were out here alone."

They had warned him in town that he couldn't beat the blizzard, but he thought he could make it. He had almost reached the slough when the storm struck. "I thought I was going north. Then, when I hit the chimney, I didn't know where I was. I couldn't make out what it was, and then I couldn't find it again. That was what I was doing — looking for it — when I heard you. Caroline, angel!"

Then he hugged her, and there was so much to ask, to tell.

"I've got \$40," he announced jubilantly. "Roslyn's the whitest man in 20 counties. I didn't expect to have a penny left, but —"

"Oh, Charles, how's your leg?"

"Well, I have to favor it a little — you notice I've got you on the other knee. But it stood the walk pretty well; it'll be fine as ever for spring plowing."

"And you had to walk! Oh, Charles!"

"What did you think I'd do, and you out here alone?"

It didn't matter, really, what they said. Outside the storm clamored, but what of that? They were together again — let the hurricane roar!

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